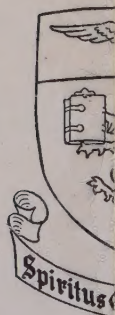
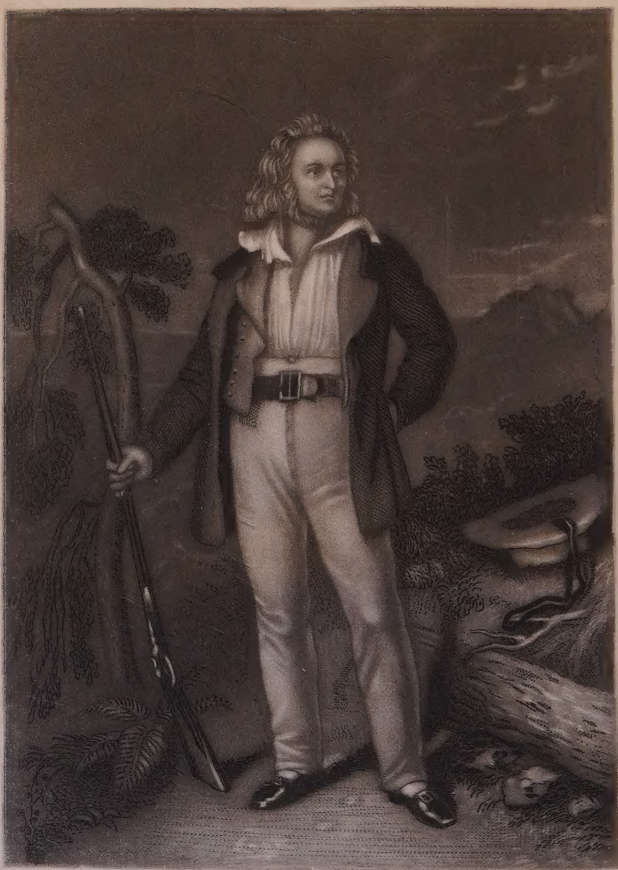


Duquesne



A. A. Gambing,
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CHRISTOPHER NORTH IN HIS SPORTING JACKET.

THE
RECREATIONS
OF
CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

NEW YORK:
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RECREATIONS

OF

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS SPORTING JACKET.

FYTTE FIRST.

THERE is a fine and beautiful alliance between all pastimes pursued on flood, field, and fell. The principles in human nature on which they depend, are in all the same; but those principles are subject to infinite modifications and varieties, according to the difference of individual and national character. All such pastimes, whether followed merely as pastimes, or as professions, or as the immediate means of sustaining life, require sense, sagacity, and knowledge of nature and nature's laws; nor less, patience, perseverance, courage even, and bodily strength or activity, while the spirit which animates and supports them is a spirit of anxiety, doubt, fear, hope, joy, exultation, and triumph—in the heart of the young a fierce passion—in the heart of the old a passion still, but subdued and tamed down, without, however, being much dulled or deadened, by various experience of all the mysteries of the calling, and by the gradual subsiding of all impetuous impulses in the frames of all mortal men beyond perhaps threescore, when the blackest head will be becoming gray, the most nervous knee less firmly knit, the most steely-springed instep less elastic, the keenest eye less of a far-keeper, and, above all, the most boiling heart less like a caldron or a crater—yea, the whole man subject to some dimness or decay, and, consequently, the whole duty of man like the new edition of a book, from which many passages that formed the chief glory of the *editio princeps* have been expunged—the whole character of the style corrected without being thereby improved—just like the later editions of the *Pleasures of Imagination*, which were written by Akenside when he was about twenty-one, and altered by him at forty—to the exclusion or destruction of many most *splendida vitia*, by which process the poem, in our humble opinion, was shorn of its brightest beams, and suffered disastrous twilight and eclipse—perplexing critics.

Now, seeing that such pastimes are in number almost infinite, and infinite the varieties of

human character, pray what is there at all surprising in your being madly fond of shooting—and your brother Tom just as foolish about fishing—and cousin Jack perfectly insane on fox-hunting—while the old gentleman your father, in spite of wind and weather, perennial gout, and annual apoplexy, goes a-coursing of the white-hipped hare on the bleak Yorkshire wolds—and uncle Ben, as if just escaped from Bedlam or St. Luke's, with Dr. Haslam at his heels, or with a few hundred yards' start of Dr. Warburton, is seen galloping, in a Welsh wig and strange apparel, in the rear of a pack of Lilliputian beagles, all barking as if they were as mad as their master, supposed to be in chase of an invisible animal that keeps eternally doubling in field and forest—"still hoped for, never seen," and well christened by the name of Escape?

Phrenology sets the question for ever at rest. All people have thirty-three faculties. Now there are but twenty-four letters in the alphabet; yet how many languages—some six-thousand we believe, each of which is susceptible of many dialects! No wonder, then, that you might as well try to count all the sands on the sea-shore as all the species of sportsmen.

There is, therefore, nothing to prevent any man with a large and sound development from excelling, at once, in rat-catching and deer-stalking—from being, in short, a universal genius in sports and pastimes. Heaven has made us such a man.

Yet there seems to be a natural course or progress in pastimes. We do not now speak of marbles—or knuckling down at taw—or trundling a hoop—or pall-mall—or pitch and toss—or any other of the games of the school playground. We restrict ourselves to what, somewhat inaccurately perhaps, are called field-sports. Thus angling seems the earliest of them all in the order of nature. There the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie! and with crooked pin, baited with one unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn-thread—for he has not yet got into hair, and is years off gut—his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand, there will

ne stand during all his play-hours, as forgetful of his primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented, day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul-engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or a beardie! A tug—a tug! With face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength, in the agitation of his fear and joy, to pull away at the monster—and there he lies in his beauty among the gowans and the greensward, for he has whapped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long! Off he flies, on wings of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters and brothers, and cousins, and all the neighbourhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, still fearful of its escape, and, like a genuine child of corruption, his eyes brighten at the first blush of cold blood on his small fummy fingers. He carries about with him, upstairs and down-stairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin out of the baggy's maw—and at night, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," he is overheard murmuring in his sleep—a thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his yet infant dreams!

From that hour Angling is no more a mere delightful day-dream, haunted by the dim hopes of imaginary minnows, but a reality—an art—a science—of which the flaxen-headed school-boy feels himself to be master—a mystery in which he has been initiated; and off he goes now all alone, in the power of successful passion to the distant brook—brook a mile off—with fields, and hedges, and single trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between it and the house in which he is boarded or was born! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows—there pours the deeper din of the birch-tree'd waterfall. The scared water-pyet flits away from stone to stone, and dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And oh! how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two pieces—yes, his line is of hair twisted—plaited by his own soon-instructed little fingers. By Heavens, he is fishing with the fly! And the Fates, who, grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful, lying poets, smile like angels upon the paidler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while at the very first throw the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy wallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstasy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—and with one long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether, Johnny lands a twelve-incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the burn where such an exploit

was possible, and dashing upon him like an osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety twenty yards from the pool, and then flinging him down on a heath-surrounded plat of sheep-nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired, and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow light and crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendour, beneath a sun that never shone before so dazzlingly: but now the radiance of the captive creature is dimmer and obscured, for the eye of day winks and seems almost shut behind that slow-sailing mass of clouds, composed in equal parts of air, rain, and sunshine.

Springs, summers, autumns, winters—each within itself longer, by many times longer than the whole year of grown-up life, that slips at last through one's fingers like a knotless thread—pass over the curled darling's brow; and look at him now, a straight and strongly stripping, in the savage spirit of sport, springing over rock-ledge after rock-ledge, nor heeding aught as he plashes knee-deep, or waistband-high, through river-feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his running and ringing reel, after a tongue-hooked salmon, insanely seeking with the ebb of tide, but all in vain, the white breakers of the sea. No hazel or willow wand, no half-crown rod of ash framed by village wright, is now in his practised hands, of which the very left is dexterous; but a twenty-foot rod of Phin's, all ring-rustling, and a-glitter with the preserving varnish, limber as the attenuating line itself, and lithe to its topmost tenuity as the elephant's proboscis—the hiccory and the horn without twist, knot, or flaw—from butt to fly a faultless taper, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," the beau-ideal of a rod by the skill of cunning craftsman to the senses materialized! A fish—fat, fair, and forty! "She is a salmon, therefore to be woo'd—she is a salmon, therefore to be won"—but shy, timid, capricious, headstrong, now wrathful and now full of fear, like any other female whom the cruel artist has hooked by lip or heart, and, in spite of all her struggling, will bring to the gasp at last; and then with calm eyes behold her lying in the shade dead or worse than dead, fast-fading, and to be re-illuminated no more the lustre of her beauty, insensible to sun or shower, even the most perishable of all perishable things in a world of perishing!—But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging-stone. There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the foam like a bar of silver bullion; and, relapsing into the flood, is in another moment at the very head of the water fall! Give her the butt—give her the butt—or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathom deep!—Now comes the trial of your tackle—and when was Phin ever known to fail at the edge of cliff or cataract! Her snout is southwards—right up the middle of the main current of the hill-born river, as if she would seek its very course where she was spawned! She still swims swift, and strong, and deep—and the line goes steady, boys, steady—stiff and steady as a Tory

in the roar of Opposition. There is yet an hour's play in her dorsal fin—danger in the flap of her tail—and yet may her silver shoulder shatter the gut against a rock. Why the river was yesterday in spate, and she is fresh run from the sea. All the lesser waterfalls are now level with the flood, and she meets with no impediment or obstruction—the course is clear—no tree-roots here—no floating branches—for during the night they have all been swept down to the salt loch. *In medio tutissimas ibis*—ay, now you feel she begins to fail—the butt tells now every time you deliver your right. What! another mad leap! yet another sullen plunge! She seems absolutely to have discovered, or rather to be an impersonation of, the Perpetual Motion. Stand back out of the way, you son of a sea-cook!—you in the tattered blue breeches, with the tail of your shirt hanging out. Who the devil sent you all here, ye vagabonds!—Ha! Watty Ritchie, my man, is that you? God bless your honest laughing phiz! What Watty, would you think of a Fish like that about Peebles? Tam Grieve never gruppit sae heavy a one since first he belanged to the Council.—Curse that colley! Ay! well done, Watty! Stone him to Stobbo. Confound these stirks—if that white one, with caving horns, kicking heels, and straight-up tail, come bellowing by between us and the river, then, "Madam! all is lost, except honour!" If we lose this Fish at six o'clock, then suicide at seven. Our will is made—ten thousand to the Foundling—ditto to the Thames Tunnel—ha—ha—my Beauty! Methinks we could fain and fond kiss thy silver side, languidly lying afloat on the foam as if all further resistance now were vain, and gracefully thou wert surrendering thyself to death! No faith in female—she trusts to the last trial of her tail—sweetly workest thou, O Reel of Reels! and on thy smooth axle spinning sleep'st, even, as Milton describes her, like our own worthy planet. Scrope—Bainbridge—Maule—princes among Anglers—oh! that you were here! Where the devil is Sir Humphry? At his retort? By mysterious sympathy—far off at his own Trows, the Kerss feels that we are killing the noblest fish whose back ever rippled the surface of deep or shallow in the Tweed. Tom Purdy stands like a seer, entranced in glorious vision, beside turreted Abbotsford. Shade of Sandy Govan! Alas! alas! Poor Sandy—why on thy pale face that melancholic smile!—Peter! The Gaff! The Gaff! Into the eddy she sails, sick and slow, and almost with a swirl—whitening as she nears the sand—there she has it—struck right into the shoulder, fairer than that of Juno, Diana, Minerva, or Venus—and lies at last in all her glorious length and breadth of beaming beauty, fit prey for giant or demigod angling before he Flood!

"The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety!"

So much for the Angler. The Shooter, again, he begins with his pipe-gun, formed of the last year's growth of a branch of the plane-tree—the beautiful dark-green-leaved and fragrant-flowered plane-tree—that stands straight

in stem and round in head, visible and audible too from afar the bee-resounding umbrage, alike on stormy sea-coast and in sheltered in land vale, still loving the roof of the fisherman's or peasant's cottage.

Then comes, perhaps, the city pop-gun, in shape like a very musket, such as soldiers bear—a Christmas present from parent, once a colonel of volunteers—nor feeble to discharge the pea-bullet or barley-shot, formidable to face and eyes; nor yet unfelt, at six paces, by hinder-end of playmate, scornfully yet fearfully exposed. But the shooter soon tires of such ineffectual trigger—and his soul, as well as his hair, is set on fire by that extraordinary compound—Gunpowder. He begins with burning off his eyebrows on the King's birthday squibs and crackers follow, and all the pleasures of the pluff. But he soon longs to let off a gun—"and follow to the field some warlike lord"—in hopes of being allowed to discharge one of the double-barrels, after Ponto has made his last point, and the half-hidden chimneys of home are again seen smoking among the trees. This is his first practice in fire arms, and from that hour he is—a Shooter.

Then there is in most rural parishes—and of rural parishes alone do we condescend to speak—a pistol, a horse one, with a bit of silver on the butt—perhaps one that originally served in the Scots Greys. It is bought, or borrowed, by the young shooter, who begins firing first at barn-doors, then at trees, and then at living things—a strange cur, who, from his lolling tongue may be supposed to have the hydrophobia—a cat that has purred herself asleep on the sunny churchyard wall, or is watching mice at their hole-mouths among the graves—a water-rat in the mill-lead—or weasel that, running to his retreat in the wall, always turns round to look at you—a goose wandered from his common in disappointed love—or brown duck, easily mistaken by the unscrupulous for a wild one, in pond remote from human dwelling, or on meadow by the river side, away from the clack of the muter-mill. The corby-crow, too, shouted out of his nest on some tree lower than usual, is a good flying mark to the more advanced class: or morning magpie, a-chatter at skreigh of day close to the cottage door among the chickens; or a flock of pigeons wheeling overhead on the stubble field, or sitting so thick together, that every stock is blue with tempting plumage.

But the pistol is discharged for a fowling piece—brown and rusty, with a slight crack probably in the muzzle, and a lock out of all proportion to the barrel. Then the young shooter aspires at halfpennies thrown up into the air—and generally hit, for there is never wanting an apparent dent in copper metal; and thence he mounts to the glancing and skimming swallow, a household bird, and therefore to be held sacred, but shot at on the excuse of its being next to impossible to hit him—an opinion strengthened into belief by several summers' practice. But the small brown and white marten wheeling through below the bridge, or along the many-holed red sand-bank, is admitted by all boys to be fair game—and still more, the longed-winged legless black

devil, that, if it falls to the ground, cannot rise again, and therefore screams wheeling round the corners and battlements of towers and castles, or far out even of cannon shot, gambles in companies of hundreds, and regiments of a thousand, aloft in the evening ether, within the orbit of the eagle's flight. It seems to boyish eyes, that the creatures near the earth, when but little blue sky is seen between the specks and the wallflowers growing on the coign of vantage—the signal is given to fire; but the devilets are too high in heaven to smell the sulphur. The starling whips with a shrill cry into his nest, and nothing falls to the ground but a tiny bit of mossy mortar inhabited by a spider!

But the Day of Days arrives at last, when the school-boy, or rather the college boy, returning to his rural vacation, (for in Scotland college winters tread close, too close, on the heels of academies,) has a gun—a gun in a case—a double-barrel too—of his own—and is provided with a license, probably without any other qualification than that of hit or miss. On some portentous morning he effulges with the sun in velveteen jacket and breeches of the same—many-buttoned gaiters, and an unkerchiefed throat. 'Tis the fourteenth of September, and lo! a pointer at his heels—Ponto, of course—a game-bag like a beggar's wallet at his side—destined to be at eve as full of charity—and all the paraphernalia of an accomplished sportsman. Proud, were she to see the sight, would be the "mother that bore him;" the heart of that old sportsman, his daddy, would sing for joy! The chained mastiff in the yard yowls his admiration; the servant lasses uplift the pane of their garret, and, with suddenly withdrawn blushes, titter their delight in their rich paper curls and pure night-clothes. Rab Roger, who has been cleaning out the barn, comes forth to partake of the caulk; and away go the footsteps of the old poacher and his pupil through the autumnal rime, off to the uplands, where—for it is one of the earliest of harvests—there is scarcely a single acre of standing corn. The turnip fields are bright green with hope and expectation—and coveys are couching on lazy beds beneath the potato-shaw. Every high hedge, ditch-guarded on either side, shelters its own brood—imagination hears the whirl shaking the dew-drops from the broom on the brae—and first one bird, and then another, and then the remaining number, in itself no contemptible covey, seems to fancy's ear to spring single, or in the clouds, from the coppice brushwood with here and there an intercepting standard tree.

Poor Ponto is much to be pitied. Either having a cold in his nose, or having ante-breakfasted by stealth on a red herring, he can scent nothing short of a badger, and, every other field, he starts in horror, shame, and amazement, to hear himself, without having attended to his points, enclosed in a whirring covey. He is still duly taken between those inexorable knees; out comes the speck-and-span new dog-whip, heavy enough for a horse; and the yowl of the patient is heard over the whole parish. Mothers press their yet unchastised infants to their breasts; and the schoolmaster,

fastening a knowing eye on dunce and ne'er-do-weel, holds up, in silent warning, the terror of the taws. Frequent flogging will cower the spirit of the best man and dog in Britain. Ponto travels now in fear and trembling but a few yards from his tyrant's feet, till, rousing himself to the sudden scent of something smelling strongly, he draws slowly and beautifully, and

"There fix'd, a perfect semicircle stands."

Up runs the Tyro ready-cocked, and, in his eagerness, stumbling among the stubble, when, hark and lo! the gabble of grey goslings, and the bill-protruded hiss of goose and gander! Bang goes the right-hand barrel at Ponto, who now thinks it high time to be off to the tune of "ower the hills and far awa'," while the young gentleman, half-ashamed and half-incensed, half-glad and half-sorry, discharges the left-hand barrel, with a highly improper curse, at the father of the feathered family before him, who receives the shot like a ball in his breast, throws a somerset quite surprising for a bird of his usual habits, and after biting the dust with his bill, and thumping it with his bottom, breathes an eternal farewell to this sublimary scene—and leaves himself to be paid for at the rate of eighteenpence a pound to his justly irritated owner, on whose farm he had led a long and not only harmless, but honourable and useful life.

It is nearly as impossible a thing as we know, to borrow a dog about the time the sun has reached his meridian, on the First Day of the Partridges. Ponto by this time has sneaked, unseen by human eye, into his kennel, and coiled himself up into the arms of "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." A farmer makes offer of a colley, who, from numbering among his paternal ancestors a Spanish pointer, is quite a Don in his way among the cheepers, and has been known in a turnip field to stand in an attitude very similar to that of setting. Luath has no objection to a frolic over the fields, and plays the part of Ponto to perfection. At last he catches sight of a covey basking, and, leaping in upon them open-mouthed, despatches them right and left, even like the famous dog Billy killing rats in the pit at Westminster. The birds are bagged with a gentle remonstrance, and Luath's exploit rewarded with a whang of cheese. Elated by the pressure on his shoulder, the young gentleman laughs at the idea of pointing; and fires away, like winking, at every uprise of birds, near or remote; works a miracle by bringing down three at a time, that chanced, unknown to him, to be crossing, and wearied with such slaughter, lends his gun to the attendant farmer, who can mark down to an inch, and walks up to the dropped pout as if he could kick her up with his foot; and thus the bag in a few hours is half full of feathers; while, to close with eclat the sport of the day, the cunning elder takes him to a bramble bush, in a wall nook, at the edge of the wood, and returning the gun into his hands, shows him poor pussy sitting with open eyes, fast asleep! The pellets are in her brain, and turning herself over, she crinkles out to her full length, like a piece of untwisting Indian rubber, and is dead. The posterior

pouch of the jacket, yet unstained by blood, yawns to receive her—and in she goes plump; paws, ears, body, feet, fud, and all—while Luath, all the way home to the Mains, keeps snoking at the red drops oozing through; for well he knows, in summer's heat and winter's cold, the smell of pussy, whether sitting beneath a tuft of withered grass on the brae, or burrowed beneath a snow wreath. A hare, wé certainly must say, in spite of haughtier sportsman's scorn, is, when sitting, a most satisfactory shot.

But let us trace no further thus, step by step, the Pilgrim's Progress. Look at him now—a finished sportsman—on the moors—the bright black boundless Dalwhinnie moors, stretching away, by long Loch Erricht side, into the dim and distant day that hangs, with all its clouds, over the bosom of far Loch Rannoch. Is that the pluffer at partridge-pouts who had nearly been the death of poor Ponto? Lord Kennedy himself might take a lesson now from the straight and steady style in which on the mountain brow, and up to the middle in heather, he brings his Manton to the deadly level! More unerring eye never glanced along brown barrel! Finer forefinger never touched a trigger! Follow him a whole day, and not one wounded bird. All most beautifully arrested on their flight by instantaneous death! Down dropped right and left, like lead on the heather—old cock and hen, singled out among the orphaned brood, as calmly as a cook would do it in the larder from among a pile of plumage. No random shot within—no needless shot out of distance—covered every feather before stir of finger—and body, back, and brain, pierced, broken, shattered! And what perfect pointers! There they stand, as still as death—yet instinct with life—the whole half dozen! Mungo, the black-tanned—Don, the red-spotted—Clara, the snow-white—Primrose, the pale yellow—Basto, the bright brown, and Nimrod, in his coat of many colours, often seen afar through the mists like a meteor.

So much for the Angler's and the Shooter's Progress—now briefly for the Hunter's. Hunting, in this country, unquestionably commences with cats. Few cottages without a cat. If you do not find her on the mouse watch at the gable end of the house just at the corner, take a solar observation, and by it look for her on bank or brae—somewhere about the premises—if unsuccessful, peep into the byre, and up through a hole among the dusty divots of the roof, and chance is you see her eyes glittering far-ben in the gloom; but if she be not there either, into the barn and upon the mow, and surely she is on the straw or on the baulks below the kipples. No. Well, then, let your eye travel along the edge of that little wood behind the cottage—ay, yonder she is!—but she sees both you and your two terriers—one rough and the other smooth—and, slinking away through a gap in the old hawthorn hedge in among the hazels, she either lies *perdu*, or is up a fir-tree almost as high as the magpie's or corby's nest.

Now—observe—shooting cats is one thing—and hunting them is another—and shooting and hunting, though they may be united, are never treated separately; so, in the present case, the cat makes her escape. But get her watch-

ing birds—young larks, perhaps, walking on the lea—or young linnets hanging on the broom—down by yonder in the holm lands, where there are no trees, except indeed that one glorious single tree, the Golden Oak, and he is guarded by Glowrer, and then what a most capital chase! Stretching herself up with crooked back, as if taking a yawn—off she jumps, with tremendous spangs, and tail, thickened with fear and anger, perpendicular. Youf—youf—youf—go the terriers—head over heels perhaps in their fury—and are not long in turning her—and bringing her to bay at the hedge-root, all ablaze and abristle. A she-devil incarnate!—Hark—all at once now strikes up a trio—Catalani caterwauling the treble—Glowrer taking the bass—and Tearer the tenor—a cruel concert cut short by a squalling throttler. Away—away along the holm—and over the knowe—and into the wood—for lo! the gudewife, brandishing a besom, comes flying demented without her mutch down to the murder of her tabby—her son, a stout stripling, is seen skirting the potato-field to intercept our flight—and, most formidable of all foes, the Man of the House himself, in his shirt-sleeves and flail in his hand, bolts from the barn, down the croft, across the burn, and up the brae, to cut us off from the Manse. The hunt's up—and 'tis a capital steeple chase. Disperse—disperse! Down the hill, Jack—up the hill, Gill—dive the dell, Kit—thread the wood, Pat—a hundred yards' start is a grat matter—a stern chase is always a long chase—schoolboys are generally in prime wind—the old man begins to puff and blow, and snort, and put his paws to his paunch—the son is thrown out by a double of dainty Davy's—and the "sair begrutten mither" is gathering up the torn and tattered remains of Tortoise-shell Tabby, and invoking the vengeance of heaven and earth on her pitiless murderers. Some slight relief to her bursting and breaking heart to vow, that she will make the minister hear of it on the deafest side of his head—ay, even if she have to break in upon him sitting on Saturday night, getting aff by rote his fashionless sermon, in his ain study.

Now, gentle reader, again observe, that though we have now described, *con amore*, a most cruel case of cat-killing, in which we certainly did play a most aggravated part, some Sixty Years since, far indeed are we from recommending such wanton barbarity to the rising generation. We are not inditing a homily on humanity to animals, nor have we been appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr. Somerville of Currie, the great Patentee of the Safety Double Bloody Barrel, to preach the annual Gibsonian sermon on that subject—we are simply stating certain matters of fact, illustrative of the rise and progress of the love of pastime in the soul, and leave our readers to draw the moral. But may we be permitted to say, that the naughtiest schoolboys often make the most pious men; that it does not follow according to the wise saws and modern instances of prophetic old women of both sexes, that he who in boyhood has worried a cat with terriers, will, in manhood, commit murder on one of his own species; or that peccadilloes

are the progenitors of capital crimes. Nature allows to growing lads a certain range of wickedness, *sans peur et sans reproche*. She seems, indeed, to whistle into their ear, to mock ancient females—to laugh at Quakers—to make mouths at a descent man and his wife riding double to church—the matron's thick legs ludicrously bobbing from the pillion, kept firm on Dobbin's rump by her bottom, "*ponderibus librata suis*,"—to tip the wink to young women during sermon on Sunday—and on Saturday, most impertinently to kiss them, whether they will or no, on high-road or by-path—and to perpetrate many other little nameless enormities.

No doubt, at the time, such things will wear rather a suspicious character; and the boy who is detected in the fact, must be punished by pawmy, or privation, or imprisonment from play. But when punished, he is of course left free to resume his atrocious career; nor is it found that he sleeps a whit the less soundly, or shrieks for Heaven's mercy in his dreams. Conscience is not a craven. Groans belong to guilt. But fun and frolic, even when trespasses, are not guilt; and though a cat have nine lives, she has but one Ghost—and that will haunt no house where there are terriers. What! surely if you have the happiness of being a parent you would not wish your only boy—your son and heir—the blended image of his mother's loveliness and his father's manly beauty—to be a smug, smooth, prim, and proper prig, with his hair always combed down on his forehead, hands always unglaured, and without spot or blemish on his white-thread stockings? You would not wish him, surely, to be always moping and musing in a corner with a good book held close to his nose—botanizing with his maiden aunts—doing the pretty at tea-tables with tabbies, in handing round the short-bread, taking cups, and attending to the kettle—telling tales on all naughty boys and girls—laying up his penny a-week pocket-money in a penny pig—keeping all his clothes neatly folded up in an untumbled drawer—having his own peg for his uncruised hat—saying his prayers precisely as the clock strikes nine, while his companions are yet at blind-man's buff—and puffed up every Sabbath-eve by the parson's praises of his uncommon memory for a sermon—while all the other boys are scolded for having fallen asleep before Tenthly? You would not wish him, surely, to write sermons himself at his tender years, nay—even to be able to give you chapter and verse for every quotation from the Bible? No. Better far that he should begin early to break your heart, by taking no care even of his Sunday clothes—blotting his copy—impiously pinning pieces of paper to the Dominie's tail, who to him was a second father—going to the fishing not only without leave but against orders—bathing in the forbidden pool, where the tailor was drowned—drying powder before the school-room fire, and blowing himself and two crack-sculled cronies to the ceiling—tying kettles to the tails of dogs—shooting an old woman's laying hen—galloping bare-backed shelties down stony steeps—climbing trees to the slenderest twig on which bird could build, and up the tooth-of-time-intended sides of old

castles after wall-flowers and starlings—being run away with in carts by colts against turn-pike gates—buying bad ballads from young gipsy-girls, who, on receiving a sixpence, give ever so many kisses in return, saying, "Take your change out of that;"—on a borrowed broken-knee'd pony, with a switch-tail—a devil for galloping—not only attending country-races for a saddle and collar, but entering for and winning the prize—dancing like a devil in barns at kirns—seeing his blooming partner home over the blooming heather, most perilous adventure of all in which virgin-puberty can be involved—fighting with a rival in corduroy breeches, and poll shorn beneath a caup, till his eyes just twinkle through the swollen blue—and, to conclude "this strange eventful history," once brought home at one o'clock in the morning, God knows whence or by whom, and found by the shrieking servant, sent out to listen for him in the moonlight, dead-drunk on the gravel at the gate!

Nay, start not, parental reader—nor, in the terror of anticipation, send, without loss of a single day, for your son at a distant academy, mayhap pursuing even such another career. Trust thou to the genial, gracious, and benign *vis medicatrix nature*. What though a few clouds bedim and deform "the innocent brightness of the new-born day?" Lo! how splend did the meridian ether! What though the frost seem to blight the beauty of the budding and blowing rose? Look how she revives beneath dew, rain, and sunshine, till your eyes can even scarce endure the lustre! What though the waters of the sullen fen seem to pollute the snow of the swan? They fall off from her expanded wings, and, pure as a spirit, she soars away, and descends into her own silver lake, stainless as the water-lilies floating round her breast. And shall the immortal soul suffer lasting contamination from the transient chances of its nascent state—in this, less favoured than material and immaterial things that perish? No—it is undergoing endless transmigrations,—every hour a being different, yet the same—dark stains blotted out—rueful inscriptions effaced—many an erasure of impressions once thought permanent, but soon altogether forgotten—and vindicating, in the midst of the earthly corruption in which it is immersed, its own celestial origin, character, and end, often flickering, or seemingly blown out, like a taper in the wind, but all at once self-reilluminated, and shining in inextinguishable and self-fed radiance—like a star in heaven.

Therefore, bad as boys too often are—and a disgrace to the mother who bore them—the cradle in which they were rocked—the nurse by whom they were suckled—the schoolmaster by whom they were flogged—and the hangman by whom it was prophesied they were to be executed—wait patiently for a few years, and you will see them all transfigured—one into a preacher of such winning eloquence, that he almost persuades all men to be Christians—another into a parliamentary orator, who commands the applause of listening senators, and

"Reads his history in a nation's eyes,"

—one into a painter, before whose thunderous heavens the storms of Poussin “pale their ineffectual fires”—another into a poet composing and playing, side by side, on his own peculiar harp, in a concert of vocal and instrumental music, with Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth—one into a great soldier, who, when Wellington is no more, shall, for the freedom of the world, conquer a future Waterloo—another who hoisted his flag on the “mast of some tall admiral,” shall, like Eliab Harvey in the *Temeraire*, lay two three-deckers on board at once, and clothe some now nameless peak or promontory in immortal glory, like that shining on Trafalgar.

Well, then, after cat-killing comes Coursing. Cats have a look of hares—kittens of leverets—and they are all called Pussy. The terriers are useful still, preceding the line like skirmishers, and with finest noses startling the mawkin from bracken-bush or rush bower, her skylight garret in the old quarry, or her brown study in the brake. Away with your coursing on Marlborough downs, where huge hares are seen squatted from a distance, and the sleek dogs, disrobed of their gaudy trappings, are let slip by a Tryer, running for cups and collars before lords and ladies, and squires of high and low degree—a pretty pastime enough, no doubt, in its way, and a splendid cavalcade. But will it for a moment compare with the sudden and all-unlooked-for start of the “auld wifch” from the bunweed-covered lea, when the throat of every pedestrian is privileged to cry “halloo—halloo—halloo”—and whipcord-tailed greyhound and hairy lurcher, without any invidious distinction of birth or bearing, lay their deep breasts to the sward at the same moment, to the same instinct, and brattle over the brae after the disappearing Ears, laid flat at the first sight of her pursuers, as with retroverted eyes she turns her face to the mountain, and seeks the cairn only a little lower than the falcon’s nest.

What signifies any sport in the open air, except in congenial scenery of earth and heaven? Go, thou gentle Cockney! and angle in the New River;—but, bold Englishman, come with us and try a salmon-cast in the old Tay. Go, thou gentle Cockney! and course a suburban hare in the purlieus of Blackheath;—but, bold Englishman, come with us and course an animal that never heard a city-bell, by day a hare, by night an old woman, that loves the dogs she dreads, and hunt her as you will with a leash and a half of lightfoots, still returns at dark to the same form in the turf-dike of the garden of the mountain cottage. The children, who love her as their own eyes—for she has been as a pet about the family, summer and winter, since that chubby-cheeked urchin, of some five years old, first began to swing in his self-rocking cradle—will scarcely care to see her started—nay, one or two of the wickedest among them will join in the halloo; for often, ere this, “has she cheated the very owlers, and laughed ower her shouther at the ang dows walloping ahint her, sair forfaquhen, up the benty brae—and it’s no the day that she’s gaun to be killed by Rough Robin, or smooth Spring, or the red Bick, or the hairy

Lurcher—though a’ fowr be let lowse on her at ance, and ye surround her or she rise.” What are your great, big, fat, lazy English hares, ten or twelve pounds and upwards, who have the food brought to their very mouth in preserves, and are out of breath with five minutes’ scamper among themselves—to the middle-sized, hard-hipped, wiry-backed, steel-legged, long-winded mawkins of Scotland, that scorn to taste a leaf of a single cabbage in the wee moorland yardie that shelters them, but prey in distant fields, take a breathing every gloaming along the mountain-breast, untired as young eagles ringing the sky for pastime and before the dogs seem not so much scouring for life as for pleasure, with such an air of freedom, liberty, and independence, do they fling up the moss and cock their fuds in the faces of their pursuers. Yet stanch are they to the spine—strong in bone, and sound in bottom—see, see how Tickler clears that twenty-feet moss-hag at a single sparg like a bird—tops that hedge that would turn any hunter that ever stabled in Melton Mowbray—and then, at full speed northward, moves as upon a pivot within his own length, and close upon his haunches, without losing a foot, off within a point of due south. A kennel! He never was and never will be in a kennel all his free joyful days. He has walked and run—and leaped and swam about—at his own will, ever since he was nine days old—and he would have done so sooner had he had any eyes. None of your stinking cracklets for him—he takes his meals with the family, sitting at the right hand of the master’s eldest son. He sleeps in any bed of the house he chooses; and, though no Methodist, he goes every third Sunday to church. That is the education of a Scottish greyhound—and the consequence is, that you may pardonably mistake him for a deer dog from Badenoch or Lochaber, and no doubt in the world that he would rejoice in a glimpse of the antlers on the weather gleam,

“Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.”

This may be called roughing it—slovenly—coarse—rude—artless—unscientific. But we say no—it is your only coursing. Gods! with what a bounding bosom the schoolboy salutes the dawning of the cool—clear—crisp, yes, crisp October morn, (for there has been a slight frost, and the almost leafless hedgerows are all glittering with rime;) and, little time lost at dress or breakfast, crams the luncheon into his pouch, and away to the Trysting-hill Farmhouse, which he fears the gamekeeper and his grews will have left ere he can run across the two long Scotch miles of moor between him and his joy! With steps elastic, he feels flying along the sward as from a spring-board; like a roe, he clears the burns and bursts his way through the brakes panting, not from breathlessness but anxiety, he lightly leaps the garden fence without a pole, and lo, the green jacket of one huntsman, the red jacket of another, on the plat before the door, and two or three tall rawboned poachers—and there is mirth and music, fun and frolic, and the very soul of enterprise, adventure, and

desperation, in that word—while tall and graceful stand the black, the brindled, and the yellow breed, with keen yet quiet eyes, prophetic of their destined prey, and though motionless now as stone statues of hounds at the feet of Meleager, soon to launch like lightning at the loved halloo!

Out comes the gudewife with her own bottle from the press in the spence, with as big a belly and broad a bottom as her own, and they are no trifle—for the worthy woman has been making much beef for many years, is moreover in the family way, and surely this time there will be twins at least—and pours out a canty caulker for each crowing crony, beginning with the gentle, and ending with the simple, that is our and herself; and better speerit never steamed in sma' still. She offers another with "hinny," by way of Athole brose; but it is put off till evening, for coursing requires a clear head, and the same sobriety then adorned our youth that now dignifies our old age. The gudeman, although an elder of the kirk, and with as grave an aspect as suits that solemn office, needs not much persuasion to let the flail rest for one day, anxious though he be to show the first aits in the market; and donning his broad blue bonnet, and the shortest-tailed auld coat he can find, and taking his kent in his hand, he gruffly gives Wully his orders for a' things about the place, and sets off with the yonkers for a holyday. Not a man on earth who has not his own pastime, depend on't, austere as he may look; and 'twould be well for this wicked world if no elder in it had a "sin that maist easily beset him," worse than what Gibby Watson's wife used to call his "awfu' fondness for the Grews!"

And who that loves to walk or wander over the green earth, except indeed it merely be some sonneteer or ballad-monger, if he had dime and could afford it, and lived in a tolerably open country, would not keep, at the very least, three greyhounds? No better eating than a hare, though old blockhead Burton—and he was a blockhead, if blockhead ever there was one in this world—in his Anatomy, chooses to call it melancholy meat. Did he ever, by way of giving dinner a fair commencement, swallow a tureen of hare-soup with half a peck of mealy potatoes? If ever he did—and notwithstanding called hare melancholy meat, there can be no occasion whatever for now wishing him any further punishment. If he never did—then he was on earth the most unfortunate of men. England—as you love us and yourself—cultivate hare-soup, without for a moment dreaming of giving up roasted hare well stuffed with stuffing, jelly sauce being handed round on a large trencher. But there is no such thing as melancholy meat—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—provided only there be enough of it. Otherwise, the daintiest dish drives you to despair. But independently of spit, pot, and pan, what delight in even daunting about the home farm seeking for a hare? It is quite an art or science. You must consult not only the wind and weather of to-day, but of the night before—and of every day and night back to last Sunday, when probably you were prevented by the rain from going to

church. Then lares shift the sites of their country seats every season. This month they love the fallow field—that, the stubble; this, you will see them, almost without looking for them, big and brown on the bare stony upland lea—that, you must have a hawk's eye in your head to discern, discover, detect them, like birds in their nests, embowered below the bunweed or the bracken; they choose to spend this week in a wood impervious to wet or wind—that, in a marsh too plashy for the plover; now you may depend on finding madam at home in the sulks within the very heart of a bramble-bush or dwarf black-thorn thicket, while the squire cocks his fud at you from the top of a knowe open to blasts from all the airts;—in short, he who knows at all times where to find a hare, even if he knew not one single thing else but the way to his mouth, cannot be called an ignorant man—is probably a better-informed man in the long run than the friend on his right, discoursing about the Turks, the Greeks, the Portugals, and all that sort of thing, giving himself the lie on every arrival of his daily paper. We never yet knew an old courser, (him of the Sporting Annals included,) who was not a man both of abilities and virtues. But where were we?—at the Trysting-hill Farmhouse, jocularly called Hunger-them-Out.

Line is formed, and with measured steps we march towards the hills—for we ourselves are the schoolboy, bold, bright, and blooming as the rose—fleet of foot almost as the very antelope—Oh! now, alas! dim and withered as a stalk from which winter has swept all the blossoms—slow as the sloth along the ground—spindle-shanked as a lean and slipped pantaloons!

"O heaven! that from our bright and shining years
Age would but take the things youth needed not!"

An old shepherd meets us on the long sloping rushy ascent to the hills—and putting his brown withered finger to his gnostic nose, intimates that she is in her old form behind the dike—and the noble dumb animals, with pricked-up ears and brandished tail, are aware that her hour is come. Plash, plash, through the marsh, and then on the dry furze beyond, you see her large dark-brown eyes—Soho, soho, soho—Holloo, halloo, halloo—for a moment the seemingly horned creature appears to dally with the danger, and to linger ere she lays her lugs on her shoulder, and away, like thoughts pursuing thoughts—away fly hare and hounds towards the mountain.

Stand all still for a minute—for not a bush the height of our knee to break our view—and is not that brattling burst up the brae "beautiful exceedingly," and sufficient to chain in admiration the beatings of the rudest gazer's heart? Yes; of all beautiful sights—none more, none so much so, as the miraculous motion of a four-footed wild animal, changed at once, from a seeming inert sod or stone, into flight fleet as that of the falcon's wing! Instinct against instinct! fear and ferocity in one flight! Pursuers and pursued bound together, in every turning and twisting of their career, by the operation of two headlong passions! Now they are all three upon her—and

she dies! No! glancing aside, like a bullet from a wall, she bounds almost at a right angle from her straight course—and, for a moment, seems to have made good her escape. Shooting headlong one over the other, all three, with erected tails, suddenly bring themselves up—like racing barks when down goes the helm, and one after another, bowsprit and boom almost entangled, rounds the buoy, and again bears up on the starboard tack upon a wind—and in a close line, head to heel, so that you might cover them all with a sheet—again, all open-mouthed on her haunches, seem to drive, and go with her over the cliff.

We are all on foot—and pray what horse could gallop through among all these quagmires, over all the hags in these peat-mosses, over all the water-cressy and puddocky ditches, sinking soft on hither and thither side, even to the two-legged leaper's ankle or knee—up that hill on the perpendicular strewn with flint-shivers—down these loose-hanging cliffs—through that brake of old stunted birches with stools hard as iron—over that mile of quaking muir where the plover breeds—and—finally—up—up—to where the dwarfed heather dies away among the cinders, and in winter you might mistake a flock of ptarmigan for a patch of snow!

The thing is impossible—so we are all on foot—and the fleetest keeper that ever footed it in Scotland shall not in a run of three miles give us sixty yards. "Ha! Peter the wild boy, how are you off for wind?"—we exultingly exclaim, in giving Red-jacket the go-by on the bent. But see—see—they are bringing her back again down the Red Mount—glancing aside, she throws them all three out—yes, all three, and few enow too, though fair play be a jewel—and ere they can recover, she is a-head a hundred yards up the hill. There is a beautiful trial of bone and bottom! Now one, and then another, takes almost imperceptibly the lead; but she steals away from them inch by inch—beating them all blind—and, suddenly disappearing—Heaven knows how—leaves them all in the lurch. With out-lolling tongues, hanging heads, panting sides, and drooping tails, they come one by one down the steep, looking somewhat sheepish, and then lie down together on their sides, as if indeed about to die in defeat. She has carried away her cocked fud unscathed for the third time, from Three of the Best in all broad Scotland—nor can there any longer be the smallest doubt in the world, in the minds of the most skeptical, that she is—what all the country-side have long known her to be—a Witch.

From cat-killing to Coursing, we have seen that the transition is easy in the order of nature—and so it is from coursing to Fox-Hunting—by means, however, of a small intermediate step—the Harriers. Musical is a pack of harriers as a peal of bells. How melodiously they ring changes in the woods, and in the hollow of the mountains! A level country we have already consigned to merited contempt, (though there is no rule without an exception; and as we shall see by and by, there is one too here,) and commend us, even with harriers, to the ups and downs of the pas-

toral or silvan heights. If old or indolent, take your station on a heaven-kissing hill, and hug the echoes to your heart. Or, if you will ride, then let it be on a nimble galloway of some fourteen hands, that can gallop a good pace on the road, and keep sure footing on bridle paths, or upon the pathless braes—and by judicious horsemanship, you may meet the pack at many a loud-mouthed burst, and haply be not far out at the death. But the schoolboy and the shepherd—and the whipper-in—as each hopes for favour from his own Diana—let them all be on foot—and have studied the country for every imaginable variety that can occur in the winter's campaign. One often hears of a cunning old fox—but the cunningest old fox is a simpleton to the most guileless young hare. What deceit in every double! What calculation in every squat! Of what far more complicated than Cretan Labyrinth is the creature, now hunted for the first time, sitting in the centre! a listening the baffled roar! Now into the pool she plunges, to free herself from the fatal scent that lures on death. Now down the torrent course she runs and leaps, to cleanse it from her poor paws, fur-protected from the sharp flints that lame the fiends that so sorely beset her, till many limp along in their own blood. Now along the coping of stone walls she crawls and scrambles—and now ventures from the wood along the frequented high-road, heedless of danger from the front, so that she may escape the horrid growling in the rear. Now into the pretty little garden of the wayside, or even the village cot, she creeps, as if to implore protection from the innocent children, or the nursing mother. Yes, she will even seek refuge in the sanctuary of the cradle. The terrier drags her out from below a tombstone, and she dies in the churchyard. The hunters come reeking and reeling on, we ourselves among the number—and to the winding horn that echoes reply from the walls of the house of worship—and now, in momentary contrition,

"Drops a sad, serious tear upon our playful pen!"

and we bethink ourselves—alas! all in vain for

"*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret*"—

of these solemn lines of the poet of peace and humanity:—

"One lesson reader, let us two divide,
Taught by what nature-shows and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure and our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

It is next to impossible to reduce fine poetry to practice—so let us conclude with a panegyric on Fox-Hunting. The passion for this pastime is the very strongest that can possess the heart—nor, of all the heroes of antiquity, is there one to our imagination more poetical than Nimrod. His whole character is given, and his whole history, in two words—Mighty Hunter. That he hunted the fox is not probable; for the sole aim and end of his existence was not to exterminate—that would have been cutting his own throat—but to thin man-devouring wild beasts—the Pards—with Leo at their head. But in a land like this, where not even a wolf has existed for centuries—nor a wild boar—the same spirit that would have driven the British youth on the tusk and paw of the

Lion and the Tiger, mounts them in scarlet on such steeds as never neighed before the flood, nor "summered high in bliss" on the sloping pastures of undeluged Ararat—and gathers them together in gallant array on the edge of the cover,

"When first the hunter's startling horn is heard
Upon the golden hills."

What a squadron of cavalry! What fiery eyes and flaming nostrils—betokening with what ardent passion the noble animals will revel in the chase! Bay, brown, black, dun, chestnut sorrel, gray—of all shades and hues—and every courser distinguished by his own peculiar character of shape and form—yet all blending harmoniously as they crown the mount; so that a painter would only have to group and colour them as they stand, nor lose, if able to catch them, one of the dazzling lights or deepening shadows streamed on them from that sunny, yet not unstormy sky.

You read in books of travels and romances, of Barbs and Arabs galloping in the desert—and well doth Sir Walter speak of Saladin at the head of his Saracenic chivalry; but take our word for it, great part of all such descriptions are mere falsehood or fudge. Why in the devil's name should dwellers in the desert always be going at full speed? And how can that full speed be any thing more than a slow heavy hand-gallop at the best, the barbs being up to the belly at every stroke? They are always, it is said, in high condition—but we, who know something about horse-flesh, give that assertion the lie. They have seldom any thing either to eat or drink; they are as lean as church mice; and covered with clammy sweat before they have ambled a league from the tent. And then such a set of absurd riders, with knees up to their noses, like so many tailors riding to Brentford, *via* the deserts of Arabia! Such bits, such bridles, and such saddles! But the whole set-out, rider and ridden, accoutrements and all, is too much for one's gravity, and must occasion a frequent laugh to the wild ass as he goes braying unharnessed by. But look there! Arabian blood, and British bone! Not bred in and in, to the death of all the fine strong animal spirits—but blood intermingled and interfused by twenty crosses, nature exulting in each successive produce, till her power can no further go, and in yonder glorious grey,

"Gives the world assurance of a horse!"

Form the Three Hundred into squadron, or squadrons, and in the hand of each rider a sabre alone, none of your lances, all bare his breast but for the silver-laced blue, the gorgeous uniform of the Hussars of England—confound all cuirasses and cuirassiers!—let the trumpet sound a charge, and ten thousand of the proudest of the Barbaric chivalry be opposed with spear and scimitar—and through their snow-ranks will the Three Hundred go like thaw—splitting them into dissolution with the noise of thunder.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it; and where, we ask, were the British cavalry ever overthrown? And how could the great north-country horse-couplers perform their con-

tracts, but for the triumphs of the Turf? Blood—blood there must be, either for strength, or speed, or endurance. The very heaviest cavalry—the Life Guards and the Scots Greys, and all other dragoons, must have blood. But without racing and fox-hunting, where could it be found? Such pastimes nerve one of the arms of the nation when in battle; but for them 'twould be palsied. What better education, too, not only for a horse, but his rider, before playing a bloodier game in his first war campaign? Thus he becomes demicorpsed with the noble animal; and what easy, equable motion to him is afterwards a charge over a wide level plain, with nothing in the way but a few regiments of flying Frenchmen! The hills and dales of merry England have been the best riding-school to her gentlemen—her gentlemen who have not lived at home at ease—but, with Paget, and Stewart, and Seymour, and Cotton, and Somerset, and Vivian, have left their hereditary halls, and all the peaceful pastimes pursued among the silvan scenery, to try the mettle of their steeds, and cross swords with the vaunted Gallic chivalry; and still have they been in the shock victorious; witness the skirmish that astonished Napoleon at Saldanha—the overthrow that uncrowned him at Waterloo!

"Well, do you know, that, after all you have said, Mr. North, I cannot understand the passion and the pleasure of fox-hunting. It seems to me both cruel and dangerous."

Cruelty! Is their cruelty in laying the rein on their necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high condition—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full burst of that maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunderbolts? Danger! What danger but of breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow, snoring and snorting half-asleep on a sofa, sufficient to sicken a whole street? What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked-up ears, and passionately fond of poultry, that they pursue? After the first Tally-ho, Reynard is rarely seen, till he is run in upon—once, perhaps, in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an Idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses, to a storm of canine music—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing Foxy in the Fancy of one man in all that glorious field of Three Hundred. Once off and away—while wood and welkin rings—and nothing is felt—nothing is imaged in that hurricane flight, but scorn of all obstructions, dikes, ditches, drains, brooks, palings, canals, rivers, and all the impediments reared in the way of so many rejoicing madmen, by nature, art, and science, in an inclosed, cultivated, civilized, and Christian country. There they go—prince and peer, baronet and squire—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such a steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip's warlike son—for could we imagine

Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very first burst, and glad to find his way dismounted to a village alehouse for a pail of meal and water. Hedges, trees, groves, gardens, orchards, woods, farmhouses, huts, halls, mansions, palaces, spires, steeples, towers, and temples, all go wavering by, each demigod seeing, or seeing them not, as his winged steed skims or labours along, to the swelling or sinking music, now loud as a near regimental band, now faint as an echo. Far and wide over the country are dispersed the scarlet runners—and a hundred villages pour forth their admiring swarms, as the main current of the chase roars by, or parted runlets float wearied and all astray, lost at last in the perplexing woods. Crash goes the top-timber of the five-barred gate—away over the ears flies the ex-rough-rider in a surprising somerset—after a succession of stumbles, down is the gallant Grey on knees and nose, making sad work among the fallow—Friendship is a fine thing, and the story of Damon and Pythias most affecting indeed—but Pylades eyes Orestes on his back sorely drowned in sludge, and tenderly leaping over him as he lies, claps his hands to his ear, and with a “hark forward, tantivy!” leaves him to remount, lame and at leisure—and ere the fallen has risen and shaken himself, is round the corner of the white village-church, down the dell, over the brook and close on the heels of the straining pack, all a-yell up the hill crowned by the Squire’s Folly. “Every man for himself, and God for us all,” is the devout and ruling apothegm of the day. If death befall, what wonder? since man and horse are mortal; but death loves better a wide soft bed with quiet curtains and darkened windows in a still room, the clergyman in one corner with his prayers, and the physician in another with his pills, making assurance doubly sure, and preventing all possibility of the dying Christian’s escape. Let oak branch smite the too slowly stooping skull, or rider’s back not timely levelled with his steed’s; let faithless bank give way, and bury in the brook; let hidden drain yield to fore feet and work a sudden wreck; let old coal-pit, with briery mouth, betray; and roaring river bear down man and horse, to cliffs unscalable by the very Welch goat; let duke’s or earl’s son go sheer over a quarry twenty feet deep, and as many high; yet “Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,” the hunter train flows on; for the music grows fiercer and more savage—lo! all that remains together of the pack, in far more dreadful madness than hydrophobia, leaping out of their skins, under insanity from the scent, for Vulpes can hardly now make a crawl of it; and ere he, they, whipper-in, or any one of the other three demoniacs, have time to look in one another’s splashed faces, he is torn into a thousand pieces, gobbled up in the general growl; and smug, and smooth, and dry, and warm, and cozy, as he was an hour and twenty-five minutes ago exactly, in his furze bush in the cover—he is now piecemeal in about thirty distinct stomachs; and is he not, pray, well off for sepulture?

FYTTE SECOND.

WE are always unwilling to speak of ourselves, lest we should appear egotistical—for egotism we detest. Yet the sporting world must naturally be anxious to know something of our early history—and their anxiety shall therefore be now assuaged. The truth is, that we enjoyed some rare advantages and opportunities in our boyhood regarding field sports, and grew up, even from that first great era in every Lowlander’s life, Breeching-day, not only a fisher but a fowler; and it is necessary that we enter into some interesting details.

There had been from time immemorial, it was understood, in the Manse, a duck-gun of very great length, and a musket that, according to an old tradition, had been out both in the Seventeen and Forty-five. There were ten boys of us, and we succeeded by rotation to gun or musket, each boy retaining possession for a single day only; but then the shooting season continued all the year. They must have been of admirable materials and workmanship; for neither of them so much as once burst during the Seven Years’ War. The musket, who, we have often since thought, must surely rather have been a blunderbuss in disguise, was a perfect devil for kicking when she received her discharge; so much so indeed, that it was reckoned creditable for the smaller boys not to be knocked down by the recoil. She had a very wide mouth—and was thought by us “an awfu’ scatterer;” a qualification which we considered of the very highest merit. She carried any thing we choose to put into her—there still being of all her performances a loud and favourable report—balls, buttons, chucky-stanes, slugs, or hail. She had but two faults—she had got addicted, probably in early life, to one habit of burning priming, and to another of hanging fire; habits of which it was impossible, for us at least, to break her by the most assiduous hammering of many a new series of flints; but such was the high place she justly occupied in the affection and admiration of us all, that faults like these did not in the least detract from her general character. Our delight, when she did absolutely and positively and *bonâ fide go off*, was in proportion to the comparative rarity of that occurrence; and as to hanging fire—why we used to let her take her own time, contriving to keep her at the level as long as our strength sufficed, eyes shut perhaps, teeth clenched, face gurning, and head slightly averted over the right shoulder, till Muckle-mou’d Meg, who, like most other Scottish females, took things leisurely, went off at last with an explosion like the blowing up of a rock.

The “Lang gun,” again, was of much gentler disposition, and, instead of kicking, ran into the opposite extreme on being let off, inclining forwards as if she would follow the shot. We believe, however, this apparent peculiarity arose from her extreme length, which rendered it difficult for us to hold her horizontally—and hence the muzzle being attracted earthward, the entire gun appeared to leave the shoulder of the Shooter. That such

is the true theory of the phenomenon seems to be proved by this—that when the “Lang Gun” was, in the act of firing, laid across the shoulders of two boys standing about a yard the one before the other, she kicked every bit as well as the blunderbuss. Her lock was of a very peculiar construction. It was so contrived that, when on full cock, the dog-head, as we used to call it, stood back at least seven inches, and unless the flint was put in to a nicety, by pulling the trigger you by no means caused any uncovering of the pan, but things in general remained *in statu quo*—and there was perfect silence. She had a worm-eaten stock into which the barrel seldom was able to get itself fairly inserted; and even with the aid of circumvoluting twine, ’twas always coggly. Thus, too, the vizio (*Anglice* sight) generally inclined unduly to one side or the other, and was the cause of all of us every day hitting and hurting objects of whose existence even we were not aware, till alarmed by the lowing or the galloping of cattle on the hills; and we hear now the yell of an old woman in black bonnet and red cloak, who shook her staff at us like a witch, with the blood running down the furrows of her face, and with many oaths maintained that she was murdered. The “Lang Gun” had certainly a strong vomit—and, with slugs or swan-shot, was dangerous at two hundred yards to any living thing. Bob Howie, at that distance arrested the career of a mad dog—a single slug having been sent through the eye into the brain. We wonder if one or both of those companions of our boyhood be yet alive—or, like many other great guns that have since made more noise in the world, fallen a silent prey to the rust of oblivion.

Not a boy in the school had a game certificate—or, as it was called in the parish—“a leeshance.” Nor, for a year or two, was such a permit necessary; as we confined ourselves almost exclusively to sparrows. Not that we had any personal animosity to the sparrow individually—on the contrary, we loved him, and had a tame one—a fellow of infinite fancy—with comb and wattles of crimson cloth like a gamecock. But their numbers, without number numberless, seemed to justify the humanest of boys in killing any quantity of sprauchs. Why, they would sometimes settle on the clipped half-thorn and half-beech hedge of the Manse garden in myriads, midge-like; and then out any two of us, whose day it happened to be, used to sally with Muckle-mou’d Meg and the Lang Gun, charged two hands and a finger; and with a loud shout, startling them from their roost like the sudden casting of a swarm of bees, we let drive into the whir—a shower of feathers was instantly seen swimming in the air, and flower-bed and onion bed covered with scores of the mortally wounded old cocks with black heads, old hens with brown, and the pride of the eaves laid low before their first crop of peas! Never was there such a parish for sparrows. You had but to fling a stone into any stack-yard, and up rose a sprauch-shower. The thatch of every cottage was drilled by them like honey-combs. House-pouts were of no use in rainy weather—for they were all choked up by sprauch-nests. At

each particular barn-door, when the farmers were at work, you might have thought you saw the entire sparrow population of the parish. Seldom a Sabbath, during pairing, building, breeding, nursing, and training season, could you hear a single syllable of the sermon for their sakes, all a-huddle and a-chirp in the bel fry and among the old loose slates. On every stercoraceous deposit on coach, cart, or bridle road, they were busy on grain and pulse; and, in spite of cur and cat, legions embrowned every cottage garden. Emigration itself in many million families would have left no perceptible void; and the inextinguishable multitude would have laughed at the Plague.

The other small birds of the parish began to feel their security from our shot, and sung their best, unscared on hedge, bush, and tree. Perhaps, too, for sake of their own sweet strains, we spared the lyrists of Scotland, the linnet and the lark, the one in the yellow broom, the other beneath the rosy cloud—while there was ever a sevenfold red shield before Robin’s breast, whether flitting silent as a falling leaf, or trilling his autumnal lay on the rigging or pointed gable-end of barn or brye. Now and then the large bunting, conspicuous on a top-twig, and proud of his rustic psalmody, tempted his own doom—or the cunning stone-chat, glancing about the old dikes usually shot at in vain—or yellow-hammer, under the ban of the national superstition, with a drop of the devil’s blood beneath his pretty crest, pretty in spite of that cruel creed—or green-finch, too rich in plumage for his poorer song—or shilfa, the beautiful nest-builder, shivering his white-plumed wings in shade and sunshine, in joy the most rapturous, in grief the most despairing of all the creatures of the air—or redpole, balanced on the down of the thistle or flower of the bunweed on the old clovery lea—or, haply twice seen in a season, the very goldfinch himself, a radiant and gorgeous spirit brought on the breeze from afar, and worthy, if only slightly wounded, of being enclosed within a silver cage from Fairy Land.

But we waxed more ambitious as we grew old—and then wo to the rookery on the elm-tree grove! Down dropt the dark denizens in dozens, rebounding with a thud and a skraigh from the velvet moss, which under that umbrage formed firm floor for Titania’s feet—while others kept dangling dead or dying by the claws, cheating the crusted pie, and all the blue skies above were intercepted by cawing clouds of distracted parents, now dipping down in despair almost within a shot, and now, as if sick of this world, soaring away up into the very heavens, and disappearing to return no more—till sunset should bring silence, and the night air roll off the horrid smell of sulphur from the desolated bowers; and then indeed would they come all flying back upon their strong instinct, like black-sailed barks before the wind, some from the depth of far-off fir-woods, where they had lain quacking at the ceaseless cannonade, some from the furrows of the new-brained fields aloof on the uplands, some from deep dell close at hand, and some from the middle of the moorish wilderness.

Happiest of all human homes, beautiful

Craig-Hall! For so even now dost thou appear to be—in the rich, deep, mellow, green light of imagination trembling on tower and tree—art thou yet undilapidated and undecayed, in thy old manorial solemnity almost majestic, though even then thou hadst long been tenanted but by an humble farmer's family—people of low degree? The evening-festival of the First Day of the Rooks—nay, scoff not at such an anniversary—was still held in thy ample kitchen—of old the bower of brave lords and ladies bright—while the harper, as he sung his song of love or war, kept his eyes fixed on her who sat beneath the deas. The days of chivalry were gone—and the days had come of curds and cream, and, preferred by some people though not by us, of cream-cheese. Old men and old women, widowers and widows, yet all alike cheerful and chatty at a great age, for often as they near the dead, how more life-like seem the living! Middle-aged men and middle-aged women, husbands and wives, those sedate, with hair combed straight on their foreheads, sun-burnt faces, and horny hands established on their knees—these serene, with countenances many of them not unlovely—comely all—and with arms decently folded beneath their matronly bosoms—as they sat in their holiday dresses, feeling as if the season of youth had hardly yet flown by, or were, on such a merry meeting, for a blink restored! Boys and virgins—those bold even in their bashfulness—these blushing whenever eyes met eyes—nor would they—nor could they—have spoken in the hush to save their souls; yet ere the evening star arose, many a pretty maiden had, down looking and playing with the hem of her garment, sung linnet-like her ain favourite auld Scottish sang! and many a sweet sang even then delighted Scotia's spirit, though Robin Burns was but a youth—walking mute among the wild-flowers on the moor—nor aware of the immortal melodies soon to breathe from his impassioned heart!

Of all the year's holydays, not even excepting the First of May, this was the most delightful. The First of May, longed for so passionately from the first peep of the primrose, sometimes came deformed with mist and cloud, or cheerless with whistling winds, or winter-like with a sudden fall of snow. And thus all our hopes were dashed—the reomy hay-wagon remained in its shed—the preparations made for us in the distant moorland farmhouse were vain—the fishing-rods hung useless on the nails—and disconsolate schoolboys sat moping in corners, sorry, ashamed, and angry with Scotland's springs. But though the “leafy month of June” be frequently showery, it is almost always sunny too. Every half hour there is such a radiant blink that the young heart sings aloud for joy; summer rain makes the hair grow, and hats are little or no use towards the Longest Day; there is something cheerful even in thunder, if it be not rather too near; the lark has not yet ceased altogether to sing, for he soars over his second nest, unappalled beneath the sablest cloud; the green earth repels from her refulgent bosom the blackest shadows, nor will suffer herself to be saddened in the fulness and

brightness of her contentment; through the heaviest flood the blue skies will still be making their appearance with an impatient smile, and all the rivers and burns, with the multitude of their various voices, sing praises unto Heaven.

Therefore, bathing our feet in beauty, we went bounding over the flowery fields and broomy braes to the grove-girdled Craig-Hall. During the long noisy day, we thought not of the coming evening, happy as we knew it was to be; and during the long and almost as noisy evening, we forgot all the pastime of the day. Weeks before, had each of us engaged his partner for the first country dance, by right his own when supper came, and to sit close to him with her tender side, with waist at first stealthily arm-encircle, and at last boldly and almost with proud display. In the churchyard, before or after Sabbath-service, a word whispered into the ear of blooming and blushing rustic sufficed; or if that opportunity failed, the angler had but to step into her father's burn-side cottage, and with the contents of his basket leave a tender request, and from behind the gable-end carry away a word, a smile a kiss, and a waving farewell.

Many a high-roofed hall have we, since those days, seen, made beautiful with festoons and garlands, beneath the hand of taste and genius decorating, for some splendid festival, the abode of the noble expecting a still nobler guest. But oh! what pure bliss, and what profound, was then breathed into the bosom of boyhood from that glorious branch of hawthorn, in the chimney—itsself almost a tree, so thick—so deep—so rich its load of blossoms—so like its fragrance to something breathed from heaven—and so transitory in its sweetness too, that as she approached to inhale it, down fell many a snow-flake to the virgin's breath—in an hour all melted quite away! No broom that now-a-days grows on the brae, so yellow as the broom—the golden broom—the broom that seemed still to keep the hills in sunlight long after the sun himself had sunk—the broom in which we first found the lintwhite's nest—and of its petals, more precious than pearls, saw framed a wreath for the dark hair of that dark-eyed girl, an orphan, and melancholy even in her merriment—dark-haired and dark-eyed indeed, but whose forehead, whose bosom, were yet whiter than the driven snow. Greenhouses—conservatories—orangeries—are exquisitely balmy still—and, in presence of these strange plants, one could believe that he had been transported to some rich foreign clime. But now we carry the burden of our years along with us—and that consciousness bedims the blossoms, and makes mournful the balm, as from flowers in some fair burial-place, breathing of the tomb. But oh! that Craig-Hall hawthorn! and oh! that Craig-Hall broom! they send their sweet rich scent so far into the hushed air of memory, that all the weary worn-out weaknesses of age drop from us like a garment, and even now—the flight of that swallow seems more aerial—more alive with bliss his clay-built nest—the ancient long-ago blue of the sky returns to heaven not for many a, many a long year have we seen so fair—so frail—

transparent and angel-mantle-looking a cloud! The very viol speaks—the very dance responds in Craig-Hall: this—is the very festival of the First Day of the Rooks—Mary Mather, the pride of the parish—the county—the land—the earth—is our partner—and long mayest thou, O moon! remain behind thy cloud—when the parting kiss is given—and the lover, at that tenderest moment, dropped into her bosom!

But we have lost the thread of our discourse, and must pause to search for it, even like a spinster of old, in the disarranged spindle of one of those pretty little wheels now heard no more in the humble ingle, hushed by machinery clink-clanking with power-looms in every town and city of the land. Another year, and we often found ourselves—alone—or with one chosen comrade; for even then we began to have our sympathies and antipathies, not only with roses and lilies, or to cats and cheese, but with or to the eyes, and looks, and foreheads, and hair, and voices, and motions, and silence, and rest of human beings, loving them with a perfect love—we must not say hating them with a perfect hatred—alone or with a friend, among the mists and marshes of moors, in silent and stealthy search of the solitary curlew, that is, the Whawp! At first sight of his long bill aloft above the rushes, we could hear our heart beating quick time in the desert; at the turning of his neck, the body being yet still, our heart ceased to beat altogether—and we grew sick with hope when near enough to see the wild beauty of his eye. Unfolded, like a thought, was then the brown silence of the shy creature's ample wings—and with a warning cry he wheeled away upon the wind, unharmed by our ineffectual hail, seen falling far short of the deceptive distance, while his mate that had lain couched—perhaps in her nest of eggs or young, exposed yet hidden—within killing range, half-running, half-flying, flapped herself into flight, simulating lame leg and wounded wing; and the two disappearing together behind the hills, left us in our vain reason thwarted by instinct, to resume with live hopes rising out of the ashes of the dead, our daily-disappointed quest over the houseless mosses. Yet now and then to our steady aim the bill of the whawp disgorged blood—and as we felt the feathers in our hand, and from tip to tip eyed the outstretched wings, Fortune, we felt, had no better boon to bestow, earth no greater triumph.

Hush—stoop—kneel—crawl—for by all our hopes of mercy—a heron—a heron! An eel dangling across his bill! And now the water-serpent has disappeared! From morning dawn hath the fowl been fishing here—perhaps on that very stone—for it is one of those days when eels are a-roaming in the shallows, and the heron knows that they are as likely to pass by that stone as any other—from morning dawn—and 'tis now past meridian, half-past two! Be propitious, oh ye Fates! and never—never—shall he again fold his wings on the edge of his gaping nest, on the trees that overtop the only tower left of the old castle. Another eel! and we too can crawl silent as the sinuous

serpent. Flash! Bang! over he goes dead—no, not dead—but how unlike that unavailing flapping, as head over heels he goes spinning over the tarn, to the serene unsettling of himself from sod or stone, when, his hunger sated, and his craw filled with fish for his far off brood, he used to lift his blue bulk into the air, and with long depending legs, at first floated away like a wearied thing, but soon, as his plumes felt the current of air homewards flowing, urged swifter and swifter his easy course—laggard and lazy no more—leaving leagues behind him, ere you had shifted your motion in watching his cloudlike career, soon invisible among the woods!

The disgorged eels are returned—some of them alive—to their native element—the mud. And the dead heron floats away before small winds and waves into the middle of the tarn. Where is he—the matchless Newfoundland—*nomine gaudens* Fro, because white as the froth of the sea? Off with a colley. So—stript with the first intention, we plunge from a rock, and,

“Though in the scowl of heaven, the tarn
Grows dark as we are swimming,”

Draco-like, breast-high, we stem the surge, and with the heron floating before us, return to the heather-fringed shore, and give three cheers that startle the echoes, asleep from year's end to year's end, in the Grey-Linn Cairn.

Into the silent twilight of many a wild rock-and-river scene, beautiful and bewildering as the fairy work of sleep, will he find himself brought who knows where to seek the heron in all his solitary haunts. For often when the moors are storm-swept, and his bill would be baffled by the waves of tarn and loch, he sails away from his swinging-tree, and through some open glade dipping down to the secluded stream, alights within the calm chasm, and folds his wings in the breezeless air. The clouds are driving fast aloft in a carry from the sea—but they are all reflected in that pelucid pool—so perfect the cliff-guarded repose. A better day—a better hour—a better minute for fishing could not have been chosen by Mr. Heron, who is already swallowing a par. Another—and another—but something falls from the rock into the water; and suspicious, though unalarmed, he leisurely addresses himself to a short flight up the channel—round that tower-like cliff standing strangely by itself, with a crest of self-sown flowering shrubs; and lo! another vista, if possible, just a degree more silent—more secluded—more solitary—beneath the mid-day night of woods! To shoot thee there—would be as impious as to have killed a sacred Ibis stalking in the shade of an Egyptian temple. Yet it is fortunate for thee—folded up there, as thou art, as motionless as thy sitting-stone—that at this moment we have no fire-arms—for we had heard of a fish-like trout in that very pool, and this—O Heron—is no gun but a rod. Thou believest thyself to be in utter solitude—no sportsman but thyself in the chasm—for the otter, thou knowest, loves not such very rocky rivers; and fish with bitten shoulder seldom lies here—that epicure's tasted prey. Yes

within ten yards of thee lies couched thy enemy, who once had a design upon thee, even in the very egg. Our mental soliloquy disturbs not thy watchful sense—for the air stirs not when the soul thinks, or feels, or fancies about man, bird, or beast. We feel, O Heron! that there is not only humanity—but poetry, in our being. Imagination haunts and possesses us in our pastimes, colouring them even with serious—solemn—and sacred light—and thou assuredly hast something priest-like and ancient in thy look—and about thy light-blue plume robes, which the very elements admire and reverence—the waters wetting them not—nor the winds ruffling—and moreover we love thee—Heron—for the sake of that old castle, beside whose gloom thou utterdest thy first feeble cry! A Ruin nameless, traditionless—sole, undisputed property of Oblivion!

Hurra!—Heron—hurra! why, that was an awkward tumble—and very nearly had we hold of thee by the tail! Didst thou take us for a water-kelpie? A fright like that is enough to leave thee an idiot all the rest of thy life. 'Tis a wonder thou didst not go into fits—but thy nerves must be sorely shaken—and what an account of this adventure will certainly be shrieked unto thy mate, to the music of the creaking boughs! Not, even wert thou a secular bird of ages, wouldst thou ever once again revisit this dreadful place. For fear has a wondrous memory in all dumb creatures—and rather wouldst thou see thy nest die of famine, than seek for fish in this man-monster-haunted pool! Farewell! farewell!

Many are the hundreds of hill and mountain lochs to us as familiarly known, round all their rushy or rocky margins, as that pond there in the garden of Buchanan Lodge. That pond has but one goose and one gander, and nine goslings—about half-a-dozen trouts, if indeed they have not sickened and died of Nostalgia, missing in the stillness the gurgle of their native Tweed—and a brace of perch, now nothing but prick'le. But the lochs—the hill, the mountain lochs now in our mind's eye and our mind's ear,—heaven and earth! the bogs are black with duck, teal, and widgeon—up there “comes for food or play” to the holla of the winds, a wedge of wild geese, piercing the marbled heavens with clamour—and lo! in the very centre of the mediterranean, the Royal Family of the Swans! Up springs the silver sea-trout in the sunshine—see Sir Humphrey!—a salmon—a salmon fresh run in love and glory from the sea!

For how many admirable articles are there themes in the above short paragraph! Duck, teal, and widgeon, wild-geese, swans! And first, duck, teal, and widgeon. There they are, all collected together, without regard to party politics, in their very best attire, as thick as the citizens of Edinburgh, their wives, sweet-hearts, and children, on the Calton Hill, on the first day of the king's visit to Scotland. As thick, but not so steady—for what swimming about in circles—what ducking and diving is there!—all the while accompanied with a sort of low, thick, gurgling, not unsweet, nor unmusical quackery, the expression of the intense joy of feeding, freedom, and play. Oh! Muc-

kle-mou'd Meg! neither thou nor the “Lang Gun” are of any avail here—for that old drake, who, together with his shadow, on which he seems to be sitting, is almost as big as a boat in the water, the outermost landward sentinel, near as he seems to be in the deception of the clear frosty air, is yet better than three hundred yards from the shore—and, at safe distance, cocks his eye at the fowler. There is no boat on the loch, and knowing that, how tempting in its unapproachable reeds and rushes, and hut-crested knoll—a hut built perhaps by some fowler, in the olden time—yon central Isle! But be still as a shadow—for lo! a batch of Whig-seceders, paddling all by themselves towards that creek—and as surely as our name is Christopher, in another quarter of an hour, they will consist of killed, wounded, and missing. On our belly—with unhatted head just peering over the knowe—and Muckle-mou'd Meg slowly and softly stretched out on the rest, so as not to rustle a windle-strae, we lie motionless as a mawkin, till the coterie collects together for simultaneous dive down to the aquatic plants and insects of the fast-shallowing bay; and, just as they are upon the turn with their tails, a single report, loud as a volley, scatters the unsparing slugs about their dous, and the still clear water, in sudden disturbance, is afloat with scattered feathers, and stained with blood.

Now is the time for the snow-white, here and there ebony-spotted Fro—who with burning eyes has lain couched like a spaniel, his quick breath ever and anon trembling on a passionate whine, to bounce up, as if discharged by a catapult, and first with immense and enormous high-and-far leaps, and then, fleet as any greyhound, with a breast-brushing brattle down the brae, to dash, all fours, like a flying squirrel fearlessly from his tree, many yards into the bay with one splashing and momentarily disappearing spang, and then, head and shoulders and broad line of back and rudder tail, all elevated above or level with the wavy water line, to mouth first that murdered mawsey of a mallard, lying as still as if she had been dead for years, with her round, fat, brown bosom towards heaven—then that old Drake, in a somewhat similar posture, but in more gorgeous apparel, his belly being of a pale gray, and his back delicately pencilled and crossed with numberless waved dusky lines—precious prize to one skilled like us in the angling art—next—nobly done, glorious Fro—that cream colour crowned widgeon, with bright rufous chestnut breast, separated from the neck by loveliest waved ash-brown and white lines, while our mind's eye feasteth on the indescribable and changeable green beauty-spot of his wings—and now, if we mistake not, a Golden Eye, best described by his name—finally, that exquisite little duck the Teal; yes, poetical in its delicately pencilled spots as an Indian shell, and when kept to an hour, roasted to a minute, gravied in its own wild richness, with some few other means and appliances to boot, carved finely—most finely—by razor-like knife, in a hand skilful to dissect and cunning to divide—tasted by a tongue and palate both healthily pure as the dewy petal of a morning

rose—swallowed by a gullet felt gradually to be extending itself in its intense delight—and received into a stomach yawning with greed and gratitude,—oh! surely the thrice-blessed of all web-footed birds; the apex of Apician luxury; and able, were any thing on the face of this feeble earth able, to detain a soul, on the very brink of fate, a short quarter of an hour from an inferior Elysium!

How nobly, like a craken or sea-serpent, Fro reareth his massy head above the foam, his gathered prey seized—all four—by their limber necks, and brightening, like a bunch of flowers, as they glitter towards the shore! With one bold body-shake, felt to the point of each particular hair, he scatters the water from his coat like mist, reminding one of that glorious line in Shakspeare,

“Like dewdrops from the Lion’s mane,”

advancing with sinewy legs seemingly lengthened by the drenching flood, and dripping tail stretched out in all its broad longitude, with hair almost like white hanging plumes—magnificent as tail of the Desert-Born at the head of his seraglio in the Arabian Sands. Halfway his master meets his beloved Fro on the slope; and first proudly and haughtily pausing to mark our eye, and then humbly, as beseemeth one whom nature, in his boldest and brightest bearing, hath yet made a slave—he lays the offering at our feet, and having felt on his capacious forehead the approving pressure of our hand,

“While, like the murmur of a dream,
He hears us breathe his name,”

he suddenly flings himself round with a wheel of transport, and in many a widening circle pursues his own uncontrollable ecstasies with whirlwind speed; till, as if utterly joy-exhausted, he brings his snow-white bulk into dignified repose on a knoll, that very moment illuminated by a burst of sunshine!

Not now—as fades upon our pen the solemn light of the dying day—shall we dare to decide, whether or not Nature—O most matchless creature of thy kind!—gave thee, or gave thee not, the gift of an immortal soul! Better such creed—fond and foolish though it may be—yet scarcely unscriptural, for in each word of scripture there are many meanings, even when each sacred syllable is darkest to be read,—better such creed than that of the atheist or skeptic, distracted ever in his seemingly sullen apathy, by the dim, dark doom of dust. Better that Fro should live, than that Newton should die—for ever. What though the benevolent Howard devoted his days to visit the dungeon’s gloom, and by intercession with princes, to set the prisoners free from the low damp-dripping stone roof of the deep-dug cell beneath the foundation rocks of the citadel, to the high dewdropping vault of heaven, too, too dazzlingly illumined by the lamp of the insufferable sun! There reason triumphed—those were the works of glorified humanity. But thou—a creature of mere instinct—according to Descartes, a machine, an automaton—hadst yet a constant light of thought and of affection in thine eyes—nor wert thou without some glimmering and mysterious notions—and what

more have we ourselves?—of life and of death! Why fear to say that thou wert divinely commissioned and inspired—on that most dismal and shrieking hour, when little Harry Seymour, that bright English boy, “whom all that looked on loved,” entangled among the cruel chains of those fair water-lilies, all so innocently yet so murderously floating round him, was, by all standing or running about there with clenched hands, or kneeling on the sod—given up to inextricable death? We were not present to save the dear boy, who had been delivered to our care as to that of an elder brother, by the noble lady who, in her deep widow’s weeds, kissed her sole darling’s sunny head, and disappeared. We were not present—or by all that is holiest in heaven or on earth—our arms had been soon around thy neck, when thou wert seemingly about to perish!

But a poor, dumb, despised dog—nothing, as some say, but animated dust—was there—and without shout or signal—for all the Christian creatures were alike helpless in their despair—shot swift as a sunbeam over the deep, and by those golden tresses, sinking and brightening through the wave, brought the noble child ashore, and stood over him, as if in joy and sorrow, lying too like death on the sand! And when little Harry opened his glazed eyes, and looked bewildered on all the faces around—and then fainted, and revived and fainted again—till at last he came to dim recollection of this world on the bosom of the physician brought thither with incomprehensible speed from his dwelling afar off—thou didst lick his cold white hands and blue face, with a whine that struck awful pity into all hearts, and thou didst follow him—one of the group—as he was borne along—and frisking—and gambolling no more all that day, gently didst thou lay thyself down at the feet of his little bed, and watch there unsleeping all night long! For the boy knew that God had employed one of his lowly creatures to save him—and beseeched that he might lie there to be looked at by the light of the taper, till he himself, as the pains went away, might fall asleep! And we, the watchers by his bed-side, heard him in his dreams mentioning the creature’s name in his prayers.

Yet at times—O Fro—thou wert a sad dog indeed—neither to bind nor to hold—for thy blood was soon set a-boil, and thou—like Julius Cæsar—and Demetrius Poliorcetes—and Alexander the Great—and many other ancient and modern kings and heroes—thou wert the slave of thy passions. No Scipio wert thou with a Spanish captive. Often—in spite of threatening eye and uplifted thong—uplifted only, for thou wert’st unflogged to thy grave—didst thou disappear for days at a time—as if lost or dead. Rumours of thee were brought to the kirk by shepherds from the remotest hills in the parish—most confused and contradictory—but, when collected and compared, all agreeing in this—that thou wert living, and life-like, and life-imparting, and after a season from thy travels to return; and return thou still didst—worn and often and wo-begone—purpled thy snow-white curling—and thy broad breast torn, not disfigured, by honourable wounds. For

never yet saw we a fighter like thee. Up on thy hind legs in a moment, like a growling Polar monster, with thy fore-paws round thy foeman's neck, bull-dog, colly, mastiff, or greyhound, and down with him in a moment, with as much ease as Cass, in the wrestling-ring at Carlisle, would throw a Bagman, and then wot to the throat of the downfallen, for thy jaws were shark-like as they opened and shut with their terrific tusks, grinding through skin and sinew to the spine.

Once, and once only—bullied out of all endurance by a half-drunken carrier—did we consent to let thee engage in a pitched battle with a mastiff victorious in fifty fights—a famous shanker—and a throttlor beyond all compare. It was indeed a bloody business—now growling along the glawr of the road—a hairy hurricane—now snorting in the suffocating ditch—now fair play on the clean and clear crown of the causey—now rolling over and over through a chance-open white little gate, into a cottage-garden—now separated by choking them both with a chord—now brought out again with savage and fiery eyes to the scratch on a green plat round the sign-board-swinging tree in the middle of the village—auld women in their mutches crying out, “Shame! whare’s the minister?”—young women, with combs in their pretty heads, blinking with pale and almost weeping faces from low-intelled doors—children crowding for sight and safety on the louping-on-stone—and loud cries ever and anon at each turn and eddy of the fight, of “Well done, Fro, well done, Fro—see how he worries his windpipe—well done, Fro!” for Fro was the delight and glory of the whole parish, and the honour of all its inhabitants, male and female, was felt to be staked on the issue—while at intervals was heard the harsh hoarse voice of the carriers and his compeers, cursing and swearing in triumph in a many-oathed language peculiar to the race that drive the broad-wheeled wagons with the high canvas roofs, as the might of Teeger prevailed, and the indomitable Fro seemed to be on his last legs beneath a grip of the jugular, and then stretched motionless and passive—in defeat or death. A mere *ruse* to recover wind. Like unshorn Samson starting from his sleep, and snapping like fired flax the vain bands of the Philistines, Fro whawmled Teeger off, and twisting round his head in spite of the grip on the jugular, the skin stretching and giving way in a ghastly but unfelt wound, he suddenly seized with all his tusks his antagonist’s eye, and bit it clean out of the socket. A yowl of unendurable pain—spouting of blood—sickness—swooning—tumbling over—and death. His last fight is over! His remaining eye glazed—his protruded tongue bitten in anguish by his own grinding teeth—his massy hind legs stretched out with a kick like a horse—his short tail stiffens—he is laid out a grim corpse—flung into a cart tied behind the wagon—and off to the tan-yard.

No shouts of victory—but stern, sullen, half-ashamed silence—as of guilty things after the perpetration of a misdeed. Still glaring savagely, ere yet the wrath of fight has subsided in his heart, and going and returning to

the bloody place, uncertain whether or not his enemy were about to return, Fro finally lies down at some distance, and with bloody flews keeps licking his bloody legs, and with long darting tongue cleansing the mire from his neck, breast, side, and back—a sanguinary spectacle! He seems almost insensible to our caresses, and there is something almost like upbraiding in his victorious eyes. Now that his veins are cooling, he begins to feel the pain of his wounds—many on, and close to vital parts. Most agonizing of all—all his four shanks are tusk-pierced, and, in less than ten minutes, he limps away to his kennel, lame as if riddled by shot—

“*Hæu quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore!*”

gore-besmeared and dirt-draggled—an hour ago serenely bright as the lily in June, or the April snow. The huge wagon moves away out of the clachan without its master, who, ferocious from the death of the other brute he loved, dares the whole school to combat. Off fly a dozen jackets—and a devil’s dozen of striplings from twelve past to going sixteen—firmly wedged together like the Macedonian Phalanx—are yelling for the fray. There is such another shrieking of women as at the taking of Troy. But

“The Prince of Mearns stept forth before the crowd,
And, Carter, challenged you to single fight!”

Bob Howie, who never yet feared the face of clay, and had too great a heart to suffer mere children to combat the strongest and most unhappy man in the whole country—stripped to the buff; and there he stands, with

“An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;”

shoulders like Atlas—breast like Hercules—and arms like Vulcan. The heart of Benjamin the wagoner dies within him—he accepts the challenge for a future day—and retreating backwards to his clothes, receives a right-hander as from a sledge-hammer on the temple, that tells him like an ox. The other carters all close in, but are sent spinning in all directions as from the sails of a windmill. Ever as each successive lout seeks the earth, we savage school-boys rush in upon him in twos, and threes, and fours, basting and battering him as he bawls; at this very crisis—so fate ordained—are seen hurrying down the hill from the south, leaving their wives, sweet-hearts, and asses in the rear, with coal-black hair and sparkling eyes, brown brawny legs, and clenched iron fists at the end of long arms, swinging flail-like at all times, and more than now, ready for the fray, a gang of Gipsies! while—beautiful coincidence!—up the hill from the north come on, at double-quick time, an awkward squad of as grim Milesians as ever buried a pike in a Protestant. Nor question nor reply; but in a moment a general *mêlée*. Men at work in the hay-fields, who would not leave their work for a dog-fight, fling down scythe and rake, and over hedges into the high-road, a stalwart reinforcement. Weavers leap from their treddles—doff their blue aprons, and out into the air. The red-cowled tailor pops his head through a skylight, and next moment is in the street. The butcher strips his long light-blue linen coat, to engage

a Paddy; and the smith, ready for action—for the huge arms of Burniwind are always bare—with a hand-over-hip delivery, makes the head of the king of the gipsies ring like an anvil. There has been no marshalling of forces—yet lo! as if formed in two regular lines by the Adjutant himself after the first tuilzie, stand the carters, the gipsies, and the Irishmen, opposed to Bob Howie, the butcher, the smith, the tailor, the weaver, the hay-makers, and the boys from the manse—the latter drawn up cautiously, but not cowardly, in the rear. What a twinkling of fists and shillelas! what bashed and bloody noses! cut blubber lips—cheekbones out of all proportion to the rest of the face, and, through sudden black and blue tumefactions, men's changed into pigs' eyes! And now there is also rugging of caps and mitches and hair, "femineo ululatu," for the Egyptian Amazons bear down like furies on the glee'd widow that keeps the change-house, half-witted Shoosy that sells yellow sand, and Davie Donald's dun daughter, commonly called Spunkie. What shrieking and tossing of arms, round the whole length and breadth of the village! Where is Simon Andrew the constable? Where is auld Robert Maxwell the ruling elder? What can have become of Laird Warnock, whose word is law! An what can the Minister be about, can anybody tell, that he does not come flying from the manse to save the lives of his parishioners from cannibals, and gipsies, and Eerish, murdering their way to the gallows!

How—why—or when—that bloody battle ceased to be, was never distinctly known either then or since; but, like every thing else, it had an end—and even now we have a confused dream of the spot at its termination—naked men lying on their backs in the mire, all drenched in blood—with women, some old and ugly, with shrivelled witch-like hag breasts, others young, and darkly, swarthy, blackly beautiful, with budding or new-blown bosoms unkerchiefed in the colley-shangy—perilous to see—leaning over them: and these were the Egyptians! Men in brown shirts, gore-spotted, with green bandages round their broken heads, laughing, and joking, and jeering, and singing, and shouting, though desperately mauled and mangled—while Scottish wives, and widows, and maids, could not help crying out in sympathy, "Oh! but they're bonnie men—what a pity they should aye be sae fond o' fechtin', and a' manner o' mischief!"—and these were the Irishmen! Retired and apart, hangs the weaver, with his head over a wall, dog-sick, and bocking in strong convulsions; some haymakers are washing their cut faces in the well: the butcher, bloody as a bit of his own beef, walks silent into the shambles; the smith, whose grimy face hides its pummelling, goes off grinning a ghastly smile in the hands of his scolding, yet not unloving wife; the tailor, gay as a flea, and hot as his own goose, to show how much more he has given than received, offers to leap any man on the ground, hop-step-and-jump, for a mutchkin—while Bob Howie walks about, without a visible wound, except the mark of bloody knuckles on his brawny breast, with arms a-kimbo, seaman fashion—for Bob had been at sea—and as soon as the

whisky comes, hands it about at his own expense, caulker after caulker, to the vanquished—for Bob was as generous as brave; had no spite at the gipsies; and as for Irishmen, why they were ranting, roving, red-hot, dare-devil boys, just like himself; and after the fight, he would have gone with them to Purgatory, or a few steps further down the hill. All the battle through, we manse-boys had fought, it may be said, behind the shadow of him our hero; and in warding off mischief from us, he received not a few heavy body-blows from King Carew, a descendant of Bamfylde Moore, and some crown-cracks from the shillelas of the Connaught Rangers.

Down comes a sudden thunder-plump, making the road a river—and to the whiff o' lightning, all in the shape of man, woman, and child, are under roof-cover. The afternoon soon clears up, and the haymakers leave the clanking empty gill or half-mutchkin stoup, for the field, to see what the rain has done—the forge begins again to roar—the sound of the flying shuttle, tells us that the weaver is again on his treddles; the tailor hoists up his little window in the thatch, in that close confinement, to enjoy the caller air—the tinklers go to encamp on the common—"the air is balm"—insects, dropping from eave and tree, "show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold"—though the season of bird-singing be over and gone, there is a pleasant chirping hereabouts, thereabouts, everywhere; the old blind beggar, dog-led, goes from door to door, unconscious that such a stramash has ever been—and dancing round our champion, away we schoolboys all fly with him to swim in the Brother Loch, taking our fishing-rods with us, for one clap of thunder will not frighten the trouts; and about the middle or end of July, we have known great labbers, twenty inches long, play wallop between our very feet, in the warm shallow water, within a yard of the edge, to the yellow bodied, tinsey-tailed, black half-heckle, with brown mallard wing, a mere midge, but once fixed in lip or tongue, "inextricable as the gorged lion's bite."

But ever after that passage in the life of Fro, his were, on the whole, years of peace. Every season seemed to strengthen his sagacity, and to unfold his wonderful instincts. Most assuredly he knew all the simpler parts of speech—all the household words in the Scottish language. He was, in all our pastimes, as much one of ourselves, as if, instead of being a Pagan with four feet, he had been a Christian with two. As for temper, we trace the sweetness of our own to his; an angry word from one he loved, he forgot in half a minute, offering his lion-like paw; yet there were particular people he could not abide, nor from their hands would he have accepted a roasted potato out of the dripping pan, and in this he resembled his master. He knew the Sabbath-day as well as the Sexton—and never was known to bark till the Monday morning when the cock crew; and then he would give a long musical yowl, as if his breast were relieved from silence. If ever, in this cold, changeful, inconstant world, there was a friendship that might be called sincere, it was that which, half a century ago and

upwards, subsisted between Christopher North and John Fro. We never had a quarrel in all our lives—and within these two months we made a pilgrimage to his grave. He was buried—not by our hands, but by the hands of one whose tender and manly heart loved the old, blind, deaf, staggering creature to the very last—for such in his fourteenth year he truly was—a sad and sorry sight to see, to them who remembered the glory of his stately and majestic years. One day he crawled with a moan-like whine to our brother's feet, and expired. Reader, young, bright, and beautiful though thou be—remember all flesh is dust!

This is an episode—a tale in itself complete, yet growing out of, and appertaining to, the main plot of Epic or Article. You will recollect we were speaking of ducks, teals, and widgeons—and we come now to the next clause of the verse—wild geese and swans.

Some people's geese are all swans; but so far from that being the case with ours—sad and sorry are we to say it—now all our swans are geese. But in our buoyant boyhood, all God's creatures were to our eyes just as God made them; and there was ever—especially birds—a tinge of beauty over them all. What an inconceivable difference—distance—to the imagination, between the nature of a tame and a wild goose! Aloft in heaven, themselves in night invisible, the gabble of a cloud of wild geese is sublime. Whence comes it—whither goes it—for what end, and by what power impelled? Reason sees not into the darkness of instinct—and therefore the awe-struck heart of the night-wandering boy beats to hear the league-long gabble that probably has winged its wedge-like way from the lakes, and marshes, and dreary morasses of Siberia, from Lapland, or Iceland, or the unfrequented and unknown northern regions of America—regions set apart, quoth Bewick we believe, for summer residences and breeding places, and where they are amply provided with a variety of food, a large portion of which must consist of the larvæ of gnats, and myriads of insects, there fostered by the unsetting sun! Now they are all gabbling good Gaelic over a Highland night-moor. Perhaps in another hour the descending cloud will be covering the wide waters at the head of the wild Loch Maree—or, silent and asleep, the whole host be riding at anchor around Lomond's Isles!

But 'tis now mid-day—and lo! in that mediterranean—a flock of wild Swans! Have they dropt down from the ether into the water almost as pure as ether, without having once folded their wings, since they rose aloft to shun the insupportable northern snows hundreds of leagues beyond the storm-swept Orcades? To look at the quiet creatures, you might think that they had never left the circle of that little loch. There they hang on their shadows, even as if asleep in the sunshine; and now stretching out their long wings—how apt for flight from clime to clime!—joyously they beat the liquid radiance, till to the loud flapping high rises the mist, and wide spreads the foam, almost sufficient for a rainbow. Safe are they from all birds of prey. The Osprey dashes down on the teal, or sea-trout, swimming with-

in or below their shadow. The great Erne, or Sea-eagle, pounces on the mallard, as he mounts from the bulrushes before the wild swans sailing, with all wings hoisted, like a fleet—but osprey nor eagle dares to try his talons on that stately bird—for he is bold in his beauty, and formidable as he is fair; the pinions that swim and soar can also smite; and though the one be a lover of war, the other of peace, yet of them it may be said,

"The eagle he is lord above,
The swan is lord below!"

To have shot such a creature—so large—so white—so high-soaring—and on the winds of midnight wafted from so far—a creature that seemed not merely a stranger in that loch, but belonging to some mysterious land in another hemisphere, whose coast ships with frozen rigging have been known to visit, driving under bare poles through a month's snow storms—to have shot such a creature was an era in our imagination, from which, had nature been more prodigal, we might have sprung up a poet. Once, and but once, we were involved in the glory of that event. The creature had been in a dream of some river or lake in Kamschatka—or ideally listening,

"Across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonashka's shore,"

when, guided by our good genius and our brightest star, we suddenly saw him sitting asleep in all his state, within gunshot, in a bay of the moonlight Loch! We had nearly fainted—died on the very spot—and why were we not entitled to have died as well as any other passionate spirit, whom joy ever divorced from life? We blew his black bill into pieces—not a feather on his head but was touched—and like a little white-sailed pleasure-boat caught in a whirlwind, the wild swan spun round, and then lay motionless on the water, as if all her masts had gone by the board. We were all alone that night—not even Fro was with us; we had reasons for being alone, for we wished not that there should be any foot-fall but our own round that mountain-hut. Could we swim? Ay, like the wild swan him self, through surge or breaker. But now the loch was still as the sky, and twenty strokes carried us close to the glorious creature, which, grasped by both hands, and supporting us as it was trailed beneath our breast, while we floated rather than swam ashore, we felt to be in verity our—Prey! We trembled with a sort of fear, to behold him lying indeed dead on the sward. The moon—the many stars here and there one wondrously large and lustrous—the hushed glittering loch—the hills, though somewhat dimmed, green all winter through, with here and there a patch of snow on their summits in the blue sky, on which lay a few fleecy clouds—the mighty foreign bird, whose plumage we had never hoped to touch but in a dream, lying like the ghost of something that ought not to have been destroyed—the scene was altogether such as made our wild young heart quake, and almost repent of having killed a creature so surpassingly beautiful. But that was a fleeting fancy—and over the wide moors we went, like an American Indian laden with game, journeying to his

wigwam over the wilderness. As we whitened towards the village in the light of morning, the earlier labourers held up their hands in wonder what and who we might be; and Fro, who had missed his master, and was lying awake for him on the mount, came bounding along, nor could refrain the bark of delighted passion as his nose nuzzled in the soft down of the bosom of the creature whom he remembered to have sometimes seen floating too far off in the lake, or far above our reach cleaving the firmament.

FYTTE THIRD.

O MUCKLE-MOU'D Meg! and can it be that thou art numbered among forgotten things—unexistences!

“Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees!”

What would we not now give for a sight—a kiss—of thy dear lips! Lips which we remember once to have put to our own, even when thy beloved barrel was double-loaded! Now we sigh to think on what then made us shudder! Oh! that thy butt were but now resting on our shoulder! Alas! for ever discharged! Burst and rent asunder, art thou now lying buried in a peat-moss? Did some vulgar villain of a village Vulcan convert thee, name and nature, into nails! Some dark-visaged Douglas of a henroost-robbing Egyptian, solder thee into a pan? Oh! that our passion could dig down unto thee in the bowels of the earth—and with loud lamenting elegies, and louder hymns of gratulation, restore thee, buttless, lockless, vizyless, burst, rent, torn, and twisted though thou be'st, to the light of day, and of the world-rejoicing Sun! Then would we adorn thee with evergreen wreaths of the laurel and the ivy—and hang thee up, in memory and in monument of all the bright, dim, still, stormy days of our boyhood—when gloom itself was glory—and when—But

“Be hush'd my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore.”

Cassandra—Corinna—Sappho—Lucretia—Cleopatra—Tighe—De Staël—in their beauty or in their genius, are, with millions on millions of the fair-faced or bright-souled, nothing but dust and ashes; and as they are, so shall Baillie, and Grant, and Hemans, and Landon be—and why vainly yearn “with love and longings infinite,” to save from doom of perishable nature—of all created things, but one alone—Muckle-mou'd Meg!

After a storm comes a calm; and we hasten to give the sporting world the concluding account of our education. In the moorland parish—God bless it—in which we had the inestimable advantage of passing our boyhood—there were a good many falcons—of course the kite or glad—the buzzard—the sparrowhawk—the marsh harrier—that imp the merlin and, rare bird and beautiful! there, on a cliff which, alas! a crutched man must climb no more, did the Peregrine build her nest. You must not wonder at this, for the parish was an extensive one even for Scotland—half Highland, half Lowland—and had not only “muirs and mosses many o,” but numerous

hills, not a few mountains, some most extraordinary cliffs, considerable store of woods and one, indeed, that might well be called The Forest.

Lift up thy rock-crowned forehead through thy own sweet stormy skies, Auld Scotland! and as sternly and grimly thou look'st far over the hushed or howling seas, remember thee—till all thy moors and mosses quake at thy heart, as if swallowing up an invading army—a fate that oft befell thy foes of yore—remember thee, in mist-shrouded dream, and cloud-born vision, of the long line of kings, and heroes, and sages, and bards, whose hal-
lowed bones sleep in pine-darkened tombs among the mountain heather, by the side of rivers, and lochs, and arms of ocean—their spirits yet seen in lofty superstition, sailing or sitting on the swift or settled tempest. Lift up thy rock-crowned forehead, Auld Scotland! and sing aloud to all the nations of the earth, with thy voice of cliffs, and caves, and caverns,

“Wha daur meddle wi' me?”

What! some small, puny, piteous windpipes are heard cheeping against thee from the Cockneys—like ragged chickens agape in the pip. How the feeble and fearful creatures would crawl on their hands and knees, faint and giddy, and shrieking out for help to the heather stalks, if forced to face one of thy cliffs, and foot its flinty bosom! How would the depths of their long ears, cotton-stuffed in vain, ache to the spray-thunder of thy cataracts! Sick, sick would be their stomachs, storm-swept in a six-oared cutter into the jaws of Staffa! That sight is sufficient to set the most saturnine on the guffaw—the Barry Cornwall himself, crossing a chasm a hundred yards deep,

“On the uncertain footing of a spar,”

on a tree felled where it stood, centuries ago, by steel or storm, into a ledgeless bridge, oft sounding and shaking to the hunter's feet in chase of the red-deer! The Cockneys do not like us Scotchmen—because of our high cheekbones. They are sometimes very high indeed, very coarse, and very ugly, and give a Scotchman a grim and gaunt look, assuredly not to be sneezed at, with any hope of impunity, on a dark day and in a lonesome place, by the most heroic chief of the most heroic clan in all the level land of Lud, travelling all by himself in a horse and gig, and with a black boy in a cockaded glazed hat, through the Heelands o' Scotland, passing of course, at the very least, for a captain of Hussars! Then Scotchmen canna keep their backs straight, it seems, and are always booin' and booin' afore a great man. Cannot they, indeed? Do they, indeed? Ascend with that Scottish shepherd yon mountain's breast—swim with him that mountain loch—a bottle of Glenlivet, who first stands in shallow water, on the Oak Isle—and whose back will be straightest, that of the Caledonian or the Cockney! The little Luddite will be puking among the heather, about some five hundred feet above the level of the sea—higher for the first time in his life than St. Paul's, and nearer than he will again be, either in the spirit or the flesh, to heaven. The little Luddite will be puking in the hitherto unpolluted loch,

after some seven strokes or so, with a strong Scottish weed twisted like an eel round its thigh, and shrieking out for the nearest resuscitating machine in a country, where, alas! there is no Humane Society. The back of the shepherd—even in presence of that “great man”—will be as straght as—do not tremble, Cockney—this Crutch. Conspicuous from afar like a cairn, from the inn-door at Arrochar, in an hour he will be turning up his little finger so—on the Cobbler’s head; or, in twenty minutes, gliding like a swan, or shooting like a salmon, his back being still straght—leaving Luss, he will be shaking the dewdrops from his brawny body on the silver sand of Inch Morren.

And happy were we, Christopher North, happy were we in the parish in which Fate delivered us up to Nature, that, under her tuition, our destinies might be fulfilled. A parish! Why it was in itself a kingdom—a world. Thirty miles long by twenty at the broadest, and five at the narrowest; and is not that a kingdom—is not that a world worthy of any monarch that ever wore a crown? Was it level? Yes, league-long levels were in it of greensward, hard as the sand of the sea-shore, yet springy and elastic, fit training ground for Childers, or Eclipse, or Hambletonian, or Smolensko, or for a charge of cavalry in some great pitched battle, while artillery might keep playing against artillery from innumerable affronting hills. Was it boggy? Yes, black bogs were there, which extorted a panegyric from the roving Irishman in his richest brogue—bogs in which forests had of old been buried, and armies with all their banners. Was it hilly? Ay, there the white sheep nibbled, and the black cattle grazed; there they baa’d and they lowed upon a thousand hills—a crowd of cones, all green as emerald. Was it mountainous? Give answer from afar, ye mist-shrouded summits, and ye clouds cloven by the eagle’s wing! But whether ye be indeed mountains, or whether ye be clouds, who can tell, bedazzled as are his eyes by that long-lingering sunset, that drenches heaven and earth in one indistinguishable glory, setting the West on fire, as if the final conflagration were begun! Was it woody? Hush, hush, and you will hear a pine-cone drop in the central silence of a forest—a silent and solitary wilderness—in which you may wander a whole day long, unaccompanied but by the cushat, the corby, the falcon, the roe, and they are all shy of human feet, and, like thoughts, pass away in a moment; so if you long for less fleeting farewells from the native dwellers in the wood, lo! the bright brown queen of the butterflies, gay and gaudy in her glancings through the solitude, the dragon-fly whirling bird-like over the pools in the glade; and if your ear desire music, the robin and the wren may haply trill you a few notes among the briery rocks, or the bold blackbird open wide his yellow bill in his holly-tree, and set the squirrels a-leaping all within reach of his ringing roundelay. Any rivers? one—to whom a thousand torrents are tributary—as he himself is tributary to the sea. Any lochs? How many we know not—for we never counted them twice alike—omitting perhaps some

forgotten tarns, or counting twice over some one of our more darling waters, worthy to dash their waves against the sides of ships—alone wanting to the magnificence of those inland seas! Yes—it was as level, as boggy, as hilly, as mountainous, as woody, as lochy, and as rivery a parish, as ever laughed to scorn Colonel Mudge and his Trigonometrical Survey.

Was not that a noble parish for apprenticeship in sports and pastimes of a great master? No need of any teacher. On the wings of joy we were borne over the bosom of nature, and learnt all things worthy and needful to be learned, by instinct first, and afterwards by reason. To look at a wild creature—winged with feathers, or mere feet—and not desire to destroy or capture it—is impossible to passion—to imagination—to fancy. Thus had we longed to feel and handle the glossy plumage of the beaked bird—the wide-winged Birds of Prey—before our finger had ever touched a trigger. Their various flight, in various weather, we had watched and noted with something even of the eye of a naturalist—the wonder of a poet; for among the brood of boys there are hundreds and thousands of poets who never see manhood,—the poetry dying away—the boy growing up into mere prose;—yet to some even of the paragraphs of these Three Fyttes do we appeal, that a few sparks of the sacred light are yet alive within us; and sad to our old ears would be the sound of “Put out the light, and then—put out the light!” Thus were we impelled, even when a mere child, far away from the manse, for miles, into the moors and woods. Once it was feared that poor wee Kit was lost; for having set off all by himself, at sunrise, to draw a night-line from the distant Black Loch, and look at a trap set for a glead, a mist overtook him on the moor on his homeward way, with an eel as long as himself hanging over his shoulder, and held him prisoner for many hours within its shifting walls, frail indeed, and opposing no resistance to the hand, yet impenetrable to the feet of fear as the stone dungeon’s thraldom. If the mist had remained, that would have been nothing; only a still cold wet seat on a stone; but as “a trot becomes a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein,” so a Scotch mist becomes a shower—and a shower a flood—and a flood a storm—and a storm a tempest—and a tempest thunder and lightning—and thunder and lightning heaven-quake and earth-quake—till the heart of poor wee Kit quaked, and almost died within him in the desert. In this age of Confessions, need we be ashamed to own, in the face of the whole world, that we sat us down and cried! The small brown Moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopped out of his heather-hole, and cheerfully cheeped comfort. With crest just a thought lowered by the rain, the green-backed, white-breasted peaseweep, walked close by us in the mist; and sight of wonder, that made even in that quandary by the quagmire our heart beat with joy—lo! never seen before, and seldom since, three wee peaseweeps, not three days old, little bigger than shrew-mice, all covered with blackish down, interspersed with long

white hair running after their mother! But the large hazel eye of the she peaseweep, restless even in the most utter solitude, soon spied us glowering at her, and her young ones, through our tears; and not for a moment doubting—Heaven forgive her for the shrewd but cruel suspicion!—that we were Lord Eglington's gamekeeper—with a sudden shrill cry that thrilled to the marrow in our cold backbone—flapped and fluttered herself away into the mist, while the little black bits of down disappeared, like devils, into the moss. The croaking of the frogs grew terrible. And worse and worse, close at hand, seeking his lost cows through the mist, the bellow of the notorious red bull! We began saying our prayers; and just then the sun forced himself out into the open day, and, like the sudden opening of the shutters of a room, the whole world was filled with light. The frogs seemed to sink among the pow-heads—as for the red bull who had tossed the tinker, he was cantering away, with his tail towards us, to a lot of cows on the hill; and hark—a long, a loud, an oft-repeated halloo! Rab Roger, honest fellow, and Leezy Muir, honest lass, from the manse, in search of our dead body! Rab pulls our ears lightly, and Leezy kisses us from the one to the other—wrings the rain out of our long yellow hair—(a pretty contrast to the small gray sprig now on the crown of our pericranium, and the thin tail a-cock behind)—and by and by stepping into Hazel-Deanhead for a drap and a “chitterin’ piece,” by the time we reach the manse we are as dry as a whistle—take our scold and our pawmies from the minister—and, by way of punishment and penance, after a little hot whisky toddy, with brown sugar and a bit of bun, are bundled off to bed in the daytime!

Thus we grew up a Fowler, ere a loaded gun was in our hand—and often guided the city-fowler to the haunts of the curlew, the plover, the moorfowl, and the falcon. The falcon! yes—in the higher region of clouds and cliffs. For now we had shot up into a stripling—and how fast had we so shot up you may know, by taking notice of the school-boy on the play-green, and two years afterwards discovering, perhaps, that he is that fine tall ensign carrying the colours among the light-bobs of the regiment, to the sound of clarion and flute, cymbal and great drum, marching into the city a thousand strong.

We used in early boyhood, deceived by some uncertainty in size, not to distinguish between a kite and a buzzard, which was very stupid, and unlike us—more like Poietes in Salmonia. The flight of the buzzard, as may be seen in Selby, is slow—and except during the season of incubation, when it often soars to a considerable height, it seldom remains long on the wing. It is indeed a heavy, inactive bird, both in disposition and appearance, and is generally seen perched upon some old and decayed tree, such being its favourite haunt. Him we soon thought little or nothing about—and the last one we shot, it was, we remember, just as he was coming out of the deserted nest of a crow, which he had taken possession of out of pure laziness; and we

killed him for not building a house of his owl in a country where there was no want of sticks. But the kite or glead, as the same distinguished ornithologist rightly says, is proverbial for the ease and gracefulness of its flight, which generally consists of large and sweeping circles, performed with a motionless wing, or at least with a slight and almost imperceptible stroke of its pinions, and at very distant intervals. In this manner, and directing its course by its tail, which acts as a rudder, whose slightest motion produces effect, it frequently soars to such a height as to become almost invisible to the human eye. Him we loved to slay, as a bird worthy of our barrel. Him and her have we watched for days, like a lynx, till we were led, almost as if by an instinct, to their nest in the heart of the forest—a nest lined with wool, hair, and other soft materials, in the fork of some large tree. They will not, of course, utterly forsake their nest, when they have young, fire at them as you will, though they become more wary, and seem as if they heard a leaf fall, so suddenly will they start and soar to heaven. We remember, from an ambuscade in a briery dell in the forest, shooting one flying overhead to its nest; and, on going up to him as he lay on his back, with clenched talons and fierce eyes, absolutely shrieking and yelling with fear, and rage, and pain, we intended to spare his life, and only take him prisoner, when we beheld beside him on the sod, a chicken from the brood of famous ginger piles, then, all but his small self, following the feet of their clucking mother at the manse! With visage all inflamed, we gave him the butt on his double organ of destructiveness, then only known to us by the popular name of “back o’ the head,” exclaiming

“Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat!”—

Quivered every feather, from beak to tail and talon, in his last convulsion,

“Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras!”

In the season of love what combats have we been witness to—Umpire—between birds of prey! The Female Falcon, she sat aloof like a sultana, in her soft, sleek, glossy plumes, the iris in her eye of wilder, more piercing, fiery, cruel, fascinating, and maddening lustre, than ever lit the face of the haughtiest human queen, adored by princes on her throne of diamonds. And now her whole plumage shivers—and is ruffled—for her own Gentle Peregrine appears, and they two will enjoy their dalliance on the edge of the cliff-chasm—and the Bride shall become a wife in that stormy sunshine on the loftiest precipice of all these our Alps. But a sudden sigh sweeps down from heaven, and a rival Hawk comes rushing in his rage from his widowed eyry, and will win and wear this his second selected bride—for her sake, tearing, or to be torn, to pieces. Both struck down from heaven, fall a hundred fathom to the heather, talon-locked, in the mutual gripe of death. Fair play, gentlemen, and attend to the Umpire. It is, we understand, to be an up-and-down fight. Allow us to disentangle you—and without giving advantage to

either—elbow-room to both. Neither of you ever saw a human face so near before—nor ever were captive in a human hand. Both fasten their momentarily frightened eyes on us, and, holding back their heads, emit a wild ringing cry. But now they catch sight of each other, and in an instant are one bunch of torn, bloody plumes. Perhaps their wings are broken, and they can soar no more—so up we fling them both into the air—and wheeling each within a short circle, clash again go both birds together, and the talons keep tearing throats till they die. Let them die, then, for both are for ever disabled to enjoy their lady-love. She, like some peerless flower in the days of chivalry at a fatal tournament, seeing her rival lovers dying for her sake, nor ever to wear her glove or scarf in the front of battle, rising to leave her canopy in tears of grief and pride—even like such Angelica, the Falcon unfolds her wings, and flies slowly away from her dying ravishers, to bewail her virginity on the mountains. “O Frailty! thy name is woman!” A third Lover is already on the wing, more fortunate than his preceding peers—and Angelica is won, woo’d, and sitting, about to lay an egg in an old eyry, soon repaired and furnished up for the honey-week, with a number of small birds lying on the edge of the hymeneal couch, with which, when wearied with love, and yawn with hunger, Angelica may cram her maw till she be ready to burst, by her bridegroom’s breast.

Forgotten all human dwellings, and all the thoughts and feelings that abide by firesides, and doorways, and rooms, and roofs—delightful was it, during the long, long midsummer holyday, to lie all alone, on the green-sward of some moor-surrounded mount, not far from the foot of some range of cliffs, and with our face up to the sky, wait, unwearying, till a speck was seen to cross the blue cloudless lift, and steadying itself after a minute’s quivering into motionless rest, as if hung suspended there by the counteracting attraction of heaven and earth, known to be a Falcon! Balanced far above its prey, and, soon as the right moment came, ready to pounce down, and fly away with the treasure in its talons to its crying eyry! If no such speck were for hours visible in the ether, doubtless dream upon dream, rising unbidden, and all of their own wild accord, congenial with the wilderness, did, like phantasmagoria, pass to and fro, backwards and forwards, along the darkened curtain of our imagination, all the lights of reason being extinguished or removed! In that trance, not unheard, although scarcely noticed, was the cry of the curlew, the murmur of the little moorland burn, or the din, almost like dashing, of the far-off loch. ’Twas thus that the senses, in their most languid state, ministered to the fancy, and fed her for a future day, when all the imagery then received so imperfectly, and in broken fragments, into her mysterious keeping, was to arise in orderly array, and to form a world more lovely and more romantic even than the reality, which then lay hushed or whispering, glittering or gloomy, in the outward air. For the senses hear and see all things in their seeming slum-

bers, from all the impulses that come to them in solitude gaining more, far more than they have lost! When we are awake, or half awake, or almost sunk into a sleep, they are ceaselessly gathering materials for the thinking and feeling soul—and it is hers, in a deep delight formed of memory and imagination, to put them together by a divine plastic power, in which she is almost, as it were, a very creator, till she exult to look on beauty and on grandeur such as this earth and these heavens never saw, products of her own immortal and immaterial energies, and being once, to be for ever, when the universe, with all its suns and systems, is no more!

But oftener we and our shadows glided along the gloom at the foot of the cliffs, ear-led by the incessant cry of the young hawks in their nest, ever hungry except when asleep. Left to themselves, when the old birds are hunting, an hour’s want of food is felt to be famine, and you hear the cry of the callow creatures, angry with one another, and it may be, fighting with soft beak and pointless claws, till a living lump of down tumbles over the rock-ledge, soon to be picked to the bone by insects, who likewise all live upon prey; for example, Ants of carrion. Get you behind that briery bield, that wild-rose hanging rock, far and wide scenting the wilderness with a faint perfume; or into that cell, almost a parlour, with a Gothic roof formed by large stones leaning one against the other and so arrested, as they tumbled from the frost-riven breast of the precipice. Wait there, though it should be for hours—but it will not be for hours; for both the old hawks are circling the sky, one over the marsh and one over the wood. She comes—she comes—the female Sparrowhawk, twice the size of her mate; and while he is plain in his dress, as a cunning and cruel Quaker, she is gay and gaudy as a Demirep dressed for the pit of the Opera—deep and broad her bosom, with an air of luxury in her eyes that glitter like a serpent’s. But now she is a mother, and plays a mother’s part—greedier, even than for herself, for her greedy young. The lightning flashes from the cave-mouth, and she comes tumbling, and dashing, and rattling through the dwarf bushes on the cliff-face, perpendicular and plumb-down, within three yards of her murderer. Her husband will not visit his nest this day—no—nor all night long; for a father’s is not as a mother’s love. Your only chance of killing him, too, is to take a lynx-eyed circuit round about all the moors within half a league; and possibly you may see him sitting on some cairn, or stone, or tree-stump, afraid to fly either hither or thither, perplexed by the sudden death he saw appearing among the unaccountable smoke, scenting it yet with his fine nostrils, so as to be unwary of your approach. Hazard a long shot—for you are right behind him—and a slug may hit him on the head, and, following the feathers, split his skull-cap and scatter his brains. ’Tis done—and the eyry is orphan’d. Let the small brown moorland birds twitter to Pean, as they hang balanced on the bulrushes—let the stone-chat glance less fearfully within shelter of the old gray cairn—let the cushat coo his joyous grati-

tude in the wood—and the lark soar up to heaven, afraid no more of a demon descending from the cloud. As for the imps in the eyry, let them die of rage and hunger—for there must always be pain in the world; and 'tis well when its endurance by the savage is the cause of pleasure to the sweet—when the gore-yearning cry of the cruel is drowned in the song of the kind at feed or play—and the tribes of the peace-loving rejoice in the despair and death of the robbers and shedders of blood!

Not one fowler of fifty thousand has in all his days shot an Eagle. That royal race seems nearly extinct in Scotland. Gaze as you will over the wide circumference of a Highland heaven, calm as the bride's dream of love, or disturbed as the shipwrecked sailor's vision of a storm, and all spring and summer long you may not chance to see the shadow of an Eagle in the sun. The old kings of the air are sometimes yet seen by the shepherds on cliff or beneath cloud; but their offspring are rarely allowed to get full fledged in spite of the rifle always lying loaded in the shieling. But in the days of our boyhood there were many glorious things on earth and air that now no more seem to exist, and among these were the Eagles. One pair had from time immemorial built on the Echo-cliff, and you could see with a telescope the eyry, with the rim of its circumference, six feet in diameter, strewn with partridges, moorfowl, and leverets—their feathers and their skeletons. But the Echo-cliff was inaccessible.

"Hither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud,
And sunbeams, and the flying blast,
That if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

No human eye ever saw the birds within a thousand feet of the lower earth; yet how often must they have stooped down on lamb and leveret, and struck the cushat in her very yew-tree in the centre of the wood! Perhaps they preyed at midnight, by the light of the waning moon—at mid-day, in the night of sun-hiding tempests—or afar off, in even more solitary wilds, carried thither on the whirlwind of their own wings, they swept off their prey from uninhabited isles,

"Placed far amid the melancholy main,"

or vast inland glens, where not a summer shieling smiles beneath the region of eternal snows. But eagles are subject to diseases in flesh, and bone, and blood, just like the veriest poultry that die of croup and consumption on the dunghill before the byre-door. Sickness blinds the eye that God framed to pierce the eas, and weakens the wing that dallies with the tempest. Then the eagle feels how vain is the doctrine of the divine right of kings. He is hawked at by the mousing owl, whose instinct instructs him that these talons have lost their grasp, and these pinions their death-blow. The eagle lies for weeks famished in his eyry, and hunger-driven over the ledge, ceases it to ascend no more. He is dethroned, and wasted to mere bones—a bunch of feathers—his flight is now slower than that of the buzzard—he floats himself along now with

difficulty from knoll to knoll, pursued by the shrieking magpies, buffeted by the corby, and lying on his back, like a recreant, before the beak of the raven, who, a month ago, was terrified to hop round the carcass till the king of the air was satiated, and gave his permission to croaking Sooty to dig into the bowels he himself had scorned. Yet he is a noble aim to the fowler still; you break a wing and a leg, but fear to touch him with your hand; Fro feels the iron-clutch of his talons constricted in the death-pang; and holding him up, you wonder that such an anatomy—for his weight is not more than three pounds—could drive his claws through that shaggy hide till blood sprung to the blow—inextricable but to yells of pain, and leaving gashes hard to heal, for virulent is the poison of rage in a dying bird of prey.

Sublime solitude of our boyhood! where each stone in the desert was sublime, unassociated though it was with dreams of memory, in its own simple native power over the human heart! Each sudden breath of wind passed by us like the voice of a spirit. There were strange meanings in the clouds—often so like human forms and faces threatening us off, or beckoning us on, with long black arms, back into the long-withdrawing wilderness of heaven. We wished then, with quaking bosoms, that we had not been all alone in the desert—that there had been another heart, whose beatings might have kept time with our own, that we might have gathered courage in the silent and sullen gloom from the light in a brother's eye—the smile on a brother's countenance. And often had we such a friend in these our far-off wanderings over moors and mountains, by the edge of lochs, and through the umbrage of the old pinewoods. A friend from whom "we had received his heart, and given him back our own,"—such a friendship as the most fortunate and the most happy—and at that time we were both—are sometimes permitted by Providence, with all the passionate devotion of young and untamed imagination, to enjoy, during a bright dreamy world of which that friendship is as the Polar star. Emilius Godfrey! for ever holy be the name! a boy when we were but a child—when we were but a youth, a man. We felt stronger in the shadow of his arm—happier, bolder, better in the light of his countenance. He was the protector—the guardian of our moral being. In our pastimes we bounded with wilder glee—at our studies we sat with intenser earnestness, by his side. He it was that taught us how to feel all those glorious sunsets, and embued our young spirit with the love and worship of nature. He it was that taught us to feel that our evening prayer was no idle ceremony to be hastily gone through—that we might lay down our head on the pillow, then soon smoothed in sleep, but a command of God, which a response from nature summoned the humble heart to obey. He it was who for ever had at command wit for the sportive, wisdom for the serious hour. Fun and frolic flowed in the merry music of his lips—they lightened from the gay glancing of his eyes—and then, all at once, when the one changed its measures, and the

other gatnered, as it were, a mist or a cloud, an answering sympathy chained our own tongue, and darkened our own countenance, in intercommunion of spirit felt to be indeed divine! It seemed as if we knew but the words of language—that he was a scholar who saw into their very essence. The books we read together were, every page, and every sentence of every page, all covered over with light. Where his eye fell not as we read, all was dim or dark, unintelligible or with imperfect meanings. Whether we perused with him a volume writ by a nature like our own, or the volume of the earth and the sky, or the volume revealed from Heaven, next day we always knew and felt that something had been added to our being. Thus imperceptibly we grew up in our intellectual stature, breathing a purer moral and religious air, with all our finer affections towards other human beings, all our kindred and our kind, touched with a dearer domestic tenderness, or with a sweet benevolence that seemed to our ardent fancy to embrace the dwellers in the uttermost regions of the earth. No secret of pleasure or pain—of joy or grief—of fear or hope—had our heart to withhold or conceal from Emilius Godfrey. He saw it as it beat within our bosom, with all its imperfections—may we venture to say, with all its virtues. A repented folly—a confessed fault—a sin for which we were truly contrite—a vice flung from us with loathing and with shame—in such moods as these, happier were we to see his serious and his solemn smile, than when in mirth and merriment we sat by his side in the social hour on a knoll in the open sunshine, and the whole school were in ecstasies to hear tales and stories from his genius, even like a flock of birds chirping in their joy all newly-alighted in a vernal land. In spite of that difference in our years—or oh! say rather because that very difference did touch the one heart with tenderness and the other with reverence, how often did we two wander, like elder and younger brother, in the sunlight and the moonlight solitudes! Woods—into whose inmost recesses we should have quaked alone to penetrate, in his company were glad as gardens, through their most awful umbrage; and there was beauty in the shadows of the old oaks. Cataracts—in whose lonesome thunder, as it pealed into those pitchy pools, we durst not by ourselves have faced the spray—in his presence, didn't with a merry music in the desert, and cheerful was the thin mist they cast sparkling up into the air. Too severe for our unaccompanied spirit, then easily overcome with awe, was the solitude of those remote inland lochs. But as we walked with him along the winding shores, how passing sweet the calm of both blue depths—how magnificent the white-crested waves tumbling beneath the black thundercloud! More beautiful, because our eyes gazed on it along with his, at the beginning or the ending of some sudden storm, the Apparition of the Rainbow! Grander in its wildness, that seemed to sweep at once all the swinging and stooping woods, to our ear, because his too listened, the concerto by winds and waves played at midnight, when not one star was in

the sky. With him we first followed the Falcon in her flight—he showed us on the Echo-cliff the Eagle's eyry. To the thicket he led us where lay couched the lovely-spotted Doe, or showed us the mild-eyed creature browsing on the glade with her two fawns at her side. But for him we should not then have seen the antlers of the red-deer, for the Forest was indeed a most savage place, and haunted—such was the superstition at which they who scorned it trembled—haunted by the ghost of a huntsman whom a jealous rival had murdered as he stooped, after the chase, at a little mountain well that ever since oozed out blood. What converse passed between us two in all those still shadowy solitudes! Into what depths of human nature did he teach our wondering eyes to look down! Oh! what was to become of us, we sometimes thought in sadness that all at once made our spirits sink—like a lark falling suddenly to earth, struck by the fear of some unwonted shadow from above—what was to become of us when the mandate should arrive for him to leave the Manse for ever, and sail away in a ship to India never more to return! Ever as that dreaded day drew nearer, more frequent was the haze in our eyes; and in our blindness, we knew not that such tears ought to have been far more rueful still, for that he then lay under orders for a longer and more lamentable voyage—a voyage over a narrow streight to the eternal shore. All—all at once he drooped; on one fatal morning the dread decay began—with no forewarning, the springs on which his being had so lightly—so proudly—so grandly moved, gave way. Between one Sabbath and another his bright eyes darkened—and while all the people were assembled at the sacrament, the soul of Emilius Godfrey soared up to Heaven. It was indeed a dreadful death, serene and sainted though it were—and not a hall—not a house—not a hut—not a shieling within all the circle of those wide mountains, that did not on that night mourn as if it had lost a son. All the vast parish attended his funeral—Lowlanders and Highlanders in their own garb of grief. And have time and tempest now blackened the white marble of that monument—is that inscription now hard to be read—the name of Emilius Godfrey in green obliteration—nor haply one surviving who ever saw the light of the countenance of him there interred! Forgotten as if he had never been! for few were that glorious orphan's kindred—and they lived in a foreign land—forgotten but by one heart, faithful through all the chances and changes of this restless world! And therein enshrined among all its holiest remembrances, shall be the image of Emilius Godfrey, till it too, like his, shall be but dust and ashes!

Oh! blame not boys for so soon forgetting one another—in absence or in death. Yet forgetting is not just the very word; call it rather a reconciliation to doom and destiny—in thus obeying a benign law of nature that soon streams sunshine over the shadows of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ongoings of this world be continued. The nascent spirit outgrows much in which it once found all delight; and thoughts delightful still, thoughts

of the faces and the voices of the dead, perish not, lying sometimes in slumber—sometimes in sleep. It belongs not to the blessed season and genius of youth, to hug to its heart useless and unavailing griefs. Images of the well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mould, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our main business—our prime joys and our prime sorrows—ought to be—must be with the living. Duty demands it; and Love, who would pine to death over the bones of the dead, soon fastens upon other objects with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows. So was it with us. Ere the mid-summer sun had withered the flowers that spring had sprinkled over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to happiness; and we felt that we did wrong to visit too often that corner in the kirkyard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies; in our dreams we saw him—most often all alive as ever—sometimes a phantom away from that grave! If the morning light was frequently hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us along with the feeling that he was dead, it more frequently cheered and gladdened us with resignation, and sent us forth a fit playmate to the dawn that rang with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river, or along the loch—once more following the flight of the Falcon along the woods—eying the Eagle on the Echo-Cliff. Days passed by, without so much as one thought of Emilius Godfrey—pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently—just as if he had never been! But often and often, too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight towards us—his very figure—we could not be deceived—but the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden—the grief-woven spectre melted into the mist. The strength, that formerly had come from his counsels, now began to grow up of itself within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became more our own, moulded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies; and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and read the faces of the mountaineers on their way to their work, or coming and going to the house of God.

Then this was to be our last year in the parish—now dear to us as our birth-place; nay, itself our very birth-place—for in it from the darkness of infancy had our soul been born. Once gone and away from the region of cloud and mountain, we felt that most probably never more should we return. For others, who thought they knew us better than we did ourselves, had chalked out a future life for young Christopher North—a life that was sure to lead to honour, and riches, and a splendid name. Therefore we determined with a strong, resolute, insatiate spirit of passion, to make the most—the best—of the few months that remained to us, of that our wild, free, and romantic existence, as yet untrammelled by those inexorable laws, which, once launched into the world, all alike—young and old—must obey. Our books were flung aside—

nor did our old master and minister frown—for he grudged not to the boy he loved the remnant of the dream about to be rolled away like the dawn's rosy clouds. We demanded with our eye—not with our voice—one long holyday, throughout that our last autumn, on to the pale farewell blossoms of the Christmas rose. With our rod we went earlier to the loch or river; but we had not known too roughly our own soul—for now we angled less passionately—less perseveringly than was our wont of yore—sitting in a pensive—a melancholy—a miserable dream, by the dashing waterfall or the murmuring wave. With our gun we plunged earlier in the morning into the forest, and we returned later at eve—but less earnest—less eager were we to hear the cushat's moan from his yew-tree—to see the hawk's shadow on the glade, as he hung aloft on the sky. A thousand dead thoughts came to life again in the gloom of the woods—and we sometimes did wring our hands in an agony of grief, to know that our eyes should not behold the birch-tree brightening there with another spring.

Then every visit we paid to cottage or to shieling was felt to be a farewell; there was something mournful in the smiles on the sweet faces of the ruddy rustics, with their silken snoods, to whom we used to whisper harmless love-meanings, in which there was no evil guile; we regarded the solemn toil-and-care-worn countenances of the old with a profounder emotion than had ever touched our hearts in the hour of our more thoughtless joy; and the whole life of those dwellers among the woods, and the moors, and the mountains, seemed to us far more affecting now that we saw deeper into it, in the light of a melancholy sprung from the conviction that the time was close at hand when we should mingle with it no more. The thoughts that possessed our most secret bosom failed not by the least observant to be discovered in our open eyes. They who had liked us before, now loved us; our faults, our follies, the insolencies of our reckless boyhood, were all forgotten; whatever had been our sins, pride towards the poor was never among the number; we had shunned not stooping our head beneath the humblest lintel; our mite had been given to the widow who had lost her own; quarrelsome with the young we might sometimes have been, for boyblood is soon heated, and boils before a defying eye; but in one thing at least we were Spartans, we revered the head of old age.

And many at least were the kind—some the sad farewells, ere long whispered by us at gloaming among the glens. Let them rest for ever silent amidst that music in the memory which is felt, not heard—its blessing mute though breathing, like an inarticulate prayer! But to Thee—O palest Phantom—clothed in white raiment, not like unto a ghost risen with its grave-clothes to appal, but like a seraph descending from the skies to bless—unto Thee will we dare to speak, as through the mist of years back comes thy yet unfaded beauty, charming us, while we cannot choose but weep with the selfsame vision that often glided before us long ago in the wilderness, and at the sound

of our voice would pause for a little while, and then pass by, like a white bird from the sea, floating unscared close by the shepherd's head, or alighting to trim its plumes on a knoll far up an inland glen! Death seems not to have touched that face, pale though it be—lifelike is the waving of those gentle hands—and the soft, sweet, low music which now we hear, steals not sure from lips hushed by the burial mould! Restored by the power of love, she stands before us as she stood of yore. Not one of all the hairs of her golden head was singed by the lightning that shivered the tree under which the child had run for shelter from the flashing sky. But in a moment the blue light in her dewy eyes was dimmed—and never again did she behold either flower or star. Yet all the images of all the things she had loved remained in her memory, clear and distinct as the things themselves before unextinguished eyes—and ere three summers had flown o'er her head, which, like the blossom of some fair perennial flower, in heaven's gracious dew and sunshine each season lifted its loveliness higher and higher in the light—she could trip her singing way through the wide wilderness, all by her joyful self, led, as all believed, nor erred they in so believing, by an angel's hand! When the primroses peeped through the reviving grass upon the vernal braes, they seemed to give themselves into her fingers; and 'twas thought they hung longer unfaded round her neck or forehead than if they had been left to drink the dew on their native bed. The linnets ceased not their lays, though her garment touched the broom-stalk on which they sang. The cushat, as she thrived her way through the wood, continued to croon in her darksome tree—and the lark, although just dropped from the cloud, was cheered by her presence into a new passion of song, and mounted over her head, as if it were his first matin hymn. All the creatures of the earth and air manifestly loved the Wanderer of the Wilderness—and as for human beings, she was named, in their pity, their wonder, and their delight, the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

She was an only child, and her mother had died in giving her birth. And now her father, stricken by one of the many cruel diseases that shorten the lives of shepherds on the hills, was bed-ridden—and he was poor. Of all words ever syllabled by human lips, the most blessed is—Charity. No manna now in the wilderness is rained from heaven—for the mouths of the hungry need it not in this our Christian land. A few goats feeding among the rocks gave them milk, and there was bread for them in each neighbour's house—neighbour though miles afar—as the sacred duty came round—and the unrepining poor sent the grateful child away with their prayers.

One evening, returning to the hut with her usual song, she danced up to her father's face on his rushy bed, and it was cold in death. If she shrieked—if she fainted—there was but one ear that heard, one eye that saw her in her swoon. Not now floating light like a small moving cloud unwilling to leave the flowery braes, though it be to melt in heaven, but driven along like a shroud of flying mist

before the tempest, she came upon us in the midst of that dreary moss; and at the sound of our voice, fell down with clasped hands at our feet—"My father's dead!" Had the hut put already on the strange, dim, desolate look of mortality? For people came walking fast down the braes, and in a little while there was a group round us, and we bore her back again to her dwelling in our arms. As for us, we had been on our way to bid the fair creature and her father farewell. How could she have lived—an utter orphan—in such a world! The holy power that is in Innocence would for ever have remained with her; but Innocence longs to be away when her sister Joy has departed; and it is sorrowful to see the one on earth, when the other has gone to Heaven. This sorrow none of us had long to see; for though a flower, when withered at the root, and doomed ere eve to perish, may yet look to the careless eye the same as when it blossomed in its pride—yet its leaves, still green, are not as once they were—its bloom, though fair, is faded—and at set of sun, the dews shall find it in decay, and fall unfelt on its petals. Ere Sabbath came, the orphan child was dead. Methinks we see now her little funeral. Her birth had been the humbles, of the humble; and though all in life had loved her, it was thought best that none should be asked to the funeral of her and her father but two or three friends; the old clergyman himself walked at the head of the father's coffin—we at the head of the daughter's—for this was granted unto our exceeding love;—and thus passed away for ever the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

Yet sometimes to a more desperate passion than had ever before driven us over the wilds, did we deliver up ourselves entire, and pursue our pastime like one doomed to be a wild huntsman under some spell of magic. Let us, ere we go away from these high haunts and be no more seen—let us away far up the Great Glen, beyond the Echo-Cliff, and with our rifle—'twas once the rifle of Emilius Godfrey—let us stalk the red-deer. In that chase or forest the antlers lay not thick as now they lie on the Athole Braes; they were still a rare sight—and often and often had Godfrey and we gone up and down the Glen, without a single glimpse of buck or doe rising up from among the heather. But as the true angler will try every cast on the river, miles up and down, if he has reason to know that but one single fish has run up from the sea—so we, a true hunter, neither grudging nor wearied to stand for hours, still as the heron by the stream, hardly in hope, but satisfied with the possibility, that a deer might pass by us in the desert. Steadiest and strongest is self-fed passion springing in spite of circumstance. When blows the warm showery south-west wind, the trouts turn up their yellow sides at every dropping of the fly upon the curling water—and the angler is soon sated with the perpetual play. But once—twice—thrice—during a long blustering day—the sullen plunge of a salmon is sufficient for that day's joy. Still, therefore, still as a cairn that stands for ever on the hill, or rather as the shadow on a dial, that though it moves is never seen to move, day after day were we on our station in

the Great Glen. A 'oud, wild, wrathful, and savage cry from some huge animal, made our heart leap to our mouth, and bathed our forehead in sweat. We looked up—and a red-deer—a stag of ten—the king of the forest—stood with all his antlers, snuffing the wind, but yet blind to our figure overshadowed by a rock. The rifle-ball pierced his heart—and leaping up far higher than our head, he tumbled in terrific death, and lay stone-still before our starting eyes amid the rustling of the strong-bented heather! There we stood surveying him for a long triumphing hour. Ghastly were his glazed eyes—and ghastlier his long bloody tongue, bitten through at the very root in agony. The branches of his antlers pierced the sward like swords. His bulk seemed mightier in death even than when it was crowned with that kingly head, snuffing the north wind. In other two hours we were down at Moor-edge and up again, with an eager train, to the head of the Great Glen, coming and going a distance of a dozen long miles. A hay-wagon forced its way through the bogs and over the braes—and on our return into the inhabited country, we were met by shoals of peasants, men, women, and children, huzzinga over the Prey; for not for many years—never since the funeral of the old lord—had the antlers of a red-deer been seen by them trailing along the heather.

Fifty years and more—and oh! my weary soul! half a century took a long long time to die away, in gloom and in glory, in pain and pleasure, in storms through which were afraid to fly even the spirit's most eagle-winged raptures, in calms that rocked all her feelings like azure-plumed halcyons to rest—though now to look back upon it, what seems it all but a transitory dream of toil and trouble, of which the smiles, the sighs, the tears, the groans, were all alike vain as the forgotten sunbeams and the clouds! Fifty years and more are gone—and this is the Twelfth of August, Eighteen hundred and twenty-eight; and all the Highland mountains have since dawn been astir, and thundering to the impetuous sportsmen's joys! Our spirit burns within us, but our limbs are palsied, and our feet must brush the heather no more. Lo!, how beautifully these fast-travelling pointers do their work on that black mountain's breast! intersecting it into parallelograms, and squares, and circles, and now all astoop on a sudden, as if frozen to death! Higher up among the rocks, and cliffs, and stones, we see a stripling, whose ambition it is to strike the sky with his forehead, and

wet his hair in the misty cloud, pursuing the ptarmigan, now in their variegated summer dress, seen even among the unmelted snows. The scene shifts—and high up on the heath above the Linn of Dee, in the Forest of Braemar, the Thane—God bless him—has stalked the red-deer to his lair, and now lays his unerring rifle at rest on the stump of the Witch's Oak. Never shall Eld deaden our sympathies with the pastimes of our fellow men any more than with their highest raptures, their profoundest grief. Blessings on the head of every true sportsman on flood, or field, or fell; nor shall we take it at all amiss should any one of them, in return for the pleasure he may have enjoyed from these our Fyttes, perused in smoky cabin during a rainy day, to the peat-reek flavour of the glorious Glenlivet, send us, by the Inverness coach, Aberdeen steam-packet, or any other rapid conveyance, a basket of game, red, black, or brown, or peradventure a haunch of the red-deer.

Reader! be thou a male, bold as the Tercel Gentle—or a female, fair as the Falcon—a male, stern as an old Stag—or a female, soft as a young Doe—we entreat thee to think kindly of Us and of our Article—and to look in love or in friendship on Christopher in his Sporting Jacket, now come to the close of his Three Fyttes, into which he had fallen—out of one into another—and from which he has now been revived by the application of a little salt to his mouth, and then a caulker. Nor think that, rambling as we have been, somewhat after the style of thinking common in sleep there has been no method in our madness, no *lucidus ordo* in our dream. All the pages are instinct with one spirit—our thoughts and our feelings have all followed one another, according to the most approved principles of association—and a fine proportion has been unconsciously preserved. The article may be likened to some noble tree, which—although here and there a branch have somewhat overgrown its brother above or below it, an arm stretched itself out into further gloom on this side than on that, so that there are irregularities in the umbrage—is still disfigured not by those sports and freaks of nature working on a great scale, and stands, magnificent object! equal to an old castle, on the cliff above the cataract. Wo and shame to the sacrilegious hand that would lop away one budding bough! Undisturbed let the tame and wild creatures of the region, in storm or sunshine, find shelter or shade under the calm circumference of its green old age.

TALE OF EXPIATION.

MARGARET BURNSIDE was an orphan. Her parents, who had been the poorest people in the parish, had died when she was a mere child; and as they had left no near relatives, there were few or none to care much about the desolate creature, who might be well said to have been left friendless in the world. True that the feeling of charity is seldom wholly wanting in any heart; but it is generally but a cold feeling among hard-working folk, towards objects out of the narrow circle of their own family affections, and selfishness has a ready and strong excuse in necessity. There seems, indeed, to be a sort of chance in the lot of the orphan offspring of paupers. On some the eye of Christian benevolence falls at the very first moment of their uttermost destitution—and their worst sorrows, instead of beginning, terminate with the tears shed over their parents' graves. They are taken by the hands, as soon as their hands have been stretched out for protection, and admitted as inmates into households, whose doors, had their fathers and mothers been alive; they would never have darkened. The light of comfort falls upon them during the gloom of grief, and attends them all their days. Others, again, are overlooked at the first fall of affliction, as if by some unaccountable fatality; the wretchedness with which all have become familiar, no one very tenderly pities; and thus the orphan, reconciling herself to the extreme hardships of her condition, lives on uncheered by those sympathies out of which grow both happiness and virtue, and yielding by degrees to the constant pressure of her lot, becomes poor in spirit as in estate, and either vegetates like an almost worthless weed that is carelessly trodden on by every foot, or if by nature born a flower, in time loses her lustre, and all her days leads the life not so much of a servant as of a slave.

Such, till she was twelve years old, had been the fate of Margaret Burnside. Of a slender form and weak constitution, she had never been able for much work; and thus from one discontented and harsh master and mistress to another, she had been transferred from house to house—always the poorest—till she came to be looked on as an encumbrance rather than a help in any family, and thought hardly worth her bread. Sad and sickly she sat on the braes herding the kine. It was supposed that she was in a consumption—and as the shadow of death seemed to lie on the neglected creature's face, a feeling something like love was awakened towards her in the heart of pity, for which she showed her gratitude by still attending to all household tasks with an alacrity beyond her strength. Few doubted that she was dying—and it was plain that she thought so herself; for the Bible, which, in her friendlessness, she had always read more than other children who were too happy to reflect often on the Word of that: Being from whom their

happiness flowed, was now, when leisure permitted, seldom or never out of her hands; and in lonely places, where there was no human ear to hearken, did the dying girl often support her heart, when quaking in natural fears of the grave, by singing to herself hymns and psalms. But her hour was not yet come—though by the inscrutable decrees of Providence doomed to be hideous with almost inextinguishable guilt. As for herself—she was innocent as the linnets that sang beside her in the broom, and innocent was she to be up to the last throbbings of her religious heart. When the sunshine fell on the leaves of her Bible, the orphan seemed to see in the holy words, brightening through the radiance, assurances of forgiveness of all her sins—small sins indeed—yet to her humble and contrite heart exceeding great—and to be pardoned only by the intercession of Him who died for us on the tree. Often, when clouds were in the sky, and blackness covered the Book, hope died away from the discoloured page—and the lonely creature wept and sobbed over the doom denounced on all who sin, and repent not—whether in deed or in thought. And thus religion became, within her an awful thing—till, in her resignation, she feared to die. But look on that flower by the hill-side path, withered, as it seems, beyond the power of sun and air and dew and rain to restore it to life. Next day, you happen to return to the place, its leaves are of a dazzling green, its blossoms of a dazzling crimson. So was it with this Orphan. Nature, as if kindling towards her in sudden love, not only restored her in a few weeks to life—but to perfect health; and ere-long she, whom few had looked at, and for whom still fewer cared, was acknowledged to be the fairest girl in all the parish—while she continued to sit, as she had always done from her very childhood, on the *poor's form* in the lobby of the kirk. Such a face, such a figure, and such a manner, in one so poorly attired and so meanly placed, attracted the eyes of the young Ladies in the Patron's Gallery. Margaret Burnside was taken under their especial protection—sent for two years to a superior school, where she was taught all things useful for persons in humble life—and while yet scarcely fifteen, returning to her native parish, was appointed teacher of a small school of her own, to which were sent all the girls who could be spared from home, from those of parents poor as her own had been, up to those of the farmers and small proprietors, who knew the blessings of a good education—and that without it, the minister may preach in vain. And thus Margaret Burnside grew and blossomed like the lily of the field—and every eye blessed her—and she drew her breath in gratitude, piety, and peace.

Thus a few happy and useful years passed by—and it was forgotten by all—but herself—that Margaret Burnside was an orphan. But

to be without one near and dear blood-relative in all the world, must often, even to the happy heart of youthful innocence, be more than a pensive—a painful thought; and therefore, though Margaret Burnside was always cheerful among her little scholars, yet in the retirement of her own room, (a pretty parlour, with a window looking into a flower-garden,) and on her walks among the braes, her mien was somewhat melancholy, and her eyes wore that touching expression, which seems doubtfully to denote—neither joy nor sadness—but a habit of soul which, in its tranquillity, still partakes of the mournful, as if memory dwelt often on past sorrows, and hope scarcely ventured to indulge in dreams of future repose. That profound orphan-feeling embued her whole character; and sometimes, when the young Ladies from the Castle smiled praises upon her, she retired in gratitude to her chamber—and wept.

Among the friends at whose houses she visited were the family at Moorside, the highest hill-farm in the parish, and on which her father had been a hind. It consisted of the master, a man whose head was gray, his son and daughter, and a grandchild, her scholar, whose parents were dead. Gilbert Adamson had long been a widower—indeed his wife had never been in the parish, but had died abroad. He had been a soldier in his youth and prime of manhood; and when he came to settle at Moorside, he had been looked at with no very friendly eyes; for evil rumours of his character had preceded his arrival there—and in that peaceful pastoral parish, far removed from the world's strife, suspicions, without any good reason perhaps, had attached themselves to the morality and religion of a man, who had seen much foreign service, and had passed the best years of his life in the wars. It was long before these suspicions faded away, and with some they still existed in an invincible feeling of dislike or even aversion. But the natural fierceness and ferocity which, as these peaceful dwellers among the hills imagined, had at first, in spite of his efforts to control them, often dangerously exhibited themselves in fiery outbreaks, advancing age had gradually subdued; Gilbert Adamson had grown a hard-working and industrious man; affected, if he followed it not in sincerity, even an austere religious life; and as he possessed more than common sagacity and intelligence, he had acquired at last, if not won, a certain ascendancy in the parish, even over many whose hearts never opened nor warmed towards him—so that he was now an elder of the kirk—and, as the most unwilling were obliged to acknowledge, a just steward to the poor. His gray hairs were not honoured, but it would not be too much to say that they were respected. Many who had doubted him before came to think they had done him injustice, and sought to wipe away their fault by regarding him with esteem, and showing themselves willing to interchange all neighbourly kindnesses and services with all the family at Moorside. His son, though somewhat wild and unsteady, and too much addicted to the fascinating pastimes of flood and field, often so ruinous to the sons

of labour, and rarely long pursued against the law without vitiating the whole character, was a favourite with all the parish. Singularly handsome, and with manners above his birth, Ludovic was welcome wherever he went, both with young and old. No merry-making could deserve the name without him; and at all meetings for the display of feats of strength and agility, far and wide, through more counties than one, he was the champion. Nor had he received a mean education. All that the parish schoolmaster could teach he knew; and having been the darling companion of all the gentleman's sons in the Manse, the faculties of his mind had kept pace with theirs, and from them he had caught unconsciously that demeanour so far superior to what could have been expected from one in his humble condition, but which, at the same time, seemed so congenial with his happy nature as to be readily acknowledged to be one of its original gifts. Of his sister, Alice, it is sufficient to say, that she was the bosom-friend of Margaret Burnside, and that all who saw their friendship felt that it was just. The small parentless grand-daughter was also dear to Margaret—more than perhaps her heart knew, because that, like herself, she was an orphan. But the creature was also a merry and a madcap child, and her freakish pranks, and playful perversenesses, as she tossed her head in untameable glee, and went dancing and singing, like a bird on the boughs of a tree, all day long, by some strange sympathies entirely won the heart of her who, throughout all her own childhood, had been familiar with grief, and a lonely shedder of tears. And thus did Margaret love her, it might be said, even with a very mother's love. She generally passed her free Saturday afternoons at Moorside, and often slept there all night with little Ann in her bosom. At such times Ludovic was never from home, and many a Sabbath he walked with her to the kirk—all the family together—and once by themselves for miles along the moor—a forenoon of perfect sunshine, which returned upon him in his agony on his dying day.

No one said, no one thought that Ludovic and Margaret were lovers—not, were they, though well worthy indeed of each other's love; for the orphan's whole heart was filled and satisfied with a sense of duty, and all its affections were centred in her school, where all eyes blessed her, and where she had been placed for the good of all these glad some creatures, by them who had rescued her from the penury that kills the soul, and whose gracious bounty she remembered even in her sleep. In her prayers she beseeched God to bless them rather than the wretch on her knees—their images, their names, were ever before her eyes and on her ear; and next to that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and comes from the footstool of God into the humble, lowly, and contrite heart, was to that orphan, day and night, waking or sleeping, the bliss of her gratitude. And thus Ludovic to her was a brother, and no more; a name sacred as that of sister, by which she always called her Alice, and was so called in return.

But to Ludovic, who had a soul of fire, Margaret was dearer far than ever sister was to the brother whom, at the sacrifice of her own life, she might have rescued from death. Go where he might, a phantom was at his side—a pale fair face for ever fixed its melancholy eyes on his, as if foreboding something dismal even when they faintly smiled; and once he awoke at midnight, when all the house were asleep, crying, with shrieks, “O God of mercy! Margaret is murdered!” Mysterious passion of Love! that darkens its own dreams of delight with unimaginable horrors! Shall we call such dire bewilderment the superstition of troubled fantasy, or the inspiration of the prophetic soul!

From what seemingly insignificant sources—and by means of what humble instruments—may this life’s best happiness be diffused over the households of industrious men! Here was the orphan daughter of forgotten paupers, both dead ere she could speak; herself, during all her melancholy childhood, a pauper even more enslaved than ever they had been—one of the most neglected and unvalued of all God’s creatures—who, had she then died, would have been buried in some nettled nook of the kirkyard, nor her grave been watered almost by one single tear—suddenly brought out from the cold and cruel shade in which she had been withering away, by the interposition of human but angelic hands, into the heaven’s most gracious sunshine, where all at once her beauty blossomed like the rose. She, who for so many years had been even begrudgingly fed on the poorest and scantiest fare, by Penury ungrateful for all her weak but zealous efforts to please by doing her best, in sickness and sorrow, at all her tasks, in or out of doors, and in all weathers, however rough and severe—was now raised to the rank of a moral, intellectual, and religious being, and presided over, tended, and instructed many little ones, far, far happier in their childhood than it had been her lot to be, and all growing up beneath her now untroubled eyes, in innocence, love, and joy inspired into their hearts by her, their young and happy benefactress. Not a human dwelling in all the parish, that had not reason to be thankful to Margaret Burnside. She taught them to be pleasant in their manners, neat in their persons, rational in their minds, pure in their hearts, and industrious in all their habits. Rudeness, coarseness, sullenness, all angry fits, and all idle dispositions—the besetting vices and sins of the children of the poor, whose home-education is often so miserably, and almost necessarily neglected—did this sweet Teacher, by the divine influence of meekness never ruffled, and tenderness never troubled, in a few months subdue and overcome—till her school-room, every day in the week, was, in its cheerfulness, sacred as a Sabbath, and murmured from morn till eve with the hum of perpetual happiness. The effects were soon felt in every house. All floors were tidier, and order and regularity enlivened every hearth. It was the pride of her scholars to get their own little gardens behind their parents’ huts to bloom like that of the Brae—and, in imitation of that flowery

porch, to train up the pretty creepers on the wall. In the kirkyard, a smiling group every Sabbath forenoon waited for her at the gate—and walked, with her at their head, into the House of God—a beautiful procession to all their parents’ eyes—one by one dropping away into their own seats, as the band moved along the little lobby, and the minister sitting in the pulpit all the while, looked solemnly down upon the fair flock—the shepherd of their souls!

It was Sabbath, but Margaret Burnside was not in the kirk. The congregation had risen to join in prayer, when the great door was thrown open, and a woman, apparelled as for the house of worship, but wild and ghastly in her face and eyes as a maniac hunted by evil spirits, burst in upon the service, and, with uplifted hands, beseeched the man of God to forgive her irreverent entrance, for that the foulest and most unnatural murder had been done, and that her own eyes had seen the corpse of Margaret Burnside lying on the moor in a pool of blood! The congregation gave one groan, and then an outcry as if the roof of the kirk had been toppling over their heads. All cheeks waxed white, women fainted, and the firmest heart quaked with terror and pity, as once and again the affrighted witness, in the same words, described the horrid spectacle, and then rushed out into the open air, followed by hundreds, who for some minutes had been palsy-stricken; and now the kirkyard was all in a tumult round the body of her who lay in a swoon. In the midst of that dreadful ferment, there were voices crying aloud that the poor woman was mad, and that such horror could not be beneath the sun; for such a perpetration on the Sabbath-day, and first heard of just as the prayers of his people were about to ascend to the Father of all mercies, shocked belief, and doubt struggled with despair as in the helpless shudderings of some dream of blood. The crowd were at last prevailed on by their pastor to disperse, and sit down on the tombstones, and water being sprinkled over the face of her who still lay in that mortal swoon, and the air suffered to circulate freely round her, she again opened her glassy eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, stared on the multitude, all gathered there so wan and silent, and shrieked out, “The Day of Judgment! The Day of Judgment!”

The aged minister raised her on her feet, and led her to a grave, on which she sat down, and hid her face on his knees. “O that I should have lived to see the day—but dreadful are the decrees of the Most High—and she whom we all loved has been cruelly murdered! Carry me with you, people, and I will show you where lies her corpse.”

“Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?” cried a hoarse voice which none there had ever heard before; and all eyes were turned in one direction; but none knew who had spoken, and all again was hush. Then all at once a hundred voices repeated the same words, “Where—where is Ludovic Adamson?” and there was no reply. Then, indeed, was the kirkyard in an angry and a wrathful ferment, and men looked far into each other’s

eyes for confirmation of their suspicions. And there was whispering about things, that, though in themselves light as air, seemed now charged with hideous import; and then arose sacred appeals to Heaven's eternal justice, horribly mingled with oaths and curses; and all the crowd, springing to their feet, pronounced, "that no other but he could be the murderer."

It was remembered now, that for months past Margaret Burnside had often looked melancholy—that her visits had been less frequent to Moorside; and one person in the crowd said, that a few weeks ago she had come upon them suddenly in a retired place, when Margaret was weeping bitterly, and Ludovic tossing his arms, seemingly in wrath and distraction. All agreed that of late he had led a disturbed and reckless life—and that something dark and suspicious had hung about him, wherever he went, as if he were haunted by an evil conscience. But did not strange men sometimes pass through the Moor—squalid mendicants, robber-like, from the far-off city—one by one, yet seemingly belonging to the same gang—with bludgeons in their hands—half-naked, and often drunken in their hunger, as at the doors of lonesome houses they demanded alms; or more like foot-pads than beggars, with stern gestures, rising up from the ditches on the way-side, stopped the frightened women and children going upon errands, and thanklessly received pence from the poor? One of them must have been the murderer! But then, again, the whole tide of suspicion would set in upon Ludovic—her lover; for the darker and more dreadful the guilt, the more welcome is it to the fears of the imagination when its waking dreams are floating in blood.

A tall figure came forward from the porch, and all was silence when the congregation beheld the Father of the suspected criminal. He stood still as a tree in a calm day—trunk, limbs, moved not—and his gray head was uncovered. He then stretched out his arm, not in an imploring, but in a commanding attitude, and essayed to speak; but his white lips quivered, and his tongue refused its office. At last, almost fiercely, he uttered, "Who dares denounce my son?" and like the growling thunder, the crowd cried, "All—all—he is the murderer!" Some said that the old man smiled; but it could have been but a convulsion of the features—outraged nature's wring-out and writhing expression of disdain, to show how a father's love brooks the cruelty of foolish falsehood and injustice.

Men, women, and children—all whom grief and horror had not made helpless—moved away towards the Moor—the woman who had seen the sight leading the way; for now her whole strength had returned to her, and she was drawn and driven by an irresistible passion to look again at what had almost destroyed her judgment. Now they were miles from the kirk, and over some brushwood, at the edge of a morass some distance from the common footpath, crows were seen diving and careering in the air, and a raven flapping suddenly out of the covert, sailed away with a

savage croak along a range of cliffs. The whole multitude stood stock-still at that carion-sound. The guide said shudderingly, in a low hurried voice, "See, see—that is her mantle"—and there indeed Margaret lay, all in a heap, maimed, mangled, murdered, with a hundred gashes. The corpse seemed as if it had been baked in frost, and was embedded in coagulated blood. Shreds and patches of her dress, torn away from her bosom, bestrewed the bushes—for many yards round about, there had been the trampling of feet, and a long lock of hair that had been torn from her temples, with the dew yet unmelted on it, was lying upon a plant of broom, a little way from the corpse. The first to lift the body from the horrid bed was Gilbert Adamson. He had been long familiar with death in all its ghastliness, and all had now looked to him—forgetting for the moment that he was the father of the murderer—to perform the task from which they recoiled in horror. Resting on one knee, he placed the corpse on the other—and who could have believed, that even the most violent and cruel death could have wrought such a change on a face once so beautiful! All was distortion—and terrible it was to see the dim glazed eyes, fixedly open, and the orbs insensible to the strong sun that smote her face white as snow among the streaks as if left by bloody fingers! Her throat was all discoloured—and a silk handkerchief twisted into a cord, that had manifestly been used in the murder, was of a redder hue than when it had veiled her breast. No one knows what horror his eyes are able to look on, till they are tried. A circle of stupified gazers was drawn by a horrid fascination closer and closer round the corpse—and women stood there holding children by the hands, and fainted not, but observed the sight, and shuddered without shrieking, and stood there all dumb as ghosts. But the body was now borne along by many hands—at first none knew in what direction, till many voices muttered, "To Moorside—to Moorside"—and in an hour it was laid on the bed in which Margaret Burnside had so often slept with her beloved little Ann in her bosom.

The hand of some one had thrown a cloth over the corpse. The room was filled with people—but all their power and capacity of horror had been exhausted—and the silence was now almost like that which attends a natural death, when all the neighbours are assembled for the funeral. Alice, with little Ann beside her, kneeled at the bed, nor feared to lean her head close to the covered corpse—sobbing out syllables that showed how passionately she prayed—and that she and her little niece—and, oh! for that unhappy father—were delivering themselves up into the hands of God. The father knelt not—neither did he sit down—nor move—nor groan—but stood at the foot of the bed, with arms folded almost sternly—and with eyes fixed on the sheet, in which there seemed to be neither ruth nor dread—but only an austere composure, which were it indeed but resignation to that dismal decree of Providence, had been most sublime—but who can see into

the heart of a man either righteous or wicked, and know what may be passing there, breathed from the gates of heaven or of hell!

Soon as the body had been found, shepherds and herdsman, fleet of foot as the deer, had set off to scour the country far and wide, hill and glen, mountain and morass, moor and wood, for the murderer. If he be on the face of the earth, and not self-plunged in despairing suicide into some quagmire, he will be found—for all the population of many districts are now afoot, and precipices are clomb till now brushed but by the falcons. A figure, like that of a man, is seen by some of the hunters from a hill-top, lying among the stones by the side of a solitary loch. They separate, and descend upon him, and then gathering in, they behold the man whom they seek—Ludovic Adamson, the murderer.

His face is pale and haggard—yet flushed as if by a fever centered in his heart. That is no dress for the Sabbath-day—soiled and savage-looking—and giving to the eyes that search an assurance of guilt. He starts to his feet, as they think, like some wild beast surprised in his lair, and gathering itself up to fight or fly. But—strange enormity—a Bible is in his hand! And the shepherd who first seized him, taking the book out of his grasp, looks into the page, and reads, "Whoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be surely shed." On a leaf is written, in her own well-known hand, "The gift of Margaret Burnside!" Not a word is said by his captors—they offer no needless violence—no indignities—but answer all inquiries of surprise and astonishment (Oh! can one so young be so hardened in wickedness!) by a stern silence, and upbraiding eyes, that like daggers must stab his heart. At last he walks doggedly and sullenly along, and refuses to speak—yet his tread is firm—there is no want of composure in his face—now that the first passion of fear or anger has left it; and now that they have the murderer in their clutch, some begin almost to pity him, and others to believe, or at least to hope, that he may be innocent. As yet they have said not a word of the crime of which they accuse him; but let him try to master the expression of his voice and his eyes as he may, guilt is in those stealthy glances—guilt is in those reckless tones. And why does he seek to hide his right hand in his bosom? And whatever he may affect to say—they ask him not—most certainly that stain on his shirt-collar is blood. But now they are at Moor-side.

There is still a great crowd all round about the house—in the garden—and at the door—and a troubled cry announces that the criminal has been taken, and is close at hand. His father meets him at the gate; and, kneeling down, holds up his clasped hands, and says, "My son, if thou art guilty, confess, and die." The criminal angrily waves his father aside, and walks towards the door. "Fools! fools! what mean ye by this? What crime has been committed? And how dare ye to think me the criminal? Am I like a murderer?"—"We never spoke to him of the murder—we never spoke to him of the murder!" cried one of the

men who now held him by the arm; and all assembled then exclaimed, "Guilty, guilty—that one word will hang him! Oh, pity, pity, for his father and poor sister—this will break their hearts!" Appalled, yet firm of foot, the prisoner forced his way into the house, and turning, in his confusion, into the chamber on the left, there he beheld the corpse of the murdered on the bed—for the sheet had been removed—as yet not laid out, and disfigured and deformed just as she had been found on the moor, in the same misshapen heap of death! One long insane glare—one shriek, as if all his heart-strings at once had burst—and then down fell the strong man on the floor like lead. One trial was past which no human hardihood could endure—another, and yet another awaits him; but them he will bear as the guilty brave have often borne them, and the most searching eye shall not see him quail at the bar or on the scaffold.

They lifted the stricken wretch from the floor, placed him in a chair, and held him upright, till he should revive from the fit. And he soon did revive; for health flowed in all his veins, and he had the strength of a giant. But when his senses returned, there was none to pity him; for the shock had given an expression of guilty horror to all his looks, and, like a man walking in his sleep under the temptation of some dreadful dream, he moved with fixed eyes towards the bed, and looking at the corpse, gobbled in hideous laughter, and then wept and tore his hair like a distracted woman or child. Then he stooped down as he would kiss the face, but staggered back, and, covering his eyes with his hands, uttered such a groan as is sometimes heard rending the sinner's breast when the avenging Furies are upon him in his dreams. All who heard it felt that he was guilty; and there was a fierce cry through the room of "Make him touch the body, and if he be the murderer, it will bleed!"—"Fear not, Ludovic, to touch it, my boy," said his father; "bleed afresh it will not, for thou art innocent: and savage though now they be who once were proud to be thy friends, even they will believe thee guiltless when the corpse refuses to bear witness against thee, and not a drop leaves its quiet heart!" But his son spake not a word, nor did he seem to know that his father had spoken; but he suffered himself to be led passively towards the bed. One of the bystanders took his hand and placed it on the naked breast, when out of the corners of the teeth-clenched mouth, and out of the swollen nostrils, two or three blood-drops visibly oozed; and a sort of shrieking shout declared the sacred faith of all the crowd in the dreadful ordeal. "What body is this? 'tis all over blood!" said the prisoner, looking with an idiot vacancy on the faces that surrounded him. But now the sheriff of the county entered the room, along with some officers of justice, and he was spared any further shocks from that old saving superstition. His wrists soon after were manacled. These were all the words he had uttered since he recovered from the fit; and he seemed now in a state of stupor.

Ludovic Adamson, after examination of wit

nesses who crowded against him from many unexpected quarters, was committed that very Sabbath night to prison on a charge of murder. On the Tuesday following, the remains of Margaret Burnside were interred. All the parish were at the funeral. In Scotland it is not customary for females to join in the last simple ceremonies of death. But in this case they did; and all her scholars, in the same white dresses in which they used to walk with her at their head into the kirk on Sabbaths, followed the bier. Alice and little Ann were there, nearest the coffin, and the father of him who had wrought all this wo was one of its supporters. The head of the murdered girl rested, it might be said, on his shoulder—but none can know the strength which God gives to his servants—and all present felt for him, as he walked steadily under that dismal burden, a pity, and even an affection, which they had been unable to yield to him ere he had been so sorely tried. The Ladies from the Castle were among the other mourners, and stood by the open grave. A sunnier day had never shone from heaven, and that very grave itself partook of the brightness, as the coffin—with the gilt letters, “Margaret Burnside, Aged 18”—was let down, and in the darkness below disappeared. No flowers were sprinkled there—nor afterwards planted on the turf—vain offerings of unavailing sorrow! But in that nook—beside the bodies of her poor parents—she was left for the grass to grow over her, as over the other humble dead; and nothing but the very simplest headstone was placed there, with a sentence from Scripture below the name. There was less weeping, less sobbing, than at many other funerals; for as sure as Mercy ruled the skies, all believed that she was there—all knew it, just as if the gates of heaven had opened and showed her a white-robed spirit at the right hand of the throne. And why should any rueful lamentation have been wailed over the senseless dust? But on the way home over the hills, and in the hush of evening beside their hearths, and in the stillness of night on their beds—all—young and old—all did nothing but weep!

For weeks—such was the pity, grief, and awe inspired by this portentous crime and lamentable calamity, that all the domestic on-goings in all the houses far and wide, were melancholy and mournful, as if the country had been fearing a visitation of the plague. Sin, it was felt, had brought not only sorrow on the parish, but shame that ages would not wipe away; and strangers, as they travelled through the moor, would point the place where the foulest murder had been committed in all the annals of crime. As for the family at Moorside, the daughter had their boundless compassion, though no eye had seen her since the funeral; but people, in speaking of the father, would still shake their heads, and put their fingers to their lips, and say to one another in whispers, that Gilbert Adamson had once been a bold, bad man—that his religion, in spite of all his repulsive austerity, wore not the aspect of truth—and that, had he held a tricter and a stronger hand on the errors of his misguided son, this foul deed had not been

perpetrated, nor that wretched sinner’s soul given to perdition. Yet others had gentler and humaner thoughts. They remembered him walking along God-supported beneath the bier—and at the mouth of the grave—and feared to look on that head—formerly grizzled, but now quite gray—when on the very first Sabbath after the murder he took his place in the elder’s seat, and was able to stand up, along with the rest of the congregation, when the minister prayed for peace to his soul, and hoped for the deliverance out of jeopardy of him now lying in bonds. A low Amen went all round the kirk at these words; for the most hopeless called to mind that maxim of law, equity, and justice—that every man under accusation of crime should be held innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Nay, a human tribunal might condemn him, and yet might he stand acquitted before the tribunal of God.

There were various accounts of the behaviour of the prisoner. Some said that he was desperately hardened—others, sunk in sullen apathy and indifference—and one or two persons belonging to the parish who had seen him, declared that he seemed to care not for himself, but to be plunged in profound melancholy for the fate of Margaret Burnside, whose name he involuntarily mentioned, and then bowed his head on his knees and wept. His guilt he neither admitted at that interview, nor denied; but he confessed that some circumstances bore hard against him, and that he was prepared for the event of his trial—condemnation and death. “But if you are not guilty, Ludovic, *who can be the murderer?*” Not the slightest shade of suspicion has fallen on any other person—and did not, alas! the body bleed when?—The unhappy wretch sprang up from the bed, it was said, at these words, and hurried like a madman back and forward along the stone floor of his cell. “Yea—yea!” at last he cried, “the mouth and nostrils of my Margaret did indeed bleed when they pressed down my hand on her cold bosom. It is God’s truth!” “God’s truth?”—“Yes—God’s truth. I saw first one drop, and then another, trickle towards me—and I prayed to our Saviour to wipe them off before other eyes might behold the dreadful witnesses against me; but at that hour Heaven was most unmerciful—for those two small drops—as all of you saw—soon became a very stream—and all her face, neck, and breast—you saw it as well as I miserable—were at last drenched in blood. Then I may have confessed that I was guilty—did I, or did I not, confess it? Tell me—for I remember nothing distinctly;—but if I did—the judgment of offended Heaven, then punishing me for my sins, had made me worse than mad—and so had all your abhorrent eyes; and, men, if I did confess, it was the cruelty of God that drove me to it—and your cruelty—which was great; for no pity had any one for me that day, though Margaret Burnside lay before me a murdered corpse—and a hoarse whisper came to my ear urging me to confess—I well believe from no human lips, but from the Father of Lies, who, at that hour, was suffered to leave the pit to ensnare my soul.” Such was said to have been the main sense of what he uttered in the

presence of two or three who had formerly been among his most intimate friends, and who knew not, on leaving his cell and coming into the open air, whether to think him innocent or guilty. As long as they thought they saw his eyes regarding them, and that they heard his voice speaking, they believed him innocent; but when the expression of the tone of his voice, and of the look of his eyes—which they had felt belonged to innocence—died away from their memory—then arose against him the strong, strange, circumstantial evidence, which, wisely or unwisely—lawyers and judges have said *cannot lie*—and then, in their hearts, one and all of them pronounced him guilty.

But had not his father often visited the prisoner's cell? Once—and once only; for in obedience to his son's passionate prayer, beseeching him—if there were any mercy left either on earth or in heaven—never more to enter that dungeon, the miserable parent had not again entered the prison; but he had been seen one morning at dawn, by one who knew his person, walking round and round the walls, staring up at the black building in distraction, especially at one small grated window in the north tower—and it is most probable that he had been pacing his rounds there during all the night. Nobody could conjecture, however dimly, what was the meaning of his banishment from his son's cell. Gilbert Adamson, so stern to others, even to his own only daughter, had been always but too indulgent to his Ludovic—and had that lost wretch's guilt, so exceeding great, changed his heart into stone, and made the sight of his old father's gray hairs hateful to his eyes! But then the jailer, who had heard him imploring—beseeching—commanding his father to remain till after the trial at Moorside, said, that all the while the prisoner sobbed and wept like a child; and that when he unlocked the door of the cell, to let the old man out, it was a hard thing to tear away the arms and hands of Ludovic from his knees, while the father sat like a stone image on the bed, and kept his tearless eyes fixed sternly upon the wall, as if not a soul had been present, and he himself had been a criminal condemned next day to die.

The father had obeyed, *religiously*, that miserable injunction, and from religion it seemed he had found comfort. For Sabbath after Sabbath he was at the kirk—he stood, as he had been wont to do for years, at the poor's plate, and returned grave salutations to those who dropt their mite into the small sacred treasury—his eyes calmly, and even critically, regarded the pastor during prayer and sermon—and his deep bass voice was heard, as usual, through all the house of God in the Psalms. On week-days, he was seen by passers-by to drive his flocks afield, and to overlook his sheep on the hill-pastures, or in the pen-fold; and as it was still spring, and seed-time had been late this season, he was observed holding the plough, as of yore; nor had his skill deserted him—for the furrows were as straight as if drawn by a rule on paper—and soon bright and beautiful was the braird on all the low lands of his farm. The Comforter was with him, and, sorely as he had been tried, his

heart was not yet wholly broken; and it was believed that, for years, he might outlive the blow that at first had seemed more than a mortal man might bear and be! Yet that his wo, though hidden, was dismal, all ere long knew, from certain tokens that intrenched his face—cheeks shrunk and fallen—brow not so much furrowed as scarred, eyes quenched, hair thinner and thinner far, as if he himself had torn it away in handfuls during the solitude of midnight—and now absolutely as white as snow; and over the whole man an indescribable ancientness far beyond his years—though they were many, and most of them had been passed in torrid climes—all showed how grief has its agonies as destructive as those of guilt, and those the most wasting when they work in the heart and in the brain, unrelieved by the shedding of one single tear—when the very soul turns dry as dust, and life is imprisoned, rather than mingled, in the decaying—the mouldering body!

The Day of Trial came, and all labour was suspended in the parish, as if it had been a mourning fast. Hundreds of people from this remote district poured into the circuit-town, and besieged the court-house. Horsemen were in readiness, soon as the verdict should be returned, to carry the intelligence—of life or death—to all those glens. A few words will suffice to tell the trial, the nature of the evidence, and its issue. The prisoner, who stood at the bar in black, appeared—though miserably changed from a man of great muscular power and activity, a magnificent man, into a tall thin shadow—perfectly unappalled; but in a face so white, and wasted, and wo-begone, the most profound physiognomist could read not one faintest symptom either of hope or fear, trembling or trust, guilt or innocence. He hardly seemed to belong to this world, and stood fearfully and ghastly conspicuous between the officers of justice, above all the crowd that devoured him with their eyes, all leaning towards the bar to catch the first sound of his voice, when to the indictment he should plead “Not Guilty.” These words he did utter, in a hollow voice altogether passionless, and then was suffered to sit down, which he did in a manner destitute of all emotion. During all the many long hours of his trial, he never moved head, limbs, or body, except once, when he drank some water, which he had not asked for, but which was given to him by a friend. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and consisted of a few damning facts, and of many of the very slightest sort, which, taken singly, seemed to mean nothing, but which, when considered all together, seemed to mean something against him—how much or how little, there were among the agitated audience many differing opinions. But slight as they were, either singly or together, they told fearfully against the prisoner, when connected with the fatal few which no ingenuity could ever explain away; and though ingenuity did all it could do, when wielded by eloquence of the highest order—and as the prisoner's counsel sat down, there went a rustle and a buzz through the court, and a communication of looks and whispers, that seemed

to denote that there were hopes of his acquittal—yet, if such hopes there were, they were deadened by the recollection of the calm, clear, logical address to the jury by the counsel for the crown, and destroyed by the judge's charge, which amounted almost to demonstration of guilt, and concluded with a confession due to his oath and conscience, that he saw not how the jury could do their duty to their Creator and their fellow-creatures, but by returning *one* verdict. They retired to consider it; and, during a deathlike silence, all eyes were bent on a deathlike image.

It had appeared in evidence, that the murder had been committed, at least all the gashes inflicted—for there were also finger-marks of strangulation—with a bill-hook, such as foresters use in lopping trees; and several witnesses swore that the bill-hook which was shown them, stained with blood, and with hair sticking on the haft—belonged to Ludovic Adamson. It was also given in evidence—though some doubts rested on the nature of the precise words—that on that day, in the room with the corpse, he had given a wild and incoherent denial to the question then put to him in the din, “What he had done with the bill-hook?” Nobody had seen it in his possession since the spring before; but it had been found, after several weeks’ search, in a hag in the moss, in the direction that he would have most probably taken—had he been the murderer—when flying from the spot to the loch where he was seized. The shoes which he had on when taken, fitted the foot-marks on the ground, not far from the place of the murder, but not so perfectly as another pair which were found in the house. But that other pair, it was proved, belonged to the old man; and therefore the correspondence between the footmarks and the prisoner’s shoes, though not perfect, was a circumstance of much suspicion. But a far stronger fact, in this part of the evidence, was sworn to against the prisoner. Though there was no blood on his shoes—when apprehended his legs were bare—though that circumstance, strange as it may seem, had never been noticed till he was on the way to prison! His stockings had been next day found lying on the sward, near the shore of the loch, manifestly after having been washed and laid out to dry in the sun. At mention of this circumstance a cold shudder ran through the court; but neither that, nor indeed any other circumstance in the evidence—not even the account of the appearance which the murdered body exhibited when found on the moor, or when afterwards laid on the bed—extorted from the prisoner one groan—one sigh—or touched the imperturbable deathliness of his countenance. It was proved, that when searched—in prison, and not before; for the agitation that reigned over all assembled in the room at Moorside that dreadful day, had confounded even those accustomed to deal with suspected criminals—there were found in his pocket a small French gold watch, and also a gold brooch, which the ladies of the Castle had given to Margaret Burnside. On these being taken from him, he had said nothing, but looked aghast. A piece of torn and bloody paper, which had

been picked up near the body, was sworn to be in his handwriting; and though the meaning of the words—yet legible—was obscure, they seemed to express a request that Margaret would meet him on the moor on that Saturday afternoon she was murdered. The words “Saturday,” “meet me,” “last time,”—were not indistinct, and the paper was of the same quality and colour with some found in a drawer in his bed-room at Moorside. It was proved that he had been drinking with some dissolute persons—poachers and the like—in a public house in a neighbouring parish all Saturday, till well on in the afternoon, when he left them in a state of intoxication—and was then seen running along the hill side in the direction of the moor. Where he passed the night between the Saturday and the Sabbath, he could give no account, except once when unasked, and as if speaking to himself, he was overheard by the jailer to mutter, “Oh! that fatal night—that fatal night!” And then, when suddenly interrogated, “Where were you?” he answered, “Asleep on the hill;” and immediately relapsed into a state of mental abstraction. These were the chief circumstances against him, which his counsel had striven to explain away. That most eloquent person dwelt with affecting earnestness on the wickedness of putting any evil construction on the distracted behaviour of the wretched man when brought without warning upon the sudden sight of the mangled corpse of the beautiful girl, whom all allowed he had most passionately and tenderly loved; and he strove to prove—as he did prove to the conviction of many—that such behaviour was incompatible with such guilt, and almost of itself established his innocence. All that was sworn to *against* him, as having passed in that dreadful room, was in truth *for* him—unless all our knowledge of the best and of the worst of human nature were not, as folly, to be given to the winds. He beseeched the jury, therefore, to look at all the other circumstances that did indeed seem to bear hard upon the prisoner, in the light of his innocence, and not of his guilt, and that they would all fade into nothing. What mattered his possession of the watch and other trinkets? Lovers as they were, might not the unhappy girl have given them to him for temporary keepsakes? Or might he not have taken them from her in some playful mood, or received them—(and the brooch was cracked, and the mainspring of the watch broken, though the glass was whole)—to get them repaired in the town, which he often visited, and she never? Could human credulity for one moment believe, that such a man as the prisoner at the bar had been sworn to be by a host of witnesses—and especially by that witness, who, with such overwhelming solemnity, had declared he loved him as his own son, and would have been proud if Heaven had given him such a son—he who had baptized him, and known him well ever since a child—that such a man could *rob* the body of her whom he had violated and murdered? If, under the instigation of the devil, he had violated and murdered her, and for a moment were made the hideous supposition, did vast bell hold that demon whose voice would have

tempted the violator and murderer—suppose him both—yea, that man at the bar—sworn to by all the parish, if need were, as a man of tenderest charities, and generosity unbounded—in the lust of lucre, consequent on the satiating of another lust—to rob his victim of a few trinkets! Let loose the wildest imagination into the realms of wildest wickedness, and yet they dared not, as they feared God, to credit for a moment the union of such appalling and such paltry guilt, *in that man* who now trembled not before them, but who seemed cut off from all the sensibilities of this life by the scythe of Misery that had shorn him down! But why try to recount, however feebly, the line of defence taken by the speaker, who on that day seemed all but inspired. The sea may overturn rocks, or fire consume them till they split in pieces; but a crisis there sometimes is in man's destiny, which all the powers ever lodged in the lips of man, were they touched with a coal from heaven, cannot avert, and when even he who strives to save, feels and knows that he is striving all in vain—ay, vain, as a worm—to arrest the tread of Fate about to trample down its victim into the dust. All hoped—many almost believed—that the prisoner would be acquitted—that a verdict of “Not Proven,” at least, if not of “Not Guilty,” would be returned; but *they* had not been sworn to do justice before man and before God—and, if need were, to seal up even the fountains of mercy in their hearts—flowing, and easily set a-flowing, by such a spectacle as that bar presented—a man already seeming to belong unto the dead!

In about a quarter of an hour the jury returned to the box—and the verdict, having been sealed with black wax, was handed up to the Judge, who read, “We unanimously find the prisoner Guilty.” He then stood up to receive the sentence of death. Not a dry eye was in the court during the Judge's solemn and affecting address to the criminal—except those of the Shadow on whom had been pronounced the doom. “Your body will be hung in chains on the moor—on a gibbet erected on the spot where you murdered the victim of your unhalloved lust, and there will your bones bleach in the sun, and rattle in the wind, after the insects and the birds of the air have devoured your flesh; and in all future times, the spot on which, God-forsaking and God-forsaken, you perpetrated that double crime, at which all humanity shudders, will be looked on from afar by the traveller passing through that lonesome wild with a sacred horror!” Here the voice of the Judge faltered, and he covered his face with his hands; but the prisoner stood unmoved in figure, and in face untroubled—and when all was closed, was removed from the bar, the same ghostlike and unearthly phantom, seemingly unconscious of what had passed, or even of his own existence.

Surely now he will suffer his old father to visit him in his cell! “Once more only—only once more let me see him before I die!” were his words to the clergyman of the parish, whose Manse he had so often visited when a young and happy boy. That servant of Christ had not forsaken him whom now all the world

had forsaken. As free from sin himself as might be mortal and fallen man—mortal because fallen—he knew from Scripture and from nature, that in “the lowest deep there is still a lower deep” in wickedness, into which all of woman born may fall, unless held back by the arm of the Almighty Being, whom they must serve steadfastly in holiness and truth. He knew, too, from the same source, that man cannot sin beyond the reach of God's mercy—it the worst of all imaginable sinners seek, in a Bible-breathed spirit at last, that mercy through the Atonement of the Redeemer. Daily—and nightly—he visited that cell; nor did he fear to touch the hand—now wasted to the bone—which at the temptation of the Prince of the Air, who is mysteriously suffered to enter in at the gates of every human heart that is guarded not by the flaming sword of God's own Seraphim—was lately drenched in the blood of the most innocent creature that ever looked on the day. Yet a sore trial it was to his Christianity to find the criminal so obdurate. He would make no confession. Yet said that it was fit—that it was far best that he should die—that he deserved death! But ever when the deed without a name was alluded to, his tongue was tied; and once in the midst of an impassioned prayer, beseeching him to listen to conscience and confess—he that prayed shuddered to behold him frown, and to hear bursting out in terrible energy, “Cease—cease to torment me, or you will drive me to deny my God!”

No father came to visit him in his cell. On the day of trial he had been missing from Moorside, and was seen next morning—(where he had been all night never was known—though it was afterwards rumoured that one like him had been seen sitting, as the gloaming darkened, on the very spot of the murder)—wandering about the hills, hither and thither, and round and round about, like a man stricken with blindness, and vainly seeking to find his home. When brought into the house, his senses were gone, and he had lost the power of speech. All he could do was to mutter some disjointed syllables, which he did continually, without one moment's cessation, one unintelligible and most rueful moan! The figure of his daughter seemed to cast no image on his eyes—blind and dumb he sat where he had been placed, perpetually wringing his hands, with his shaggy eyebrows drawn high up his forehead, and the fixed orbs—though stone-blind at least to all real things—beneath them flashing fire. He had borne up bravely—almost to the last—but had some tongue syllabled his son's doom in the solitude, and at that instant had insanity smitten him!

Such utter prostration of intellect had been expected by none; for the old man, up to the very night before the Trial, had expressed the most confident trust of his son's acquittal. Nothing had ever served to shake his conviction of his innocence—though he had always forborne speaking about the circumstances of the murder—and had communicated to nobody any of the grounds on which he more than hoped in a case so hopeless; and though a trouble in his eyes often gave the lie to his lip

when he used to say to the silent neighbours, "We shall soon see him back at Moorside." Had his belief in his Ludovic's innocence, and his trust in God that that innocence would be established and set free, been so sacred, that the blow, when it did come, struck him like a hammer, and felled him to the ground, from which he had risen with a riven brain? In whatever way the shock had been given, it had been terrible; for old Gilbert Adamson was now a confirmed lunatic, and keepers were in Moorside—not keepers from a mad-house—for his daughter could not afford such tendence—but two of her brother's friends, who sat up with him alternately, night and day, while the arms of the old man, in his distraction, had to be bound with cords. That dreadful moaning was at an end now; but the echoes of the hills responded to his yells and shrieks; and people were afraid to go near the house. It was proposed among the neighbours to take Alice and little Ann out of it; and an asylum for them was in the Manse; but Alice would not stir at all their entreaties; and as, in such a case, it would have been too shocking to tear her away by violence, she was suffered to remain with him who knew her not, but who often—it was said—stared distractedly upon her, as if she had been some fiend sent in upon his insanity from the place of punishment. Weeks passed on, and still she was there—hiding herself at times from those terrifying eyes; and from her watching corner, waiting from morn till night, and from night till morn—for she seldom lay down to sleep, and had never undressed herself since that fatal sentence—for some moment of exhausted horror, when she might steal out, and carry some slight gleam of comfort, however evanescent, to the glimmer or the gloom in which the brain of her Father swam through a dream of blood. But there were no lucid intervals; and ever as she moved towards him, like a pitying angel, did he furiously rage against her, as if she had been a fiend. At last, she who, though yet so young, had lived to see the murdered corpse of her dearest friend—murdered by her own only brother, whom, in secret, that murdered maiden had most tenderly loved—that murderous brother loaded with prison-chains, and condemned to the gibbet for inexpiable and unpardonable crimes—her father raving like a demon, self-murderous were his hands but free, nor visited by one glimpse of mercy from Him who rules the skies—after having borne more than, as she meekly said, had ever poor girl borne, she took to her bed quite heart-broken, and, the night before the day of execution, died. As for poor little Ann, she had been wiled away some weeks before; and in the blessed thoughtlessness of childhood, was not without hours of happiness among her playmates on the braes.

The Morning of that Day arose, and the Moor was all blackened with people round the tall gibbet, that seemed to have grown, with its horrid arms, out of the ground during the night. No sound of axes or hammers had been heard clinking during the dark hours—nothing had been seen passing along the road; all the windows of all the houses from which

any thing could have been seen, had been shut fast against all horrid sights—and the horses' hoofs and the wheels must have been muffled that had brought that hideous Framework to the Moor. But there it now stood—a dreadful Tree! The sun moved higher and higher up the sky, and all the eyes of that congregation were at once turned towards the east, for a dull sound, as of rumbling wheels and trampling feet, seemed shaking the Moor in that direction; and lo! surrounded with armed men on horseback, and environed with halberds, came on a cart, in which three persons seemed to be sitting, he in the middle all dressed in white—the death-clothes of the murderer—the un pitying shedder of most innocent blood.

There was no bell to toll there—but at the very moment he was ascending the scaffold, a black cloud knelled thunder, and many hundreds of people all at once fell down upon their knees. The man in white lifted up his eyes, and said, "O Lord God of Heaven! and Thou his blessed Son, who died to save sinners! accept this sacrifice!"

Not one in all that immense crowd could have known that that white apparition was Ludovic Adamson. His hair, that had been almost jet-black, was now white as his face—as his figure, dressed, as it seemed, for the grave. Are they going to execute the murderer in his shroud? Stone-blind, and stone-deaf, there he stood—yet had he, without help, walked up the steps of the scaffold. A hymn of several voices arose—the man of God close beside the criminal, with the Bible in his uplifted hands; but those bloodless lips had no motion—with him this world was not, though yet he was in life—in life, and no more! And was this the man who, a few months ago, flinging the fear of death from him, as a flash of sunshine flings aside the shades, had descended into that pit which an hour before had been bellowing, as the foul vapours exploded like cannons, and brought up the bodies of them who had perished in the womb of the earth? Was this he who once leaped into the devouring fire, and re-appeared, after all had given over for lost the glorious boy, with an infant in his arms, while the flames seemed to eddy back, that they might scathe not the head of the deliverer, and a shower of blessings fell upon him as he laid it in its mother's bosom, and made the heart of the widow to sing for joy? It is he. And now the executioner pulls down the cord from the beam, and fastens it round the criminal's neck. His face is already covered, and that fatal handkerchief is in his hand. The whole crowd are now kneeling, and one multitudinous sob convulses the air;—when wild outcries, and shrieks, and yells, are at that moment heard from the distant gloom of the glen that opens up to Moorside, and three figures, one far in advance of the others, come flying, as on the wings of the wind, to the gibbet. Hundreds started to their feet, and "Tis the maniac—'tis the lunatic!" was the cry. Precipitating himself down a rocky hill-side, that seemed hardly accessible but to the goats, the maniac, the lunatic, at a few desperate leaps and bounds, just as it was expected he would have been dashed in pieces, alighted

unstunned upon the level greensward; and now, far ahead of his keepers, with incredible swiftness neared the scaffold—and the dense crowd making a lane for him in their fear and astonishment, he flew up the ladder to the horrid platform, and grasping his son in his arms, howled dreadfully over him; and then with a loud voice cried, “Saved—saved—saved!”

So sudden had been that wild rush, that all the officers of justice—the very executioner—stood aghast; and now the prisoner’s neck is free from that accursed cord—his face is once more visible without that hideous shroud—and he sinks down senseless on the scaffold. “Seize him—seize him!” and he was seized—but no maniac—no lunatic—was the father now—for during the night, and during the dawn, and during the morn, and on to midday—on to the HOUR OF ONE—when all rueful preparations were to be completed—had Providence been clearing and calming the tumult in that troubled brain; and as the cottage clock struck ONE, memory brightened at the chime into a perfect knowledge of the past, and prophetic imagination saw the future lowering upon the dismal present. All night long, with the cunning of a madman—for all night long he had still been mad—the miserable old man had been disengaging his hands from the manacles, and that done, springing like a wild beast from his cage, he flew out of the open door, nor could a horse’s speed on that fearful road have overtaken him before he reached the scaffold.

No need was there to hold the miserable man. He who had been so furious in his manacles at Moorside, seemed now, to the people at a distance, calm as when he used to sit in the elder’s seat beneath the pulpit in that small kirk. But they who were near or on the scaffold, saw something horrid in the fixedness of his countenance. “Let go your hold of me, ye fools!” he muttered to some of the mean wretches of the law, who still had him in their clutch—and tossing his hands on high, cried with a loud voice, “Give ear, ye Heavens! and hear, O Earth! I am the Violator—I am the Murderer!”

The moor groaned as in earthquake—and then all that congregation bowed their heads with a rustling noise, like a wood smitten by the wind. Had they heard aright the unimaginable confession? His head had long been gray—he had reached the term allotted to man’s mortal life here below—threescore and ten. Morning and evening, never had the Bible been out of his hands at the hour set apart for family worship. And who so eloquent as he in expounding its most dreadful mysteries? The unregenerate heart of man, he had ever said—in scriptural phrase—was “desperately wicked.” Desperately wicked indeed! And now again he tossed his arms wrathfully—so the wild motion looked—in the wrathful skies. “I ravished—I murdered her—ye know it, ye evil spirits in the depths of hell!” Conster-nation now fell on the minds of all—and the truth was clear as light—and all eyes knew at

once that now indeed they looked on the murderer. The dreadful delusion under which all their understandings had been brought by the power of circumstances, was by that voice destroyed—the obduracy of him who had been about to die was now seen to have been the most heroic virtue—the self-sacrifice of a son to save a father from ignominy and death.

“O monster, beyond the reach of redemption! and the very day after the murder, while the corpse was lying in blood on the Moor, he was with us in the House of God! Tear him in pieces—rend him limb from limb—tear him into a thousand pieces!” “The Evil One had power given him to prevail against me, and I fell under the temptation. It was so written in the Book of Predestination, and the deed lies at the door of God!” “Tear the blasphemer into pieces! Let the scaffold drink his blood!” —“So let it be, if it be so written, good people. Satan never left me since the murder till this day—he sat by my side in the kirk—when I was ploughing in the field—there—ever as I came back from the other end of the furrow—he stood on the headrig—in the shape of a black shadow. But now I see him not—he has returned to his den in the pit. I cannot imagine what I have been doing, or what has been done to me, all the time between the day of trial and this of execution. Was I mad? No matter. But you shall not hang Ludovic—he, poor boy, is innocent;—here, look at him—here—I tell you again—is the Violator and the Murderer!”

But shall the men in authority dare to stay the execution at a maniac’s words? If they dare not—that multitude will, now all rising together like the waves of the sea. “Cut the cords asunder that bind our Ludovic’s arms”—a thousand voices cried; and the murderer, unclasping a knife, that, all unknown to his keepers, he had worn in his breast when a maniac, sheared them asunder as the sickle shears the corn. But his son stirred not—and on being lifted up by his father, gave not so much as a groan. His heart had burst—and he was dead. No one touched the gray-headed murderer, who knelt down—not to pray—but to look into his son’s eyes—and to examine his lips—and to feel his left breast—and to search out all the symptoms of a fainting-fit, or to assure himself—and many a corpse had the plunderer handled on the field after hush of the noise of battle—that this was death. He rose; and standing forward on the edge of the scaffold, said, with a voice that shook not, deep, strong, hollow, and hoarse—“Good people! I am *likewise* now the murderer of my daughter and of my son! and of myself!” Next moment the knife was in his heart—and he fell down a corpse on the corpse of his Ludovic. All round the sultry horizon the black clouds had for hours been gathering—and now came the thunder and the lightning—and the storm. Again the whole multitude prostrated themselves on the moor—and the Pastor, bending over the dead bodies, said,

“THIS IS EXPIATION!”

MORNING MONOLOGUE.

"KNOWLEDGE is Power." So is Talent—so is Genius—so is Virtue. Which is the greatest? It might seem hard to tell; but united, they go forth conquering and to conquer. Nor is that union rare. Kindred in nature, they love to dwell together in the same "palace of the soul." Remember Milton. But too often they are disunited; and then, though still Powers, they are but feeble, and their defeats are frequent as their triumphs. What! is it so even with Virtue? It is, and it is not. Virtue may reign without the support of Talent and Genius; but her counsellor is Conscience, and what is Conscience but Reason rich by birthright in knowledge directly derived from the heaven of heavens beyond all the stars?

And may Genius and Talent indeed be, conceive, and execute, without the support of Virtue? You will find that question answered in the following lines by Charles Grant, which deserve the name of philosophical poetry:—

Talents, 'tis true, quick, various, bright, has God
To Virtue oft denied, on Vice bestow'd;
Just as fond Nature lovelier colours brings
To deck the insect's than the eagle's wings.
But then of man the high-born nobler part,
The ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Creative Fancy, labouring Thought intense,
Imagination's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of Song—
These, Virtue! these to thee alone belong.

Such is the natural constitution of humanity; and in the happiest state of social life, all its noblest Faculties would bear legitimate sway, each in its own province, within the spirit's ample domains. There, Genius would be honoured; and Poetry another name for religion. But to such a state there can, under the most favouring skies, be no more than an approximation; and the time never was when Virtue suffered no persecution, Honour no shame, Genius no neglect, nor fetters were not imposed by tyrannous power on the feet of the free. The age of Homer, the age of Solon, the age of Pericles, the age of Numa, the age of Augustus, the age of Alfred, the age of Leo, the age of Elizabeth, the age of Anne, the age of Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, have they not been all bright and great ages? Yet had they been faithfully chronicled, over the misery and madness of how many despairing spirits fraught with heavenly fire, might we not have been called to pour forth our unavailing indignations and griefs!

Under despotic governments, again, such as have sunk deep their roots into Oriental soils, and beneath Oriental skies prosperously expanded their long-enduring umbrage, where might is right, and submission virtue, noble-minded men—for sake of that peace which is ever dearest to the human heart, and if it descend not a glad and gracious gift from Heaven, will yet not ungratefully be accepted when breathed somewhat sadly from the quieted bosom of earth by tyranny saved from trouble—have submitted, almost without mourning, to

sing "many a lovely lay," that perished like the flowers around them, in praise of the Power at whose footstool they "stooped their anointed heads as low as death." Even then has Genius been honoured, because though it ceased to be august, still it was beautiful; it seemed to change fetters of iron into bands of roses, and to halo with a glory the brows of slaves. The wine-cup mantled in its light; and Love forgot in the bower Poetry built for bliss, that the bride might be torn from the bridegroom's bosom on her bridal night by a tyrant's lust. Even there Genius was happy, and diffused happiness; at its bidding was heard pipe, tabor, and dulcimer; and to his lips "Warbling melody" life floated by, in the midst of all oppression, a not undelightful dream!

But how has it been with us in our Green Island of the West? Some people are afraid of revolutions. Heaven pity them! we have had a hundred since the Roman bridged our rivers, and led his highways over our mountains. And what the worse have we been of being thus revolved? We are no radicals; but we dearly love a revolution—like that of the stars. No two nights are the heavens the same—all the luminaries are revolving to the music of their own spheres—look, we beseech you, on that new-risen star. He is elected by universal suffrage—a glorious representative of a million lesser lights; and on dissolution of that Parliament—how silent but how eloquent!—he is sure of his return. Why, we should dearly love the late revolution we have seen below—it is no longer called Reform—were it to fling up to free light from fettered darkness a few fine bold original spirits, who might give the whole world a new character, and a more majestic aspect to crouching life. But we look abroad and see strutting to and fro the sons of little men blown up with vanity, in a land where tradition not yet old tells of a race of giants. We are ashamed of ourselves to think we feared the throes of the times, seeing no portentous but pitiable births. Brush these away; and let us think of the great dead—let us look on the great living—and, strong in memory and hope, be confident in the cause of Freedom. "Great men have been among us—better none;" and can it be said that *now* there is "a want of books and men," or that those we have, are mere dwarfs and duodecimos? Is there no energy, no spirit of adventure and enterprise, no passion in the character of our country? Has not wide over earth

"England sent her men, of men the chief,
To plant the Tree of Life, to plant fair Freedom's Tree?"

Has not she, the Heart of Europe and the Queen, kindled America into life, and raised up in the New World a power to balance the Old, star steadying star in their unconflicting courses? You can scarce see her shores for ships; her inland groves are crested with towers and temples; and mists brooding at in

tervals over her far-extended plains, tell of towns and cities, their hum unheard by the gazer from her glorious hills. Of such a land it would need a gifted eye to look into all that is passing within the mighty heart; but it needs no gifted eye, no gifted ear, to see and hear there the glare and the groaning of great anguish, as of lurid breakers tumbling in and out of the caves of the sea. But is it or is it not a land where all the faculties of the soul are free as they ever were since the Fall? Grant that there are tremendous abuses in all departments of public and private life; that rulers and legislators have often been as deaf to the "still small voice" as to the cry of the million; that they whom they have ruled, and for whom they have legislated often so unwisely or wickedly, have been as often untrue to themselves, and in self-imposed idolatry

"Have bow'd their knees
To despicable gods?"

Yet base, blind and deaf (and better dumb) must be he who would deny, that here Genius has had, and now has her noblest triumphs; that Poetry has here kindled purer fires on loftier altars than ever sent up their incense to Grecian skies; that Philosophy has sounded depths in which her torch was not extinguished, but, though bright, could pierce not the "heart of the mystery" into which it sent some strong illuminations; that Virtue here has had chosen champions, victorious in their martyrdom; and Religion her ministers and her servants not unworthy of her whose title is from heaven.

Causes there have been, are, and ever will be, why often, even here, the very highest faculties "rot in cold obstruction." But in all the ordinary affairs of life, have not the best the best chance to win the day? Who, in general, achieve competence, wealth, splendour, magnificence, in their condition as citizens? The feeble, the ignorant, and the base, or the strong, the instructed, and the bold? Would you, at the offstart, back mediocrity with alien influence, against high talent with none but its own—the native "might that slumbers in a peasant's arm," or, nobler far, that which neither sleeps nor slumbers in a peasant's heart? There is something abhorrent from every sentiment in man's breast to see, as we too often do, imbecility advanced to high places by the mere accident of high birth. But how our hearts warm within us to behold the base-born, if in Britain we may use the word, by virtue of their own irresistible energies, taking precedence, rightful and gladly granted of the blood of kings! Yet we have heard it whispered, insinuated, surmised, spoken, vociferated, howled, and roared in a voice of small-beer-souring thunder, that Church and State, Army and Navy, are all officered by the influence of the Back-stairs—that few or none but blockheads, by means of brass only, mount from the Bar which they have disturbed to that Bench which they disgrace; and that mankind intrust the cure of all diseases their flesh is heir to, to the exclusive care of every here and there a handful of old women.

Whether overstocked or not, 'twould be hard to say, but all professions are full—from that

of Peer to that of Beggar. To live is the most many of us can do. Why then complain? Men should not complain when it is their duty as men to work. Silence need not be sullen—but better sullenness than all this outrageous outcry, as if words the winds scatter, were to drop into the soil and grow up grain. Processions! is this a time for full-grown men in holiday shows to play the part of children? If they desire advancement, let them, like their betters, turn to and work. All men worth mentioning in this country belong to the working classes. What seated Thurlow, and Wedderburne, and Scott, and Erskine, and Copley, and Brougham on the woolsack? Work. What made Wellington? For seven years war all over Spain, and finally at Waterloo—work—bloody and glorious work.

Yet still the patriot cry is of sinecures. Let the few sluggards that possess but cannot enjoy them, doze away on them till sinecures and sinecurists drop into the dust. Shall such creatures disturb the equanimity of the magnanimous working-classes of England? True to themselves in life's great relations, they need not grudge, for a little while longer, the paupers a few paltry pence out of their earnings; for they know a sure and silent death-blow has been struck against that order of things by the sense of the land, and that all who receive wages must henceforth give work. All along that has been the rule—these are the exceptions; or say, that has been the law—these are its revolutions. Let there be high rewards, and none grudge them—in honour and gold—for high work. And men of high talents—never extinct—will reach up their hands and seize them, amidst the acclamations of a people who have ever taken pride in a great ambition. If the competition is to be in future more open than ever, to know it is so will rejoice the souls of all who are not slaves. But clear the course! Let not the crowd rush in—for by doing so, they will bring down the racers, and be themselves trampled to death.

Now we say that the race is—if not always—ninety-nine times in a hundred—to the swift, and the battle to the strong. We may have been fortunate in our naval and military friends; but we cannot charge our memory with a single consummate ass holding a distinguished rank in either service. That such consummate asses are in both, we have been credibly informed, and believe it; and we have sometimes almost imagined that we heard their bray at no great distance, and the flapping of their ears. Poor creatures enough do rise by seniority or purchase, or if anybody knows how else, we do not; and such will be the case to the end of the chapter of human accidents. But merit not only makes the man, but the officer on shore and at sea. They are as noble and discontented a set of fellows all, as ever boarded or stormed; and they will continue so, not till some change in the Admiralty, or at the Horseguards, for Sir James Grahame does his duty, and so does Lord Hill—but till a change in humanity, for 'tis no more than Adam did, and we attribute whatever may be amiss or awry, chiefly to the Fall. Let the

radicals set poor human nature on her legs again, and what would become of *them*? In the French service there is no rising at all, it seems, but by merit; but there is also much running away; not in a disgraceful style, for our natural enemies, and artificial friends are a brave race, but in mere indignation and disgust to see troops so shamefully ill-officerd as ours, which it would be a disgrace to look in the face on the field, either in column or line. Therefore they never stand a charge, but are off in legions of honour, eagles and all, before troops that have been so uniformly flogged from time immemorial, as to have no other name but raw lobsters, led on by officers all shivering or benumbed under the "cold shade of aristocracy," like Picton and Pack.

We once thought of going ourselves to the English Bar, but were dissuaded from doing so by some judicious friends, who assured us we should only be throwing away our great talents and unexampled eloquence; for that success depended solely on interest, and we had none we knew of, either in high places or in low, and had then never seen an attorney. We wept for the fate of many dear friends in wigs, and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. On our return from Palestine and other foreign parts, behold them all bending under briefs, bound by retaining fees, or like game-hawks, wheeling in airy circuits over the rural provinces, and pouncing down on their prey, away to their eyries with talon-fulls, which they devoured at their luxurious leisure, untroubled by any callow young! They now compose the Bench.

Ere we set off for Salem, we had thoughts of entering the Church, and of becoming Bishops. But 'twas necessary, we were told, first to be tutor to a lord. That, in our pride, we could not stomach; but if ours had not been the sin by which Satan fell, where now had been the excellent Howley! All our habits in youth led us to associate much with intending divines. A few of them are still curates; but 'twere vain to try to count the vicars, rectors, canons, deans, archdeacons, and bishops, with whom, when we were all under-graduates together at Oxford, we used to do nothing but read Greek all day, and Latin all night. Yet you hear nothing but abuse of such a Church! and are told to look at the Dissenters. We do look at them, and an uglier set we never saw; not one in a hundred, in his grimness, a gentleman. Not a single scholar have they got to show, and now that Hall is mute, not one orator. Their divinity is of the dust—and their discourses dry bones. Down with the old Universities—up with new. The old are not yet down, but the new are up; and how dazzling the contrast, even to the purblind! You may hew down trees, but not towers; and Granta and Rhedycyna will show their temples to the sun, ages after such structures shall have become hospitals. They enlighten the land. Beloved are they by all the gentlemen of England. Even the plucked think of them with tears of filial reverence, and having renewed their plumage, clap their wings and crow defiance to all their foes. A man, you say, can get there no education to

fit him for life. Bah! Tell that to the marines. Now and then one meets a man eminent in a liberal profession, who has not been at any place that could easily be called a College. But the great streams of talent in England keep perpetually flowing from the gates of her glorious Universities—and he who would deny it in any mixed company of leading men in London, would only have to open his eyes in the hush that rebuked his folly, to see that he was a Cockney, clever enough, perhaps, in his own small way, and the author of some sonnets, but even to his own feelings painfully out of place among men who had not studied at the Surrey.

We cannot say that we have any fears, this fine clear September morning, for the Church of England in England. In Ireland, deserted and betrayed, it has received a dilapidating shock. Fain would seven millions of "the finest people on the earth," and likewise the most infatuated, who are so proud of the verdure of their isle, that they love to make "the green one red," see the entire edifice overthrown, not one stone left upon another, and its very name smothered in a smoky cloud of ascending dust. They have told us so in yells, over which has still been heard "the wolf's long howl," the savage cry of the O'Connell. And Ministers who pretend to be Protestants, and in reform have not yet declared against the Reformation, have tamely yielded, recreants from the truth, to brawlers who would pull down her holiest altars, and given up "pure religion, breathing household laws," a sacrifice to superstition. But there is a power enshrined in England which no Government dare seek to desecrate—in the hearts of the good and wise, grateful to an establishment that has guarded Christianity from corruption, and is venerated by all the most enlightened spirits who conscientiously worship without its pale, and know that in the peaceful shadow of its strength repose their own humbler and untroubled altars.

We have been taking a cheerful—a hopeful view of our surrounding world, as it is inclosed within these our seas, whose ideal murmur seemed awhile to breathe in unison with our Monologue. We have been believing, that in this our native land, the road of merit is the road to success—say happiness. And is not the law the same in the world of Literature and the Fine Arts? Give a great genius any thing like fair play, and he will gain glory nay bread. True, he may be before his age and may have to create his worshippers. But how few such! And is it a disgrace to an age to produce a genius whose grandeur it cannot all at once comprehend? The works of genius are surely not often incomprehensible to the highest contemporary minds, and if they win their admiration, pity not the poor Poet. But pray syllable the living Poet's name who has had reason to complain of having fallen on evil days, or who is with "darkness and with danger compassed round." From humbles; birth-places in the obscurest nooks frequently have we seen

"The fulgent head
Star-bright appear;"

from unsuspected rest among the water-lilies of the mountain-mere, the snow-white swan in full plumage soar into the sky. Hush! no nonsense about Wordsworth. "Far-off his coming shone;" and what if, for a while, men knew not whether 'twas some mirage-glimmer, or the dawning of a new "orb of song!"

We have heard rather too much even from that great poet about the deafness and blindness of the present time. No Time but the future, he avers, has ears or eyes for divine music and light. Was Homer in his own day obscure, or Shakspeare? But Heaven forbid we should force the bard into an argument; we allow him to sit undisturbed by us in the bower nature delighted to build for him, with small help from his own hands, at the dim end of that alley green, among lake-murmur and mountain-shadow, for ever haunted by ennobling visions. But we love and respect present Time—partly, we confess, because he has shown some little kindly feeling for ourselves, whereas we fear Future Time may forget us among many others of his worthy father's friends, and the name of Christopher North

"Die on his ears a faint unheeded sound."

But Present Time has not been unjust to William Wordsworth. Some small temporalities were so; imps running about the feet of Present Time, and sometimes making him stumble: but on raising his eyes from the ground, he saw something shining like an Apparition on the mountain top, and he hailed, and with a friendly voice, the advent of another true Poet of nature and of man.

We must know how to read that prophet, before we preach from any text in his book of revelations.

"We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."
Why spoke he thus? Because a deep darkness had fallen upon him all alone in a mountain-cave, and he quaked before the mystery of man's troubled life.

"He thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;
Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side;"

and if they died miserably, "How may I perish!" But they wanted wisdom. Therefore the marvellous boy drank one bowl drugged with sudden, and the glorious ploughman many bowls drugged with lingering death. If we must weep over the woes of Genius, let us know for whom we may rightly shed our tears. With one drop of ink you may write the names of all

"The mighty Poets in their misery dead."

Wordsworth wrote those lines, as we said, in the inspiration of a profound but not permanent melancholy; and they must not be profaned by being used as a quotation in defence of accusations against human society, which, in some lips, become accusations against Providence. The mighty Poets have been not only wiser, but happier than they knew; and what glory from heaven and earth was poured over their inward life, up to the very moment it darkened away into the gloom of the grave!

Many a sad and serious hour have we read D'Israeli, and many a lesson may all lovers of literature learn from his well-instructed books. But from the unhappy stories therein so feelingly and eloquently narrated, has many "a famous ape" drawn conclusions the very reverse of those which he himself leaves to be drawn by all minds possessed of any philosophy. Melancholy the moral of these moving tales; but we must look for it, not into the society that surrounds us, though on it too we must keep a watchful, and, in spite of all its sins, a not irreverent eye, but into our own hearts. There lies the source of evil which some evil power perhaps without us stirs up till it wells over in misery. Then fiercely turns the wretch first against "the world and the world's law," both sometimes iniquitous, and last of all against the rebellious spirit in his own breast, but for whose own innate corruption his moral being would have been victorious against all outward assaults, violent or insidious, "and to the end persisting safe arrived."

Many men of genius have died without their fame, and for their fate we may surely mourn, without calumniating our kind. It was their lot to die. Such was the will of God. Many such have come and gone, ere they knew themselves what they were; their brothers, and sisters, and friends knew it not; knew it not their fathers and mothers; nor the village maidens on whose bosoms they laid their dying heads. Many, conscious of the divine flame, and visited by mysterious stirrings that would not let them rest, have like vernal wild-flowers withered, or been cut down like young trees in the season of leaf and blossom. Of this our mortal life what are these but beautiful evanishings! Such was our young Scottish Poet, Michael Bruce—a fine scholar, who taught a little wayside school, and died, a mere lad, of consumption. Loch Leven Castle, where Mary Stuart was imprisoned, looks not more melancholy among the dim waters for her than for its own Poet's sake! The linnet, in its joy among the yellow broom, sings not more sweetly than did he in his sadness, sitting beside his unopened grave, "one song that will not die," though the dirge but draw now and then a tear from some simple heart.

"Now spring returns—but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown."

To young Genius to die is often a great gain. The green leaf was almost hidden in blossoms, and the tree put forth beautiful promise. Cold winds blew, and clouds intercepted the sunshine; but it felt the dews of heaven, and kept flourishing fair even in the moonlight, deriving sweet sustenance from the stars. But would all those blossoms have been fruit? Many would have formed, but more perhaps dropt in unperceived decay, and the tree which "all eyes that looked on loved," might not have been the pride of the garden. Death could not permit the chance of such disappointment, stepped kindly in, and left the spring-dream "sweet but mournful to the soul," among its half-fancied memories. Such was

the fate, perhaps, of Henry Kirke White. His fine moral and intellectual being was not left to pine away neglected; and if, in gratitude and ambition, twin-births in that noble heart, he laid down his life for sake of the lore he loved, let us lament the dead with no passionate ejaculations over injustice by none committed, console ourselves with the thought, in no ways unkind to his merits, that he died in a mild bright spring that might have been succeeded by no very glorious summer; and that, fading away as he did among the tears of the good and great, his memory has been embalmed, not only in his own gentle inspirations, but in the immortal eulogy of Southey. But, alas! many thus endowed by nature, "have waged with fortune an unequal war;" and pining away in poverty and disappointment, have died broken-hearted—and been buried—some in unhonoured—some even in unwept graves! And how many have had a far more dismal lot, because their life was not so innocent! The children of misfortune, but of error too—of frailty, vice, and sin. Once gone astray, with much to tempt them on, and no voice, no hand, to draw them back, theirs has been at first a flowery descent to death, but soon sorely beset with thorns, lacerating the friendless wretches, till, with shame and remorse their sole attendants, they have tottered into unconfined holes and found peace.

With sorrows and sufferings like these, it would be hardly fair to blame society at large for having little or no sympathy; for they are, in the most affecting cases, borne in silence, and are unknown even to the generous and humane in their own neighbourhood, who might have done something or much to afford encouragement or relief. Nor has Charity always neglected those who so well deserved her open hand, and in their virtuous poverty might, without abatement of honourable pride in themselves, have accepted silent succour to silent distress. Pity that her blessings should be so often intercepted by worthless applicants, on their way, it may be said, to the magnanimous who have not applied at all, but spoken to her heart in a silent language, which was not meant even to express the penury it betrayed. But we shall never believe that dew twice blessed seldom descends, in such a land as ours, on the noble young head that else had sunk like a chance flower in some dank shade, left to wither among weeds. We almost venture to say, that much of such unpitied, because often unsuspected suffering, cannot cease to be without a change in the moral government of the world.

Nor has Genius a right to claim from Conscience what is due but to Virtue. None who love humanity can wish to speak harshly of its mere frailties or errors—but none who revere morality can allow privilege to its sins. All who sin suffer, with or without genius; and we are nowhere taught in the New Testament, that remorse in its agony, and penitence in its sorrow, visit men's imaginations only; but whatever way they enter, their rueful dwelling is in the heart. Poets shed no bitterer tears than ordinary men; and Fonblanque finely showed us, in one of his late

little essays, clear as wells and deep as tarns, that so far from their being any thing in the constitution of genius naturally kindred either to vice or misery, it is framed of light and love and happiness, and that its sins and sufferings come not from the spirit but from the flesh. Yet is its flesh as firm, and perhaps somewhat finer than that of the common clay; but still it is clay—for all men are dust.

But what if they who, on the ground of genius, claim exemption from our blame, and inclusion within our sympathies, even when seen suffering from their own sins, have no genius at all, but are mere ordinary men, and but for the fumes of some physical excitement, which they mistake for the airs of inspiration, are absolutely stupider than people generally go, and even without any tolerable abilities for alphabetical education? Many such run versifying about, and will not try to settle down into an easy sedentary trade, till getting thirsty through perpetual perspiration, they take to drinking, come to you with subscription-papers for poetry, with a cock in their eye that tells of low tipping houses, and, accepting your half-crown, slander you when melting it in the purling purlieus of their own donkey-browsed Parnassus.

Can this age be fairly charged—we speak of England and Scotland—with a shameful indifference—or worse—a cruel scorn—or worse still—a barbarous persecution of young persons of humble birth, in whom there may appear a promise of talent, or of genius? Many are the scholars in whom their early benefactors have had reason to be proud of themselves, while they have been happy to send their sons to be instructed in the noblest lore, by men whose boyhood they had rescued from the darkness of despair, and clothed it with the warmth and light of hope. And were we to speak of endowments in schools and colleges, in which so many fine scholars have been brought up from among the humbler classes, who but for them had been bred to some mean handicraft, we should show better reason still for believing that moral and intellectual worth is not overlooked, or left to pine neglected in obscure places, as it is too much the fashion with a certain set of discontented declaimers to give out; but that in no other country has such provision been made for the meritorious children of the enlightened poor as in England. But we fear that the talent and the genius which, according to them, have been so often left or sent to beggary, to the great reproach even of our national character, have not been of a kind which a thoughtful humanity would in its benefactions have recognised; for it looks not with very hopeful eyes on mere irregular sallies of fancy, least of all when spurning prudence and propriety, and symptomatic of a mental constitution easily excited, but averse to labour, and insensible to the delight labour brings with it, when the faculties are all devoted in steadfastness of purpose to the acquisition of knowledge and the attainment of truth.

'Tis not easy to know, seeing it so difficult to define it, whether this or that youth who thinks he has genius, has it or not; the only

proof he may have given of it is perhaps a few copies of verses, which breathe the animal gladness of young life, and are tinged with tints of the beautiful, which joy itself, more imaginative than it ever again will be, steals from the sunset; but sound sense, and judgment, and taste, which is sense and judgment of all finest feelings and thoughts, and the love of light dawning on the intellect, and ability to gather into knowledge facts near and from afar, till the mind sees systems, and in them understands the phenomena which, when looked at singly, perplexed the pleasure of the sight—these, and aptitudes and capacities and powers such as these, are indeed of promise, and more than promise; they are already performance, and justify in minds thus gifted, and in those who watch their workings, hopes of a wiser and happier future when the boy shall be a man.

Perhaps too much honour, rather than too little, has been shown by his age to mediocre poetry and other works of fiction. A few gleams of genius have given some writers of little worth a considerable reputation; and great waxed the pride of poetasters. But true poetry burst in beauty over the land, and we became intolerant of "false glitter." Fresh sprang its flowers from the "dædal earth," or seemed, they were so surpassingly beautiful, as if spring had indeed descended from heaven, "veiled in a shower of shadowing roses," and no longer could we suffer young gentlemen and ladies, treading among the profusion, to gather the glorious scatterings, and weaving them into fantastic or even tasteful garlands, to present them to us, as if they had been raised from the seed of their own genius, and entitled therefore "to bear their name in the wild woods." This flower-gathering, pretty pastime though it be, and altogether innocent, fell into disrepute; and then all such florists began to complain of being neglected, or despised, or persecuted, and their friends to lament over their fate, the fate of all genius, "in amorous ditties all a summer's day."

Besides the living poets of highest rank, are there not many whose claims to join the sacred band have been allowed, because their lips, too, have sometimes been touched with a fire from heaven? Second-rate indeed! Ay, well for those who are third, fourth, or fifth-rate—knowing where sit Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton. Round about Parnassus run many parallel roads, with forests "of cedar and branching palm between," overshadowing the sunshine on each magnificent level with a sense of something more sublime still nearer the forked summit; and each band, so that they be not ambitious overmuch, in their own region may wander or repose in grateful bliss. Thousands look up with envy from "the low-lying fields of the beautiful land" immediately without the line that goes wavingly asweep round the base of the holy mountain, separating it from the common earth. What clamour and what din from the excluded crowd! Many are heard there to whom nature has been kind, but they have not yet learned "to know themselves," or they would retire, but not afar off, and in silence adore. And so they do ere long,

and are happy in the sight of the beauty still more beautiful" revealed to their fine perceptions, though to them was not given the faculty that by combining in spiritual passion creates. But what has thither brought the self-deceived, who will not be convinced of their delusion, even were Homer or Milton's very self to frown on them with eyes no longer dim, but angry in their brightness like lowering stars?

But we must beware—perhaps too late—of growing unintelligible, and ask you, in plainer terms, if you do not think that by far the greatest number of all those who raise an outcry against the injustice of the world to men of genius, are persons of the meanest abilities, who have all their lives been foolishly fighting with their stars? Their demons have not whispered to them "have a taste," but "you have genius," and the world gives the demons the lie. Thence anger, spite, rancour, and envy eat their hearts, and they "rail against the Lord's anointed." They set up idols of clay, and fall down and worship them—or idols of brass, more worthless than clay; or they perversely, and in hatred, not in love, pretend reverence for the Fair and Good, because, forsooth, placed by man's ingratitude too far in the shade, whereas man's pity has, in deep compassion, removed the objects of their love, because of their imperfections not blameless, back in among that veiling shade, that their beauty might still be visible, while their deformities were hidden in "a dim religious light."

Let none of the sons or daughters of genius hearken to such outcry but with contempt—and at all times with suspicion, when they find themselves the objects of such lamentations. The world is not—at least does not wish to be, an unkind, ungenerous, and unjust world. Many who think themselves neglected, are far more thought of than they suppose; just as many, who imagine the world ringing with their name, are in the world's ears nearly anonymous. Only one edition or two of your poems have sold—but is it not pretty well that five hundred or a thousand copies have been read, or glanced over, or looked at, or skimmed, or skipped, or fondled, or petted, or tossed aside, "between malice and true love," by ten times that number of your fellow-creatures, not one of whom ever saw your face; while many millions of men, nearly your equals, and not a few millions your superiors far, have contentedly dropt into the grave, at the close of a long life, without having once "invoked the Muse," and who would have laughed in your face had you talked to them, even in their greatest glee, about their genius.

There is a glen in the Highlands (dearly beloved Southrons, call on us, on your way through Edinburgh, and we shall delight to instruct you how to walk our mountains) called Glencero—very unlike Glenco. A good road winds up the steep ascent, and at the summit there is a stone seat, on which you read, "*Rest and be thankful.*" You do so—and are not a little proud—if pedestrians—of your achievement. Looking up, you see cliffs high above your head, (not the Cobbler,) and in the clear sky, as far above them, a balanced bird

You envy him his seemingly motionless wings, and wonder at his air-supporters. Down he darts, or aside he shoots, or right up he soars, and you wish you were an Eagle. You have reached Rest-and-be-thankful, yet rest you will not, and thankful you will not be, and you scorn the mean inscription, which many a worthier wayfarer has blessed, while sitting on that stone he has said, "give us this day our daily bread," eat his crust, and then walked away contented down to Cairndow. Just so it has been with you sitting at your appointed place—pretty high up—on the road to the summit of the Biforked Hill. You look up and see Byron—there "sitting where you may not

soar,"—and wish you were a great Poet. But you are no more a great Poet than an Eagle eight feet from wing-tip to wing-tip—and will not rest-and-be-thankful that you are a man and a Christian. Nay, you are more, an author of no mean repute; and your prose is allowed to be excellent, better far than the best paragraph in this our Morning Monologue. But you are sick of walking, and nothing will satisfy you but to fly. Be contented, as we are, with feet, and weep not for wings; and let us take comfort together from a cheering quotation from the philosophic Gray—

"For they that creep, and they that fly,
Just end where they began."

THE FIELD OF FLOWERS.

A MAY-MORNING on Ulswater and the banks of Ulswater—commingled earth and heaven! Spring is many-coloured as Autumn; but now Joy scatters the hues daily brightening into greener life, then Melancholy dropt them daily dimming into yellower death. The fear of Winter then—but now the hope of Summer; and Nature rings with hymns hailing the visible advent of the perfect year. If for a moment the woods are silent, it is but to burst forth anew into louder song. The rain is over and gone—but the showery sky speaks in the streams on a hundred hills; and the wide mountain gloom opens its heart to the sunshine, that on many a dripping precipice burns like fire. Nothing seems inanimate. The very clouds and their shadows look alive—the trees, never dead, are wide-awakened from their sleep—families of flowers are frequenting all the dewy places—old walls are splendid with the light of lichens—and birch-crowned cliffs up among the coves send down their fine fragrance to the Lake in every bolder breath that whitens with breaking wavelets the blue of its breezy bosom. Nor mute the voice of man. The shepherd is whooping on the hill—the ploughman calling to his team somewhere among the furrows in some small late field, won from the woods; and you hear the laughter and the echoes of the laughter—one sound—of children busied in half-work, half-play; for what else in vernal sunshine is the occupation of young rustic life? 'Tis no Arcadia—no golden age. But a lovelier scene—in the midst of all its grandeur—is not in merry and majestic England; nor did the hills of this earth ever circumscribe a pleasanter dwelling for a nobler peasantry, than these Cumbrian ranges of rocks and pastures, where the raven croaks in his own region, unregarded in theirs by the fleecy flocks. How beautiful the Church Tower!

On a knoll not far from the shore, and not high above the water, yet by an especial felicity of place gently commanding all that reach

of the Lake with all its ranges of mountains—every single tree, every grove, and all the woods seeming to show or to conceal the scene at the bidding of the Spirit of Beauty—reclined two Figures—the one almost rustic, but venerable in the simplicity of old age—the other no longer young, but still in the prime of life—and though plainly apparelled, with form and bearing such as are pointed out in cities, because belonging to distinguished men. The old man behaved towards him with deference but not humility; and between them too—in many things unlike—it was clear even from their silence that there was Friendship.

A little way off, and sometimes almost running, now up and now down the slopes and hollows, was a girl about eight years old—whether beautiful or not you could not know, for her face was either half-hidden in golden hair, or when she tossed the tresses from her brow, it was so bright in the sunshine that you saw no features, only a gleam of joy. Now she was chasing the butterflies, not to hurt them, but to get a nearer sight of their delicate gauze wings—the first that had come—she wondered whence—to waver and wanton for a little while in the spring-sunshine, and then, she felt, as wondrously, one and all as by consent, to vanish. And now she stooped as if to pull some little wild-flower, her hand for a moment withheld by a loving sense of its loveliness, but ever and anon adding some new colour to the blended bloom intended to gladden her father's eyes—though the happy child knew full well, and sometimes wept to know, that she herself had his entire heart. Yet gliding, or tripping, or dancing along, she touched not with fairy foot one white clover-flower on which she saw working the silent bee. Her father looked too often sad, and she feared—though what it was, she imagined not even in dreams—that some great misery must have befallen him before they came to live in the glen. And such, too, she had heard from a chance whisper, was the belief of their neigh-

sours. But momentary the shadows on the light of childhood! Nor was she insensible to her own beauty, that with the innocence it enshrined combined to make her happy; and first met her own eyes every morning, when most beautiful, awakening from the hushed awe of her prayers. She was clad in russet, like a cottager's child; but her air spoke of finer breeding than may be met with among those mountains—though natural grace accompanies there many a maiden going with her pitcher to the well—and gentle blood and old flows there in the veins of now humble men—who, but for the decay of families once high, might have lived in halls, now dilapidated, and scarcely distinguished through masses of ivy from the circumjacent rocks!

The child stole close behind her father, and kissing his cheek, said, "Were there ever such lovely flowers seen on Ulswater before, father? I do not believe that they will ever die." And she put them in his breast. Not a smile came to his countenance—no look of love—no faint recognition—no gratitude for the gift which at other times might haply have drawn a tear. She stood abashed in the sternness of his eyes, which, though fixed on her, seemed to see her not; and feeling that her glee was mistimed—for with such gloom she was not unfamiliar—the child felt as if her own happiness had been sin, and, retiring into a glade among the broom, sat down and wept.

"Poor wretch, better far that she never had been born!"

The old man looked on his friend with compassion, but with no surprise; and only said, "God will dry up her tears."

These few simple words, uttered in a solemn voice, but without one tone of reproach, seemed somewhat to calm the other's trouble, who first looking towards the spot where his child was sobbing to herself, though he heard it not, and then looking up to heaven, ejaculated for her sake a broken prayer. He then would have fain called her to him; but he was ashamed that even she should see him in such a passion of grief—and the old man went to her of his own accord, and bade her, as from her father, again to take her pastime among the flowers. Soon was she dancing in her happiness as before; and, that her father might hear she was obeying him, singing a song.

"For five years every Sabbath have I attended divine service in your chapel—yet dare I not call myself a Christian. I have prayed for faith—nor, wretch that I am, am I an unbeliever. But I fear to fling myself at the foot of the cross. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

The old man opened not his lips; for he felt that there was about to be made some confession. Yet he doubted not that the sufferer had been more sinned against than sinning; for the goodness of the stranger—so called still after five years' residence among the mountains—was known in many a vale—and the Pastor knew that charity covereth a multitude of sins—and even as a moral virtue prepares the heart for heaven. So sacred a thing is solace in this woful world.

"We have walked together, many hundred

times, for great part of a day, by ourselves two, over long tracts of uninhabited moors, and yet never once from my lips escaped one word about my fates or fortunes—so frozen was the secret in my heart. Often have I heard the sound of your voice, as if it were that of the idle wind; and often the words I did hear seemed, in the confusion, to have no relation to us, to be strange syllablings in the wilderness, as from the hauntings of some evil spirit instigating me to self-destruction."

"I saw that your life was oppressed by some perpetual burden; but God darkened not your mind while your heart was disturbed so grievously; and well pleased were we all to think, that in caring so kindly for the griefs of others, you might come at last to forget your own; or if that were impossible, to feel, that with the alleviations of time, and sympathy, and religion, yours was no more than the common lot of sorrow."

They rose—and continued to walk in silence—but not apart—up and down that small silvan enclosure overlooked but by rocks. The child saw her father's distraction—no unusual sight to her; yet on each recurrence as mournful and full of fear as if seen for the first time—and pretended to be playing aloof with her face pale in tears.

"That child's mother is not dead. Where she is now I know not—perhaps in a foreign country hiding her guilt and her shame. Al! say that a lovelier child was never seen than that wretch—God bless her—how beautiful is the poor creature now in her happiness singing over her flowers! Just such another must her mother have been at her age. She is now an outcast—and an adulteress."

The pastor turned away his face, for in the silence he heard groans, and the hollow voice again spoke:—

"Through many dismal days and nights have I striven to forgive her, but never for many hours together have I been enabled to repent my curse. For on my knees I implored God to curse her—her head—her eyes—her breast—her body—mind, heart, and soul—and that she might go down a loathsome leper to the grave."

"Remember what He said to the woman—'Go, and sin no more!'"

"The words have haunted me all up and down the hills—his words and mine; but mine have always sounded liker justice at last—for my nature was created human—and human are all the passions that pronounced that holy or unholy curse!"

"Yet you would not curse her now—were she laying here at your feet—or if you were standing by her death-bed?"

"Lying here at my feet! Even here—on this very spot—not blasted, but green through all the year—within the shelter of these two rocks—she did lie at my feet in her beauty—and as I thought her innocence—my own happy bride! Hither I brought her to be blessed and blest I was even up to the measure of my misery. This world is hell to me now—but then it was heaven!"

"These awful names are of the mysteries beyond the grave."

"Hear me and judge. She was an orphan; all her father's and mother's relations were dead, but a few who were very poor. I married her, and secured her life against this heartless and wicked world. That child was born—and while it grew like a flower—she left it—and its father—we who loved her beyond light and life, and would have given up both for her sake."

"And have not yet found heart to forgive her—miserable as she needs must be—seeing she has been a great sinner!"

"Who forgives? The father his profligate son, or disobedient daughter? No; he disinherits his first-born, and suffers him to perish, perhaps by an ignominious death. He leaves his only daughter to drag out her days in penury—a widow with orphans. The world may condemn, but is silent; he goes to church every Sabbath, but no preacher denounces punishment on the unrelenting, the unforgiving parent. Yet how easily might he have taken them both back to his heart, and loved them better than ever! But she poisoned my cup of life when it seemed to overflow with heaven. Had God dashed it from my lips, I could have borne my doom. But with her own hand which I had clasped at the altar—and with our Lucy at her knees—she gave me that loathsome draught of shame and sorrow;—I drank it to the dregs—and it is burning all through my being—now—as if it had been hell-fire from the hands of a fiend in the shape of an angel. In what page of the New Testament am I told to forgive her? Let me see the verse—and then shall I know that Christianity is an imposture; for the voice of God within me—the conscience which is his still small voice—commands me never from my memory to obliterate that curse—never to forgive her, and her wickedness—not even if we should see each other's shadows in a future state, after the day of judgment."

His countenance grew ghastly—and staggering to a stone, he sat down and eyed the skies with a vacant stare, like a man whom dreams carry about in his sleep. His face was like ashes—and he gasped like one about to fall into a fit. "Bring me water"—and the old man motioned on the child, who, giving ear to him for a moment, flew away to the Lake-side with an urn she had brought with her for flowers; and held it to her father's lips. His eyes saw it not;—there was her sweet pale face all wet with tears, almost touching his own—her innocent mouth breathing that pure balm that seems to a father's soul to be inhaled from the bowers of paradise. He took her into his bosom—and kissed her dewy eyes—and begged her to cease her sobbing—to smile—to laugh—to sing—to dance away into the sunshine—to be happy! And Lucy afraid, not of her father, but of his kindness—for the simple creature was not able to understand his wild utterance of blessings—returned to the glade but not to her pastime, and couching like a fawn among the fern, kept her eyes on her father, and left her flowers to fade unheeded beside her empty urn.

"Unintelligible mystery of wickedness! That child was just three years old the very

day it was forsaken—she abandoned it and me on its birth-day! Twice had that day been observed by us—as the sweetest—the most sacred of holydays; and now that it had again come round—but I not present—for I was on foreign service—thus did she observe it—and disappeared with her paramour. It so happened that we went that day into action—and I committed her and our child to the mercy of God in fervent prayers; for love made me religious—and for their sakes I feared though I shunned not death. I lay all night among the wounded on the field of battle—and it was a severe frost. Pain kept me from sleep, but I saw them as distinctly as in a dream—the mother lying with her child in her bosom in our own bed. Was not that vision mockery enough to drive me mad? After a few weeks a letter came to me from herself—and I kissed it and pressed it to my heart; for no black seal was there—and I knew that little Lucy was alive. No meaning for a while seemed to be in the words—and then they began to blacken into ghastly characters—till at last I gathered from the horrid revelation that she was sunk in sin and shame, steeped for evermore in utmost pollution.

"A friend was with me—and I gave it to him to read—for in my anguish at first I felt no shame—and I watched his face as he read it, that I might see corroboration of the incredible truth, which continued to look like falsehood, even while it pierced my heart with agonizing pangs. 'It may be a forgery,' was all he could utter—after long agitation; but the shape of each letter was too familiar to my eyes—the way in which the paper was folded—and I knew my doom was sealed. Hours must have passed, for the room grew dark—and I asked him to leave me for the night. He kissed my forehead—for we had been as brothers. I saw him next morning—dead—cut nearly in two—yet had he left a paper for me, written an hour before he fell, so filled with holiest friendship, that oh! how even in my agony I wept for him, now but a lump of cold clay and blood, and envied him at the same time a soldier's grave!"

"And has the time indeed come that I can thus speak calmly of all that horror! The body was brought into my room, and it lay all day and all night close to my bed. But false was I to all our life-long friendship—and almost with indifference I looked upon the corpse. Momentary starts of affection seized me—but I cared little or nothing for the death of him, the tender and the true, the gentle and the brave, the pious and the noble-hearted; my anguish was all for her, the cruel and the faithless, dead to honour, to religion dead—dead to all the sanctities of nature—for her, and for her alone, I suffered all ghastliest agonies—nor any comfort came to me in my despair, from the conviction that she was worthless; for desperately wicked as she had shown herself to be—oh! crowding came back upon me all our hours of happiness—all her sweet smiles—all her loving looks—all her affectionate words—all her conjugal and maternal tendernesses; and the loss of

all that bliss—the change of it all into strange, sudden, shameful, and everlasting misery, smote me till I swooned, and was delivered up to a trance in which the rueful reality was mixed up with fantasms more horrible than man's mind can suffer out of the hell of sleep!

"Wretched coward that I was to outlive that night! But my mind was weak from great loss of blood—and the blow so stunned me that I had not strength of resolution to die. I might have torn off the bandages—for nobody watched me—and my wounds were thought mortal. But the love of life had not welled out with all those vital streams; and as I began to recover, another passion took possession of me—and I vowed that there should be atonement and revenge. I was not obscure. My dishonour was known through the whole army. Not a tent—not a hut—in which my name was not bandied about—a jest in the mouths of profligate poltroons—pronounced with pity by the compassionate brave. I had commanded my men with pride. No need had I ever had to be ashamed when I looked on our colours; but no wretch led out to execution for desertion or cowardice ever shrunk from the sun, and from the sight of human faces arrayed around him, with more shame and horror than did I when, on my way to a transport, I came suddenly on my own corps, marching to music as if they were taking up a position in the line of battle—as they had often done with me at their head—all sternly silent before an approaching storm of fire. What brought them there? To do me honour! Me, smeared with infamy, and ashamed to lift my eyes from the mire. Honour had been the idol I worshipped—alas! too, too passionately far—and now I lay in my litter like a slave sold to stripes—and heard as if a legion of demons were mocking me and with loud and long huzzas; and then a confused murmur of blessings on our noble commander, so they called me—me, despicable in my own esteem—scorned—insulted—forsaken—me, who could not bind to mine the bosom that for years had touched it—a wretch so poor in power over a woman's heart, that no sooner had I left her to her own thoughts than she felt that she had never loved me, and, opening her fair breast to a new-born bliss, sacrificed me without remorse—nor could bear to think of me any more as her husband—not even for sake of that child whom I knew she loved—for no hypocrite was she there; and oh! lost creature though she was—even now I wonder over that unaccountable desertion—and much she must have suffered from the image of that small bed, beside which she used to sit for hours, perfectly happy from the sight of that face which I too so often blessed in her hearing, because it was so like her own! Where is my child? Have I frightened her away into the wood by my unfatherly looks? She too will come to hate me—oh! see yonder her face and her figure like a fairy's, gliding through 'among the broom! Sorrow has no business with her—nor she with sorrow. Yet—even her how often have I made weep! All the unhappiness she has ever known has all come from me; and would

I but leave her alone to herself in her affectionate innocence, the smile that always lies on her face when she is asleep would remain there—only brighter—all the time her eyes are awake; but I dash it away by my unhalloed harshness, and people looking on her in her trouble, wonder to think how sad can be the countenance even of a little child. O God of mercy! what if she were to die!"

"She will not die—she will live," said the pitying pastor—"and many happy years—my son—are yet in store even for you—so sorely as you have been tried; for it is not in nature that your wretchedness can endure for ever. She is in herself all-sufficient for a father's happiness. You prayed just now that the God of Mercy would spare her life—and has he not spared it? Tender flower as she seems, yet how full of Life! Let not then your gratitude to Heaven be barren in your heart; but let it produce there resignation—if need be, contrition—and, above all, forgiveness."

"Yes! I had a hope to live for—mangled as I was in body, and racked in mind—a hope that was a faith—and bitter-sweet it was in imagined foretaste of fruition—the hope and the faith of revenge. They said he would not aim at my life. But what was that to me who thirsted for his blood? Was he to escape death, because he dared not wound bone, or flesh, or muscle of mine, seeing that the assassin had already stabbed my soul? Satisfaction! I tell you that I was for revenge. Not that his blood could wipe out the stain with which my name was imbrued, but let it be mixed with the mould; and he who invaded my marriage-bed—and hallowed was it by every generous passion that ever breathed upon woman's breast—let him fall down in convulsions, and vomit out his heart's blood, at once in expiation of his guilt, and in retribution dealt out to him by the hand of him whom he had degraded in the eyes of the whole world beneath the condition even of a felon, and delivered over in my misery to contempt and scorn. I found him out;—there he was before me—in all that beauty by women so beloved—graceful as Apollo; and with a haughty air, as if proud of an achievement that adorned his name, he saluted me—*her husband*—on the field,—and let the wind play with his raven tresses—his curled love-locks—and then presented himself to my aim in an attitude a statuary would have admired. I shot him through the heart."

The good old man heard the dreadful words with a shudder—yet they had come to his ears not unexpectedly, for the speaker's aspect had gradually been growing black with wrath, long before he ended in an avowal of murder. Nor, on ceasing his wild words and distracted demeanour, did it seem that his heart was touched with any remorse. His eyes retained their savage glare—his teeth were clenched—and he feasted on his crime.

"Nothing but a full faith in Divine Revelation," solemnly said his aged friend, "can subdue the evil passions of our nature, or enable conscience itself to see and repent of sin. Your wrongs were indeed great—but without a change wrought in all your spirit, alas! my

son! you cannot hope to see the kingdom of heaven."

"Who dares to condemn the deed? He deserved death—and whence was doom to come but from me the Avenger? I took his life—but once I saved it. I bore him from the battlements of a fort stormed in vain—after we had all been blown up by the springing of a mine; and from bayonets that had drunk my blood as well as his—and his widowed mother blessed me as the saviour of her son. I told my wife to receive him as a brother—and for my sake to feel towards him a sister's love. Who shall speak of temptation—or frailty—or infatuation to me? Let the fools hold their peace. His wounds became dearer to her abandoned heart than mine had ever been; yet had her cheek lain many a night on the scars that seamed this breast—for I was not backward in battle, and our place was in the van. I was no coward, that she who loved heroism in him should have dishonoured her husband. True, he was younger by some years than me—and God had given him pernicious beauty—and she was young, too—oh! the brightest of all mortal creatures the day she became my bride—nor less bright with that baby at her bosom—a matron in girlhood's resplendent spring! Is youth a plea for wickedness? And was I old? I, who in spite of all I have suffered, feel the vital blood yet boiling as to a furnace; but cut off for ever by her crime from fame and glory—and from a soldier in his proud career, covered with honour in the eyes of all my countrymen, changed in an hour into an outlawed and nameless slave. My name has been borne by a race of heroes—the blood in my veins has flowed down a long line of illustrious ancestors—and here am I now—a hidden, disguised hypocrite—dwelling among peasants—and afraid—ay, afraid, because ashamed, to lift my eyes freely from the ground even among the solitudes of the mountains, lest some wandering stranger should recognise me, and see the brand of ignominy her hand and his—accursed both—burnt in upon my brow. She forsook this bosom—but tell me if it was in disgust with these my scars?"

And as he bared it, distractedly, that noble chest was seen indeed disfigured with many a gash—on which a wife might well have rested her head with gratitude not less devout because of a lofty pride mingling with life-deep affection. But the burst of passion was gone by—and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child.

"Oh! cruel—cruel was her conduct to me; yet what has mine been to her—for so many years! I could not tear her image from my memory—not an hour has it ceased to haunt me; since I came among these mountains, her ghost is for ever at my side. I have striven to drive it away with curses, but still there is the phantom. Sometimes—beautiful as on our marriage day—all in purest white—adorned with flowers—it wreathes its arms around my neck—and offers its mouth to my kisses—and then all at once is changed into a leering wretch, retaining a likeness of my bride—then into a corpse. And perhaps she is dead—

dead of cold and hunger: she whom I cherished in all luxury—whose delicate frame seemed to bring round itself all the purest air and sweetest sunshine—she may have expired in the very mire—and her body been huddled into some hole called a pauper's grave. And I have suffered all this to happen her! Or have I suffered her to become one of the miserable multitude who support hated and hateful life by prostitution? Black was her crime; yet hardly did she deserve to be one of that howling crew—she whose voice was once so sweet, her eyes so pure, and her soul so innocent—for up to the hour I parted with her weeping, no evil thought had ever been hers;—then why, ye eternal Heavens! why fell she from that sphere where she shone like a star? Let that mystery that shrouds my mind in darkness be lightened—let me see into its heart—and know but the meaning of her guilt—and then may I be able to forgive it; but for five years, day and night, it has troubled and confounded me—and from blind and baffled wrath with an iniquity that remains like a pitch-black night through which I cannot grope my way, no refuge can I find—and nothing is left me but to tear my hair out by handfuls—as, like a madman, I have done—to curse her by name in the solitary glooms, and to call down upon her the curse of God. O wicked—most wicked! Yet He who judges the hearts of his creatures, knows that I have a thousand and a thousand times forgiven her, but that a chasm lay between us, from which, the moment that I came to its brink, a voice drove me back—I know not whether of a good or evil spirit—and bade me leave her to her fate. But she must be dead—and needs not now my tears. O friend! judge me not too sternly—from this my confession; for all my wild words have imperfectly expressed to you but parts of my miserable being—and if I could lay it all before you, you would pity me perhaps as much as condemn—for my worst passions only have now found utterance—all my better feelings will not return nor abide for words—even I myself have forgotten them; but your pitying face seems to say, that they will be remembered at the Throne of Mercy. I forgive her." And with these words he fell down on his knees, and prayed too for pardon to his own sins. The old man encouraged him not to despair—it needed but a motion of his hand to bring the child from her couch in the cover, and Lucy was folded to her father's heart. The forgiveness was felt to be holy in that embrace.

The day had brightened up into more perfect beauty, and showers were sporting with sunshine on the blue air of Spring. The sky showed something like a rainbow—and the Lake, in some parts quite still, and in some breezy, contained at once shadowy fragments of wood and rock, and waves that would have murmured round the prow of pleasure-boat suddenly hoisting a sail. And such a very boat appeared round a promontory that stretched no great way into the water, and formed with a crescent of low meadow-land a bay that was the first to feel the wind coming down Glencoin. The boatman was rowing heedlessly along, when a sudden squall struck the

sail, and in an instant the skiff was upset and went down. No shrieks were heard—and the boatman swam ashore; but a figure was seen struggling where the sail disappeared—and starting from his knees, he who knew not fear plunged into the Lake, and after desperate exertions brought the drowned creature to the side—a female meanly attired—seemingly a stranger—and so attenuated that it was plain she must have been in a dying state, and had she not thus perished, would have had but few days to live. The hair was gray—but the face though withered was not old—and, as she lay on the greensward, the features were beautiful as well as calm in the sunshine.

He stood over her awhile—as if struck motionless—and then kneeling beside the body, kissed its lips and eyes—and said only, “It is Lucy!”

The old man was close by—and so was that child. They too knelt—and the passion of the mourner held him dumb, with his face close to the face of death—ghastly its glare beside the sleep that knows no waking, and is forsaken by all dreams. He opened the bosom—wasted to the bone—in the idle thought that she might yet breathe—and a paper dropt out into his hand, which he read aloud to himself—unconscious that any one was near. “I am fast dying—and desire to die at your feet. Perhaps you will spurn me—it is right you should; but you will see how sorrow has killed the wicked wretch who was once your wife. I have lived in humble servitude for five years, and have suffered great hardships. I think I am a penitent—and have been told by religious persons that I may hope for pardon from Heaven. Oh! that you would forgive me too! and let me have one look at our Lucy. I will linger about the Field of Flowers—perhaps you will come there, and see me lie down and die on the very spot where we passed a summer day the week of our marriage.”

“Not thus could I have kissed thy lips—Lucy—had they been red with life. White are they—and white must they long have been! No pollution on them—nor on that poor bosom now. Contrite tears had long since washed out thy sin. A feeble hand traced these lines—and in them an humble heart said nothing but God’s truth. Child—behold your mother. Art thou afraid to touch the dead?”

“No—father—I am not afraid to kiss her lips—as you did now. Sometimes, when you thought me asleep, I have heard you praying for my mother.”

“Oh! child! cease—cease—or my heart will burst!”

People began to gather about the body—but awe kept them aloof; and as for removing it to a house, none who saw it but knew such care would have been vain, for doubt there could be none that there lay death. So the groups remained for a while at a distance—even the old pastor went a good many paces apart; and under the shadow of that tree the father and child composed her limbs, and closed her eyes, and continued to sit beside her, as still as if they had been watching over one asleep.

That death was seen by all to be a strange calamity to him who had lived long among them—had adopted many of their customs—and was even as one of themselves—so it seemed—in the familiar intercourse of man with man. Some dim notion that this was the dead body of his wife was entertained by many, they knew not why; and their clergyman felt that then there needed to be neither concealment nor avowal of the truth. So in solemn sympathy they approached the body and its watchers; a bier had been prepared: and walking at the head, as if it had been a funeral, the Father of little Lucy, holding her hand, silently directed the procession towards his own house—out of the FIELD OF FLOWERS.

COTTAGES.

HAVE you any intention, dear reader, of building a house in the country? If you have, pray, for your own sake and ours, let it not be a Cottage. We presume that you are obliged to live, one-half of the year at least, in a town. Then why change altogether the character of your domicile and your establishment? You are an inhabitant of Edinburgh, and have a house in the Circus, or Heriot Row, or Abercromby Place, or Queen Street. The said house has five or six stories, and is such a palace as one might expect in the City of Palaces. Your drawing-rooms can, at a pinch, hold some ten score of modern Athenians—your dining-room might feast one-half of the contributors to Blackwood’s Magazine—your “*placens uxor*” has her boudoir—your eldest daughter, now verging on womanhood, her music-room—your boys their own studio—the

governess her retreat—and the tutor his den—the housekeeper sits like an overgrown spider in her own sanctum—the butler bargains for his dim apartment—and the four maids must have their front-area window. In short, from cellarage to garret, all is complete, and Number Forty-two is really a splendid mansion.

Now, dear reader, far be it from us to question the propriety or prudence of such an establishment. Your house was not built for nothing—it was no easy thing to get the painters out—the furnishing thereof was no trifle—the feu-duty is really unreasonable—and taxes are taxes still, notwithstanding the principles of free trade, and the universal prosperity of the country. Servants are wasteful, and their wages absurd—and the whole style of living, with long-necked bottles, most extravagant. But still we do not object to your establish-

ment—far from it, we admire it much; nor is there a single house in town where we make ourselves more agreeable to a late hour, or that we leave with a greater quantity of wine of a good quality under our girdle. Few things would give us more temporary uneasiness, than to hear of any embarrassment in your money concerns. We are not people to forget good fare, we assure you; and long and far may all shapes of sorrow keep aloof from the hospitable board, whether illuminated by gas, oil, or mutton.

But what we were going to say is this—that the head of such a house ought not to live, when ruralizing, in a Cottage. He ought to be consistent. Nothing so beautiful as consistency. What then is so absurd as to cram yourself, your wife, your numerous progeny, and your scarcely less numerous menials, into a concern called a Cottage? The ordinary heat of a baker's oven is very few degrees above that of a brown study, during the month of July, in a substantial, low-roofed Cottage. Then the smell of the kitchen! How it aggravates the sultry closeness! A strange, compounded, inexplicable smell of animal, vegetable, and mineral matter. It is at the worst during the latter part of the forenoon, when every thing has been got into preparation for cookery. There is then nothing savoury about the smell—it is dull, dead—almost catacombish. A small back-kitchen has it in its power to destroy the sweetness of any Cottage. Add a scullery, and the three are omnipotent. Of the eternal clashing of pots, pans, plates, trenchers, and general crockery, we now say nothing; indeed, the sound somewhat relieves the smell, and the ear comes occasionally in to the aid of the nose. Such noises are wind-falls; but not so the scolding of cook and butler—at first low and tetchy, with pauses—then sharp, but still interrupted—by and by, loud and ready in reply—finally a discordant gabble of vulgar fury, like maniacs quarrelling in bedlam. Hear it you must—you and all the strangers. To explain it away is impossible; and your fear is, that Alecto, Tisiphone, or Megera, will come flying into the parlour with a bloody cleaver, dripping with the butler's brains. During the time of the quarrel the spit has been standing still, and a gigot of the five-year-old black-face burnt on one side to cinder.—“To dinner with what appetite you may.”

It would be quite unpardonable to forget one especial smell which irretrievably ruined our happiness during a whole summer—the smell of a dead rat. The accursed vermin died somewhere in the Cottage; but whether beneath a floor, within lath and plaster, or in roof, baffled the conjectures of the most sagacious. The whole family used to walk about the Cottage for hours every day, snuffing on a travel of discovery; and we distinctly remember the face of one elderly maiden-lady at the moment she thought she had traced the source of the fumée to the wall behind a window-shutter. But even at the very same instant we ourselves had proclaimed it with open nostril from a press in an opposite corner. Terriers were procured—but the dog Billy himself would have been at fault. To pull

down the whole Cottage would have been difficult—at least to build it up again would have been so; so we had to submit. Custom, they say, is second nature, but not when a dead rat is in the house. No, none can ever become accustomed to that; yet good springs out of evil—for the live rats could not endure it, and emigrated to a friend's house, about a mile off, who has never had a sound night's rest from that day. We have not revisited our Cottage for several years; but time does wonders, and we were lately told by a person of some veracity, that the smell was then nearly gone—but our informant is a gentleman of blunted olfactory nerves, having been engaged from seventeen to seventy in a soap-work.

Smoke too! More especially that mysterious and infernal sort, called back-smoke! The old proverb, “No smoke without fire,” is a base lie. We have seen smoke without fire in every room in a most delightful Cottage we inhabited during the dog-days. The moment you rushed for refuge even into a closet, you were blinded and stifled; nor shall we ever forget our horror on being within an ace of smotheration in the cellar. At last, we groped our way into the kitchen. Neither cook nor jack was visible. We heard, indeed, a whirring and revolving noise—and then suddenly Grizie swearing through the mist. Yet all this while people were admiring our cottage from a distance, and especially this self-same accursed back-smoke, some portions of which had made an excursion up the chimneys, and was waving away in a spiral form to the sky, in a style captivating to Mr. Price on the Picturesque.

No doubt, there are many things very romantic about a Cottage. Creepers, for example. Why, sir, these creepers are the most mischievous nuisance that can afflict a family. There is no occasion for mentioning names, but—devil take all parasites. Some of the rogues will actually grow a couple of inches upon you in one day's time; and when all other honest plants are asleep, the creepers are hard at it all night long, stretching out their toes and their fingers, and catching an inextricable hold of every wall they can reach, till, finally, you see them thrusting their impudent heads through the very slates. Then, like other low-bred creatures, they are covered with vermin. All manner of moths—the most grievous grubs—slimy slugs—spiders spinning toils to ensnare the caterpillar—earwigs and slaters, that would raise the gorge of a country curate—woodlice—the slaver of gowk's-spittle—midges—jocks-with-the-many-legs—in short, the whole plague of insects infest that—Virgin's bower. Open the lattice for half an hour, and you find yourself in an entomological museum. Then, there are no pins fixing down the specimens. All these beetles are alive, more especially the enormous blackguard crawling behind your ear. A moth plumps into your tumbler of cold negus, and goes whirling around in meal, till he makes absolute porritch. As you open your mouth in amazement, the large blue-bottle fly, having made his escape from the spiders, and seeing that not a moment is to be lost, precipitates himself head-foremost down your throat, and is felt, after a few ineffectual struggles,

settling in despair at the very bottom of your stomach. Still, no person will be so unreasonable as to deny that creepers on a Cottage are most beautiful. For the sake of their beauty, some little sacrifices must be made of one's comforts, especially as it is only for one-half of the year, and last really was a most delightful summer.

How truly romantic is a thatch roof! The eaves how commodious for sparrows! What a paradise for rats and mice! What a comfortable colony of vermin! They all bore their own tunnels in every direction, and the whole interior becomes a Cretan labyrinth. Frush, frush becomes the whole cover in a few seasons; and not a bird can open his wing, not a rat switch his tail, without scattering the straw like chaff. Eternal repairs! Look when you will, and half-a-dozen thatchers are riding on the rigging: of all operatives the most inoperative. Then there is always one of the number descending the ladder for a horn of ale. Without warning, the straw is all used up; and no more fit for the purpose can be got within twenty miles. They hint heather—and you sigh for slate—the beautiful sky-blue, sea-green, Ballahulish slate! But the summer is nearly over and gone, and you must be flitting back to the city; so you let the job stand over to spring, and the soaking rains and snows of a long winter search the Cottage to its heart's-core, and every floor is erelong laden with a crop of fungi—the bed-posts are ornamented curiously with lichens, and mosses bathe the walls with their various and inimitable lustre.

Everything is romantic that is pastoral—and what more pastoral than sheep? Accordingly, living in a Cottage, you kill your own mutton. Great lubberly Leicesters or South-Downs are not worth the mastication, so you keep the small black-face. Stone walls are ugly things, you think, near a Cottage, so you have rails or hurdles. Day and night are the small black-face, out of pure spite, bouncing through or over all impediments, after an adventurous leader, and, despising the daisied turf, keep nibbling away at all your rare flowering shrubs, till your avenue is a desolation. Every twig has its little ball of wool, and it is a rare time for the nest-makers. You purchase a colley, but he compromises the affair with the fleecy nation, and contents himself with barking all night long at the moon, if there happen to be one, if not, at the firmament of his kennel. You are too humane to hang or drown Luath, so you give him to a friend. But Luath is in love with the cook, and pays her nightly visits. Afraid of being entrapped should he step into the kennel, he takes up his station, after supper, on a knoll within ear-range, and pointing his snout to the stars, joins the music of the spheres, and is himself a perfect Sirius. The gardener at last gets orders to shoot him—and the gun being somewhat rusty, bursts and blows off his left hand—so that Andrew Fairservice retires on a pension.

Of all breeds of cattle we most admire the Alderney. They are slim, delicate, wild-deer-looking creatures, that give an air to a Cottage. But they are most capricious milkers. Of course you make your own butter; that is

to say, with the addition of a dozen purchased pounds weekly, you are not very often out of that commodity. Then, once or twice in a summer, they suddenly lose their temper, and chase the governess and your daughters over the edge of a gravel-pit. Nothing they like so much as the tender sprouts of cauliflower, nor do they abhor green pease. The garden-hedge is of privet, a pretty fence, and fast growing, but not formidable to a four-year-old. On going to eat a few gooseberries by sunrise, you start a covey of cows, that in their alarm plunge into the hot-bed with a smash, as if all the glass in the island had been broken—and rushing out at the gate at the critical instant little Tommy is tottering in, they leave the heir-apparent, scarcely deserving that name, half hidden in the border. There is no sale for such outlandish animals in the home-market, and it is not Martinmas, so you must make a present of them to the president or five silver-cupman of an agricultural society, and you receive in return a sorry red round, desperately saltpetred, at Christmas.

What is a Cottage in the country, unless "your banks are all furnished with bees, whose murmurs invite one to sleep?" There the hives stand, like four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row. Not a more harmless insect in all this world than a bee. Wasps are devils incarnate, but bees are fleshly sprites, as amiable as industrious. You are strolling along, in delightful mental vacuity, looking at a poem of Barry Cornwall's, when smack comes an infuriated honey-maker against your eyelid, and plunges into you the fortieth part of an inch of sting saturated in venom. The wretch clings to your lid like a burr, and it feels as if he had a million claws to hold him on while he is darting his weapon into your eyeball. Your banks are indeed well furnished with bees, but their murmurs do not invite you to sleep; on the contrary, away you fly like a madman, bolt into your wife's room, and roar out for the recipe. The whole of one side of your face is most absurdly swollen, while the other is *in statu quo*. One eye is dwindled away to almost nothing, and is peering forth from its rainbow-coloured envelope, while the other is open as day to melting charity, and shining over a cheek of the purest crimson. Infatuated man! Why could you not purchase your honey? Jemmy Thomson, the poet, would have let you have it, from Habbie's-Howe, the true Pentland elixir, for five shillings the pint; for during this season both the heather and the clover were prolific of the honey-dew, and the Skeps rejoiced over all Scotland on a thousand hills.

We could tell many stories about bees, but that would be leading us away from the main argument. We remember reading in an American newspaper, some years ago, that the United States lost one of their most upright and erudite judges by bees, which stung him to death in a wood while he was going the circuit. About a year afterwards, we read in the same newspaper, "We are afraid we have lost another judge by bees;" and then followed a somewhat affrightful description of the assassination of another American Blackstone

ly the same insects. We could not fail to sympathize with both sufferers; for in the summer of the famous comet we ourselves had nearly shared the same fate. Our Newfoundland-lander upset a hive in his vagaries—and the whole swarm unjustly attacked us. The buzz was an absolute roar—and for the first time in our lives we were under a cloud. Such bizzing in our hair! and of what avail were fifty-times-washed nankeen breeches against the Polish Lancers? With our trusty crutch we made thousands bite the dust—but the wounded and dying crawled up our legs, and stung us cruelly over the lower regions. At last we took to flight, and found shelter in the ice-house. But it seemed as if a new hive had been disturbed in that cool grotto. Again we sallied out stripping off garment after garment, till in *puris naturalibus*, we leaped into a window, which happened to be that of the drawing-room, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen were awaiting the dinner-bell—but fancy must dream the rest.

We now offer a Set of Blackwood's Magazine to any scientific character who will answer this seemingly simple question—what is Damp? Quicksilver is a joke to it, for getting into or out of any place. Capricious as damp is, it is faithful in its affection to all Cottages ornées. What more pleasant than a bow-window? You had better, however, not sit with your back against the wall, for it is as blue and rosy as that of a charnel-house. Probably the wall is tastily papered—a vine-leaf pattern perhaps—or something spriggy—or in the aviary line—or, mayhap, hay-makers, or shepherds piping in the dale. But all distinctions are levelled in the mould—Phyllis has a black patch over her eye, and Strephon seems to be playing on a pair of bellows. Damp delights to descend chimneys, and is one of smoke's most powerful auxiliaries. It is a thousand pities you hung up—just in that unlucky spot—Grecian Williams's Thebes—for now one of the finest water-colour paintings in the world is not worth six-and-eightpence. There is no living in the country without a library. Take down, with all due caution, that enormous tome, the Excursion, and let us hear something of the Pedlar. There is an end to the invention of printing. Lo and behold, blank verse indeed! You cannot help turning over twenty leaves at once, for they are all amalgamated in must and mouldiness. Lord Byron himself is no better than an Egyptian mummy; and the Great Unknown addresses you in hieroglyphics.

We have heard different opinions maintained on the subject of damp sheets. For our own part, we always wish to feel the difference between sheets and cerements. We hate every thing clammy. It is awkward, on leaping out of bed to admire the moon, to drag along with you, glued round the body and members, the whole paraphernalia of the couch. It can never be good for rheumatism—problematical even for fever. Now, be candid—did you ever sleep in perfectly dry sheets in a Cottage ornée? You would not like to say "No, never," in the morning—privately, to host or hostess. But confess publicly, and

trace your approaching retirement from all the troubles of this life, to the dimity-curtained cubiculum on Tweedside.

We know of few events so restorative as the arrival of a coachful of one's friends, if the house be roomy. But if every thing there be on a small scale, how tremendous a sudden importation of live cattle! The children are all trundled away out of the cottage, and their room given up to the young ladies, with all its enigmatical and emblematical wall-tracery. The captain is billeted in the boudoir, on a shake-down. My lady's maid must positively pass the night in the butler's pantry, and the valet makes a dormitory of the store-room. Where the old gentleman and his spouse have been disposed of, remains as controversial a point as the authorship of Junius; but next morning at the breakfast-table, it appears that all have survived the night, and the hospitable hostess remarks, with a self-complacent smile, that small as the cottage appears, it has wonderful accommodation, and could have easily admitted half a dozen more patients. The visitors politely request to be favoured with a plan of so very commodious a cottage, but silently swear never again to sleep in a house of one story, till life's brief tale be told.

But not one half the comforts of a cottage have yet been enumerated—nor shall they be by us at the present juncture. Suffice it to add, that the strange coachman had been persuaded to put up his horses in the outhouses, instead of taking them to an excellent inn about two miles off. The old black long-tailed steeds, that had dragged the vehicle for nearly twenty years, had been lodged in what was called the stable, and the horse behind 'had been introduced into the byre. As bad luck would have it, a small, sick, and surly shelly was in his stall; and without the slightest provocation, he had, during the night-watches, so handled his heels against Mr. Fox, that he had not left the senior a leg to stand upon, while he had bit a lump out of the buttocks of Mr. Pitt little less than an orange. A cow, afraid of her calf, had committed an assault on the roadster, and tore up his flank with her crooked horn as clean as if it had been a ripping chisel. The party had to proceed with post-horses; and although Mr. Dick be at once one of the most skilful and most moderate of veterinary surgeons, his bill at the end of autumn was necessarily as long as that of a proctor. Mr. Fox gave up the ghost—Mr. Pitt was put on the superannuated list—and Joseph Hume, the hack, was sent to the dogs.

To this condition, then, we must come at last, that if you build at all in the country, it must be a mansion three stories high, at the lowest—large airy rooms—roof of slates and lead—and walls of the freestone or the Roman cement. No small black-faces, no Alderneys, no beehives. Buy all your vivres, and live like a gentleman. Seldom or never be without a houseful of company. If you manage your family matters properly, you may have your time nearly as much at your own disposal as if you were the greatest of hunkses, and never gave but unavoidable dinners. Let the breakfast-gong sound at ten o'clock—quite

soon enough. The young people will have been romping about the parlours or the purlieus for a couple of hours—and will all make their appearance in the beauty of high health and high spirits. Chat away as long as need be, after muffins and mutton-ham, in small groups on sofas and settees, and then slip you away to your library, to add a chapter to your novel, or your history, or to any other task that is to make you immortal. Let gigs and curricles draw up in the circle, and the wooing and betrothed wheel away across a few parishes. Let the pedestrians saunter off into the woods or to the hillside—the anglers be off to loch or river. No great harm even in a game or two at billiards—if such be of any the cue—sagacious spinsters of a certain age, staid dowagers, and bachelors of sedentary habits, may have recourse, without blame, to the chess or backgammon board. At two lunch—and at six the dinner-gong will bring the whole flock together, all dressed—mind that—all dressed, for slovenliness is an abomination. Let no elderly gentleman, however bilious and rich, seek to monopolize a young lady—but study the nature of things. Champagne of course, and if not all the delicacies, at least all the substantialities of the season. Join the ladies in about two hours—a little elevated or so—almost imperceptibly—but still a little elevated or so; then music—whispering in corners—if moonlight and stars, then an hour's out-of-door study of astronomy—no very regular supper—but an appearance of plates and tumblers, and to bed, to happy dreams and slumbers light, at the witching hour. Let no gentleman or lady snore, if it can be avoided, lest they annoy the crickets; and if you hear any extraordinary noise round and round about the mansion, be not alarmed, for why should not the owls choose their own hour of revelry?

Fond as we are of the country, we would not, had we our option, live there all the year round. We should just wish to linger into the winter about as far as the middle of December—then to a city—say at once Edinburgh. There is as good skating-ground, and as good curling-ground, at Lochend and Duddingstone, as any where in all Scotland—nor is there anywhere else better beef and greens. There is no perfection anywhere, but Edinburgh society is excellent. We are certainly agreeable citizens; with just a sufficient spice of party spirit to season the feast of reason and the flow of soul, and to prevent society from becoming drowsily unanimous. Without the fillip of a little scandal, honest people would fall asleep; and surely it is far preferable to that to abuse one's friends with moderation. Even Literature and the Belles Lettres are not entirely useless; and our Human Life would not be so delightful as that of Mr. Rogers, without a few occasional Noctes Ambrosianæ.

But the title of our article recalls our wandering thoughts, and our talk must be of Cottages. Now, think not, beloved reader, that we care not for Cottages, for that would indeed be a gross mistake. But our very affections are philosophical; our sympathies have all

their source in reason; and our admiration is always built on the foundation of truth. Taste, and feeling, and thought, and experience, and knowledge of this life's concerns, are all indispensable to the true delights the imagination experiences in beholding a beautiful *bonâ fide* Cottage. It must be the dwelling of the poor; and it is that which gives it its whole character. By the poor, we mean not paupers, beggars; but families who, to eat, must work, and who, by working, may still be able to eat. Plain, coarse, not scanty, but unsuperfluous fare is theirs from year's-end to year's-end, excepting some decent and grateful change on chance holydays of nature's own appointment—a wedding, or a christening, or a funeral. Yes, a funeral; for when this mortal coil is shuffled off, why should the hundreds of people that come trooping over muirs and mosses to see the body deposited, walk so many miles, and lose a whole day's work, without a dinner? And, if there be a dinner, should it not be a good one? And if a good one, will the company not be social? But this is a subject for a future paper, nor need such paper be of other than a cheerful character. Poverty, then, is the builder and beautifier of all huts and cottages. But the views of honest poverty are always hopeful and prospective. Strength of muscle and strength of mind form a truly Holy Alliance; and the future brightens before the steadfast eyes of trust. Therefore, when a house is built in the valley, or on the hillside—be it that of the poorest cottar—there is some little room, or nook, or spare place, which hope consecrates to the future. Better times may come—a shilling or two may be added to the week's wages—parsimony may accumulate a small capital in the Savings bank sufficient to purchase an old eight-day clock, a chest of drawers for the wife, a curtained bed for the lumber-place, which a little labour will convert into a bed-room. It is not to be thought that the pasture-fields become every year greener, and the corn-fields every harvest more yellow—that the hedgerows grow to thicker fragrance, and the birch-tree waves its tresses higher in the air, and expands its white-rinded stem almost to the bulk of a tree of the forest—and yet that there shall be no visible progress from good to better in the dwelling of those whose hands and hearts thus cultivate the soil into rejoicing beauty. As the whole land prospers, so does each individual dwelling. Every ten years, the observing eye sees a new expression on the face of the silent earth; the law of labour is no melancholy lot; for to industry the yoke is easy, and content is its own exceeding great reward.

Therefore, it does our heart good to look on a Cottage. Here the objections to straw-roofs have no application. A few sparrows chirping and fluttering in the eaves can do no great harm, and they serve to amuse the children. The very baby in the cradle, when all the family are in the fields, mother and all, hears the cheerful twitter, and is reconciled to solitude. The quantity of corn that a few sparrows can eat—greedy creatures as they are—cannot be very deadly; and it is chiefly in the winter time that they attack the stacks, when there is

much excuse to be made on the plea of hunger. As to the destruction of a little thatch, why, there is not a boy about the house, above ten years, who is not a thatcher, and there is no expense in such repairs. Let the honeysuckle too steal up the wall, and even blind unchecked a corner of the kitchen-window. Its fragrance will often cheer unconsciously the labourer's heart, as, in the midday-hour of rest, he sits dandling his child on his knee, or converses with the passing pedlar. Let the moss-rose tree flourish, that its bright blush-balls may dazzle in the kirk the eyes of the lover of fair Helen Irwin, as they rise and fall with every movement of a bosom yet happy in its virgin innocence. Nature does not spread in vain her flowers in flush and fragrance over every obscure nook of earth. Simple and pure is the delight they inspire. Not to the poet's eye alone is their language addressed. The beautiful symbols are understood by lowliest minds; and while the philosophical Wordsworth speaks of the meanest flower that blows giving a joy too deep for tears, so do all mankind feel the exquisite truth of Burns's more simple address to the mountain-daisy which his ploughshare had upturned. The one touches sympathies too profound to be general—the other speaks as a son of the soil affected by the fate of the most familiar flower that springs from the bosom of our common dust.

Generally speaking, there has been a spirit of improvement at work, during these last twenty years, upon all the Cottages in Scotland. The villages are certainly much neater and cleaner than formerly, and in very few respects, if any, positively offensive. Perhaps none of them have—nor ever will have—the exquisite trimness, the habitual and hereditary rustic elegance, of the best villages of England. There, even the idle and worthless have an instinctive love of what is decent, and orderly, and pretty in their habitations. The very drunkard must have a well-sanded floor, a clean-swept hearth, clear-polished furniture, and uncobwebbed walls to the room in which he quaffs, guzzles, and smokes himself into stupidity. His wife may be a scold, but seldom a slattern—his children ill taught, but well apparelled. Much of this is observable even among the worst of the class; and, no doubt, such things must also have their effect in tempering and restraining excesses. Whereas, on the other hand, the house of a well-behaved, well-doing English villager is a perfect model of comfort and propriety. In Scotland, the houses of the dissolute are always dens of dirt, and disorder, and distraction. All ordinary goings-on are inextricably confused—meals eaten in different nooks, and at no regular hour—nothing in its right place or time—the whole abode as if on the eve of a fitting; while, with few exceptions, even in the dwellings of the best families in the village, one may detect occasional forgetfulness of trifling matters, that, if remembered, would be found greatly conducive to comfort—occasional insensibilities to what would be graceful in their condition, and might be secured at little expense and less trouble—occasional blindness to minute deformities that mar the aspect of the

household, and which an awakened eye would sweep away as absolute nuisances. Perhaps the very depth of their affections—the solemnity of their religious thought—and the reflective spirit in which they carry on the warfare of life—hide from them the perception of what, after all, is of such very inferior moment, and even create a sort of austerity of character which makes them disregard, too much, trifles that appear to have no influence or connection with the essence of weal or woe. Yet if there be any truth in this, it affords, we confess, an explanation rather than a justification.

Our business at present, however, is rather with single Cottages than with villages. We Scottish people have, for some years past, been doing all we could to make ourselves ridiculous, by claiming for our capital the name of Modern Athens, and talking all manner of nonsense about a city which stands nobly on its own proper foundation; while we have kept our mouths comparatively shut about the beauty of our hills and vales, and the rational happiness that everywhere overflows our native land. Our character is to be found in the country; and therefore, gentle reader, behold along with us a specimen of Scottish scenery. It is not above some four miles long—its breadth somewhere about a third of its length; a fair oblong, sheltered and secluded by a line of varied eminences, on some of which lies the power of cultivation, and over others the vivid verdure peculiar to a pastoral region; while, telling of disturbed times past for ever, stand yonder the ruins of an old fortalice or keep, picturesque in its deserted decay. The plough has stopped at the edge of the profitable and beautiful coppice-woods, and encircled the tall elm-grove. The rocky pasturage, with its clovery and daisied turf, is alive with sheep and cattle—its briery knolls with birds—its broom and whins with bees—and its wimpling burn with trouts and minnows glancing through the shallows, or leaping among the cloud of insects that glitter over its pools. Here and there a cottage—not above twenty in all—one low down in the holm, another on a cliff beside the waterfall: that is the mill—another breaking the horizon in its more ambitious station—and another far up at the hill-foot, where there is not a single tree, only shrubs and brackens. On a bleak day, there is but little beauty in such a glen; but when the sun is cloudless, and all the light serene, it is a place where poet or painter may see visions, and dream dreams, of the very age of gold. At such seasons, there is a homefelt feeling of humble reality, blending with the emotions of imagination. In such places, the low-born, high-souled poets of old breathed forth their songs, and hymns, and elegies—the undying lyrical poetry of the heart of Scotland.

Take the remotest cottage first in order, HILLFOOT, and hear who are its inmates—the Schoolmaster and his spouse. The school-house stands on a little unappropriated piece of ground—at least it seems to be so—quite at the head of the glen; for there the hills sink down on each side, and afford an easy access to the seat of learning from two neighbouring

vales, both in the same parish. Perhaps fifty scholars are there taught—and with their small fees, and his small salary, Allan Easton is contented. Allan was originally intended for the Church; but some peccadilloes obstructed his progress with the Presbytery, and he never was a preacher. That disappointment of all his hopes was for many years grievously felt, and somewhat soured his mind with the world. It is often impossible to recover one single false step in the slippery road of life—and Allan Easton, year after year, saw himself falling farther and farther into the rear of almost all his contemporaries. One became a minister, and got a manse, with a stipend of twenty chalders; another grew into an East India Nabob; one married the laird's widow, and kept a pack of hounds; another expanded into a colonel; one cleared a plum by a cotton-mill; another became the Cæsar of a bank—while Allan, who had beat them all hollow at all the classes, wore second-hand clothes, and lived on the same fare with the poorest hind in the parish. He had married, rather too late, the partner of his frailties—and after many trials, and, as he thought, not a few persecutions, he got settled at last, when his head, not very old, was getting gray, and his face somewhat wrinkled. His wife, during his worst poverty, had gone again into service—the lot, indeed, to which she had been born; and Allan had struggled and starved upon private teaching. His appointment to the parish-school had, therefore, been to them both a blessed elevation. The office was respectable—and loftier ambition had long been dead. Now they are old people—considerably upwards of sixty—and twenty years' professional life have converted Allan Easton, once the wild and eccentric genius, into a staid, solemn, formal, and pedantic pedagogue. All his scholars love him, for even in the discharge of such very humble duties, talents make themselves felt and respected; and the kindness of an affectionate and once sorely wounded but now healed heart, is never lost upon the susceptible imaginations of the young. Allan has sometimes sent out no contemptible scholars, as scholars go in Scotland, to the universities; and his heart has warmed within him when he has read their names, in the newspaper from the manse, in the list of successful competitors for prizes. During vacation-time, Allan and his spouse leave their cottage locked up, and disappear, none know exactly whither, on visits to an old friend or two, who have not altogether forgotten them in their obscurity. During the rest of the year, his only out-of-doors amusement is an afternoon's angling, an art in which it is universally allowed he excels all mortal men, both in river and loch; and often, during the long winter nights, when the shepherd is walking by his dwelling, to visit his "ain lassie," down the burn, he hears Allan's fiddle playing, in the solitary silence, some one of those Scottish melodies, that we know not whether it be cheerful or plaintive, but soothing to every heart that has been at all acquainted with grief. Rumour says too, but rumour has not a scrupulous conscience, that the Schoolmaster, when he meets with pleasant

company, either at home or a friend's house, is not averse to a hospitable cup, and that then the memories of other days crowd upon his brain, and loosen his tongue into eloquence. Old Susan keeps a sharp warning eye upon her husband on all such occasions; but Allan braves its glances, and is forgiven.

We see only the uncertain glimmer of their dwelling through the low-lying mist; and therefore we cannot describe it, as if it were clearly before our eyes. But should you ever chance to angle your way up to *Hillfoot*, admire Allan Easton's flower-garden, and the jargonel pear-tree on the southern gable. The climate is somewhat high, but it is not cold; and, except when the spring-frosts come late and sharp, there do all blossoms and fruits abound, on every shrub and tree native to Scotland. You will hardly know how to distinguish—or rather, to speak in clerical phrase, to analyze the sound prevalent over the fields and air; for it is made up of that of the burn, of bees, of old Susan's wheel, and the hum of the busy school. But now it is the play-hour, and Allan Easton comes into his kitchen for his frugal dinner. Brush up your Latin, and out with a few of the largest trouts in your pannier. Susan fries them in fresh butter and oatmeal—the gray-haired pedagogue asks a blessing—and a merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth, you never passed an hour's talk withal. So much for Allan Easton and Susan his spouse.

You look as if you wished to ask who inhabits the Cottage—on the left hand yonder—that stares upon us with four front windows, and pricks up its ears like a new-started hare! Why, sir, that was once a Shooting-box. It was built about twenty years ago, by a sporting gentleman of two excellent double-barrelled guns, and three stanch pointers. He attempted to live there, several times, from the 12th of August till the end of September, and went pluffing disconsolately among the hills from sunrise to sunset. He has been long dead and buried; and the Box, they say, is now haunted. It has been attempted to be let furnished, and there is now a board to that effect hung out like an escutcheon. Picturesque people say it ruins the whole beauty of the glen; but we must not think so, for it is not in the power of the ugliest house that ever was built to do that, although, to effect such a purpose, it is unquestionably a skilful contrivance. The window-shutters have been closed for several years, and the chimneys look as if they had breathed their last. It stands in a perpetual eddy, and the ground shelves so all around it, that there is barely room for a barrel to catch the rain-drippings from the slate-eaves. If it be indeed haunted, pity the poor ghost! You may have it on a lease, short or long, for merely paying the taxes. Every year it costs some pounds in advertisement. What a jointure-house it would be for a relict! By name, *WINDY-KNOWE*.

Nay, let us not fear to sketch the character of its last inhabitant, for we desire but to speak the truth. Drunkard, stand forward, that we may have a look at you, and draw your picture. There he stands! The mouth of the

drunkard you may observe, contracts a singularly sensitive appearance—seemingly red and rawish; and he is perpetually licking or smacking his lips, as if his palate were dry and adust. His is a thirst that water will not quench. He might as well drink air. His whole being burns for a dram. The whole world is contracted into a caulker. He would sell his soul in such extremity, were the black bottle denied him, for a gulp. Not to save his soul from eternal fire, would he, or rather could he, if left alone with it, refrain from pulling out the plug, and sucking away at destruction. What a snout he turns up to the morning air, inflamed, pimpled, snubby, and snorty, and with a nob at the end on't like one carved out of a stick by the knife of a schoolboy—rough and hot to the very eye—a nose which, rather than pull, you would submit even to be in some degree insulted. A perpetual cough harasses and exhausts him, and a perpetual expectation. How his hand trembles! It is an effort even to sign his name: one of his sides is certainly not by any means as sound as the other: there has been a touch of palsy there; and the next hint will draw down his chin to his collar-bone, and convert him, a month before dissolution, into a slavering idiot. There is no occupation, small or great, insignificant or important, to which he can turn, for any length of time, his hand, his heart, or his head. He cannot angle—for his fingers refuse to tie a knot, much more to busk a fly. The glimmer and the glow of the stream would make his brain dizzy—to wet his feet now would, he fears, be death. Yet he thinks that he will go out—during that sunny blink of a showery day—and try the well-known pool in which he used to bathe in boyhood, with the long, matted, green-trailing water-plants depending on the slippery rocks, and the water-ousel gliding from beneath the arch that hides her “procureant cradle,” and then sinking like a stone suddenly in the limpid stream. He sits down on the bank, and fumbling in his pouch for his pocket-book, brings out, instead, a pocket-pistol. Turning his fiery face towards the mild, blue, vernal sky, he pours the gurgling brandy down his throat—first one dose, and then another—till, in an hour, stupefied and dazed, he sees not the silvery crimson-spotted trouts, shooting, and leaping, and tumbling, and plunging in deep and shallow; a day on which, with one of Captain Colley's March-Browns, in an hour we could fill our pannier. Or, if it be autumn or winter, he calls, perhaps, with a voice at once gruff and feeble, on old Ponto, and will take a pluff at the partridges. In former days, down they used to go, right and left, in potatoe or turnip-field, broomy brae or stubble—but now his sight is dim and wavering, and his touch trembles on the trigger. The covey whirs off, unalarmed in a single feather—and poor Ponto, remembering better days, cannot conceal his melancholy, falls in at his master's heel, and will range no more. Out, as usual, comes the brandy-bottle—he is still a good shot when his mouth is the mark; and having emptied the fatal flask, he staggers homewards, with the muzzles of his double-barrel fre-

quently pointed to his ear, both being on full cock, and his brains not blown out only by a miracle. He tries to read the newspaper—just arrived—but cannot find his spectacles. Then, by way of variety, he attempts a tune on the fiddle; but the bridge is broken, and her side cracked, and the bass-string snapped—and she is restored to her peg among the cobwebs. In comes a red-headed, stockingless lass, with her carrots in papers, and lays the cloth for dinner—salt beef and greens. But the Major's stomach scunners at the Skye-stot—his eyes roll eagerly for the hot-water—and in a couple of hours he is dead-drunk in his chair, or stoitering and staggering, in aimless dalliance with the scullion, among the pots and pans of an ever-disorderly and dirty kitchen. Mean people, in shabby sporting velvetreen dresses, rise up as he enters from the dresser covered with cans, jugs, and quechs, and take off their rusty and greasy napless hats to the Major; and, to conclude the day worthily—and consistently, he squelches himself down among the reprobate crew, takes his turn at smutty jest and smuttier song, which drive even the jades out of the kitchen—falls back insensible, exposed to gross and indecent practical jokes from the vilest of the unhanged—and finally is carried to bed on a hand-barrow, with hanging head and heels, like a calf across a butcher's cart, and, with glazed eyes and lolling tongue, is tumbled upon the quilt—if ever to awake it is extremely doubtful; but if awake he do, it is to the same wretched round of brutal degradation—a career, of which the inevitable close is an unfriended death-bed and a pauper's grave. O hero! six feet high, and once with a brawn like Hercules—in the prime of life too—well born and well bred—once bearing the king's commission—and on that glorious morn, now forgotten or bitterly remembered, thanked on the field of battle by Picton, though he of the fighting division was a hero of few words—is that a death worthy of a man—a soldier—and a Christian? A dram-drinker! Faugh! faugh! Look over—lean over that stile, where a pig lies wallowing in mire—and a voice, faint and feeble, and far off, as if it came from some dim and remote world within your lost soul will cry, that of the two beasts, that bristly one, agrunt in sensual sleep, with its snout snoring across the husk trough, is, as a physical, moral and intellectual being, superior to you, late Major in his Majesty's—regiment of foot, now dram-drinker, drunkard, and dotard, and self-doomed to a disgraceful and disgusting death ere you shall have completed your thirtieth year. What a changed being from that day when you carried the colours, and were found, the bravest of the brave, and the most beautiful of the beautiful, with the glorious tatters wrapped round your body all drenched in blood, your hand grasping the broken sabre, and two grim Frenchmen lying hacked and hewed at your feet! Your father and your mother saw your name in the “Great Lord's” Despatch; and it was as much as he could do to keep her from falling on the floor, for “her joy was like a deep affright!” Both are dead now and better so, for the sight of that blotched

face and those glazed eyes, now and then glittering in fitful frenzy, would have killed them both, nor, after such a spectacle, could their old bones have rested in the grave.

Alas, Scotland—ay, well-educated, moral, religious Scotland can show, in the bosom of her bonny banks and braes, cases worse than this; at which, if there be tears in heaven, the angels weep. Look at that gray-headed man, of threescore and upwards, sitting by the wayside! He was once an Elder of the Kirk, and a pious man he was, if ever piety adorned the temples—"the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare," of a Scottish peasant. What eye beheld the many hundred steps, that one by one, with imperceptible gradation, led him down—down—to the lowest depths of shame, suffering, and ruin? For years before it was bruited abroad through the parish that Gabriel Mason was addicted to drink, his wife used to sit weeping alone in the spence when her sons and daughters were out at their work in the fields, and the infatuated man, fierce in the excitement of raw ardent spirits, kept causelessly raging and storming through every nook of that once so peaceful tenement, which for many happy years had never been disturbed by the loud voice of anger or reproach. His eyes were seldom turned on his unhappy wife except with a sullen scowl, or fiery wrath; but when they did look on her with kindness, there was also a rueful self-upbraiding in their expression, on account of his cruelty; and at sight of such transitory tenderness, her heart would overflow with forgiving affection, and her sunk eyes with unendurable tears. But neither domestic sin nor domestic sorrow will conceal from the eyes and the ears of men; and at last Gabriel Mason's name was a by-word in the mouth of the scoffer. One Sabbath he entered the kirk in a state of miserable abandonment, and from that day he was no longer an elder. To regain his character seemed to him, in his desperation, beyond the power of man, and against the decree of God. So he delivered himself up, like a slave, to that one appetite, and in a few years his whole household had gone to destruction. His wife was a matron, almost in the prime of life, when she died; but as she kept wearing away to the other world, her face told that she felt her years had been too many in this. Her eldest son, unable, in pride and shame, to lift up his eyes at kirk or market, went away to the city, and enlisted into a regiment about to embark on foreign service. His two sisters went to take farewell of him, but never returned; one, it is said, having died of a fever in the Infirmary, just as if she had been a pauper; and the other—for the sight of sin, and sorrow, and shame, and suffering, is ruinous to the soul—gave herself up, in her beauty, an easy prey to a destroyer, and doubtless has run her course of agonies, and is now at peace. The rest of the family dropt down, one by one, out of sight, into inferior situations in far-off places; but there was a curse, it was thought, hanging over the family, and of none of them did ever a favourable report come to their native parish; while he, the infatuated sinner, whose vice seemed to have worked all the wo,

remained in the chains of his tyrannical passion, nor seemed ever, for more than the short term of a day, to cease hugging them to his heart. Semblance of all that is most venerable in the character of Scotland's peasantry! Image of a perfect patriarch, walking out to meditate at eventide! What a noble forehead! Features how high, dignified, and composed! There, sitting in the shade of that old wayside tree, he seems some religious Missionary, travelling to and fro over the face of the earth, seeking out sin and sorrow, that he may tame them under the word of God, and change their very being into piety and peace. Call him not a hoary hypocrite, for he cannot help that noble—that venerable—that apostolic aspect—that dignified figure, as if bent gently by Time, loath to touch it with too heavy a hand—that holy sprinkling over his furrowed temples of the silver-soft, and the snow-white hair—these are the gifts of gracious Nature all—and Nature will not reclaim them, but in the tomb. That is Gabriel Mason—the Drunkard! And in an hour you may, if your eyes can bear the sight, see and hear him staggering up and down the village, cursing, swearing, preaching, praying—stoned by blackguard boys and girls, who hound all the dogs and curs at his heels, till, taking refuge in the smithy or the pot-house, he becomes the sport of grown clowns, and, after much idiot laughter, ruefully mingled with sighs, and groans, and tears, he is suffered to mount upon a table, and urged, perhaps, by reckless folly to give out a text from the Bible, which is nearly all engraven on his memory—so much and so many other things effaced for ever—and there, like a wild itinerant, he stammers forth unintentional blasphemy, till the liquor he has been allowed or instigated to swallow, smites him suddenly senseless, and, falling down, he is huddled off into a corner of some lumber-room; and left to sleep—better far for such a wretch were it to death.

Let us descend, then, from that most inclement front, into the lown boundaries of the HOLM. The farm-steading covers a goodly portion of the peninsula shaped by the burn, that here looks almost like a river. With its outhouses it forms three sides of a square, and the fourth is composed of a set of jolly stacks, that will keep the thrashing-machine at work during all the winter. The interior of the square rejoices in a glorious dung-hill, (Oh, breathe not the name!) that will cover every field with luxuriant harvests—twelve bolls of oats to the acre. There the cattle—oxen yet "lean, and lank, and brown as is the ribbed sea-sand," will, in a few months, eat themselves up, on straw and turnip, into obesity. There turkeys walk demure—there geese waddle, and there the feathery-legged king of Bantam struts among his seraglio, keeping pertly aloof from double-combed Chanticleer, that squire of dames, crowing to his partlets. There a cloud of pigeons often descends among the corny chaff, and then whirs off to the uplands. No chained mastiff looking grimly from the kennel's mouth, but a set of cheerful and sagacious colleys are seen sitting on their hurdles, or "worrying iither in

diversion." A snaggy colt or two, and a brood mare, with a spice of blood, and a foal at her heels, know their shed, and evidently are favourites with the family. Out comes the master, a rosy-cheeked carle, upwards of six feet high, broad-shouldered, with a blue bonnet and velvet breeches—a man not to be jostled on the crown o' the causey, and a match for any horse-couper from Bewcastle, or gipsy from Yetholm. But let us into the kitchen. There's the wife—a bit tidy body—and pretty withal—more authoritative in her quiet demeanour than the most tyrannical mere housekeeper that ever thumped a servant lass with the beetle. These three are her daughters. First, Girzie, the eldest, seemingly older than her mother—for she is somewhat hard-favoured, and strong red hair dangling over a squint eye, is apt to give an expression of advanced years, even to a youthful virgin. Vaccination was not known in Girzie's babyhood, but she is, nevertheless, a clean-skinned creature, and her full bosom is white as snow. She is what is delicately called a strapper, rosy-armed as the morning, and not a little of an Aurora about the ankles. She makes her way, in all household affairs, through every impediment, and will obviously prove, whenever the experiment is made, a most excellent wife. Mysie, the second daughter, is more composed, more genteel, and sits sewing, with her a favourite occupation, for she has very neat hands; and is, in fact, the milliner and mantua-maker for all the house. She could no more lift that enormous pan of boiling water off the fire than she could fly, which in the grasp of Girzie is safely landed on the hearth.* Mysie has somewhat of a pensive look, as if in love—and we have heard that she is betrothed to young Mr. Rentoul, the divinity student, who lately made a speech before the Anti-patronage Society, and therefore may reasonably expect very soon to get a kirk. But look—there comes dancing in from the ewe-bughts the bright-eyed Bessy, the flower of the flock, the most beautiful girl in Almondale, and fit to be bosom-burd of the Gentle Shepherd himself! Oh that we were a poet, to sing the innocence of her budding breast! But—Heaven preserve us!—what is the angelic creature about? Making rumble-de-thumps! Now she pounds the potatoes and cabbages as with pestle and mortar! Ever and anon licking the butter off her fingers, and then dashing in the salt! Methinks her laugh is out of all bounds loud—and, unless my eyes deceived me, that stout lout whispered in her delicate ear some coarse jest, that made the eloquent blood mount up into her not undelighted countenance. Heavens and earth!—perhaps an assignation in the barn, or byre, or bush aboon Traquair. But the long dresser is set out with dinner—the gudeman's bonnet is reverently laid aside—and if any stomach assembled there be now empty, it is not likely, judging from appearances, that it will be in that state again before next Sabbath—and it is now but the middle of the week. Was it not my Lord Byron who liked not to see women eat? Poo—poo—non-sense! We like to see them not only eat—

but devour. Not a set of teeth round that kitchen-dresser that is not white as the driven snow. Breath too, in spite of syboes, sweet as dawn-dew—the whole female frame full of health, freshness, spirit, and animation! Away all delicate wooers, thrice-high-fantastical! The diet is wholesome—and the sleep will be sound; therefore eat away, Bessy—nor fear to laugh, although your pretty mouth be full—for we are no poet to madden into misanthropy at your mastication; and, in spite of the heartiest meal ever virgin ate, to us these lips are roses still, "thy eyes are lode-stars, and thy breath sweet air." Would for thy sake we had been born a shepherd-groom! No—no—no! For some few joyous years mayest thou wear thy silken snood unharmed, and silence with thy songs the linnet among the broom, at the sweet hour of prime. And then mayest thou plight thy truth—in all the warmth of innocence—to some ardent yet thoughtful youth, who will carry his bride exultingly to his own low-roofed home—toil for her and the children at her knees, "through summer's heat and winter's cold—and sit with her in the kirk, when long years have gone by, a comely matron, attended by daughters acknowledged to be fair—but neither so fair, nor so good, nor so pious, as their mother.

What a contrast to the jocund Holm is the **ROWAN-TREE-HUT**—so still, and seemingly so desolate! It is close upon the public road, and yet so low, that you might pass it without observing its turf-roof. There live old Aggy Robinson, the carrier, and her consumptive daughter. Old Aggy has borne that epithet for twenty years, and her daughter is not much under sixty. That poor creature is bedridden and helpless, and has to be fed almost like a child. Old Aggy has for many years had the same white pony—well named Samson—that she drives three times a-week, all the year round, to and from the nearest market-town, carrying all sorts of articles to nearly twenty different families, living miles apart. Every other day in the week—for there is but one Sabbath either to herself or Samson—she drives coals, or peat, or wood, or lime, or stones for the roads. She is clothed in a man's coat, an old rusty beaver, and a red petticoat. Aggy never was a beauty, and now she is almost frightful, with a formidable beard, and a rough voice—and violent gestures, encouraging the overlaid enemy of the Philistines. But as soon as she enters her hut, she is silent, patient, and affectionate, at her daughter's bedside. They sleep on the same chaff-mattress, and she hears, during the dead of the night, her daughter's slightest moan. Her voice is not rough at all when the poor old creature is saying her prayers; nor, we may be well assured, is its lowest whisper unheard in heaven.

Your eyes are wandering away to the eastern side of the vale, and they have fixed themselves on the Cottage of the **SEVEN OAKS**. The grove is a noble one; and, indeed, those are the only timber-trees in the valley. There is a tradition belonging to the grove, but we shall tell it some other time; now, we have to do with that mean-looking Cottage, all unworthy of such

magnificent shelter. With its ragged thatch it has a cold cheerless look—almost a look of indigence. The walls are sordid in the streaked ochre-wash—a wisp of straw supplies the place of a broken pane—the door seems as if it were inhospitable—and every object about is in untended disorder. The green pool in front, with its floating straws and feathers, and miry edge, is at once unhealthy and need-less; the hedgerows are full of gaps, and open at the roots; the few garments spread upon them seem to have stiffened in the weather, forgotten by the persons who placed them there; and half-starved young cattle are straying about in what once was a garden. Wretched sight it is; for that dwelling, although never beautiful, was once the tidiest and best-kept in all the district. But what has misery to do with the comfort of its habitation?

The owner of that house was once a man well to do in the world; but he minded this world's goods more than it was fitting to do, and made Mammon his god. Abilities he possessed far beyond the common run of men, and he applied them all, with all the energy of a strong mind, to the accumulation of wealth. Every rule of his life had that for its ultimate end; and he despised a bargain unless he outwitted his neighbour. Without any acts of downright knavery, he was not an honest man—hard to the poor—and a tyrannical master. He sought to wring from the very soil more than it could produce; his servants, among whom were his wife and daughter, he kept at work, like slaves, from twilight to twilight; and was a forestaller and a regrater—a character which, when Political Economy was unknown, was of all the most odious in the judgment of simple husbandmen. His spirits rose with the price of meal, and every handful dealt out to the beggar was paid like a tax. What could the Bible teach to such a man? What good could he derive from the calm air of the house of worship? He sent his only son to the city, with injunctions instilled into him to make the most of all transactions, at every hazard but that of his money; and the consequence was, in a few years, shame, ruin, and expatriation. His only daughter, imprisoned, dispirited, enthralled, fell a prey to a vulgar seducer; and being driven from her father's house, abandoned herself, in hopeless misery, to a life of prostitution. His wife, heartbroken by cruelty and affliction, was never afterwards altogether in her right mind, and now sits weeping by the hearth, or wanders off to distant places, lone houses and villages, almost in the condition of an idiot—wild-eyed, loose-haired, and dressed like a very beggar. Speculation after speculation failed—with farm-yard crowded with old stacks, he had to curse three successive plentiful harvests—and his mailing was now destitute. The unhappy man grew sour, stern, fierce, in his calamity; and, when his brain was inflamed with liquor, a dangerous madman. He is now a sort of cattle-dealer—buys and sells miserable horses—and at fairs associates with knaves and reprobates, knowing that no honest man will deal with him except in pity or derision. He has more than once attempted to commit

suicide; but palsy has stricken him—and in a few weeks he will totter into the grave.

There is a Cottage in that hollow, and you see the smoke—even the chimney-top, but you could not see the Cottage itself, unless you were within fifty yards of it, so surrounded is it with knolls and small green eminences, in a den of its own, a shoot or scion from the main stem of the valley. It is called *THE BROOM*, and there is something singular, and not uninteresting, in the history of its owner. He married very early in life, indeed when quite a boy, which is not, by the way, very unusual among the peasantry of Scotland, prudent and calculating as is their general character. David Drysdale, before he was thirty years of age, had a family of seven children, and a pretty family they were as might be seen in all the parish. His life was in theirs, and his mind never wandered far from his fireside. His wife was of a consumptive family, and that insidious and fatal disease never showed in her a single symptom during ten years of marriage; but one cold evening awoke it at her very heart, and in less than two months it hurried her into the grave. Poor creature, such a spectre! When her husband used to carry her, for the sake of a little temporary relief, from chair to couch, and from her couch back again to her bed, twenty times in a day, he hardly could help weeping, with all his consideration, to feel her frame as light as a bundle of leaves. The medical man said, that in all his practice he never had known soul and body keep together in such utter attenuation. But her soul was as clear as ever while racking pain was in her fleshless bones. Even he, her loving husband, was relieved from wo when she expired; for no sadness, no sorrow, could be equal to the misery of groans from one so patient and so resigned. Perhaps consumption is infectious—so, at least, it seemed here; for first one child began to droop, and then another—the elder ones first; and, within the two following years, there were almost as many funerals from this one house as from all the others in the parish. Yes—they all died—of the whole family not one was spared. Two, indeed, were thought to have pined away in a sort of fearful foreboding—and a fever took off a third—but four certainly died of the same hereditary complaint with the mother; and now not a voice was heard in the house. He did not desert the Broom; and the farm-work was still carried on, nobody could tell how. The servants, to be sure, knew their duty, and often performed it without orders. Sometimes the master put his hand to the plough, but oftener he led the life of a shepherd, and was by himself among the hills. He never smiled—and at every meal he still sat like a man about to be led out to die. But what will not retire away—recede—disappear from the vision of the souls of us mortals! Tenacious as we are of our griefs, even more than of our joys, both elude our grasp. We gaze after them with longings or self-upbraiding aspirations for their return; but they are shadows, and like shadows vanish. Then human duties, lowly though they may be, have their sanative and salutary

influence on our whole frame of being. Without their performance conscience cannot be still; with it, conscience brings peace in extremity of evil. Then occupation kills grief, and industry abates passion. No balm for sorrow like the sweat of the brow poured into the furrows of the earth, in the open air, and beneath the sunshine of heaven. These truths were felt by the childless widower, long before they were understood by him; and when two years had gone drearily, ay dismally, almost despairingly, by—he began at times to feel something like happiness again when sitting among his friends in the kirk, or at their firesides, or in the labours of the field, or even on the market-day, among this world's concerns. Thus, they who knew him and his sufferings, were pleased to recognise what might be called resignation and its grave tranquillity; while strangers discerned in him nothing more than a staid and solemn demeanour, which might be natural to many a man never severely tried, and offering no interruption to the cheerfulness that pervaded their ordinary life.

He had a cousin a few years younger than himself, who had also married when a girl, and when little more than a girl had been left a widow. Her parents were both dead, and she had lived for a good many years as an upper servant, or rather companion and friend, in the house of a relation. As cousins, they had all their lives been familiar and affectionate, and Alice Gray had frequently lived months at a time at the Broom, taking care of the children, and in all respects one of the family. Their conditions were now almost equally desolate, and a deep sympathy made them now more firmly attached than they ever could have been in better days. Still, nothing at all resembling love was in either of their hearts, nor did the thought of marriage ever pass across their imaginations. They found, however, increasing satisfaction in each other's company; and looks and words of sad and sober endearment gradually bound them together in affection stronger far than either could have believed. Their friends saw and spoke of the attachment, and of its probable result, long before they were aware of its full nature; and nobody was surprised, but, on the contrary, all were well pleased, when it was understood that they were to be man and wife. There was something almost mournful in their marriage—no rejoicing—no merry-making—but yet visible symptoms of gratitude, contentment, and peace. An air of cheerfulness was not long of investing the melancholy Broom—the very swallows twittered more gladly from the window-corners, and there was joy in the cooing of the pigeons on the sunny roof. The farm awoke through all its fields, and the farm-servants once more sang and whistled at their work. The wandering beggar, who remembered the charity of other years, looked with no cold expression on her who now dealt out his dole; and, as his old eyes were dimmed for the sake of those who were gone, gave a fervent blessing on the new mistress of the house, and prayed that she might long be spared. The neighbours, even they who had

best loved the dead, came in with cheerful countenances, and acknowledged in their hearts that since change is the law of life, there was no one, far or near, whom they could have borne to see sitting in that chair but Alice Gray. The husband knew their feelings from their looks, and his fireside blazed once more with a cheerful lustre.

O gentle reader, young perhaps, and inexperienced of this world, wonder not at this so great change! The heart is full, perhaps, of a pure and holy affection, nor can it die, even for an hour of sleep. May it never die but in the grave! Yet die it may, and leave thee blameless. The time may come when that bosom, now thy Elysium, will awaken not, with all its heaving beauty, one single passionate or adoring sigh. Those eyes, that now stream agitation and bliss into thy throbbing heart, may, on some not very distant day, be cold to thy imagination, as the distant and unheeded stars. That voice, now thrilling through every nerve, may fall on thy ear a disregarded sound. Other hopes, other fears, other troubles, may possess thee wholly—and that more than angel of Heaven seem to fade away into a shape of earth's most common clay. But here there was no change—no forgetfulness—no oblivion—no faithlessness to a holy trust. The melancholy man often saw his Hannah, and all his seven sweet children—now fair in life—now pale in death. Sometimes, perhaps, the sight, the sound—their smiles and their voices—disturbed him, till his heart quaked within him, and he wished that he too was dead. But God it was who had removed them from our earth—and was it possible to doubt that they were all in blessedness! Shed your tears over change from virtue to vice, happiness to misery; but weep not for those still, sad, mysterious processes by which gracious Nature alleviates the afflictions of our mortal lot, and enables us to endure the life which the Lord our God hath given us. Ere long, husband and wife could bear to speak of those who were now no more seen; when the phantoms rose before them in the silence of the night, they all wore pleasant and approving countenances, and the beautiful family often came from Heaven to visit their father in his dreams. He did not wish, much less hope, in this life, for such happiness as had once been his—nor did Alice Gray, even for one hour, imagine that such happiness it was in her power to bestow. They knew each other's hearts—what they had suffered and survived; and, since the meridian of life and joy was gone, they were contented with the pensive twilight.

Look, there is a pretty Cottage—by name LEASIDE—one that might almost do for a painter—just sufficiently shaded by trees, and showing a new aspect every step you take, and each new aspect beautiful. There is, it is true, neither moss, nor lichens, nor weather-stains on the roof—but all is smooth, neat, trim, deep thatch, from rigging to eaves, with a picturesque elevated window covered with the same material, and all the walls white as snow. The whole building is at all times as fresh as if just washed by a vernal shower. Compe-

tence breathes from every lattice, and that porch has been reared more for ornament than defence, although, no doubt, it is useful both in March and November winds. Every field about it is like a garden, and yet the garden is brightly conspicuous amidst all the surrounding cultivation. The hedgerows are all clipped, for they have grown there for many and many a year; and the shears were necessary to keep them down from shutting out the vista of the lovely vale. That is the dwelling of Adam Airlie the Elder. Happy old man! This life has gone uniformly well with him and his; yet, had it been otherwise, there is a power in his spirit that would have sustained the severest inflictions of Providence. His gratitude to God is something solemn and awful, and ever accompanied with a profound sense of his utter unworthiness of all the long-continued mercies vouchsafed to his family. His own happiness, prolonged to a great age, has not closed within his heart one source of pity or affection for his brethren of mankind. In his own guiltless conscience, guiltless before man, he yet feels incessantly the frailties of his nature, and is meek, humble, and penitent as the greatest sinner. He, his wife, an old faithful female servant, and an occasional grand-daughter, now form the whole household. His three sons have all prospered in the world. The eldest went abroad when a mere boy, and many fears went with him—a bold, adventurous, and somewhat reckless creature. But consideration came to him in a foreign climate, and tamed down his ardent mind to a thoughtful, not a selfish prudence. Twenty years he lived in India—and what a blessed day was the day of his return! Yet in the prime of life, by disease unbroken, and with a heart full to overflowing with all its old sacred affections, he came back to his father's lowly cottage, and wept as he crossed the threshold. His parents needed not any of his wealth; but they were blamelessly proud, nevertheless, of his honest acquisitions—proud when he became a landholder in his native parish, and employed the sons of his old companions, and some of his old companions themselves, in the building of his unostentatious mansion, or in cultivating the wild but not unlovely moor, which was dear to him for the sake of the countless remembrances that clothed the bare banks of its lochs, and murmured in the little stream that ran among the pastoral braes. The new mansion is a couple of miles from his parental Cottage; but not a week, indeed seldom half that time, elapses, without a visit to that dear dwelling. They likewise not unfrequently visit him—for his wife is dear to them as a daughter of their own; and the ancient couple delight in the noise and laughter of his pretty flock. Yet the son understands perfectly well that the aged people love best their own roof—and that its familiar quiet is every day dearer to their habituated affections. Therefore he makes no parade of filial tenderness—forces nothing new upon them—is glad to see the uninterrupted tenor of their humble happiness; and if they are proud of him, which all the parish knows, so is there not a child within its bounds that does not know that Mr. Airlie, the rich gentle-

man from India, loves his poor father and mother as tenderly as if he had never left their roof; and is prouder of them, too, than if they were clothed in fine raiment, and fared sumptuously every day. Mr. Airlie of the Mount has his own seat in the gallery of the Kirk—his father, as an Elder, sits below the pulpit—but occasionally the pious and proud son joins his mother in the pew, where he and his brothers sat long ago; and every Sabbath one or other of his children takes its place beside the venerated matron. The old man generally leaves the churchyard leaning on his Gilbert's arm—and although the sight has long been so common as to draw no attention, yet no doubt there is always an under and unconscious pleasure in many a mind witnessing the sacredness of the bond of blood. Now and then the old matron is prevailed upon, when the weather is bad and roads miry, to take a seat home in the carriage—but the Elder always prefers walking thither with his son, and he is stout and hale, although upwards of threescore and ten years.

Walter, the second son, is now a captain in the navy, having served for years before the mast. His mind is in his profession, and he is perpetually complaining of being unemployed—a ship—a ship, is still the burden of his song. But when at home—which he often is for weeks together—he attaches himself to all the ongoings of rural life, as devotedly as if a plougher of the soil instead of the sea. His mother wonders, with tears in her eyes, why, having a competency, he should still wish to provoke the dangers of the deep; and beseeches him sometimes to become a farmer in his native vale. And perhaps more improbable things have happened; for the captain, it is said, has fallen desperately in love with the daughter of the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, and the doctor will not give his consent to the marriage, unless he promise to live, if allowed, on shore. The political state of Europe certainly seems at present favourable to the consummation of the wishes of all parties.

Of David, the third son, who has not heard, that has heard any thing of the pulpit eloquence of Scotland!—Should his life be spared, there can be no doubt that he will one day or other be Moderator of the General Assembly, perhaps Professor of Divinity in a College. Be that as it may, a better Christian never expounded the truths of the gospel, although some folks pretend to say that he is not evangelical. He is, however, beloved by the poor—the orphan and the widow; and his ministrations, powerful in the kirk to a devoutly listening congregation, are so too at the sick-bed, when only two or three are gathered around it, and when the dying man feels how a fellow-creature can, by scriptural aids, strengthen his trust in the mercy of his Maker.

Every year, on each birthday of their sons, the old people hold a festival—in May, in August, and at Christmas. The sailor alone looks disconsolate as a bachelor, but that reproach will be wiped away before autumn—and should God grant the cottagers a few more years, some new faces will yet smile upon the

nolydays; and there is in their unwithered hearts warm love enough for all that may join the party. We too—yes, gentle reader—we too shall be there—as we have often been during the last ten years—and you yourself will judge, from all you know of us, whether or no we have a heart to understand and enjoy such rare felicity.

But let us be off to the mountains, and endeavour to interest our beloved reader in a Highland Cottage—in any one, taken at hazard, from a hundred. You have been roaming all day among the mountains, and perhaps seen no house except at a dwindling distance. Probably you have wished not to see any house, but a ruined shieling—a deserted hut—or an unroofed and dilapidated shed for the outlying cattle of some remote farm. But now the sun has inflamed all the western heaven, and darkness will soon descend. There is now a muteness more stern and solemn than during unfaded daylight. List—the faint, far-off, subterranean sound of the bagpipe. Some old soldier, probably, playing a gathering or a coronach. The narrow dell widens and widens into a great glen, in which you just discern the blue gleam of a loch. The martial music is more distinctly heard—loud, fitful, fierce, like the trampling of men in battle. Where is the piper? In a cave, or within the Fairies' Knowe? At the door of a hut. His eyes were extinguished by ophthalmia, and there he sits, fronting the sunlight, stone-blind. Long silver hair flows down his broad shoulders, and you perceive that, when he rises, he will rear up a stately bulk. The music stops, and you hear the bleating of goats. There they come, prancing down the rocks, and stare upon the stranger. The old soldier turns himself towards the voice of the Sassenach, and, with the bold courtesy of the camp, bids him enter the hut. One minute's view has sufficed to imprint the scene for ever on the memory—a hut whose turf-walls and roof are incorporated with the living mountain, and seem not the work of man's hand, but the casual architecture of some convulsion—the tumbling down of fragments from the mountain side by raging torrents, or a partial earthquake; for all the scenery about is torn to pieces—like the scattering of some wide ruin. The imagination dreams of the earliest days of our race, when men harboured, like the other creatures, in places provided by nature. But even here, there are visible traces of cultivation working in the spirit of a mountainous region—a few glades of the purest verdure opened out among the tall brackens, with a birch-tree or two dropped just where the eye of taste could have wished, had the painter planted the sapling, instead of the winds of heaven having wafted thither the seed—a small croft of barley, surrounded by a cairn-like wall, made up of stones cleared from the soil, and a patch of potatoe ground, neat almost as the garden that shows in a nook its fruit-bushes and a few flowers. All the blasts that ever blew must be unavailing against the briery rock that shelters the hut from the airt of storms; and the smoke may rise under its lee, unwavering on the windiest day. There is sweetness in

all the air, and the glen is noiseless, except with the uncertain murmur of the now unswollen waterfalls. That is the croak of the raven sitting on his cliff halfway up Ben-Oura; and hark, the last belling of the red-deer, as the herd lies down in the mist among the last ridge of heather, blending with the shrubless stones, rocks, and cliffs that girdle the upper regions of the vast mountain.

Within the dimness of that hut you hear greetings in the Gaelic tongue, in a female voice; and when the eye has by and by become able to endure the smoke, it discerns the household—the veteran's ancient dame—a young man that may be his son, or rather his grandson, but whom you soon know to be neither, with black matted locks, the keen eye, and the light limbs of the hunter—a young woman, his wife, suckling a child, and yet with a girlish look, as if but one year before her silken snood had been untied—and a lassie of ten years, who had brought home the goats, and now sits timidly in a nook eyeing the stranger. The low growl of the huge, brindled stag-hound had been hushed by a word on your first entrance, and the noble animal watches his master's eye, which he obeys in his freedom throughout all the forest-chase. A napkin is taken out of an old worm-eaten chest, and spread over a strangely-carved table, that seems to have belonged once to a place of pride; and the hungry and thirsty stranger scarcely knows which most to admire, the broad bannocks of barley-meal and the huge roll of butter, or the giant bottle, whose mouth exhales the strong savour of conquering Glenlivet. The board is spread—why not fall to and eat? First be thanks given to the Lord God Almighty. The blind man holds up his hand and prays in a low chanting voice, and then breaks bread for the lips of the stranger. On such an occasion is felt the sanctity of the meal shared by human beings brought accidentally together—the salt is sacred—and the hearth an altar.

No great travellers are we, yet have we seen something of this habitable globe. The Highlands of Scotland is but a small region, nor is its interior by any means so remote as the interior of Africa. Yet 'tis remote. The life of that very blind veteran might, in better hands than ours, make an interesting history. In his youth he had been a shepherd—a herdsman—a hunter—something even of a poet. For thirty years he had been a soldier—in many climates and many conflicts. Since first he bloodied his bayonet, how many of his comrades had been buried in heaps! flung into trenches dug on the field of battle! How many famous captains had shone in the blaze of their fame—faded into the light of common day—died in obscurity, and been utterly forgotten! What fierce passions must have agitated the frame of that now calm old man! On what dreadful scenes, when forts and towns were taken by storm, must those eyes, now withered into nothing, have glared with all the fury of man's most wrathful soul! Now peace is with him for evermore. Nothing to speak of the din of battle, but his own pipes wailing or raging among the hollow of the mountains.

In relation to his campaigning career, his present life is as the life of another state. The pageantry of war has all rolled off and away for ever; all its actions but phantoms now of a dimly-remembered dream. He thinks of his former self, as sergeant in the Black Watch, and almost imagines he beholds another man. In his long, long blindness, he has created another world to himself out of new voices—the voices of new generations, and of torrents thundering all year long round about his hut. Almost all the savage has been tamed within him, and an awful religion falls deeper and deeper upon him, as he knows how he is nearing the grave. Often his whole mind is dim, for he is exceedingly old, and then he sees only fragments of his youthful life—the last forty years are as if they had never been—and he hears shouts and huzzas, that half a century ago rent the air with victory. He can still chant, in a hoarse broken voice, battle-hymns and dirges; and thus, strangely forgetful and strangely tenacious of the past, linked to this life by ties that only the mountaineer can know, and yet feeling himself on the brink of the next, Old Blind Donald Roy, the Giant of the Hut of the Three Torrents, will not scruple to quaff the “strong waters,” till his mind is awakened—brightened—dimmed—darkened—and seemingly extinguished—till the sunrise again smites him, as he lies in a heap among the heather; and then he lifts up, unashamed and remorseless, that head, which, with its long quiet hairs, a painter might choose for the image of a saint about to become a martyr.

We leave old Donald asleep, and go with his son-in-law, Lewis of the light-foot, and Maida the stag-hound, surnamed the Throtter,

“Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod,
To his hills that encircle the sea.”

We have been ascending mountain-range after mountain-range, before sunrise; and lo! night is gone, and nature rejoices in the day through all her solitudes. Still as death, yet as life cheerful—and unspeakable grandeur in the sudden revelation. Where is the wild-deer herd?—where, ask the keen eyes of Maida, is the forest of antlers!—Lewis of the light-foot bounds before, with his long gun pointing towards the mists now gathered up to the summits of Benevis.

Nightfall—and we are once more at the Hut of the Three Torrents. Small Amy is grown familiar now, and almost without being asked, sings us the choicest of her Gaelic airs—a few too of Lowland melody: all merry, yet all sad—if in smiles begun, ending in a shower—or at least a tender mist of tears. Heard'st thou ever such a syren as this Celtic child? Did we not always tell you that fairies were indeed realities of the twilight or moonlight world? And she is their Queen. Hark! what thunders of applause! The waterfall at the head of the great Corrie thunders *encore* with a hundred echoes. But the songs are over, and the small singer gone to her heather-bed. There is a Highland moon!—The shield of an unfallen arch-angel. There are not many stars—but those two—ay, that One, is sufficient to sustain the glory of the night. Be not alarmed at that

low, wide, solemn, and melancholy sound. Runlets, torrents, rivers, lochs, and seas—reeds, heather, forests, caves, and cliffs, all are sound, sounding together a choral anthem.

Gracious heavens! what mistakes people have fallen into when writing about Solitude! A man leaves a town for a few months, and goes with his wife and family, and a travelling library, into some solitary glen. Friends are perpetually visiting him from afar, or the neighbouring gentry leaving their cards, while his servant-boy rides daily to the post-village for his letters and newspapers. And call you that solitude? The whole world is with you, morning, noon, and night. But go by yourself, without book or friend, and live a year in this hut at the head of Glenevis. Go at dawn among the cliffs of yonder pine-forest, and wait there till night hangs her moon-lamp in heaven. Commune with your own soul, and be still. Let the images of departed years rise, phantom-like, of their own awful accord from the darkness of your memory, and pass away into the wood-gloom or the mountain-mist. Will conscience dread such spectres? Will you quake before them, and bow down your head on the mossy roof of some old oak, and sob in the stern silence of the haunted place? Thoughts, feelings, passions, spectral deeds, will come rushing around your lair, as with the sound of the wings of innumerable birds—ay, many of them like birds of prey, to gnaw your very heart. How many duties undischarged! How many opportunities neglected! How many pleasures devoured! How many sins hugged! How many wickednesses perpetrated! The desert looks more grim—the heaven lowers—and the sun, like God's own eye, stares in upon your conscience!

But such is not the solitude of our beautiful young shepherd-girl of the Hut of the Three Torrents. Her soul is as clear, as calm as the pool pictured at times by the floating clouds that let fall their shadows through among the overhanging birch-trees. What harm could she ever do? What harm could she ever think. She may have wept—for there is sorrow without sin; may have wept even at her prayers—for there is penitence free from guilt, and innocence itself often kneels in contrition. Down the long glen she accompanies the stream to the house of God—sings her psalms—and returns wearied to her heather-bed. She is, indeed, a solitary child; the eagle, and the raven, and the red-deer see that she is so—and echo knows it when from her airy cliff she repeats the happy creature's song. Her world is within this one glen. In this one glen she may live all her days—be wooed, won, wedded, buried. Buried—said we? Oh, why think of burial when gazing on that resplendent head? Intermittent tracts of the shining day await her, the lonely darling of nature; nor dare Time ever eclipse the lustre of those wild-beaming eyes! Her beauty shall be immortal, like that of her country's fairies. So, Flower of the Wilderness, we wave towards thee a joyful—though an everlasting farewell.

Where are we now? There is not on this round green earth a lovelier Loch than Achray. About a mile above Loch Vennachar and as

we approach the Brigg of Turk, we arrive at the summit of an eminence, whence we descry the sudden and wide prospect of the windings of the river that issues from Loch Achray—and the Loch itself reposing—sleeping—dreaming on its pastoral, its silvan bed. Achray, being interpreted, signifies the “Level Field,” and gives its name to a delightful farm at the west end. On “that happy, rural seat of various view,” could we lie all day long; and as all the beauty tends towards the west, each afternoon hour deepens and also brightens it into mellow splendour. Not to keep constantly seeing the lovely Loch is indeed impossible—yet its still waters soothe the soul, without holding it away from the woods and cliffs, that forming of themselves a perfect picture, are yet all united with the mountainous region of the setting sun. Many long years have elapsed—at our time of life ten are many—since we passed one delightful evening in the hospitable house that stands near the wooden bridge over the Teith, just wheeling into Loch Achray. What a wilderness of wooded rocks, containing a thousand little mossy glens, each large enough for a fairy’s kingdom! Between and Loch Katrine is the Place of Roes—nor need the angler try to penetrate the underwood; for every shallow, every linn, every pool is overshadowed by its own canopy, and the living fly and moth alone ever dip their wings in the chequered waters. Safe there are all the little singing birds, from hawk or glead—and it is indeed an Aviary in the wild. Pine-groves stand here and there amid the natural woods—and among their tall gloom the cushat sits crooning in beloved solitude, rarely startled by human footstep, and bearing at his own pleasure through the forest the sound of his flapping wings.

But let us arise from the greensward, and before we pace along the sweet shores of Loch Achray, for its nearest murmur is yet more than a mile off, turn away up from the Brigg of Turk into Glenfinglas. A strong mountain-torrent, in which a painter, even with the soul of Salvator Rosa, might find studies inexhaustible for years, tumbles on the left of a ravine, in which a small band of warriors might stop the march of a numerous host. With what a loud voice it brawls through the silence, freshening the hazels, the birches, and the oaks, that in that perpetual spray need not the dew’s refreshment. But the savage scene softens as you advance, and you come out of that silvan prison into a plain of meadows and corn-fields, alive with the peaceful dwellings of industrious men. Here the bases of the mountains, and even their sides high up, are without neather—a rich sward, with here and there a deep bed of brackens, and a little sheep-sheltering grove. Skeletons of old trees of prodigious size lie covered with mosses and wild-flowers, or stand with their barkless trunks and white limbs unmoved when the tempest blows. Glenfinglas was anciently a deer-forest of the Kings of Scotland; but hunter’s horn no more awakens the echoes of Benedic.

A more beautiful vale never inspired pastoral poet in Arcadia, nor did Sicilian shepherds of old ever pipe to each other for prize

of oaten reed, in a lovelier nook than where yonder cottage stands, shaded, but scarcely sheltered, by a few birch-trees. It is in truth not a cottage—but a very *SHIELING*, part of the knoll adhering to the side of the mountain. Not another dwelling—even as small as itself—within a mile in any direction. Those goats that seem to walk where there is no footing along the side of the cliff, go of themselves to be milked at evening to a house beyond the hill, without any barking dog to set them home. There are many footpaths, but all of sheep, except one leading through the coppice-wood to the distant kirk. The angler seldom disturbs those shallows, and the heron has them to himself, watching often with motionless neck all day long. Yet the Shieling is inhabited, and has been so by the same person for a good many years. You might look at it for hours, and yet see no one so much as moving to the door. But a little smoke hovers over it—very faint if it be smoke at all—and nothing else tells that within is life.

It is inhabited by a widow, who once was the happiest of wives, and lived far down the glen, where it is richly cultivated, in a house astriv with many children. It so happened, that in the course of nature, without any extraordinary bereavements, she outlived all the household, except one, on whom fell the saddest affliction that can befall a human being—the utter loss of reason. For some years after the death of her husband, and all her other children, this son was her support; and there was no occasion to pity them in their poverty, where all were poor. Her natural cheerfulness never forsook her; and although fallen back in the world, and obliged in her age to live without many comforts she once had known, yet all the past gradually was softened into peace, and the widow and her son were in that shieling as happy as any family in the parish. He worked at all kinds of work without, and she sat spinning from morning to night within—a constant occupation, soothing to one before whose mind past times might otherwise have come too often, and that creates contentment by its undisturbed sameness and invisible progression. If not always at meals, the widow saw her son for an hour or two every night, and throughout the whole Sabbath-day. They slept, too, under one roof; and she liked the stormy weather when the rains were on—for then he found some ingenious employment within the shieling, or cheered her with some book lent by a friend, or with the lively or plaintive music of his native hills. Sometimes, in her gratitude, she said that she was happier now than when she had so many other causes to be so; and when occasionally an acquaintance dropt in upon her, her face gave a welcome that spoke more than resignation; nor was she averse to partake the socialty of the other huts, and sat sedate among youthful merriment, when summer or winter festival came round, and poverty rejoiced in the riches of content and innocence.

But her trials, great as they had been, were not yet over; for this her only son was laid prostrate by fever—and, when it left his body he survived hopelessly stricken in mind. His eyes, so clear and intelligent, were now fixed

in idiocy, or rolled about unobserving of all objects living or dead. To him all weather seemed the same, and if suffered, he would have lain down like a creature void of understanding, in rain or on snow, nor been able to find his way back for many paces from the hut. As all thought and feeling had left him, so had speech, all but a moaning as of pain or woe, which none but a mother could bear to hear without shuddering—but she heard it during night as well as day, and only sometimes lifted up her eyes as in prayer to God. An offer was made to send him to a place where the afflicted were taken care of; but she beseeched charity for the first time for such alms as would enable her, along with the earnings of her wheel, to keep her son in the shieling; and the means were given her from many quarters to do so decently, and with all the comforts that other eyes observed, but of which the poor object himself was insensible and unconscious. Henceforth, it may almost be said, she never more saw the sun, nor heard the torrents roar. She went not to the kirk, but kept her Sabbath where the paralytic lay—and there she sung the lonely psalm, and said the lonely prayer, unheard in Heaven as many repining spirits would have thought—but it was not so; for in two years there came a meaning to his eyes, and he found a few words of imperfect speech, among which was that of "Mother." Oh! how her heart burned within her, to know that her face was at last recognised! To feel that her kiss was returned, and to see the first tear that trickled from eyes that long had ceased to weep! Day after day, the darkness that covered his brain grew less and less deep—to her that bewilderment gave the blessedness of hope; for her son now knew that he had an immortal soul, and in the evening joined faintly and feebly and erringly in prayer. For weeks afterwards he remembered only events and scenes long past and distant—and believed that his father, and all his brothers and sisters, were yet alive. He called upon them by their names to come and kiss him—on them, who had all long been buried in the dust. But his soul struggled itself into reason and remembrance—and he at last said, "Mother! did some accident befall me yesterday at my work down the glen?—I feel weak, and about to die!" The shadows of death were indeed around him; but he lived to be told much of what had happened—and rendered up a perfectly unclouded spirit into the mercy of his Saviour. His mother felt that all her prayers had been granted in that one boon—and, when the coffin was borne away from the shieling, she remained in it with a friend, assured that in this world there could for her be no more grief. And there in that same shieling, now that years have gone by, she still lingers, visited as often as she wishes by her poor neighbours—for to the poor sorrow is a sacred thing—who, by turns, send one of their daughters to stay with her, and cheer a life that cannot be long, but that, end when it may, will be laid down without one impious misgiving, and in the humility of a Christian's faith.

The scene shifts of itself, and we are at the head of Glenetive. Who among all the High-

land maidens that danced on the greenswards among the blooming heather on the mountains of Glenetive—who so fair as Flora, the only daughter of the King's Forester, and grandchild to the Bard famous for his songs of Fairies in the Hill of Peace, and the Mermaid-Queen in her Palace of Emerald floating far down beneath the foam-waves of the sea? And who, among all the Highland youth that went abroad to the bloody wars from the base of Benevis, to compare with Ranauld of the Red-Cliff, whose sires had been soldiers for centuries, in the days of the dagger and Lochaber axe—stately in his strength amid the battle as the oak in a storm, but gentle in peace as the birch-tree, that whispers with all its leaves to the slightest summer-breath? If their love was great when often fed at the light of each other's eyes, what was it when Ranauld was far off among the sands of Egypt, and Flora left an orphan to pine away in her native glen? Beneath the shadow of the Pyramids he dreamt of Dalness and the deer forest, that was the dwelling of his love—and she, as she stood by the murmurs of that sea-loch, longed for the wings of the osprey, that she might flee away to the war-tents beyond the ocean, and be at rest!

But years—a few years—long and lingering as they might seem to loving hearts separated by the roar of seas—yet all too, too short when 'tis thought how small a number lead from the cradle to the grave—brought Ranauld and Flora once more into each other's arms. Alas! for the poor soldier! for never more was he to behold that face from which he kissed the trickling tears. Like many another gallant youth, he had lost his eyesight from the sharp burning sand—and was led to the shieling of his love like a wandering mendicant who obeys the hand of a child. Nor did his face bear that smile of resignation usually so affecting on the calm countenances of the blind. Seldom did he speak—and his sighs were deeper, longer, and more disturbed than those which almost any sorrow ever wrings from the young. Could it be that he groaned in remorse over some secret crime?

Happy—completely happy, would Flora have been to have tended him like a sister all his dark life long, or, like a daughter, to have sat beside the bed of one whose hair was getting fast gray, long before its time. Almost all her relations were dead, and almost all her friends away to other glens. But he had returned, and blindness, for which there was no hope, must bind his steps for ever within little room. But they had been betrothed almost from her childhood, and would she—if he desired it—fear to become his wife now, shrouded as he was, now and for ever in the helpless dark? From his lips, however, her maidenly modesty required that the words should come, nor could she sometimes help wondering, in half-upbraiding sorrow, that Ranauld joyed not in his great affliction to claim her for his wife. Poor were they to be sure—yet not so poor as to leave life without its comforts; and in every glen of her native Highlands, were there no worthy families far poorer than they? But weeks, months, passed on, and Ranauld re-

mained in a neighbouring hut, shunning the sunshine, and moaning, it was said, when he thought none were near, both night and day. Sometimes he had been overheard muttering to himself lamentable words—and, blind as his eyes were to all the objects of the real world, it was rumoured up and down the glen, that he saw visions of woful events about to befall one whom he loved.

One midnight he found his way, unguided, like a man walking in his sleep—but although in a hideous trance, he was yet broad awake—to the hut where Flora dwelt, and called on her, in a dirge-like voice, to speak a few words with him ere he died. They sat down together among the heather, on the very spot where the farewell embrace had been given the morning he went away to the wars; and Flora's heart died within her, when he told her that the Curse under which his forefathers had suffered, had fallen upon him; and that he had seen his wraith pass by in a shroud, and heard a voice whisper the very day he was to die.

And was it Ranald of the Red-Cliff, the bravest of the brave, that thus shuddered in the fear of death like a felon at the tolling of the great prison-bell? Ay, death is dreadful when foreseen by a ghastly superstition. He felt the shroud already bound round his limbs and body with gentle folds, beyond the power of a giant to burst; and day and night the

same vision yawned before him—an open grave in the corner of the hill burial-ground without any kirk.

Flora knew that his days were indeed numbered; for when had he ever been afraid of death—and could his spirit have quailed thus under a mere common dream! Soon was she to be all alone in this world; yet when Ranald should die, she felt that her own days would not be many, and there was sudden and strong comfort in the belief that they would be buried in one grave.

Such were her words to the dying man; and all at once he took her in his arms, and asked her "If she had no fears of the narrow house?" His whole nature seemed to undergo a change under the calm voice of her reply; and he said, "Dost thou fear not then, my Flora, to hear the words of doom?" "Blessed will they be, if in death we be not disunited." "Thou too, my wife—for my wife thou now art on earth, and mayest be so in heaven—thou too, Flora, wert seen shrouded in that apparition." It was a gentle and gracious summer night—so clear, that the shepherds on the hills were scarcely sensible of the morning's dawn. And there, at earliest daylight, were Ranald and Flora found, on the greensward, among the tall heather, lying side by side, with their calm faces up to heaven, and never more to smile or weep in this mortal world.

AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT POETRY.

Ours is a poetical age; but has it produced one Great Poem? Not one.

Just look at them for a moment. There is the Pleasures of Memory—an elegant, graceful, beautiful, pensive, and pathetic poem, which it does one's eyes good to gaze on—one's ears good to listen to—one's very fingers good to touch, so smooth is the versification and the wire-wove paper. Never will the Pleasures of Memory be forgotten till the world is in its dotage. But is it a Great Poem? About as much so as an ant-hill, prettily grass-grown and leaf-strewn, is a mountain purple with heather and golden with woods. It is a symmetrical erection—in the shape of a cone—and the apex points heavenwards; but 'tis not a sky-piercer. You take it at a nup—and pursue your journey. Yet it endures. For the rains and the dews, and the airs, and the sunshine, love the fairy knoll, and there it greens and blossoms delicately and delightfully; you hardly know whether a work of art or a work of nature.

Then, there is the poetry of Crabbe. We hear it is not very popular. If so, then neither is human life. For of all our poets, he has most skilfully woven the web and woven the woof of all his compositions with the materials of human life—homespun indeed; but though often coarse, always strong—and though set to plain patterns, yet not unfrequently exceeding fine is the old weaver's workmanship. Ay

—hold up the product of his loom between your eye and the light, and it glows and glimmers like the peacock's back or the breast of the rainbow. Sometimes it seems to be but of the "hadden gray;" when sunbeam or shadow smites it, and lo! it is burnished like the regal purple. But did the Boroughmonger ever produce a Great Poem? You might as well ask if he built St. Paul's.

Breathes not the man with a more poetical temperament than Bowles. No wonder that his old eyes are still so lustrous; for they possess the sacred gift of beautifying creation, by shedding over it the charm of melancholy. "Pleasant but mournful to the soul is the memory of joys that are past"—is the text we should choose were we about to preach on his genius. No vain repinings, no idle regrets, does his spirit now breathe over the still receding Past. But time-sanctified are all the shows that arise before his pensive imagination; and the common light of day, once gone, in his poetry seems to shine as if it had all been dying sunset or moonlight, or the newborn dawn. His human sensibilities are so fine as to be in themselves poetical; and his poetical aspirations so delicate as to be felt always human. Hence his Sonnets have been dear to poets—having in them "more than meets the ear"—spiritual breathings that hang around the words like light around fair flowers; and hence, too, have they been beloved by all

natural hearts who, having not the "faculty divine," have yet the "vision"—that is, the power of seeing and of hearing the sights and the sounds which genius alone can awaken, bringing them from afar out of the dust and dimness of evanishment.

Mr. Bowles has been a poet for good fifty years; and if his genius do not burn quite so bright as it did some lustres bygone—yet we do not say there is any abatement even of its brightness: it shines with a mellow and also with a more cheerful light. Long ago, he was perhaps rather too pensive—too melancholy—too pathetic—too wo-begone—in too great bereavement. Like the nightingale, he sung with a thorn at his breast—from which one wondered the point had not been broken off by perpetual pressure. Yet, though rather monotonous, his strains were most musical as well as melancholy; feeling was often relieved by fancy; and one dreamed, in listening to his elegies, and hymns, and sonnets, of moonlit rivers flowing through hoary woods, and of the yellow sands of dim-imagined seas murmuring round "the shores of old Romance." A fine enthusiasm too was his—in those youthful years—inspired by the poetry of Greece and Rome; and in some of his happiest inspirations there was a delightful and original union—to be found nowhere else that we can remember—of the spirit of that ancient song—the pure classical spirit that murmured by the banks of the Eurotas and Ilissus with that of our own poetry, that like a noble Naiad dwells in the "clear well of English undefiled." In almost all his strains you felt the scholar; but his was no affected or pedantic scholarship—intrusive most when least required; but the growth of a consummate classical education, of which the career was not inglorious among the towers of Oxford. Bowles was a pupil of the Wartons—Joe and Tom—God bless their souls!—and his name may be joined, not unworthily, with theirs—and with Mason's, and Gray's, and Collins's—academics all; the works of them all showing a delicate and exquisite colouring of classical art, enriching their own English nature. Bowles's muse is always loath to forget—wherever she roam or linger—Winchester and Oxford—the Itchin and the Isis. None educated in those delightful and divine haunts will ever forget them, who can read Homer and Pindar, and Sophocles, and Theocritus, and Bion, and Moschus, in the original; Rhedicyna's ungrateful or renegade sons are those alone who pursued their poetical studies—in translations. They never knew the nature of the true old Greek fire.

But has Bowles written a Great Poem? If he has, publish it, and we shall make him a Bishop.

What shall we say of the Pleasures of Hope? That the harp from which that music breathed, was an Æolian harp placed in the window of a high hall, to catch airs from heaven when heaven was glad, as well she might be with such moon and such stars, and streamering half the region with a magnificent *aurora borealis*. Now the music deepens into a majestic march—now it swells into a holy

hymn—and now it dies away elegiac-like, as if mourning over a tomb. Vague, indefinite, uncertain, dream-like, and visionary all; but never else than beautiful; and ever and anon, we know not why, sublime. It ceases in the hush of night—and we awaken as if from a dream. Is it not even so?—In his youth Campbell lived where "distant isles could hear the loud Corbrechian roar;" and sometimes his poetry is like that whirlpool—the sound as of the wheels of many chariots. Yes, happy was it for him that he had liberty to roam along the many-based, hollow-rumbling western coast of that unaccountable county Argyleshire. The sea-roar cultivated his naturally fine musical ear, and it sank too into his heart. Hence is his prime Poem bright with hope as is the sunny sea when sailor's sweet-hearts on the shore are looking out for ships; and from a foreign station down comes the fleet before the wind, and the very shells beneath their footsteps seem to sing for joy. As for Gertrude of Wyoming, we love her as if she were our own only daughter—filling our life with bliss, and then leaving it desolate. Even now we see her ghost gliding through those giant woods! As for Lochiel's Warning, there was heard the voice of the Last of the Seers. The Second Sight is now extinguished in the Highland glooms—the Lament wails no more,

"That man may not hide what God would reveal!"

The Navy owes much to "Ye mariners of England." Sheer hulks often seemed ships till that strain arose—but ever since in our imagination have they brightened the roaring ocean. And dare we say, after that, that Campbell has never written a Great Poem? Yes—in the face even of the Metropolitan!

It was said many long years ago in the Edinburgh Review, that none but maudlin milliners and sentimental ensigns supposed that James Montgomery was a poet. Then is Maga a maudlin milliner—and Christopher North a sentimental ensign. We once called Montgomery a Moravian; and though he assures us that we were mistaken, yet having made an assertion, we always stick to it, and therefore he must remain a Moravian, if not in his own belief, yet in ours. Of all religious sects, the Moravians are the most simple-minded, pure-hearted, and high-souled—and these qualities shine serenely in the Pelican Island. In earnestness and fervour, that poem is by few or none excelled; it is embalmed in sincerity, and therefore shall fade not away; neither shall it moulder—not even although exposed to the air, and blow the air ever so rudely through time's mutations. Not that it is a mummy. Say rather a fair form laid asleep in immortality—its face wearing, day and night, summer and winter, look at it when you will, a saintly—a celestial smile. That is a true image; but is the Pelican Island a Great Poem? We pause not for a reply.

Lyrical Poetry, we opine, hath many branches—and one of them "beautiful exceedingly" with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever heard the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailing along the mossy greensward when the air is calm,

and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glows wav-ingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. That is a fanciful, perhaps foolish form of expres-sion, employed at present to signify Song-writ-ing. Now, of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True that Robert Burns has indited many songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like listening to a linnet in the broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he; and the man, woman, or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry—when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman, and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in “auld clay-bigging” as in marble palace. Burns some-times wrote like a mere boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say, that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion as Scotland is—and surely, with-out offence, we may say that it never was, and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in rich-ness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the ploughman. Of Lal-lah Rookh and the Loves of the Angels, we defy you to read a page without admiration; but the question recurs, and it is easily an-swered, we need not say in the negative, did Moore ever write a Great Poem?

Let us make a tour of the Lakes. Rydal Mount! Wordsworth! The Bard! Here is the man who has devoted his whole life to poetry. It is his profession. He is a poet just as his brother is a clergyman. He is the Head of the Lake School, just as his brother is Master of Trinity. Nothing in this life and in this world has he had to do, beneath sun, moon, and stars, but

What has been the result? Seven volumes (oh! why not seven more!) of poetry, as beautiful as ever charmed the ears of Pan and of Apollo. The earth—the middle air—the sky—the heaven—the heart, mind, and soul of man—are “the haunt and main region of his song.” In describing external nature as she is, no poet perhaps has excelled Wordsworth—not even Thomson; in embuing her and mak-ing her pregnant with spiritualities, till the mighty mother teems with “beauty far more beauteous” than she had ever rejoiced in till such communion—he excels all the brother-hood. Therein lies his special glory, and therein the immortal evidences of the might of his creative imagination. All men at times “muse on nature with a poet’s eye,”—but Wordsworth ever—and his soul has grown more and more religious from such worship. Every rock is an altar—every grove a shrine. We fear that there will be sectarians even in this Natural Religion till the end of time. But he is the High Priest of Nature—or, to use his own words, or nearly so, he is the High Priest “in the metropolitan temple built in the heart of mighty poets.” But has he—even he—ever written a Great Poem? If he has—it is not the Excursion. Nay, the Excursion is not a Poem. It is a Series of Poems, all swimming in the light of poetry; some of them sweet and simple, some elegant and graceful, some beautiful and most lovely, some of “strength and state,” some majestic, some magnificent, some sublime. But though it has an opening, it has no beginning; you can discover the middle only by the numerals on the page; and the most serious apprehensions have been very generally entertained that it has no end. While Pedlar, Poet, and Solitary breathe the vital air, may the Excursion, stop where it will, be renewed; and as in its present shape it comprehends but a Three Days’ Walk, we have but to think of an Excursion of three weeks, three months, or three years, to have some idea of Eternity. Then the life of man is not always limited to the term of threescore and ten years. What a Journal might it prove at last! Poetry in profusion till the land overflowed; but whether in one volume, as now, or in fifty, in future, not a Great Poem—nay, not a Poem at all—nor ever to be so esteemed, till the principles on which Great Poets build the lofty rhyme are exploded, and the very names of Art and Science smothered and lost in the bosom of Nature from which they arose.

Let the dullest clod that ever vegetated, pro-vided only he be alive and hear, be shut up in a room with Coleridge, or in a wood, and sub-jected for a few minutes to the ethereal influ-ence of that wonderful man’s monologue, and he will begin to believe himself a Poet. The barren wilderness may not blossom like the rose, but it will seem, or rather feel to do so, under the lustre of an imagination exhaustless as the sun. You may have seen perhaps rocks suddenly so glorified by sunlight with colours manifold, that the bees seek them, deluded by the show of flowers. The sun, you know, does not always show his orb even in the daytime—and people are often ignorant of his place in

“To murmur by the living brooks
A music sweeter than their own.”

the firmament. But he keeps shining away at his leisure, as you would know were he to suffer eclipse. Perhaps he—the sun—is at no other time a more delightful luminary than when he is pleased to dispense his influence through a general haze, or mist—softening all the day till meridian is almost like the afternoon, and the grove, anticipating gloaming, bursts into “dance and minstrelsy” ere the god go down into the sea. Clouds too become him well—whether thin and fleecy and braided, or piled up all round about him castle-wise and cathedral-fashion, to say nothing of temples and other metropolitan structures; nor is it reasonable to find fault with him, when, as naked as the hour he was born, “he flames on the forehead of the morning sky.” The grandeur too of his appearance on setting, has become quite proverbial. Now in all this he resembles Coleridge. It is easy to talk—not very difficult to speechify—hard to speak; but to “discourse” is a gift rarely bestowed by Heaven on mortal man. Coleridge has it in perfection. While he is discoursing, the world loses all its commonplaces, and you and your wife imagine yourself Adam and Eve listening to the affable archangel Raphael in the Garden of Eden. You would no more dream of wishing him to be mute for awhile, than you would a river that “imposes silence with a stilly sound.” Whether you understand two consecutive sentences, we shall not stop too curiously to inquire; but you do something better, you feel the whole just like any other divine music. And ’tis your own fault if you do not

“A wiser and a better man arise to-morrow’s morn.”

Reason is said to be one faculty, and Imagination another—but there cannot be a grosser mistake; they are one and indivisible; only in most cases they live like cat and dog, in mutual worrying, or haply sue for a divorce; whereas in the case of Coleridge they are one spirit as well as one flesh, and keep billing and cooing in a perpetual honey-moon. Then his mind is learned in all the learning of the Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans; and though we have heard simpletons say that he knows nothing of science, we have heard him on chemistry puzzle Sir Humphrey Davy—and prove to his own entire satisfaction, that Leibnitz and Newton, though good men, were but indifferent astronomers. Besides, he thinks nothing of inventing a new science, with a complete nomenclature, in a twinkling—and should you seem sluggish of apprehension, he endows you with an additional sense or two, over and above the usual seven, till you are no longer at a loss, be it even to scent the music of fragrance, or to hear the smell of a balmy piece of poetry. All the faculties, both of soul and sense, seem amicably to interchange their functions and their provinces; and you fear not that the dream may dissolve, persuaded that you are in a future state of permanent enjoyment. Nor are we now using any exaggeration; for if you will but think how unutterably dull are all the ordinary sayings and doings of this life, spent as it is with ordinary people, you may imagine how in sweet delirium you may be robbed of yourself by a seraphic tongue that has fed since first it lisped

on “honey-dew,” and by lips that have “breathed the air of Paradise,” and learned a seraphic language, which, all the while that it is English, is as grand as Greek and as soft as Italian. We only know this, that Coleridge is the alchymist that in his crucible melts down hours to moments—and lo! diamonds sprinkled on a plate of gold.

What a world would this be were all its inhabitants to fiddle like Paganini, ride like Ducrow, discourse like Coleridge, and do every thing else in a style of equal perfection! But pray, how does a man write poetry with a pen upon paper, who thus is perpetually pouring it from his inspired lips? Read the *Ancient Mariner*, the *Nightingale*, and *Genevieve*. In the first, you shudder at the superstition of the sea—in the second, you thrill with the melodies of the woods—in the third, earth is like heaven;—for you are made to feel that

“All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame
Are all but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame!”

Has Coleridge, then, ever written a Great Poem? No; for besides the *Regions of the Fair*, the *Wild*, and the *Wonderful*, there is another up to which his wing might not soar; though the plumes are strong as soft. But why should he who loveth to take “the wings of a dove that he may flee away” to the bosom of beauty, though there never for a moment to be at rest—why should he, like an eagle, soar into the storms that roll above this visible diurnal sphere in peals of perpetual thunder?

Wordsworth, somewhere or other, remonstrates, rather angrily, with the Public, against her obstinate ignorance shown in persisting to put into one class, himself, Coleridge, and Southey, as birds of a feather, that not only flock together but warble the same sort of song. But he elsewhere tells us that he and Coleridge hold the same principles in the *Art Poetical*; and among his *Lyrical Ballads* he admitted the three finest compositions of his illustrious Compeer. The Public, therefore, is not to blame in taking him at his word, even if she had discerned no family likeness in their genius. Southey certainly resembles Wordsworth less than Coleridge does; but he lives at Keswick, which is but some dozen miles from Rydal, and perhaps with an unphilosophical though pensive Public that link or connection should be allowed to be sufficient, even were there no other less patent and material than the Macadamized turnpike road. But true it is and of verity, that Southey, among our living Poets, stands aloof and “alone in his glory;” for he alone of them all has adventured to illustrate, in *Poems of magnitude*, the different characters, customs, and manners of nations. Joan of Arc is an English and French story—*Thalaba*, Arabian—*Kehama*, Indian—*Madoc*, Welsh and American—and *Roderick*, Spanish and Moorish; nor would it be easy to say (setting aside the first, which was a very youthful work) in which of these noble *Poems* Mr. Southey has most successfully performed an achievement entirely beyond the power of any but the highest genius. In *Ma-*

don, and especially in Roderick, he has relied on the truth of nature—as it is seen in the history of great national transactions and events. In Thalaba and in Kehama, though in them, too, he has brought to bear an almost boundless lore, he follows the leading of Fancy and Imagination, and walks in a world of wonders. Seldom, if ever, has one and the same Poet exhibited such power in such different kinds of Poetry—in Truth a Master, and in Fiction a Magician.

It is easy to assert that he draws on his vast stores of knowledge gathered from books—and that we have but to look at the multifarious accumulation of notes appended to his great Poems to see that they are not Inventions. The materials of poetry indeed are there—often the raw materials—seldom more; but the Imagination that moulded them into beautiful, or magnificent, or wondrous shapes, is all his own—and has shown itself most creative. Southey never was among the Arabians nor Hindoos, and therefore had to trust to travellers. But had he not been a Poet he might have read till he was blind, nor ever seen

“The palm-grove inland amid the waste,”

where with Oneiza in her Father's Tent

“How happily the years of Thalaba went by!”

In what guidance but that of his own genius did he descend with the Destroyer into the Dom-daniel Caves? And who showed him the Swerga's Bowers of Bliss? Who built for him with all its palaces that submarine City of the Dead, safe in its far-dawn silence from the superficial thunder of the sea? The greatness as well as the originality of Southey's genius is seen in the conception of every one of his Five Chief Works—with the exception of Joan of Arc, which was written in very early youth, and is chiefly distinguished by a fine enthusiasm. They are one and all National Poems—wonderfully true to the customs and characters of the inhabitants of the countries in which are laid the scenes of all their various adventures and enterprises—and the Poet has entirely succeeded in investing with an individual interest each representative of a race. Thalaba is a true Arab—Madoc a true Briton—King Roderick indeed the Last of the Goths. Kehama is a personage whom we can be made to imagine only in Hindostan. Sir Walter confined himself in his poetry to Scotland—except in Rokeby—and his might then went not with him across the Border; though in his novels and romances he was at home when abroad—and nowhere else more gloriously than with Saladin in the Desert. Lalla Rookh is full of brilliant poetry; and one of the series—the Fire Worshipers—is Moore's highest effort; but the whole is too elaborately Oriental—and often in pure weariness of all that accumulation of the gorgeous imagery of the East, we shut up the false glitter, and thank Heaven that we are in one of the bleakest and barest corners of the West. But Southey's magic is more potent—and he was privileged to exclaim—

“Come, listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me. I am he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wondrous song.

Come listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean path,
And quell'd barbaric power, and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted on its fane triumphantly
The Cross of Christ. Come, listen to my lay.”

Of all his chief Poems the conception and the execution are original; in much faulty and imperfect both; but bearing throughout the impress of original power; and breathing a moral charm, in the midst of the wildest and some times even extravagant imaginings, that shall preserve them for ever from oblivion, embalming them in the spirit of delight and of love. Fairy Tales—or tales of witchcraft and enchantment, seldom stir the holiest and deepest feelings of the heart; but Thalaba and Kehama do so; “the still sad music of humanity” is ever with us among all most wonderful and wild; and of all the spells, and charms, and talismans that are seen working strange effects before our eyes, the strongest are ever felt to be Piety and Virtue. What exquisite pictures of domestic affection and bliss! what sanctity and devotion! Meek as a child is Innocence in Southey's poetry, but mightier than any giant. Whether matron or maid, mother or daughter—in joy or sorrow—as they appear before us, doing or suffering, “beautiful and dutiful,” with Faith, Hope and Charity their guardian angels, nor Fear ever once crossing their path! We feel, in perusing such pictures—“Purity! thy name is woman!” and are not these Great Poems? We are silent. But should you answer “yes,” from us in our present mood you shall receive no contradiction.

The transition always seems to us, we scarcely know why, as natural as delightful from Southey to Scott. They alone of all the poets of the day have produced poems in which are pictured and narrated, epically, national characters, and events, and actions, and catastrophes. Southey has heroically invaded foreign countries; Scott as heroically brought his power to bear on his own people; and both have achieved immortal triumphs. But Scotland is proud of her great national minstrel—and as long as she is Scotland, will wash and warm the laurels round his brow, with rains and winds that will for ever keep brightening their glossy verdure. Whereas England, ungrateful ever to her men of genius, already often forgets the poetry of Southey; while Little Britain abuses his patriotism in his politics. The truth is, that Scotland had forgotten her own history till Sir Walter burnished it all up till it glowed again—it is hard to say whether in his poetry or in his prose the brightest—and the past became the present. We know now the character of our own people as it showed itself in war and peace—in palace, castle, hall, hut, hovel, and shieling—through centuries of advancing civilization, from the time when Edinburgh was first cyleped Auld Reekie, down to the period when the bright idea first occurred to her inhabitants to call her the Modern Athens. This he has effected by means of about one hundred volumes, each exhibiting to the life about fifty characters, and each character not only an individual in himself or herself, but the representative—so we

offer to prove if you be skeptical—of a distinct class or order of human beings, from the Monarch to the Mendicant, from the Queen to the Gipsy, from the Bruce to the Monipplies, from Mary Stuart to Jenny Dennisoun. We shall never say that Scott is Shakspeare; but we shall say that he has conceived and created—you know the meaning of these words—as many characters—real living flesh-and-blood human beings—naturally, truly, and consistently, as Shakspeare; who, always transcendently great in pictures of the passions—out of their range, which surely does not comprehend all rational being—was—nay, do not threaten to murder us—not seldom an imperfect delineator of human life. All the world believed that Sir Walter had not only exhausted his own genius in his poetry, but that he had exhausted all the matter of Scottish life—he and Burns together—and that no more ground unturned-up lay on this side of the Tweed. Perhaps he thought so too for a while—and shared in the general and natural delusion. But one morning before breakfast it occurred to him, that in all his poetry he had done little or nothing—though more for Scotland than any other of her poets—except the Ploughman—and that it would not be much amiss to commence a New Century of Inventions. Hence the *Prose Tales*—*Novels*—and *Romances*—fresh floods of light pouring all over Scotland—and occasionally illuminating England, France, and Germany, and even Palestine—whatever land had been ennobled by Scottish enterprise, genius, valour, and virtue.

Up to the era of Sir Walter, living people had some vague, general, indistinct notions about dead people mouldering away to nothing centuries ago, in regular kirkyards and chance burial-places, “mang muirs and mosses many O,” somewhere or other in that difficultly-distinguished and very debatable district called the Borders. All at once he touched their tombs with a divining rod, and the turf streamed out ghosts, some in woodmen’s dresses—most in warrior’s mail: green arches leaped forth with yew-bows and quivers—and giants stalked shaking spears. The gray chronicler smiled; and, taking up his pen, wrote in lines of light the annals of the chivalrous and heroic days of auld feudal Scotland. The nation then, for the first time, knew the character of its ancestors; for those were not spectres—not they indeed—nor phantoms of the brain—but gaunt flesh and blood, or glad and glorious;—base-born cottage churls of the olden time, because Scottish, became familiar to the love of the nation’s heart, and so to its pride did the high-born lineage of palace-kings. The worst of Sir Walter is, that he has *hurried* all Scotland. Never was there such a freebooter. He hurries all men’s cattle—kills themselves off hand, and makes bonfires of their castles. Thus has he disturbed and illuminated all the land as with the blazes of a million beacons. Lakes lie with their islands distinct by midnight as by mid-day; wide woods glow gloriously in the gloom; and by the stormy splendour you even see ships, with all sails set, far at sea. His favourite themes in prose or numerous verse, are still “Knights and Lords and mighty Earls,”

and their Lady-loves, chiefly Scottish—of kings that fought for fame or freedom—of fatal Floods and bright Bannockburn—of the DE-LIVERER. If that be not national to the teeth, Homer was no Ionian, Tyrtæus not sprung from Sparta, and Christopher North a Cockney. Let Abbotsford, then, be cognomed by those that choose it, the Ariosto of the North—we shall continue to call him plain Sir Walter.

Now, we beg leave to decline answering our own question—has he ever written a Great Poem? We do not care one straw whether he has or not; for he has done this—he has exhibited human life in a greater variety of forms and lights, all definite and distinct, than any other man whose name has reached our ears; and therefore, without fear or trembling, we tell the world to its face, that he is, out of all sight, the greatest genius of the age, not forgetting Goethe, the Devil, and Dr. Faustus.

“What? Scott a greater genius than Byron?” Yes—beyond compare. Byron had a vivid and strong, but not a wide, imagination. He saw things as they are, occasionally standing prominently and boldly out from the flat surface of this world; and in general, when his soul was up, he described them with a master’s might. We speak now of the external world—of nature and of art. Now observe how he dealt with nature. In his early poems he betrayed no passionate love of nature, though we do not doubt that he felt it; and even in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* he was an unfrequent and no very devout worshipper at her shrine. We are not blaming his lukewarmness; but simply stating a fact. He had something else to think of, it would appear; and proved himself a poet. But in the third canto, “a change came over the spirit of his dream,” and he “babbled o’ green fields,” floods, and mountains. Unfortunately, however, for his originality, that canto is almost a cento—his model being Wordsworth. His merit, whatever it may be, is limited therefore to that of imitation. And observe, the imitation is not merely occasional or verbal; but all the descriptions are conceived in the spirit of Wordsworth, coloured by it and shaped—from it they live, and breathe, and have their being; and that so entirely, that had the *Excursion* and *Lyrical Ballads* never been, neither had any composition at all resembling, either in conception or execution, the third canto of *Childe Harold*. His soul, however, having been awakened by the inspiration of the Bard of Nature, never afterwards fell asleep, nor got drowsy over her beauties or glories; and much fine description pervades most of his subsequent works. He afterwards made much of what he saw his own—and even described it after his own fashion; but a greater in that domain was his instructor and guide—nor in his noblest efforts did he ever make any close approach to those inspired passages, which he had manifestly set as models before his imagination. With all the fair and great objects in the world of art, again, Byron dealt like a poet of original genius. They themselves, and not descriptions of them, kindled it up; and thus “thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,” do almost entirely compose the fourth canto

which is worth, ten times over, all the rest. The impetuosity of his career is astonishing; never for a moment does his wing flag; ever and anon he stoops but to soar again with a more majestic sweep; and you see how he glories in his flight—that he is proud as Lucifer. The first two cantos are frequently cold, cumbersome, stiff, heavy, and dull; and, with the exception of perhaps a dozen stanzas, and these far from being of first-rate excellence, they are found woefully wanting in the true fire. Many passages are but the baldest prose. Byron, after all, was right in thinking—at first—but poorly of these cantos; and so was the friend, not Mr. Hobhouse, who threw cold water upon them in manuscript. True, they “made a prodigious sensation,” but bitter-bad stuff has often done that; while often unheeded or unheard has been an angel’s voice. Had they been suffered to stand alone, long ere now had they been pretty well forgotten; and had they been followed by other two cantos no better than themselves, then had the whole four in good time been most certainly damned. But, fortunately, the poet, in his pride, felt himself pledged to proceed; and proceed he did in a superior style; borrowing, stealing, and robbing, with a face of aristocratic assurance that must have amazed the plundered; but intermingling with the spoil riches fairly won by his own genius from the exhaustless treasury of nature, who loved her wayward, her wicked, and her wondrous son. Is Childe Harold, then, a Great Poem? What! with one half of it little above mediocrity, one quarter of it not original in conception, and in execution swarming with faults, and the remainder glorious! As for his tales—the *Giaour*, *Corsair*, *Lara*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Siege of Corinth*, and so forth—they are all spirited, energetic, and passionate performances—sometimes nobly and sometimes meanly versified—but displaying neither originality nor fertility of invention, and assuredly no wide range either of feeling or of thought, though over that range a supreme dominion. Some of his dramas are magnificent—and in many of his smaller poems, pathos and beauty overflow. Don Juan exhibits almost every kind of talent; and in it the degradation of poetry is perfect.

But there is another glory belonging to this age, and almost to this age alone of our poetry—the glory of Female Genius. We have heard and seen it seriously argued whether or not women are equal to men; as if there could be a moment’s doubt in any mind unbesotted by sex, that they are infinitely superior; not in understanding, thank Heaven, nor in intellect, out in all other “impulses of soul and sense” that dignify and adorn human beings, and make them worthy of living on this delightful earth. Men for the most part are such worthless wretches, that we wonder how women condescended to allow the world to be carried on; and we attribute that phenomenon solely to the hallowed yearnings of maternal affection, which breathes as strongly in maid as in matron, and may be beautifully seen in the child fondling its doll in its blissful bosom. Philoprogenitiveness! But not to pursue that interesting speculation, suffice it for the pre-

sent to say, that so far from having no souls—a whim of Mahomet’s, who thought but of their bodies—women are the sole spiritual beings that walk the earth not unseen; they alone, without pursuing a complicated and scientific system of deception and hypocrisy, are privileged from on high to write poetry. We—men we mean—may affect a virtue though we have it not, and appear to be inspired by the divine afflatus. Nay, we sometimes—often—are truly so inspired, and write like Gods. A few of us are subject to fits, and in them utter oracles. But the truth is too glaring to be denied, that all male rational creatures are in the long run vile, corrupt, and polluted; and that the best man that ever died in his bed within the arms of his distracted wife, is wicked far than the worst woman that was ever iniquitously hanged for murdering what was called her poor husband, who in all cases righteously deserved his fate. Purity of mind is incompatible with manhood; and a monk is a monster—so is every Fellow of a College, and every Roman Catholic Priest, from Father O’Leary to Dr. Doyle. Confessions, indeed! Why, had Joseph himself confessed all he ever felt and thought to Potiphar’s wife, she would have frowned him from her presence in all the chaste dignity of virtuous indignation, and so far from tearing off his garment, would not have touched it for the whole world. But all women—fill men by marriage, or by something, if that be possible, worse even than marriage, try in vain to reduce them nearly to their own level—are pure as dewdrops or moonbeams, and know not the meaning of evil. Their genius conjectures it; and in that there is no sin. But their genius loves best to image forth good, for ’tis the blessing of their life, its power, and its glory; and hence, when they write poetry, it is religious, sweet, soft, solemn, and divine.

Observe, however—to prevent all mistakes—that we speak but of British women—and of British women of the present age. Of the German Fair Sex we know little or nothing; but daresay that the Baroness la Motte Fouqué is a worthy woman, and as rapid as the Baron. Neither make we any allusion to Madame Genlis, or other illustrious Lemans of the French school, who charitably adopted their own natural daughters, while other less pious ladies, who had become mothers without being wives, sent theirs to Foundling Hospitals. We restrict ourselves to the Maids and Matrons of this Island—and of this Age; and as it is of poetical genius that we speak—we name the names of Joanna Baillie, Mary Tighe, Felicia Hemans, Caroline Bowles, Mary Howitt, Letitia Elizabeth Landon, and the Lovely Norton; while we pronounce several other sweet-sounding Christian surnames in whispering undertones of affection, almost as inaudible as the sound of the growing of grass on a dewy evening.

Corinna and Sappho must have been women of transcendent genius so to move Greece. For though the Greek character was most impressive and combustible, it was so only to the finest finger and fire. In that delightful land dunces were all dumb. Where genius

alone spoke and sung poetry, how hard to excel! Corinna and Sappho did excel—the one, it is said, conquering Pindar—and the other all the world but Phaon.

But our own Joanna has been visited with a still loftier inspiration. She has created tragedies which Sophocles—or Euripides—nay, even Æschylus himself, might have feared, in competition for the crown. She is our Tragic Queen; but she belongs to all places as to all times; and Sir Walter truly said—let them who dare deny it—that he saw her Genius in a sister shape sailing by the side of the Swan of Avon. Yet Joanna loves to pace the pastoral mead; and then we are made to think of the tender dawn, the clear noon, and the bright meridian of her life, past among the tall cliffs of the silver Calder, and in the lone some heart of the dark Strathaven Muirs.

Plays on the Passions! "How absurd!" said one philosophical writer. "This will never do. It has done—perfectly. What, pray, is the aim of all tragedy? The Stagyrte has told us—to purify the passions by pity and terror. They ventilate and cleanse the soul—till its atmosphere is like that of a calm, bright summer day. All plays, therefore, must be on the Passions. And all that Joanna intended—and it was a great intention greatly effected—was in her Series of Dramas to steady her purposes by ever keeping one great end in view, of which the perpetual perception could not fail to make all the means harmonious, and therefore majestic. One passion was, therefore, constituted sovereign of the soul in each glorious tragedy—sovereign sometimes by divine right—sometimes an usurper—generally a tyrant. In De Monfort we behold the horrid reign of Hate. But in his sister—the seraphic sway of Love. Darkness and light sometimes opposed in sublime contrast—and sometimes the light swallowing up the darkness—or "smoothing its raven down till it smiles." Finally, all is black as night and the grave—for the light, unextinguished, glides away into some far-off world of peace. Count Basil! A woman only could have imagined that divine drama. How different the love Basil feels for Victoria from Anthony's for Cleopatra! Pure, deep, high as the heaven and the sea. Yet on it we see him borne away to shame, destruction, and death. It is indeed his ruling passion. But up to the day he first saw her face his ruling passion had been the love of glory. And the hour he died by his own hand was troubled into madness by many passions; for are they not all mysteriously linked together, sometimes a dreadful brotherhood?

Do you wonder how one mind can have such vivid consciousness of the feelings of another, while their characters are cast in such different moulds? It is, indeed, wonderful—but the power is that of sympathy and genius. The dramatic poet, whose heart breathes love to all living things, and whose overflowing tenderness diffuses itself over the beauty even of unliving nature, may yet paint with his creative hand the steeled heart of him who sits on a throne of blood—the lust of crime in a mind polluted with wickedness—the remorse of acts which could never pass in thought through his

imagination as his own. For, in the act of imagination, he can suppress in his mind its own peculiar feelings—its good and gracious affections—call up from their hidden places those elements of our being, of which the seeds were sown in him as in all—give them unnatural magnitude and power—conceive the disorder of passions, the perpetration of crimes, the tortures of remorse, or the scorn of that human weakness, from which his own gentle bosom and blameless life are pure and free. He can bring himself, in short, into an imaginary and momentary sympathy with the wicked, just as his mind falls of itself into a natural and true sympathy with those whose character is accordant with his own; and watching the emotions and workings of his mind in the spontaneous and in the forced sympathy, he knows and understands from himself what passes in the minds of others. What is done in the highest degree by the highest genius, is done by all of ourselves in lesser degree, and unconsciously, at every moment, in our intercourse with one another. To this kind of sympathy, so essential to our knowledge of the human mind, and without which there can be neither poetry nor philosophy, are necessary a largeness of heart which willingly yields itself to conceive the feelings and states of others whose character is utterly unlike its own, and freedom from any inordinate overpowering passion which quenches in the mind the feelings of nature it has already known, and places it in habitual enmity to the affections and happiness of its kind. To paint bad passions, is not to praise them: they alone can paint them well who hate, fear, or pity them; and therefore Baillie has done so—nay start not—better than Byron.

Well may our land be proud of such women. None such ever before adorned her poetical annals. Glance over that most interesting volume, "Specimens of British Poetesses," by that amiable, ingenious, and erudite man, the Reverend Alexander Dyce, and what effulgence begins to break towards the close of the eighteenth century! For ages on ages the genius of English women had ever and anon been shining forth in song; but faint though fair was the lustre, and struggling imprisoned in clouds. Some of the sweet singers of those days bring tears to our eyes by their simple pathos—for their poetry breathes of their own sorrows, and shows that they were but too familiar with grief. But their strains are mere melodies "sweetly played in tune." The deeper harmonies of poetry seem to have been beyond their reach. The range of their power was limited. Anne, Countess of Winchelsea—Catherine Phillips, known by the name of Orinda—and Mrs. Anne Killigrew, who, as Dryden says, was made an angel, "in the last promotion to the skies,"—showed, as they sang on earth, that they were all worthy to sing in heaven. But what were their hymns to those that are now warbled around us from many sister spirits, pure in their lives as they, but brighter far in their genius, and more fortunate in its nurture. Poetry from female lips was then half a wonder and half a reproach. But now 'tis no longer rare—not even the highest—

yes, the highest—for Innocence and Purity are of the highest hierarchies; and the thoughts and feelings they inspire, though breathed in words and tones, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," are yet lofty as the stars, and humble too as the flowers beneath our feet.

We have not forgotten an order of poets, peculiar, we believe, to our own enlightened land—a high order of poets sprung from the lower orders of the people—and not only sprung from them, but bred as well as born in "the huts where poor men lie," and glorifying their condition by the light of song. Such glory belongs—we believe—exclusively to this country and to this age. Mr. Southey, who in his own high genius and fame is never insensible to the virtues of his fellow-men, however humble and obscure the sphere in which they may move, has sent forth a volume—and a most interesting one—on the uneducated poets; nor shall we presume to gainsay one of his benevolent words. But this we do say, that all the verse-writers of whom he there treats, and all the verse-writers of the same sort of whom he does not treat, that ever existed on the face of the earth, shrink up into a lean and shrivelled bundle of leaves or sticks, compared with these Five—Burns, Hogg, Cunningham, Bloomfield, and Clare. It must be a strong soil—the soil of this Britain—which sends up such products; and we must not complain of the clime beneath which they grow to such height, and bear such fruitage. The spirit of domestic life must be sound—the natural knowledge of good and evil high—the religion true—the laws just—and the government, on the whole, good, methinks, that have all conspired to educate these children of genius, whose souls Nature had framed of the finer clay.

Such men seem to us more clearly and certainly men of genius, than many who, under different circumstances, may have effected higher achievements. For though they enjoyed in their condition ineffable blessings to dilate their spirits, and touch them with all tenderest thoughts, it is not easy to imagine, on the other hand, the deadening or degrading influences to which by that condition they were inevitably exposed, and which keep down the heaven-aspiring flame of genius, or extinguish it wholly, or hold it smouldering under all sorts of rubbish. Only look at the attempts in verse of the common run of clodhoppers. Buy a few ballads from the wall or stall—and you groan to think that you have been born—such is the mess of mire and filth which often, without the slightest intention of offence, those rural, city, or suburban bards of the lower orders prepare for boys, virgins, and matrons, who all devour it greedily, without suspicion. Strange it is that even in that mural minstrelsy, occasionally occurs a phrase or line, and even stanza, sweet and simple, and to nature true; but consider it in the light of poetry read, recited, and sung by the people, and you might well be appalled by the revelation therein made of the tastes, feelings, and thoughts of the lower orders. And yet in the midst of all the popularity of such productions, the best of Burns' poems, his *Cottar's Saturday Night*, and most delicate of his songs, are still more popu-

lar, and read by the same classes with a still greater eagerness of delight. Into this mystery we shall not now inquire; but we mention it now merely to show how divine a thing true genius is, which, burning within the bosoms of a few favourite sons of nature, guards them from all such pollution, lifts them up above it all, purifies their whole being, and without consuming their family affections or friendships, or making them unhappy with their lot, and disgusted with all about them, reveals to them all that is fair and bright and beautiful in feeling and in imagination, makes them very poets indeed, and should fortune favour, and chance and accident, gains for them wide over the world, the glory of a poet's name.

From all such evil influences incident to their condition—and we are now speaking but of the evil—The Five emerged; and first and foremost—Burns. Our dearly beloved Thomas Carlyle is reported to have said at a dinner given to Allan Cunningham in Dumfries, that Burns was not only one of the greatest of poets, but likewise of philosophers. We hope not. What he did may be told in one short sentence. His genius purified and ennobled in his imagination and in his heart the character and condition of the Scottish peasantry—and reflected them, ideally true to nature, in the living waters of Song. That is what he did; but to do that, did not require the highest powers of the poet and the philosopher. Nay, had he marvellously possessed them, he never would have written a single line of the poetry of the late Robert Burns. Thank Heaven for not having made him such a man—but merely the Ayrshire Ploughman. He was called into existence for a certain work, for the fulness of time was come—but he was neither a Shakespeare, nor a Scott, nor a Goethe; and therefore he rejoiced in writing the *Saturday Night*, and the *Twa Dogs*, and the *Holy Fair*, and *O' a' the Airts the Win' can blaw*, and eke the *Vision*. But forbid it, all ye Gracious Powers! that we should quarrel with Thomas Carlyle—and that, too, for calling Robert Burns one of the greatest poets and philosophers.

Like a strong man rejoicing to run a race, we behold Burns in his golden prime; and glory gleams from the Peasant's head, far and wide over Scotland. See the shadow tottering to the tomb! frenzied with fears of a prison—for some five pound debt—existing, perhaps, but in his diseased imagination—for, alas! sorely diseased it was, and he too, at last, seemed somewhat insane. He escapes that disgrace in the grave. Buried with his bones be all remembrances of his miseries! But the spirit of song, which was his true spirit, unpolluted and unfallen, lives, and breathes, and has its being, in the peasant-life of Scotland; his songs, which are as household and sheepfold words, consecrated by the charm that is in all the heart's purest affections, love and pity, and the joy of grief, shall never decay, till among the people have decayed the virtues which they celebrate, and by which they were inspired; and should some dismal change in the skies ever overshadow the sunshine of our national character, and savage storms end in sullen stillness, which is moral death, in the

poetry of Burns the natives of happier lands will see how noble was once the degenerated race that may then be looking down disconsolately on the dim grass of Scotland with the unuplifted eyes of cowards and slaves.

The truth ought always to be spoken; and therefore we say that in fancy James Hogg—in spite of his name and his teeth—was not inferior to Robert Burns—and why not? The Forest is a better school-room for Fancy than ever Burns studied in; it overflowed with poetical traditions. But comparisons are always odious; and the great glory of James is, that he is as unlike Robert as ever one poet was unlike another.

Among hills that once were a forest, and still bear that name, and by the side of a river not unknown in song, lying in his plaid on a brae among the "woolly people," behold that true son of genius—"The Ettrick Shepherd." We are never so happy as when praising James; but pastoral poets are the most incomprehensible of God's creatures; and here is one of the best of them all, who confesses the Chaldee and denies the Noctes!

The Queen's Wake is a garland of fair forest flowers, bound with a band of rushes from the moor. It is not a poem—not it—nor was it intended to be so; you might as well call a bright bouquet of flowers a flower, which, by the by, we do in Scotland. Some of the ballads are very beautiful; one or two even splendid; most of them spirited; and the worst far better than the best that ever was written by any bard in danger of being a blockhead. "Kilmeny" alone places our (ay, *our*) Shepherd among the Undying Ones. London soon loses all memory of lions, let them visit her in the shape of any animal they please. But the Heart of the Forest never forgets. It knows no such word as absence. The Death of a Poet there, is but the beginning of a Life of Fame. His songs no more perish than do flowers. There are no Annuals in the Forest. All are perennial; or if they do indeed die, their fadings away are invisible in the constant succession—the sweet unbroken series of everlasting bloom. So will it be in his native haunts with the many songs of the Ettrick Shepherd. The lochs may be drained—corn may grow where once the Yarrow flowed—nor is such change much more unlikely than in the olden time would have been thought the extirpation of all the vast oak-woods, where the deer trembled to fall into the den of the wolf, and the wild boar barrowed beneath the eagle's eyrie. All extinct now! But obsolete never shall be the Shepherd's plaintive or pawky, his melancholy or merry, lays. The ghost of "Mary Lee" will be seen in the moonlight coming down the hills; the "Witch of Fife" on the clouds will still bestride her besom; and the "Gude Grey Cat" will mew in imagination, were even the last mouse on his last legs, and the feline species swept off by war, pestilence, and famine, and heard to pur no more!

It is here where Burns was weakest, that the Shepherd is strongest—the world of shadows. The airy beings that to the impassioned soul of Burns seemed cold, bloodless, unattractive,

rise up lovely in their own silent domains, before the dreaming fancy of the tender-hearted Shepherd. The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed all his days, inspired him with ever-brooding visions of Fairy Land, till, as he lay musing on the brae, the world of shadows seemed, in the clear depths, a softened reflection of real life, like the hills and heavens in the water of his native lake. When he speaks of Fairy Land, his language becomes aerial as the very voice of the fairy people, serenest images rise up with the music of the verse, and we almost believe in the being of those unlocalized realms of peace, and of which he sings like a native minstrel.

Yes, James—thou wert but a poor shepherd to the last—poor in this world's goods—though Altrive Lake is a pretty little bit farmie—given thee by the best of Dukes—with its few laigh sheep-braes—its somewhat stony hayfield or two—its pasture where Crummie might un-hungered graze—nyeuck for the potato's bloomy or ploomy shaws—and path-divided from the porch—the garden, among whose flowers "wee Jamie" played. But nature had given thee, to console thy heart in all disappointments from the "false smiling of fortune beguiling," a boon which thou didst hug to thy heart with transport on the darkest day—the "gift o' genie," and the power of immortal song.

And has Scotland to the Ettrick Shepherd been just—been generous—as she was—or was not—to the Ayrshire peasant?—has she, in her conduct to him, shown her contrition for her sin—whatever that may have been—to Burns? It is hard to tell. Fashion tosses the feathered head—and gentility turns away her painted cheek from the Mountain Bard; but when, at the shrine of true poetry, did ever such votaries devoutly worship? Cold, false, and hollow, ever has been their admiration of genius—and different, indeed, from their evanescent ejaculations, has ever been the enduring voice of fame. Scorn be to the scornors! But Scott, and Wordsworth, and Southey and Byron, and the other great bards, have all loved the Shepherd's lays—and Joanna the palm-crowned, and Felicia the muse's darling, and Caroline the Christian poetess, and all the other fair female spirits of song. And in his native land, all hearts that love her streams, and her hills, and her cottages, and her kirks, the bee-humming garden and the primrose-circled fold, the white hawthorn and the green fairy-knowe, all delight in Kilmeny and Mary Lee, and in many another vision that visited the Shepherd in the Forest.

And what can surpass many of the Shepherd's songs! The most undefinable of all undefinable kinds of poetical inspiration are surely—Songs. They seem to start up indeed from the dew-sprinkled soil of a poet's soul, like flowers; the first stanza being root, the second leaf, the third bud, and all the rest blossom, till the song is like a stalk laden with its own beauty, and laying itself down in languid delight on the soft bed of moss—song and flower alike having the same "dying fall!"

A fragment! And the more piteous because a fragment. Go in search of the pathetic, and you will find it tear-steeped, sigh-breathed, moan-muttered, and groaned in fragments. The poet seems often struck dumb by woe—his heart feels that suffering is at its acme—and that he should break off and away from a sight too sad to be longer looked on—haply too humiliating to be disclosed. So, too, it sometimes is with the beautiful. The soul in its delight seeks to escape from the emotion that oppresses it—is speechless—and the song falls mute. Such is frequently the character—and the origin of that character—of our auld Scottish Sangs. In their mournfulness are they not almost like the wail of some bird distracted on the bush from which its nest has been harried, and then suddenly flying away for ever into the woods? In their joyfulness, are they not almost like the hymn of some bird, that love-stricken suddenly darts from the tree-top down to the caresses that flutter through the spring? And such, too, are often the airs to which those dear auld sangs are sung. From excess of feeling—fragmentary; or of one divine part to which genius may be defied to conceive another, because but one hour in all time could have given it birth.

You may call this pure nonsense—but 'tis so pure that you need not fear to swallow it. All great song-writers, nevertheless, have been great thieves. Those who had the blessed fate to flourish first—to be born when "this auld cloak was new,"—the cloak we mean which nature wears—scrupled not to creep upon her as she lay asleep beneath the shadow of some single tree among

"The grace of forest-woods decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy,"

and to steal the very pearls out of her hair—out of the silken snood which enamoured Pan himself had not untied in the Golden Age. Or if she ventured, as sometimes she did, to walk along the highways of the earth, they robbed her in the face of day of her dew-wrought reticule—without hurting, however, the hand from which they brushed that net of gossamer.

Then came the Silver Age of Song, the age in which we now live—and the song-singers were thieves still—stealing and robbing from them who had stolen and robbed of old; yet, how account you for this phenomenon—all parties remain richer than ever—and Nature, especially, after all this thieving and robbery, and piracy and plunder, many million times richer than the day on which she received her dowry,

"The bridal of the earth and sky;"

and with "golden store" sufficient in its scatterings to enable all the sons of genius she will ever bear, to "set up for themselves" in poetry, accumulating capital upon capital, till each is a Cæsus, rejoicing to lend it out without any other interest than cent per cent, paid in sighs, smiles, and tears, and without any other security than the promise of a quiet eye,

"That broods and sleeps on its own heart!"

Amongst the most famous thieves in our time have been Rob, James, and Allan. Burns never

saw or heard a jewel or a tune or a thought of a feeling, but he immediately made it his own—that is, stole it. He was too honest a man to refrain from such thefts. The thoughts and feelings—to whom by divine right did they belong? To Nature. But Burns beheld them "waif and stray," and in peril of being lost for ever. He seized then on those "snatches of old songs," wavering away into the same oblivion that lies on the graves of the nameless bards who first gave them being; and now, spiritually interfused with his own lays, they are secured against decay—and like them immortal. So hath the Shepherd stolen many of the Flowers of the Forest—whose beauty had breathed there ever since Flodden's fatal overthrow; but they had been long fading and pining away in the solitary places, wherein so many of their kindred had utterly disappeared, and beneath the restoring light of his genius their bloom and their balm were for ever renewed. But the thief of all thieves is the Nithsdale and Galloway thief—called by Sir Walter most characteristically, "Honest Allan!" Thief and forger as he is—we often wonder why he is permitted to live. Many is the sweet stanza he has stolen from Time—that silly old carle who kens not even his own—many the lifelike line—and many the strange single word that seems to possess the power of all the parts of speech. And, having stolen them, to what use did he turn the treasures? Why, unable to give back every man his own—for they were all dead, buried, and forgotten—by a potent prayer he evoked from his Pool-Palace, overshadowed by the Dalswinton woods, the Genius of the Nith, to preserve the gathered flowers of song for ever unwithered, for that they all had grown ages ago beneath and around the green shadows of Criffel, and longed now to be embalmed in the purity of the purest river that Scotland sees flowing in unsullied silver to the sea. But the Genius of the Nith—frowning and smiling—as he looked upon his son alternately in anger, love, and pride—refused the votive offering, and told him to be gone; for that he—the Genius—was not a Cromek—and could distinguish with half an eye what belonged to antiquity, from what had undergone, in Allan's hands, change into "something rich and rare;" and above all, from what had been blown to life that very year by the breath of Allan's own genius, love-inspired by "his ain lassie," the "lass that he loe'd best," springing from seeds itself had sown, and cherished by the dews of the same gracious skies, that filled with motion and music the transparency of the river god's never-failing urn.

We love Allan's "Maid of Elvar." It beats with a fine, free, bold, and healthful spirit. Along with the growth of the mutual love of Eustace and Sybil, he paints peasant-life with a pen that reminds us of the pencil of Wilkie. He is as familiar with it all as Burns; and Burns would have perused with tears many of these pictures, even the most cheerful—for the flood-gates of Robin's heart often suddenly flung themselves open to a touch, while a rushing gush—wondering gazers knew not why—bedimmed the lustre of his large black eyes. Allan gives us descriptions of Washings and

Watchings o' claes, as Homer has done before him in the *Odyssey*, and that other Allan in the Gentle Shepherd—of Kirks, and Christenings, and Hallowe'ens, and other Festivals. Nor has he feared to string his lyre—why should he!—to such themes as the Cottar's Saturday Night—and the simple ritual of our faith, sung and said

"In some small kirk upon the sunny brae,
That stands all by itself on some sweet Sabbath-day."

Any, many are the merits of this "Rustic Tale." To appreciate them properly, we must carry along with us, during the perusal of the poem, a right understanding and feeling of that pleasant epithet—*Rustic*. Rusticity and Urbanity are polar opposites—and there lie between many million modes of Manners, which you know are Minor Morals. But not to puzzle a subject in itself sufficiently simple, the same person may be at once rustic and urbane, and that too, either in his character of man or of poet, or in his twofold capacity of both; for observe that though you may be a man without being a poet, we defy you to be a poet without being a man. A Rustic is a clodhopper; an Urbane is a paviour. But it is obvious that the paviour in a field hops the clod; that the clodhopper in a street paces the pavée. At the same time, it is equally obvious that the paviour, in hopping the clod, performs the feat with a sort of city smoke, which breathes of bricks; that the clodhopper, in pacing the pavée, overcomes the difficulty with a kind of country air, that is redolent of broom. Probably, too, Urbanus through a deep fallow is seen ploughing his way in pumps; Rusticus along the shallow stones is heard clattering on clogs. But to cease pursuing the subject through all its variations, suffice it for the present (for we perceive that we must resume the discussion another time) to say, that Allan Cunningham is a living example and lively proof of the truth of our Philosophy—it being universally allowed in the best circles of town and country, that he is an *URBANE RUSTIC*.

Now, that is the man for our love and money, when the work to be done is a Poem on Scottish Life.

We can say of Allan what Allan says of Eustace:

—"far from the pasture moor
He comes; the fragrance of the dale and wood
Is scenting all his garments, green and good."

The rural imagery is fresh and fair; not copied Cockney-wise, from pictures in oil or water-colours—from mezzotintoes or line-engravings—but from the free open face of day, or the dim retiring face of eve, or the face, "black but comely," of night—by sunlight or moonlight, ever Nature. Sometimes he gives us—Studies. Small, sweet, sunny spots of still or dancing day—stream-gleam—grove-glow—sky-glympse—or cottage-roof, in the deep dell sending up its smoke to the high peavens. But usually Allan paints with a sweeping pencil. He lays down his landscapes, stretching wide and far, and fills them with woods and rivers, hills and mountains, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; and of all sights in life and nature, none so dear to his

eyes as the golden grain, ebbing like tide of sea before a close long line of glancing sickles—no sound so sweet as, rising up into the pure harvest-air, frost-touched though sunny—beneath the shade of hedge-row-tree, after their mid-day meal, the song of the jolly reapers. But are not his pictures sometimes too crowded? No. For there lies the power of the pen over the pencil. The pencil can do much, the pen every thing; the Painter is imprisoned within a few feet of canvas, the Poet commands the horizon with an eye that circumnavigates the globe; even that glorious pageant, a painted Panorama, is circumscribed by bounds, over which imagination, feeling them all too narrow, is uneasy till she soars; but the Poet's Panorama is commensurate with the soul's desires, and may include the Universe.

This Poem reads as if it had been written during the "dewy hour of prime." Allan must be an early riser. But, if not so now, some forty years ago he was up every morning with the lark,

"Walking to labour by that cheerful song,"

away up the Nith, through the Dalswinton woods; or, for any thing we know to the contrary, intersecting with stone-walls, that wanted not their scientific coping, the green pastures of Sanquhar. Now he is familiar with Chantry's form-full statues; then, with the shapeless cairn on the moor, the rude headstone on the martyr's grave. And thus it is that the present has given him power over the past—that a certain grace and delicacy, inspired by the pursuits of his prime, blend with the creative dreams that are peopled with the lights and shadows of his youth—that the spirit of the old ballad breathes still in its strong simplicity through the composition of his "New Poem"—and that art is seen harmoniously blending there with nature.

We have said already that we delight in the story; for it belongs to an "order of fables gray," which has been ever dear to Poets. Poets have ever loved to bring into the pleasant places and paths of lowly life, persons (we eschew all manner of *personages* and *heroes* and *heroines*, especially with the epithet "*our*" prefixed) whose native lot lay in a higher sphere: For they felt that by such contrast, natural though rare, a beautiful light was mutually reflected from each condition, and that sacred revelations were thereby made of human character, of which all that is pure and profound appertains equally to all estates of this our mortal being, provided only that happiness knows from whom it comes, and that misery and misfortune are alleviated by religion. Thus Electra appears before us at her father's Tomb, the virgin wife of the peasant Auturgus, who reverently abstains from the intact body of the daughter of the king. Look into Shakspeare. Rosalind was not so loveable at court as in the woods. Her beauty might have been more brilliant, and her conversation too, among lords and ladies; but more touching both, because true to tenderer nature, when we see and hear her in dialogue with the neat-herdess—*ROSALIND* and *Audrey*!

And trickles not the tear down thy cheek, fair reader—burns not the heart within thee, when thou thinkest of Florizel and Perdita on the Farm in the Forest?

Nor from those visions need we fear to turn to Sybil Lesley. We see her in Elvar Tower, a high-born Lady—in Dalgonar Glen, an humble bondmaid. The change might have been the reverse—as with the lassie beloved by the Gentle Shepherd. Both are best. The bust that gloriously set off the burnishing of the rounded silk, not less divinely shrouded its enchantment beneath the swelling russet. Graceful in bower or hall were those arms, and delicate those fingers, when moving white along the rich embroidery, or across the strings of the sculptured harp; nor less so when before the cottage door they woke the homely music of the humming wheel, or when on the brae beside the Pool, they playfully intertwined their softness with the new-washed fleeces, or when among the laughing lasses at the Linn, not loath were they to lay out the coarse linen in the bleaching sunshine, conspicuous She the while among the rustic beauties, as was Nausicaa of old among her nymphs at the Fountain.

We are in love with Sybil Lesley. She is full of *spunk*. That is not a vulgar word; or if it have been so heretofore, henceforth let it cease to be so, and be held synonymous with spirit. She shows it in her defiance of Sir Ralph on the shore of Solway—in her flight from the Tower of Elvar; and the character she displays then and there, prepares us for the part she plays in the peasant's cot in the glen of Dalgonar. We are not surprised to see her take so kindly to the duties of a rustic service; for we call to mind how she sat among the humble good-folks in the hall, when Thrift and Waste figured in that rude but wise Morality, and how the gracious lady showed she sympathized with the cares, and contentments of lowly life.

England has singled out John Clare from among her humble sons, (Ebenezer Elliot belongs altogether to another order)—as the most conspicuous for poetical genius, next to Robert Bloomfield. That is a proud distinction—whatever critics may choose to say; and we cordially sympathize with the beautiful expression of his gratitude to the Rural Muse, when he says—

"Like as the little lark from off its nest,
Beside the mossy hill, awakes in glee,
To seek the morning's throne, a merry guest—
So do I seek thy shrine, if that may be,
To win by new attempts another smile from thee."

Now, England is out of all sight the most beautiful country in the whole world—Scotland alone excepted—and, thank heaven, they two are one kingdom—divided by no line either real or imaginary—united by the Tweed. We forget at this moment—if ever we knew it—the precise number of her counties; but we remember that one and all of them—"alike, but oh! how different"—are fit birth-places and abodes for poets. Some of them we know well, are flat—and we in Scotland, with hills or mountains for ever before our eyes, are sometimes disposed to find fault with them on

that ground—as if nature were not at liberty to find her own level. Flat indeed! So is the sea. Wait till you have walked a few miles in among the Fens—and you will be wafted along like a little sail-boat, up and down undulations green and gladsome as waves. Think ye there is no scenery there? Why, you are in the heart of a vast metropolis!—yet have not the sense to see the silent city of mole-hills sleeping in the sun. Call that pond a lake—and by a word how is it transfigured? Now you discern flowers unfolding on its low banks and braes—and the rustle of the rushes is like that of a tiny forest—how appropriate to the wild! Gaze—and to your gaze what colouring grows! Not in green only—or in russet brown doth nature choose to be apparelled in this her solitude—nor ever again will you call her dreary here—for see how every one of those fifty flying showers lightens up its own line of beauty along the plain—instantaneous as dreams—or stationary as waking thought—till, ere you are aware that all was changing, the variety has all melted away into one harmonious glow, attempered by that rainbow.

Let these few words suffice to show that we understand and feel the flattest—dullest—tamest places, as they are most ignorantly called—that have yet been discovered in England. Not in such did John Clare abide—but many such he hath traversed; and his studies have been from childhood upwards among scenes which to ordinary eyes might seem to afford small scope and few materials for contemplation. But his are not ordinary eyes—but gifted; and in every nook and corner of his own county the Northamptonshire Peasant has, during some two score years and more, every spring found without seeking either some lovelier aspect of "the old familiar faces," or some new faces smiling upon him, as if mutual recognition kindled joy and amity in their hearts.

John Clare often reminds us of James Graham. They are two of our most artless poets. Their versification is mostly very sweet, though rather flowing forth according to a certain fine natural sense of melody, than constructed on any principles of music. So, too, with their imagery, which seems seldom selected with much care; so that, while it is always true to nature, and often possesses a charm from its appearing to rise up of itself, and with little or no effort on the poet's part to form a picture, it is not unfrequently chargeable with repetition—sometimes, perhaps, with a sameness which, but for the inherent interest in the objects themselves, might be felt a little wearisome—there is so much still life. They are both most affectionately disposed towards all manner of birds. Graham's "Birds of Scotland" is a delightful poem; yet its best passages are not superior to some of Clare's about the same charming creatures—and they are both ornithologists after Audubon's and our own heart. Were all that has been well written in English verse about birds to be gathered together, what a sweet set of volumes it would make! And how many, think ye—three, six, twelve? That would be indeed an aviary—

the only one we can think of with pleasure—out of the hedge-rows and the woods. Tories as we are, we never see a wild bird on the wing without inhaling in silence “the Cause of Liberty all over the world!” We feel then that it is indeed “like the air we breathe—without it we die.” So do they. We have been reading lately, for a leisure hour or two of an evening—a volume by a worthy German, Doctor Bechstein—on Cage Birds. The slave-dealer never for a moment suspects the wickedness of kidnapping young and old—crimping them for life—teaching them to draw water—and, *oh nefas!* to sing! He seems to think that only in confinement do they fulfil the ends of their existence—even the skylark. Yet he sees them, one and all, subject to the most miserable diseases—and rotting away within the wires. Why could not the Doctor have taken a stroll into the country once or twice a week, and in one morning or evening hour laid in sufficient music to serve him during the intervening time, without causing a single bosom to be ruffled for his sake? Shoot them—spit them—pie them—pickle them—eat them—but imprison them not; we speak as Conservatives—murder rather than immure them—for more forgivable far it is to cut short their songs at the height of glee, than to protract them in a rueful simulation of music, in which you hear the same sweet notes, but if your heart thinks at all, “a voice of weeping and of loud lament” all unlike, alas! to the congratulation that from the free choirs is ringing so exultingly in their native woods.

How prettily Clare writes of the “insect youth.”

“These tiny loiterers on the barley’s beard,
And happy units of a numerous herd
Of playfellows the laughing Summer brings,
Mocking the sunshine on their glittering wings,
How merrily they creep, and run, and fly!
No kin they bear to labour’s drudgery,
Smoothing the velvet of the pale hedge-rose;
And where they fly for dinner no one knows—
The dewdrops feed them not—they love the shine
Of noon, whose sons may bring them golden wine.
All day they’re playing in their Sunday dress—
When night repose, for they can do no less;
Then to the heath-bell’s purple hood they fly,
And like to princes in their slumbers lie,
Secure from rain, and dropping dews, and all,
In silken beds and roomy painted hall.
So merrily they spend their summer-day,
Now in the corn-fields, now in the new-mown hay.
One almost fancies that such happy things,
With colour’d hoods and richly-burnish’d wings,
Are fairy folk, in splendid masquerade
Disguised, as if of mortal folk afraid.
Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,
Least glaring day should do their secrets ill.”

Time has been—nor yet very long ago—when such unpretending poetry as this—humble indeed in every sense, but nevertheless the product of genius which speaks for itself audibly and clearly in lowliest strains—would not have passed by unheeded or unbeloved; now-a-days it may to many who hold their heads high, seem of no more worth than an old song. But as Wordsworth says,

“Pleasures newly found are sweet,
Though they lie about our feet;”

and if stately people would but stoop and look about their paths, which do not always run along the heights, they would often make discoveries of what concerned them more than speculations among the stars.

It is not to be thought, however, that the Northamptonshire Peasant does not often treat earnestly of the common pleasures and pains, the cares and occupations of that condition of life in which he was born, and has passed all his days. He knows them well, and has illustrated them well, though seldomer in his later than in his earlier poems; and we cannot help thinking that he might greatly extend his popularity, which in England is considerable, by devoting his Rural Muse to subjects lying within his ken, and of everlasting interest. Bloomfield’s reputation rests on his “Farmer’s Boy”—on some exquisite passages on “News from the Farm”—and on some of the tales and pictures in his “May-day with the Muses.” His smaller poems are very inferior to those of Clare—But the Northamptonshire Peasant has written nothing in which all honest English hearts must delight, at all comparable with those truly rural compositions of the Suffolk shoemaker. It is in his power to do so—would he but earnestly set himself to the work. He must be more familiar with all the ongings of rural life than his compeer could have been; nor need he fear to tread again the same ground, for it is as new as if it had never been touched, and will continue to be so till the end of time. The soil in which the native virtues of the English character grow, is unexhausted and inexhaustible; let him break it up on any spot he chooses, and poetry will spring to light like clover from lime. Nor need he fear being an imitator. His mind is an original one, his most indifferent verses prove it; for though he must have read much poetry since his earlier day—doubtless all our best modern poetry—he retains his own style, which though it be not marked by any very strong characteristics, is yet sufficiently peculiar to show that it belongs to himself, and is a natural gift. Pastorals—eclogues—and idyls—in a hundred forms—remain to be written by such poets as he and his brethren; and there can be no doubt at all, that if he will scheme something of the kind, and begin upon it, without waiting to know fully or clearly what he may be intending, that before three winters, with their long nights, are gone, he will find himself in possession of more than mere materials for a volume of poems that will meet with general acceptance, and give him a permanent place by the side of him he loves so well—Robert Bloomfield.

Ebenezer Elliot (of whom more another day) claims with pride to be the Poet of the Poor—and the poor might well be proud, did they know it, that they have such a poet. Not a few of them know it now—and many will know it in future; for a muse of fire like his will yet send its illumination “into dark deep holds.” May it consume all the noxious vapours that infest such regions—and purify the atmosphere—till the air breathed there be the breath of life. But the poor have other poets besides him—Crabbe and Burns. We again mention their names—and no more. Kindly spirits were they both; but Burns had experienced all his poetry—and therefore his poetry is an embodiment of national character. We say it not in disparagement or reproof of Ele-

nezer—conspicuous over all—for let all men speak as they think or feel—but how gentle in all his noblest inspirations was Robin! He did not shun sins or sorrows; but he told the truth of the poor man's life, when he showed that it was, on the whole, virtuous and happy—bear witness those immortal strains, "The Twa Dogs," "The Vision," "The Cottar's Saturday night," the songs voiced all braid Scotland thorough by her boys and virgins, say rather her lads and lassies—while the lark sings aloft and the linnet below, the mavis in the golden broom accompanying the music in the golden cloud. We desire—not in wilful delusion—but in earnest hope—in devout trust—that poetry shall show that the paths of the peasant poor are paths of pleasantness and peace. If they should seem in that light even pleasanter and more peaceful than they ever now can be below the sun, think not that any evil can arise "to mortal man who liveth here by toil" from such representations—for imagination and reality are not two different things—they blend in life; but there the darker shadows do often, alas! prevail—and sometimes may be felt even by the hand; whereas in poetry the lights are triumphant—and gazing on the glory men's hearts burn within them—and they carry the joy in among their own griefs, till despondency gives way to exultation, and the day's darg of this worky world is lightened by a dawn of dreams.

This is the effect of all good poetry—according to its power—of the poetry of Robert Bloomfield as of the poetry of Robert Burns. John Clare, too, is well entitled to a portion of such praise; and therefore his name deserves to become a household word in the dwellings of the rural poor. Living in leisure among the scenes in which he once toiled, may he once more contemplate them all without disturbance. Having lost none of his sympathies, he has learnt to refine them all and see into their source—and wiser in his simplicity than they who were formerly his yokefellows are in theirs, he knows many things well which they know imperfectly or not at all, and is privileged therein to be their teacher. Surely in an age when the smallest contribution to science is duly estimated, and useful knowledge not only held in honour but diffused, poetry ought not to be despised, more especially when emanating from them who belong to the very condition which they seek to illustrate, and whose ambition it is to do justice to its natural enjoyments and appropriate virtues. In spite of all they have suffered, and still suffer, the peasantry of England are a race that may be regarded with better feelings than pride. We look forward confidently to the time when education—already in much good—and if the plans of the wisest counsellors prevail, about to become altogether good—will raise at once their condition and their character. The Government has its duties to discharge—clear as day. And what is not in the power of the gentlemen of England? Let them exert that power to the utmost—and then indeed they will deserve the noble name of "Aristocracy." We speak not thus in reproach—for they better deserve that name

than the same order in any other country; but in no other country are such interests given to that order in trust—and as they attend to that trust is the glory or the shame—the blessing or the curse—of their high estate.

But let us retrace our footsteps in moralizing mood, not unmixed with sadness—to the Mausoleum of Burns. Scotland is abused by England for having starved Burns to death, or for having suffered him to drink himself to death, out of a cup filled to the brim with bitter disappointment and black despair. England lies. There is our gage-glove, let her take it up, and then for mortal combat with sword and spear—only not on horseback—for, for reasons on which it would be idle to be more explicit, we always fight now on foot, and have sent our high horse to graze all the rest of his life on the mountains of the moon. Well then, Scotland met Burns, on his first sun-burst, with one exulting acclaim. Scotland bought and read his poetry, and Burns, for a poor man, became rich—rich to his heart's desire—and reached the summit of his ambition, in the way of this world's life, in a—Farm. Blithe Robin would have scorned "an awmous" from any hands but from those of nature; nor in those days needed he help from woman-born. True, that times begun by and by to go rather hard with him, and he with them; for his mode of life was not

"Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,"

and as we sow we must reap. His day of life began to darken ere meridian—and the darkness doubtless had brought disturbance before it had been perceived by any eyes but his own—for people are always looking to themselves and their own lot; and how much mortal misery may for years be daily depicted in the face, figure, or manners even of a friend, without our seeing or suspecting it! Till all at once he makes a confession, and we then know that he has been long numbered among the most wretched of the wretched—the slave of his own sins and sorrows—or thrall'd beneath those of another, to whom fate may have given sovereign power over his whole life. Well, then—or rather ill, then—Burns behaved as most men do in misery—and the farm going to ruin—that is, crop and stock to pay the rent—he desired to be—and was made—an Exciseman. And for that—you ninny—you are whinnying scornfully at Scotland! Many a better man than yourself—beg your pardon—has been, and is now, an Exciseman. Nay, to be plain with you—we doubt if your education has been sufficiently intellectual for an Exciseman. We never heard it said of you,

"And even the story ran that he could gauge."

Burns then was made what he desired to be—what he was fit for—though you are not—and what was in itself respectable—an Exciseman. His salary was not so large certainly as that of the Bishop of Durham—or even of London—but it was certainly larger than that of many a curate at that time doing perhaps double or treble duty in those dioceses, without much audible complaint on their part, or outcry from Scotland against blind and brutal English bishops, or against beggarly England, for starving

her pauper-curates, by whatever genius or erudition adorned. Burns died an Exciseman, it is true, at the age of thirty-seven; on the same day died an English curate we could name, a surpassing scholar, and of stainless virtue, blind, palsied, "old and miserably poor"—without as much money as would bury him; and no wonder, for he never had the salary of a Scotch Exciseman.

Two blacks—nay twenty—won't make a white. True—but one black is as black as another—and the Southern Pot, brazen as it is, must not abuse with impunity the Northern Pan. But now to the right nail, and let us knock it on the head. What did England do for her own Bloomfield? He was not in genius to be spoken of in the same year with Burns—but he was beyond all compare, and out of all sight, the best poet that had arisen produced by England's lower orders. He was the most spiritual shoemaker that ever handled an awl. The Farmer's Boy is a wonderful poem—and will live in the poetry of England. Did England, then, keep Bloomfield in comfort, and scatter flowers along the smooth and sunny path that led him to the grave? No. He had given him, by some minister or other, we believe Lord Sidmouth, a paltry place in some office or other—most uncongenial with all his nature and all his habits—of which the shabby salary was insufficient to purchase for his family even the bare necessities of life. He thus dragged out for many long obscure years a sickly existence, as miserable as the existence of a good man can be made by narrowest circumstances—and all the while Englishmen were scoffingly scorning, with haughty and bitter taunts, the patronage that, at his own earnest desire, made Burns an Exciseman. Nay, when Southey, late in Bloomfield's life, and when it was drawing mournfully to a close, proposed a contribution for his behoof, and put down his own five pounds, how many purse-strings were untied? how much fine gold was poured out for the indigent son of genius and virtue? Shame shuffles the sum out of sight—for it was not sufficient to have bought the manumission of an old negro slave.

It was no easy matter to deal rightly with such a man as Burns. In those disturbed and distracted times, still more difficult was it to carry into execution any designs for his good—and much was there even to excuse his countrymen then in power for looking upon him with an evil eye. But Bloomfield led a pure, peaceable, and blameless life. Easy, indeed, would it have been to make him happy—but he was as much forgotten as if he had been dead; and when he died—did England mourn over him—or, after having denied him bread, give him so much as a stone? No. He dropt into the grave with no other lament we ever heard of but a few copies of poorish verses in some of the Annuals, and seldom or never now does one hear a whisper of his name. O fie! well may the white rose blush red—and the red rose turn pale. Let England then leave Scotland to her shame about Burns; and, thinking of her own treatment of Bloomfield, cover her own face with both her hands, and con-

fess that it was pitiful. At least, if she will not hang down her head in humiliation for her own neglect of her own "poetic child," let her not hold it high over Scotland for the neglect of hers—palliated as that neglect was by many things—and since, in some measure, expiated by a whole nation's tears shed over her great poet's grave.

What! not a word for Allan Ramsay? Theocritus was a pleasant Pastoral, and Sicilia sees him among the stars. But all his dear Idyls together are not equal in worth to the single Gentle Shepherd. Habbie's How is a hallowed place now among the green airy Pentlands. Sacred for ever the solitary murmur of that waterfa!

"A flowerie howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lassies use to wash and bleach their claes;
A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground;
It's channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round:
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear,
'Twill please your eye, then gratify your ear;
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,
And Meg, with better sense, true love defends!"

"About them and siclike," is the whole poem. Yet "faithful loves shall memorize the song." Without any scenery but that of rafterls, which overhead fancy may suppose a grove, 'tis even yet sometimes acted by rustics in the barn, though nothing on this earth will ever persuade a low-born Scottish lass to take a part in a play; while delightful is felt, even by the lords and ladies of the land, the simple Drama of humble life; and we ourselves have seen a high-born maiden look "beautiful exceedingly" as Patie's Betrothed, kilted to the knee in the kirtle of a Shepherdess.

We have been gradually growing national overmuch, and are about to grow even more so, therefore ask you to what era, pray, did Thomson belong? To none. Thomson had no precursor—and till Cowper no follower. He effulged all at once unlike—like Scotland's storm-loving, mist-enamoured sun, which till you have seen on a day of thunder, you cannot be said ever to have seen the sun. Cowper followed Thomson merely in time. We should have had the Task, even had we never had the Seasons. These two were "Heralds of a mighty train ensuing;" add them, then, to the worthies of our own age, and they belong to it—and all the rest of the poetry of the modern world—to which add that of the ancient—if multiplied by ten in quantity—and by twenty in quality—would not so variously, so vigorously, and so truly image the form and pressure, the life and spirit of the mother of us all—Nature. Are then the Seasons and the Task Great Poems? Yes,—Why? What! Do you need to be told that that Poem must be great, which was the first to paint the rolling mystery of the year, and to show that all its Seasons are but the varied God? The idea was original and sublime; and the fulfilment thereof so complete, that some six thousand years having elapsed between the creation of the world and of that poem, some sixty thousand, we prophesy, will elapse between the appearance of that poem and the publication of another equally great, on a subject external to the mind, equally magnificent. We further presume, that you hold sacred the Hearth,

Now, in the Task, the Hearth is the heart of the poem, just as it is of a happy house. No other poem is so full of domestic happiness—humble and high; none is so breathed over by the spirit of the Christian religion.

Poetry, which, though not dead, had long been sleeping in Scotland, was restored to waking life by THOMSON. His genius was national; and so, too, was the subject of his first and greatest song. By saying that his genius was national, we mean that its temperament was enthusiastic and passionate, and that, though highly imaginative, the sources of its power lay in the heart. The Castle of Indolence is distinguished by purer taste and finer fancy; but with all its exquisite beauties, that poem is but the vision of a dream. The Seasons are glorious realities; and the charm of the strain that sings the "rolling year" is its truth. But what mean we by saying that the Seasons are a national subject?—do we assert that they are solely Scottish? That would be too bold, even for us; but we scruple not to assert, that Thomson has made them so, as far as might be without insult, injury, or injustice, to the rest of the globe. His suns rise and set in Scottish heavens; his "deep-fermenting tempests are brewed in grim evening" Scottish skies; Scottish is his thunder of cloud and cataract; his "vapours, and snows, and storms" are Scottish; and, strange as the assertion would have sounded in the ears of Samuel Johnson, Scottish are his woods, their sigh, and their roar; nor less their stillness, more awful amidst the vast multitude of steady stems, than when all the sullen pine-tops are swinging to the hurricane. A dread love of his native land was in his heart when he cried in the solitude—

"Hail, kindred glooms! congenial horrors hail!"

The genius of HOME was national—and so, too, was the subject of his justly famous Tragedy of Douglas. He had studied the old Ballads; their simplicities were sweet to him as wall-flowers on ruins. On the story of Gill Morrice, who was an Earl's son, he founded the Tragedy, which surely no Scottish eyes ever witnessed without tears. Are not these most Scottish lines?—

"Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness!"

And these even more so—

"Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry Spirit of the water shriek'd!"

The Scottish Tragedian in an evil hour crossed the Tweed, riding on horseback all the way to London. His genius got Anglified, took a consumption; and perished in the prime of life. But nearly half a century afterwards, on seeing the Siddons in *Lady Randolph*, and hearing her low, deep, wild, wo-begone voice exclaim, "My beautiful! my brave!" "the aged harper's soul awoke," and his dim eyes were again lighted up for a moment with the fires of genius—say rather for a moment bedewed with the tears of sensibility re-awakened from decay and dotage.

The genius of Beattie was national, and so was the subject of his charming song—The Minstrel. For what is its design? He tells us, to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born

in a rude age, from the first dawning of reason and fancy, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Scottish Minstrel; that is, as an itinerant poet and musician—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was no only respectable, but sacred.

"There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires perchance in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves and vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the North Country;
A nation famed for song and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil, serene amid alarms;
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

"The shepherd swain, of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living waters from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went."

Did patriotism ever inspire genius with sentiment more Scottish than that? Did imagination ever create scenery more Scottish, Manners, Morals, Life?

"Lo! where the stripling wrapt in wonder roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies."

Beattie chants there like a man who had been at the Linn of Dee. He wore a wig, it is true; but at times, when the fit was on him, he wrote like the unshorn Apollo.

The genius of Grahame was national, and so too was the subject of his first and best poem—The Sabbath.

"How still the morning of the hallow'd day!"

is a line that could have been uttered only by a holy Scottish heart. For we alone know what is indeed Sabbath silence—an earnest of everlasting rest. To our hearts, the very birds of Scotland sing holily on that day. A sacred smile is on the dewy flowers. The lilies look whiter in their loveliness; the blush-rose redens in the sun with a diviner dye; and with a more celestial scent the hoary hawthorn sweetens the wilderness. Sorely disturbed of yore, over the glens and hills of Scotland, was the Day of Peace!

"Oh, the great goodness of the Saints of Old!"
the Covenanters. Listen to the Sabbath bard—

"With them each day was holy; but that morn
On which the angel said, 'See where the Lord
Was laid; joyous arose; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they
sought
The upland muirs where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foil'd
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws.
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch, and his wavering host!)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thunder'd, or by Renwick pour'd
In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad;
And on the distant cairn the watcher's ear

Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
 But years more gloomy follow'd; and no more
 The assembled people dared, in face of day,
 To worship God, or even at the dead
 Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
 And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
 To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
 The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
 By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
 Their faithful pastor's voice. He by the gleam
 Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
 And words of comfort spake; over their souls
 His accents soothing came, as to her young
 The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,
 She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
 By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
 Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast
 They cherished cower amid the purple bloom."

Not a few other sweet singers or strong, native to this nook of our isle, might we now in these humble pages lovingly commemorate; and "four shall we mention, dearer than the rest," for sake of that virtue, among many virtues, which we have been lauding all along, their nationality;—These are **AIRD** and **MOTHERWELL**, (of whom another hour,) **MOIR** and **POLLOCK**.

Of **Moir**, our own "delightful Delta," as we love to call him—and the epithet now by right appertains to his name—we shall now say simply this, that he has produced many original pieces which will possess a permanent place in the poetry of Scotland. Delicacy and grace characterize his happiest compositions; some of them are beautiful in a cheerful spirit that has only to look on nature to be happy; and others breathe the simplest and purest pathos. His scenery, whether sea-coast or inland, is always truly Scottish; and at times his pen drops touches of light on minute objects, that till then had slumbered in the shade, but now "shine well where they stand" or lie, as component and characteristic parts of our lowland landscapes. Let others labour away at long poems, and for their pains get neglect or oblivion; **Moir** is seen as he is in many short ones, which the Scottish Muses may "not willingly let die." And that must be a pleasant thought when it touches the heart of the mildest and most modest of men, as he sits by his family-fire, beside those most dear to him, after a day past in smoothing, by his skill, the bed and the brow of pain, in restoring sickness to health, in alleviating sufferings that cannot be cured, or in mitigating the pangs of death.

Pollock had great original genius, strong in a sacred sense of religion. Such of his short compositions as we have seen, written in early youth, were but mere copies of verses, and gave little or no promise of power. But his soul was working in the green moorland solitudes round about his father's house, in the wild and beautiful parishes of **Eaglesham** and **Mearns**, separated by thee, O **Yeorn!** sweetest of pastoral streams, that murmur through the west, as under those broomy and birken banks and trees, where the gray-linties sing, is formed the clear junction of the rills, issuing, the one from the hill-spring above the **Black-waterfall**, and the other from the **Brother-loch**. The poet in prime of youth (he died in his twenty-seventh year) embarked on a high and adventurous emprise, and voyaged the illimitable **Deep**. His spirit expanded its wings, and in a holy pride felt them to be broad, as they hovered over the dark abyss. The "Course

of Time," for so young a man, was a vast achievement. The book he loved best was the Bible, and his style is often scriptural. Of our poets, he had studied, we believe, but **Milton**, **Young**, and **Byron**. He had much to learn in composition; and, had he lived, he would have looked almost with humiliation on much that is at present eulogized by his devoted admirers. But the soul of poetry is there, though often dimly developed, and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave, and hurry, and glow along in a divine enthusiasm.

"His ears he closed, to listen to the strains
 That Sion's bards did consecrate of old,
 And fix'd his Pindus upon Lebanon."

Let us fly again to England, and leaving for another hour **Shelley** and **Hunt** and **Keates**, and **Croly** and **Milman** and **Heber**, and **Sterling** and **Milnes** and **Tennyson**, with some younger aspirants of our own day; and **Gray**, **Collins**, and **Goldsmith**, and lesser stars of that constellation, let us alight on the verge of that famous era when the throne was occupied by **Dryden**, and then by **Pope**—searching still for a Great Poem. Did either of them ever write one? No—never. Sir **Walter** says finely of glorious **John**,

"And **Dryden** in immortal strain,
 Had raised the Table Round again,
 But that a ribald King and Court
 Bade him play on to make them sport,
 The world defrauded of the high design,
 Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

But why, we ask, did **Dryden** suffer a ribald king and court to debase and degrade him, and strangle his immortal strain? Because he was poor. But could he not have died of cold, thirst, and hunger—of starvation? Have not millions of men and women done so, rather than sacrifice their conscience! And shall we grant to a great poet that indulgence which many an humble hind would have flung with scorn in our teeth, and rather than have availed himself of it, faced the fagot, or the halter, or the stake set within the sea-flood? But it is satisfactory to know that **Dryden**, though still glorious **John**, was not a Great Poet. He was seldom visited by the pathetic or the sublime—else had his genius held fast its integrity—been ribald to no ribald—and indignantly kicked to the devil both court and king. But what a master of reasoning in verse! And of verse what a volume of fire! "The long-resounding march and energy divine." **Pope**, again, with the common frailties of humanity, was an ethereal creature—and played on his own harp with finest taste, and wonderful execution. We doubt, indeed, if such a finished style has ever been heard since from any one of the **King Apollo's** musicians. His versification may be monotonous, but without a sweet and potent charm only to ears of leather. That his poetry has no passion is the creed of critics "of **Cambyse's** vein;" **Heloise** and the **Unfortunate Lady** have made the world's heart to throb. As for **Imagination**, we shall continue till such time as that faculty has been distinguished from **Fancy**, to see it shining in the **Rape of the Lock**, with a lambent lustre; if high intel-

lect be not dominant in his Epistles and his Essay on Man, you will look for it in vain in the nineteenth century; all other Satires seem complimentary to their victims when read after the Dunciad—and could a man, whose heart was not heroic, have given us another Iliad, which, all unlike as it is to the Greek, may be read with transport, even after Homer's?

We have not yet, it would seem, found the objects of our search—a Great Poem. Let us extend our quest into the Elizabethan age. We are at once sucked into the theatre. With the whole drama of that age we are conversant and familiar; but whether we understand it or not, is another question. It aspires to give representations of Human Life in all its infinite varieties, and inconsistencies, and conflicts, and turmoils produced by the Passions. Time and space are not suffered to interpose their unities between the Poet and his vast design, who, provided he can satisfy the spectators by the pageant of their own passions moving across the stage, may exhibit there whatever he wills from life, death, or the grave. 'Tis a sublime conception—and sometimes has given rise to sublime performance; but has been crowned with full success in no hands but those of Shakspeare. Great as was the genius of many of the dramatists of that age, not one of them has produced a Great Tragedy. Great Tragedy indeed! What! without harmony or proportion in the plan—with all puzzling perplexities and inextricable entanglements in the plot, and with disgust and horror in the catastrophe! As for the characters, male and female—saw ye ever such a set of swaggers and rattlepoles as they often are in one act—Methodist preachers and demure young women at a love-feast in another—absolute heroes and heroines of high calibre in a third—and so on, changing and shifting name and nature, according to the laws of the Romantic Drama forsooth—but in hideous violation of the laws of nature—till the curtain falls over a heap of bodies huddled together, without regard to age or sex, as if they had been overtaken in liquor! We admit that there is gross exaggeration in the picture; but there is always truth in a tolerable caricature—and this is one of a tragedy of Webster, Ford, or Massinger.

It is satisfactory to know that the good sense, and good feeling, and good taste of the people of England, will not submit to be belaboured by editors and critics into unqualified admiration of such enormities. The Old English Drama lies buried in the dust with all its tragedies. Never more will they move across the stage. Scholars read them, and often with delight, admiration, and wonder; for genius is a strange spirit, and has begotten strange children on the body of the Tragic Muse. In the closet it is pleasant to peruse the countenances, at once divine, human, and brutal, of the incomprehensible monsters—to scan their forms, powerful though misshapen—to watch their movements, vigorous though distorted—and to hold up one's hands in amazement on hearing them not seldom discourse most excellent music. But we should shudder to see them on the stage enacting the parts of men and women—and call for the manager.* All has been

done for the least deformed of the tragedies or the Old English Drama that humanity could do, enlightened by the Christian religion; but Nature has risen up to vindicate herself against such misrepresentations as they afford; and sometimes finds it all she can do to stomach Shakspeare.

But the monstrosities we have mentioned are not the worst to be found in the Old English Drama. Others there are that, till civilized Christendom fall back into barbarous Heathendom, must for ever be unendurable to human ears, whether long or short—we mean the obscenities. That sin is banished for ever from our literature. The poet who might dare to commit it, would be immediately hooted out of society, and sent to roost in barns among the owls. But the Old English Drama is stuffed with ineffable pollutions; and full of passages that the street-walker would be ashamed to read in the stews. We have not seen that volume of the Family Dramatists which contains Massinger. But if made fit for female reading, his plays must be mutilated and mangled out of all likeness to the original wholes. To free them even from the grossest impurities, without destroying their very life, is impossible; and it would be far better to make a selection of fine passages, after the manner of Lamb's Specimens—but with a severer eye—than to attempt in vain to preserve their character as plays, and at the same time to expunge all that is too disgusting, perhaps, to be dangerous to boys and virgins. Full-grown men may read what they choose—perhaps without suffering from it; but the modesty of the young clear eye must not be profaned—and we cannot, for our own part, imagine a Family Old English Dramatist.

And here again bursts upon us the glory of the Greek Drama. The Athenians were as wicked, as licentious, as polluted, and much more so, we hope, than ever were the English; but they debased not with their gross vices their glorious tragedies. Nature in her higher moods alone, and most majestic aspects, trod their stage. Buffoons, and ribalds, and zanies, and “rude indecent clowns,” were confined to comedies; and even there they too were idealized, and resembled not the obscene samples that so often sicken us in the midst of “the acting of a dreadful thing” in our old theatre. They knew that “with other ministrations, thou, O Nature!” teachest thy handmaid Art to soothe the souls of thy congregated children—congregated to behold her noble goings-on, and to rise up and depart elevated by the transcendent pageant. The Tragic muse was in those days a Priestess—tragedies were religious ceremonies; for all the ancestral stories they celebrated were under consecration—the spirit of the ages of heroes and demigods descended over the vast amphitheatre; and thus were Æschylus, and Sophocles, and Euripides, the guardians of the national character, which we all know, was, in spite of all it suffered under for ever passionately enamoured of all the forms of greatness.

Forgive us—spirit of Shakspeare! that seem'st to animate that high-brow'd bust—if indeed we have offered any shew of irreve-

rence to thy name and nature; for now, in the noiselessness of midnight, to our awed but loving hearts do both appear divine! Forgive us—we beseech thee—that on going to bed—which we are just about to do—we may be able to compose ourselves to sleep—and dream of Miranda and Imogen, and Desdemona and Cor-
delia. Father revered of that holy family! by the strong light in the eyes of Innocence we beseech thee to forgive us!—Ha! what old ghost art thou—clothed in the weeds of more than mortal misery—mad, mad, mad—come and gone—was it Lear?

We have found then, it seems—at last—the object of our search—a Great Poem—ay—four Great Poems—Lear—Hamlet—Othello—Macbeth. And was the revealer of those high mysteries in his youth a deer-stealer in the parks of Warwickshire, a linkboy in London streets? And died he before his grand climacteric in a dimmish sort of a middle-sized tene-
ment in Stratford-on-Avon, of a surfeit from an over-dose of home-brewed humming ale? Such is the tradition.

Had we a daughter—an only daughter—we should wish her to be like

“Heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.”

In that one line has Wordsworth done an unappreciable service to Spenser. He has improved upon a picture in the Fairy Queen—making “the beauty still more beauteous,” by a single touch of a pencil dipped in moonlight, or in sunlight tender as Luna’s smiles. Through Spenser’s many nine-lined stanzas the lovely lady glides along her own world—and our eyes follow in delight the sinless wanderer. In Wordsworth’s one single celestial line we behold her neither in time nor space—an immortal omnipresent idea at one gaze occupying the soul.

And is not the Fairy Queen a Great Poem? Like the Excursion, it is at all events a long one—“slow to begin, and never ending.” That

fire was a fortunate one in which so many books of it were burnt. If no such fortunate fire ever took place, then let us trust that the moths drillingly devoured the manuscript—and that ’tis all safe. Purgatorial pains—unless indeed they should prove eternal—are insufficient punishment for the impious man who invented Allegory. If you have got any thing to say, sir, out with it—in one or other of the many forms of speech employed naturally by creatures to whom God has given the gift of “discourse of reason.” But beware of mis-
spending your life in perversely attempting to make shadow substance, and substance shadow. Wonderful analogies there are among all created things, material and immaterial—and millions so fine that Poets alone discern them—and sometimes succeed in showing them in words. Most spiritual region of poetry—and to be visited at rare times and seasons—nor all life-long ought bard there to abide. For a while let the veil of Allegory be drawn before the face of Truth, that the light of its beauty may shine through it with a softened charm—dim and drear—like the moon gradually obscuring in its own halo on a dewy night. Such air-
woven veil of Allegory is no human invention. The soul brought it with her when

“Trailing clouds of glory she did come
From heaven, which is her home.”

Sometimes, now and then, in moods strange and high—obey the bidding of the soul—and allegorize; but live not all life-long in an Allegory—even as Spenser did—Spenser the divine; for with all his heavenly genius—and brighter visions never met mortal eyes than his—what is he but a “dreamer among men,” and what may save that wondrous poem from the doom of oblivion?

To this conclusion must we come at last—that in the English language there is but one Great Poem. What! Not Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth? PARADISE LOST.

INCH-CRUIIN.

On! for the plumes and pinions of the poised Eagle, that we might now hang over Loch Lomond and all her isles! From what point of the compass would we come on our rushing vans? Up from Leven-banks, or down from Glenfal-
loch, or over the hill of Luss, or down to Rowardennan; and then up and away, as the chance currents in the sky might lead, with the Glory of Scotland, blue, bright, and breaking into foam, thousands on thousands of feet below, with every island distinct in the peculiar beauty of its own youthful or ancient woods! For remember, that with the eagle’s wing we must also have the eagle’s eye; and all the while our own soul to look with such lens and such iris, and with its own endless visions to invest the pinnacles of all the far-down ruins of church

or castle, encompassed with the umbrage ca-
nyoning oaks.

We should as soon think of penning a critique on Milton’s Paradise Lost as on Loch Lomond. People there are in the world, doubtless, who think them both too long; but to our minds, neither the one nor the other exceeds the due measure by a leaf or a league. You may, if it so pleaseth you, think it, in a mist, a Mediterranean sea. For then you behold many miles of tumbling waves, with no land beyond; and were a ship to rise up in full sail, she would seem voyaging on to some distant shore. Or you may look on it as a great arm only of the ocean, stretched out into the mountainous main-
land. Or say, rather, some river of the first order, that shows to the sun Islands never

ceasing to adorn his course for a thousand leagues, in another day about to be lost in the dominion of the sea. Or rather look on it as it is, as Loch Lomond, the Loch of a hundred Isles—of shores laden with all kinds of beauty, throughout the infinite succession of bays and harbours—huts and houses sprinkled over the sides of its green hills, that ever and anon send up a wider smoke from villages clustering round the church-tower beneath the wooded rocks—halls half-hidden in groves, for centuries the residence of families proud of their Gaelic blood—forests that, however wide be the fall beneath the axe when their hour is come, yet, far as the eye can reach, go circling round the mountain's base, inhabited by the roe and the red-deer;—but we have got into a sentence that threatens to be without end—a dim, dreary, sentence, in the middle of which the very writer himself gets afraid of ghosts, and fervently prays for the period when he shall be again chatting with the reader on a shady seat, under his own paragraph and his own pear-tree.

Oh! for our admirable friend Mr. Smith of Jordanhill's matchless cutter, to glide through among the glittering archipelago! But we must be contented with a somewhat clumsy four-oared barge, wide and deep enough for a cattle ferry-boat. This morning's sunrise found us at the mouth of the Goblin's Cave on Loch Katrine, and among Lomond's lovely isles shall sunset leave us among the last glimmer of the softened gold. To which of all those lovely isles shall we drift before the wind on the small heaving and breaking waves? To Inch-Murrin, where the fallow-deer repose—or to the yew-shaded Inch-Caillach, the cemetery of Clan-Alpin—the Holy Isle of Nuns? One hushing afternoon hour may yet be ours on the waters—another of the slowly-walking twilight—that time which the gazing spirit is too wrapt to measure, while “sinks the Day-star in the ocean's bed”—and so on to midnight, the reign of silence and shadow, the resplendent Diana with her hair-halo, and all her star-nymphs, rejoicing round their Queen. Let the names of all objects be forgotten—and imagination roam over the works of nature, as if they lay in their primeval majesty, without one trace of man's dominion. Slow-sailing Heron, that cloud-like seekest thy nest on yonder lofty mass of pines—to us thy flight seems the very symbol of a long lone life of peace. As thou foldest thy wide wings on the topmost bough, beneath thee tower the unregarded Ruins, where many generations sleep. Onwards thou floatest like a dream, nor changest thy gradually descending course for the Eagle, that, far above thy line of travel, comes rushing unwearied from his prey in distant Isles of the sea. The Osprey! off—off—to Inch-Loning—or the dark cliffs of Glenfalloch, many leagues away, which he will reach almost like a thought! Close your eyes but for a moment—and when you look again, where is the Cloud-Cleaver now? Gone in the sunshine, and haply seated in his eyrie on Ben-Lomond's head.

But amidst all this splendour and magnificence, our eyes are drawn against our will, and by a sort of sad fascination which we cannot resist, along the glittering and dancing

waves, towards the melancholy shores of Inch-Cruin, the Island of the Afflicted. Beautiful, is it by nature, with its bays, and fields, and woods, as any isle that sees its shadow in the deeps; but human sorrows have steeped it in eternal gloom, and terribly is it haunted to our imagination. Here no woodman's hut peeps from the glade—here are not seen the branching antlers of the deer moving among the boughs that stir not—no place of peace is this where the world-wearied hermit sits penitent in his cell, and prepares his soul for Heaven. Its inhabitants are a woful people, and all its various charms are hidden from their eyes, or seen in ghastly transfiguration; for here, beneath the yew-tree's shade, sit moping, or roam about with rueful lamentation, the soul-distracted and the insane! Ay—these sweet and pleasant murmurs break round a Lunatic Asylum! And the shadows that are now and then seen among the umbrage are laughing or weeping in the eclipse of reason, and may never know again aught of the real character of this world, to which, exiled as they are from it, they are yet bound by the ties of a common nature that, though sorely deranged, are not wholly broken, and still separate them by an awful depth of darkness from the beasts that perish.

Thither, love, yielding reluctantly at last to despair, has consented that the object on which all its wise solicitudes had for years been unavailably bestowed both night and day, should be rowed over, perhaps at midnight, and when asleep, and left there with beings like itself, all dimly conscious of their doom. To many such the change may often bring little or no heed—for outward things may have ceased to impress, and they may be living in their own rueful world, different from all that we hear or behold. To some it may seem that they have been spirited away to another state of existence—beautiful, indeed, and fair to see, with all those lovely trees and shadows of trees; but still a miserable, a most miserable place, without one face they ever saw before, and haunted by glaring eyes that shoot forth fear, suspicion, and hatred. Others, again, there are, who know well the misty head of Ben-Lomond, which, with joyful pleasure-parties set free from the city, they had in other years exultingly scaled, and looked down, perhaps, in a solemn pause of their youthful ecstasy, on the far-off and melancholy Inch-Cruin! Thankful are they for such a haven at last—for they are remote from the disturbance of the incomprehensible life that bewildered them, and from the pity of familiar faces that was more than could be borne.

So let us float upon our oars behind the shadow of this rock, nor approach nearer the sacred retreat of misery. Let us not gaze too intently into the glades, for we might see some figure there who wished to be seen nevermore, and recognise in the hurrying shadow the living remains of a friend. How profound the hush! No sigh—no groan—no shriek—no voice—no tossing of arms—no restless chafing of feet! God in mercy has for a while calmed the congregation of the afflicted, and the Isle is overspread with a sweet Sabbath-

silence: What medicine for them like the breath of heaven the dew—the sunshine—and the murmur of the wave! Nature herself is their kind physician, and sometimes not unfrequently brings them by her holy skill back to the world of clear intelligence and serene affection. They listen calmly to the blessed sound of the oar that brings a visit of friends—to sojourn with them for a day—or to take them away to another retirement, where they, in restored reason, may sit around the board, nor fear to meditate during the midnight watches on the dream, which, although dispelled, may in all its ghastliness return. There was a glorious burst of sunshine! And of all the Lomond Isles, what one rises up in the sudden illumination so bright as Inch-Cruin?

Metinks we see sitting in his narrow and low-roofed cell, careless of food, dress, sleep, or shelter alike, him who in the opulent mart of commerce was one of the most opulent, and devoted heart and soul to show and magnificence. His house was like a palace with its pictured and mirror'd walls, and the nights wore away to dance, revelry, and song. Fortune poured riches at his feet, which he had only to gather up; and every enterprise in which he took part, prospered beyond the reach of imagination. But all at once—as if lightning had struck the dome of his prosperity, and earthquake let down its foundations, it sank, crackled, and disappeared—and the man of a million was a houseless, infamous, and bankrupt beggar. In one day his proud face changed into the ghastly smiling of an idiot—he dragged his limbs in paralysis—and slavered out unmeaning words foreign to all the pursuits in which his active intellect had for many years been plunged. All his relations—to whom it was known he had never shown kindness—were persons in humble condition. Ruined creditors we do not expect to be very pitiful, and people asked what was to become of him till he died. A poor creature, whom he had seduced and abandoned to want, but who had succeeded to a small property on the death of a distant relation, remembered her first, her only love, when all the rest of the world were willing to forget him; and she it was who had him conveyed thither, herself sitting in the boat with her arm round the unconscious idiot, who now vegetates on the charity of her whom he betrayed. For fifteen years he has continued to exist in the same state, and you may pronounce his name on the busy Exchange of the city where he flourished and fell, and haply the person you speak to shall have entirely forgotten it.

The evils genius sometimes brings to its possessor have often been said and sung, perhaps with exaggerations, but not always without truth. It is found frequently apart from prudence and principle; and in a world constituted like ours, how can it fail to reap a harvest of misery or death? A fine genius, and even a high, had been bestowed on One who is now an inmate of that cottage-cell, peering between these two rocks. At College, he outstripped all his compeers by powers

equally versatile and profound—the first both in intellect and in imagination. He was a poor man's son—the only son of a working carpenter—and his father intended him for the church. But the youth soon felt that to him the trammels of a strict faith would be unbearable, and he lived on from year to year, uncertain what profession to choose. Meanwhile his friends, all inferior to him in talents and acquirements, followed the plain, open, and beaten path, that leads sooner or later to respectability and independence. He was left alone in his genius, useless, although admired—while those who had looked in high hopes on his early career, began to have their fears that they might never be realized. His first attempts to attract the notice of the public, although not absolute failures—for some of his compositions, both in prose and verse, were indeed beautiful—were not triumphantly successful, and he began to taste the bitterness of disappointed ambition. His wit and colloquial talents carried him into the society of the dissipated and the licentious; and before he was aware of the fact, he had got the character of all others the most humiliating—that of a man who knew not how to estimate his own worth, nor to preserve it from pollution. He found himself silently and gradually excluded from the higher circle which he had once adorned, and sunk inextricably into a lower grade of social life. His whole habits became loose and irregular; his studies were pursued but by fits and starts; his knowledge, instead of keeping pace with that of the times, became clouded and obscure, and even diminished; his dress was meaner; his manners hurried, and reckless, and wild, and ere long he became a slave to drunkenness, and then to every low and degrading vice.

His father died, it was said, of a broken heart—for to him his son had been all in all, and the unhappy youth felt that the death lay at his door. At last, shunned by most—tolerated but by a few for the sake of other times—domiciled in the haunts of infamy—loaded with a heap of paltry debts, and pursued by the hounds of the law, the fear of a prison drove him mad, and his whole mind was utterly and hopelessly overthrown. A few of the friends of his boyhood raised a subscription in his behoof—and within the gloom of these woods he has been shrouded for many years, but not unvisited once or twice a summer by some one, who knew, loved, and admired him in the morning of that genius that long before its meridian brightness had been so fatally eclipsed.

And can it be in cold and unimpassioned words like these that we thus speak of Thee and thy doom, thou Soul of fire, and once the brightest of the free, privileged by nature to walk along the mountain-ranges, and mix their spirits with the stars! Can it be that all thy glorious aspirations, by thyself forgotten, have no dwelling-place in the memory of one who loved thee so well, and had his deepest affection so profoundly returned! Thine was a heart once trembly alive to all the noblest and finest sympathies of our nature, and the humblest human sensibilities became beautiful when tinged by the light of thy imagination

Thy genius invested the most ordinary objects with a charm not their own; and the vision it created thy lips were eloquent to disclose. What although thy poor old father died, because by thy hand all his hopes were shivered, and for thy sake poverty stripped even the coverlet from his dying-bed—yet we feel as if some dreadful destiny, rather than thy own crime, blinded thee to his fast decay, and closed thine ears in deafness to his beseeching prayer. Oh! charge not to creatures such as we all the fearful consequences of our misconduct and evil ways! We break hearts we would die to heal—and hurry on towards the grave those whom to save we would leap into the devouring fire. Many wondered in their anger that thou couldst be so callous to the old man's grief—and couldst walk tearless at his coffin. The very night of the day he was buried thou wert among thy wild companions, in a house of infamy, close to the wall of the churchyard. Was not that enough to tell us that that disease was in thy brain, and that reason, struggling with insanity, had changed sorrow to despair. But perfect forgiveness—forgiveness made tender by profoundest pity—was finally extended to thee by all thy friends—frail and erring like thyself in many things, although not so fatally misled and lost, because in the mystery of Providence not so irresistibly tried. It seemed as if thou hadst offended the Guardian Genius, who, according to the old philosophy which thou knewest so well, is given to every human being at his birth; and that then the angel left thy side, and Satan strove to drag thee to perdition. And hath any peace come to thee—a youth no more—but in what might have been the prime of manhood, bent down, they say, to the ground, with a head all floating with silver hairs—hath any peace come to thy distracted soul in these woods, over which there now seems again to brood a holy horror?—Yes—thy fine dark eyes are not wholly without intelligence as they look on the sun, moon, and stars; although all their courses seem now confused to thy imagination, once regular and ordered in their magnificence before that intellect which science claimed as her own. The harmonies of nature are not all lost on thy ear, poured forth throughout all seasons, over the world of sound and sight. Glimpses of beauty startle thee as thou wanderest along the shores of thy prison-isle; and that fine poetical genius, not yet extinguished altogether, although faint and flickering, gives vent to something like snatches of songs, and broken elegies, that seem to wail over the ruins of thy own soul! Such peace as ever visits them afflicted as thou art, be with thee in cell or on shore; nor lost to Heaven will be the wild moanings of—to us—thy unintelligible prayers!

But hark to the spirit-stirring voice of the bugle scaling the sky, and leaping up and down in echoes among the distant mountains! Such a strain animates the voltigeur, skirmishing in front of the line of battle, or sending flashes of sudden death from the woods. Alas! for him who now deludes his yet high heart with a few notes of the music that so often was accompanied by his sword waving on to glory. Unap-

palled was he ever in the whizzing and hissing fire—nor did his bold broad breast ever shrink from the bayonet, that with the finished fencer's art he has often turned aside when red with death. In many of the pitched battles of the Spanish campaigns his plume was conspicuous over the dark green lines, that, breaking asunder in fragments like those of the flowing sea, only to re-advance over the bloody fields, cleared the ground that was to be debated between the great armaments. Yet in all such desperate service he never received one single wound. But on a mid-day march, as he was gaily singing a love-song, the sun smote him to the very brain, and from that moment his right hand grasped the sword no more.

Not on the face of all the earth—or of all the sea—is there a spot of profounder peace than that isle that has long been his abode. But to him all the scene is alive with the pomp of war. Every far-off precipice is a fort, that has its own Spanish name—and the cloud above seems to his eyes the tricolor, or the flag of his own victorious country. War, that dread game that nations play at, is now to the poor insane soldier a mere child's pastime, from which sometimes he himself will turn with a sigh or a smile. For sense assails him in his delirium, for a moment and no more; and he feels that he is far away, and for ever, from all his companions in glory, in an asylum that must be left but for the grave! Perhaps in such moments he may have remembered the night, when at Badajoz he led the forlorn hope; but even forlorn hope now hath he none, and he sinks away back into his delusions, at which even his brother sufferers smile—so foolish does the restless campaigner seem to these men of peace!

Lo! a white ghost-like figure, slowly issuing from the trees, and sitting herself down on a stone, with face fixed on the waters! Now she is so perfectly still, that had we not seen her motion thither, she and the rock would have seemed but one! Somewhat fantastically dressed, even in her apparent despair. Were we close to her, we should see a face yet beautiful, beneath hair white as snow. Her voice too, but seldom heard, is still sweet and low; and sometimes, when all are asleep, or at least silent, she begins at midnight to sing! She yet touches the guitar—an instrument in fashion in Scotland when she led the fashion—with infinite grace and delicacy—and the songs she loves best are those in a foreign tongue. For more than thirty years hath the unfortunate lady come to the water's edge daily, and hour after hour continue to sit motionless on that self-same stone, looking down into the loch. Her story is now almost like a dim tradition from other ages, and the history of those who come here often fades away into nothing. Everywhere else they are forgotten—here there are none who can remember. Who once so beautiful as the "Fair Portuguese?" It was said at that time that she was a Nun—but the sacred veil was drawn aside by the hand of love, and she came to Scotland with her deliverer! Yes, her deliverer! He delivered her from the gloom—often the peaceful gloom that hovers round the altar of Superstition—and

after a few years of love and life and joy—she sat where you now see her sitting, and the world she had adorned moved on in brightness and in music as before! Since there has to her been so much suffering—was there on her part no sin? No—all believed her to be guiltless, except one, whose jealousy would have seen falsehood lurking in an angel's eyes; but she was utterly deserted; and being in a strange country, worse than an orphan, her mind gave way; for say not—oh say not—that innocence can always stand against shame and despair! The hymns she sings at midnight are hymns to the Virgin; but all her songs are songs about love and chivalry, and knights that went crusading to the Holy Land. He who brought her from another sanctuary into the one now before us, has been dead many years. He perished in shipwreck—and 'tis thought that she sits there gazing down into the loch, as on the place where he sank or was buried; for when told that he was drowned, she shrieked, and made the sign of the cross—and since that long-ago day that stone has in all weathers been her constant seat.

Away we go westwards—like fire-worshippers devoutly gazing on the setting sun. And another isle seems to shoot across our path, separated suddenly, as if by magic, from the mainland. How beautiful, with its many crescents, the low-lying shores, carrying here and there a single tree quite into the water, and with verdant shallows guarding the lonely seclusion even from the keel of canoe! Round and round we row, but not a single landing place. Shall we take each of us a fair burden in his arms, and bear it to that knoll, whispering and quivering through the twilight with a few birches whose stems glitter like silver pillars in the shade? No—let us not disturb the silent people, now donning their green array for nightly revelries. It is the "Isle of Fairies," and on that knoll hath the fishermen often seen their Queen sitting on a throne, surrounded by myriads of creatures no taller than hare-bells; one splash of the oar—and all is vanished. There, it is said, lives among the Folk of Peace, the fair child who, many years ago, disappeared from her parents' shieling at

Inversnayde, and whom they vainly wept over as dead. One evening she had floated away by herself in a small boat—while her parents heard, without fear, the clang—duller and duller—of the oars, no longer visible in the distant moonshine. In an hour the returning vessel touched the beach—but no child was to be seen—and they listened in vain for the music of the happy creature's songs. For weeks the loch rolled and roared like the sea—nor was the body found any where lying on the shore. Long, long afterwards, some little white bones were interred in Christian burial, for the parents believed them to be the remains of their child—all that had been left by the bill of the raven. But not so thought many dwellers along the mountain-shores—for had not her very voice been often heard by the shepherds, when the unseen flight of Fairies sailed singing along up the solitary Glenfalloch, away over the moors of Tynedrum, and down to the sweet Dalmally, where the shadow of Cruachan darkens the old ruins of melancholy Kilchurn? The lost child's parents died in their old age—but she, 'tis said, is unchanged in shape and features—the same fair thing she was the evening that she disappeared, only a shade of sadness is on her pale face, as if she were pining for the sound of human voices, and the gleam of the peat-fire of the shieling. Ever, when the Fairy-court is seen for a moment beneath the glimpses of the moon, she is sitting by the side of the gracious Queen. Words of might there are, that if whispered at right season, would yet recall her from the shadowy world, to which she has been spirited away; but small sentinels stand at their stations round the isle, and at nearing of human breath, a shrill warning is given from sedge and water-lily, and like dew-drops melt away the phantoms, while, mixed with peals of little laughter, overhead is heard the winnowing of wings. For the hollow of the earth, and the hollow of the air, is their Invisible Kingdom; and when they touch the herbage or flowers of this earth of ours, whose lonely places they love, then only are they revealed to human eyes—at all times else to our senses unexistent as dreams!

A DAY AT WINDERMERE.

Old and gouty, we are confined to our chair; and occasionally, during an hour of rainless sunshine, are wheeled by female hands along the gravel-walks of our Policy, an unrepining and philosophical valetudinarian. Even the Crutch is laid up in ordinary, and is encircled with cobwebs. A monstrous spider has there set up his rest; and our still study ever and anon hearkens to the shrill buzz of some poor fly expiring between those formidable forceps—just as so many human ephemerals have breathed their last beneath the bite of his in-

dulgent master. 'Tis pleasure to look at Domitian—so we love to call him—sallying from the centre against a wearied wasp, lying, like a silk worm, circumvolved in the inextricable toils, and then seizing the sinner by the nape of the neck, like Christopher with a Cockney, to see the emperor haul him away into the charnel-house. But we have often less savage recreations—such as watching our bee-hives when about to send forth colnies—feeding our pigeons, a purple people that dazzle the daylight—gathering roses as they choke our small

chariot-wheels with their golden orbs—eating grapes out of vine-leaf-drapery baskets, beautifying beneath the gentle fingers of the Gentle into fairy network graceful as the gossamer—drinking elder-flower frontinac from invisible glasses, so transparent in its yellowness seems the liquid radiance—at one moment eyeing a page of *Paradise Lost*, and at another of *Paradise Regained*; for what else is the face of her who often visiteth our Eden, and whose coming and whose going is ever like a heavenly dream. Then laying back our head upon the cushion of our triumphal car, and with half-shut eyes, subsiding slowly into haunted sleep or slumber, with our fine features up to heaven, a saint-like image, such as Raphael loved to paint, or Flaxman to embue with the soul of stillness in the life-hushed marble. Such, dearest reader, are some of our pastimes—and so do we contrive to close our ears to the sound of the scythe of Saturn, ceaselessly sweeping over the earth, and leaving, at every stride of the mower, a swathe more rueful than ever, after a night of shipwreck, did strew with ghastliness a lee sea-shore!

Thus do we make a virtue of necessity—and thus contentment wreathes with silk and velvet the prisoner's chains. Once were we—long, long ago—restless as a sunbeam on the restless wave—rapid as a river that seems enraged with all impediments, but all the while in passionate love

“Doth make sweet music with th’ enamell’d stones,”—strong as a steed let loose from Arab’s tent in the oasis to slake his thirst at the desert well—fierce in our harmless joy as a red-deer belling on the hills—tameless as the eagle sporting in the storm—gay as the “dolphin on a tropic sea”—“mad as young bulls”—and wild as a whole wilderness of adolescent lions. But now—alas! and alack-a-day! the sunbeam is but a patch of sober verdure—the river is changed into a canal—the “desert-born” is foundered—the red-deer is slow as an old ram—the eagle has forsook his cliff and his clouds, and hops among the gooseberry bushes—the dolphin has degenerated into a land tortoise—without danger now might a very child take the bull by the horns—and though something of a lion still, our roar is like that of the nightingale, “most musical, most melancholy”—and, as we attempt to shake our mane, your grandmother—fair peruser—cannot choose but weep.

It speaks folios in favour of our philanthropy, to know that, in our own imprisonment, we love to see all life free as air. Would that by a word of ours we could clothe all human shoulders with wings! would that by a word of ours we could plume all human spirits with thoughts strong as the eagle’s pinions; that they might winnow their way into the empyrean! Tories! Yes! we are Tories. Our faith is in the Divine right of kings—but easy, my boys, easy—all free men are kings, and they hold their empire from heaven. That is our political—philosophical—moral—religious creed. In its spirit we have lived—and in its spirit we hope to die—not on the scaffold like Sidney—no—no—no—not by any manner of means like Sidney on the

scaffold—but like ourselves, on a hair-mattress above a feather-bed, our head decently sunk in three pillows and one bolster, and our frame stretched out unagitatedly beneath a white counterpane. But meanwhile—though almost as unlocomotive as the dead in body—there is perpetual motion in our minds. Sleep is one thing, and stagnation is another—as is well known to all eyes that have ever seen, by moonlight and midnight, the face of Christopher North, or of Windermere.

Windermere! Why, at this blessed moment we behold the beauty of all its intermingling isles. There they are—all gazing down on their own reflected loveliness in the magic mirror of the air-like water, just as many a holy time we have seen them all agaze, when, with suspended oar and suspended breath—no sound but a ripple on the Naiad’s bow, and a beating at our own heart—motionless in our own motionless bark—we seemed to float midway down that beautiful abyss between the heaven above and the heaven below, on some strange terrestrial scene composed of trees and the shadows of trees, by the imagination made indistinguishable to the eye, and as delight deepened into dreams, all lost at last, clouds, groves, water, air, sky, in their various and profound confusion of supernatural peace. But a sea-born breeze is on Bowness Bay; all at once the lake is blue as the sky; and that evanescent world is felt to have been but a vision. Like swans that had been asleep in the airless sunshine, lo! where from every shady nook appear the white-sailed pinnaces; for on merry Windermere—you must know—every breezy hour has its own Regatta.

But intending to be useful, we are becoming ornamental: of us it must not be said, that

“Pure description holds the place of sense,”—

therefore, let us be simple but not silly, as plain as is possible without being prosy, as instructive as is consistent with being entertaining, a cheerful companion and a trusty guide.

We shall suppose that you have left Kendal, and are on your way to Bowness. Forget, as much as may be, all worldly cares and anxieties, and let your hearts be open and free to all genial impulses about to be breathed into them from the beautiful and sublime in nature. There is no need of that foolish state of feeling called enthusiasm. You have but to be happy; and by and by your happiness will grow into delight. The blue mountains already set your imaginations at work; among those clouds and mists you fancy many a magnificent precipice—and in the valleys that sleep below you image to yourselves the scenery of rivers and lakes. The landscape immediately around gradually grows more and more picturesque and romantic; and you feel that you are on the very borders of Fairy-Land. The first smile of Windermere salutes your impatient eyes, and sinks silently into your heart. You know not how beautiful it may be—nor yet in what the beauty consists; but your finest sensibilities to nature are touched—and a tinge of poetry, as from a rainbow, overspreads that cluster of

Islands that seems to woo you to their still retreats. And now

"Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake,"

with all its bays and promontories, lies in the morning light serene as a Sabbath, and cheerful as a Holyday; and you feel that there is loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream. The first sight of such a scene will be unforgotten to your dying day—for such passive impressions are deeper than we can explain—our whole spiritual being is suddenly awakened to receive them—and associations, swift as light, are gathered into one Emotion of Beauty which shall be imperishable, and which, often as memory recalls that moment, grows into genius, and vents itself in appropriate expressions, each in itself a picture. Thus may one moment minister to years; and the life-wearied heart of old age by one delightful remembrance be restored to primal joy—the glory of the past brought beamingly upon the faded present—and the world that is obscurely passing away from our eyes re-illumined with the visions of its early morn. The shows of nature are indeed evanescent, but their spiritual influences are immortal; and from that grove now glowing in the sunlight may your heart derive a delight that shall utterly perish but in the grave.

But now you are in the White Lion, and our advice to you—perhaps unnecessary—is immediately to order breakfast. There are many parlours—some with a charming prospect and some without any prospect at all; but remember that there are other people in the world besides yourselves—and therefore, into whatever parlour you may be shown by a pretty maid, be contented, and lose no time in addressing yourselves to your repast. That over, be in no hurry to get on the Lake. Perhaps all the boats are engaged—and Billy Balmer is at the Waterhead. So stroll into the churchyard, and take a glance over the graves. Close to the oriel-window of the church is one tomb over which one might meditate half an autumnal day. Enter the church, and you will feel the beauty of these fine lines in the Excursion—

"Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately cross'd
Like leafless underboughs, 'mid some thick grove,
All wither'd by the depth of shade above!"

Go down to the low terrace-walk along the Bay. The Bay is in itself a Lake, at all times cheerful with its scattered fleet, at anchor or under weigh—its villas and cottages, each rejoicing in its garden or orchard—its meadows mellowing to the reedy margin of the pellucid water—its heath-covered boat-houses—its own portion of the Isle called Beautiful—and beyond that silvan haunt, the sweet Furness Fells, with gentle outline undulating in the sky, and among its spiral larches showing, here and there, groves and copses of the old unviolated woods. Yes, Bowness-Bay is in itself a Lake; but how finely does it blend away, through its screens of oak and sycamore-trees, into a larger Lake—another, yet the same—on whose blue bosom you see

bearing down to windward—for the morning breeze is born—many a tiny sail. It has the appearance of a race. Yes—it is a race; and the Liverpoolian, as of yore, is eating them all out of the wind, and without another tack will make her anchorage. But hark—Music! 'Tis the Bowness Band playing "See the conquering Hero comes!"—and our old friend has carried away the gold cup from all competitors.

Now turn your faces up the hill above the village school. That green mount is what is called a—Station. The villagers are admiring a grove of parasols, while you—the party—are admiring the village—with its irregular roofs white, blue, gray, green, brown, and black walls—fruit-laden trees so yellow—its central church-tower—and envining groves variously burnished by autumn. Saw ye ever banks and braes and knolls so beautifully bedropt with human dwellings? There is no solitude about Windermere. Shame on human nature were Paradise uninhabited! Here, in amicable neighbourhood, are halls and huts—here rises through groves the dome of the rich man's mansion—and there the low roof of the poor man's cottage beneath its one single sycamore! Here are hundreds of small properties hereditary in the same families for hundreds of years—and never, never, O Westmoreland! may thy race of *statesmen* be extinct—nor the virtues that ennoble their humble households! See, suddenly brought forth by sunshine from among the old woods—and then sinking away into her usual unobtrusive serenity—the lake-loving Rayrig, almost level, so it seems, with the water, yet smiling over her own quiet bay from the grove-shelter of her pastoral mound. Within her walls may peace ever dwell with piety—and the light of science long blend with the lustre of the domestic hearth. Thence to Calgarth is all one forest—yet glade-broken, and enlivened by open uplands; so that the roamer, while he expects a night of umbrage, often finds himself in the open day, beneath the bright blue bow of heaven haply without a cloud. The eye travels delighted over the multitudinous tree-tops—often dense as one single tree—till it rests, in sublime satisfaction, on the far-off mountains, that lose not a woody character till the tree-sprinkled pastures roughen into rocks—and rocks tower into precipices where the falcons breed. But the lake will not suffer the eye long to wander among the distant glooms. She wins us wholly to herself—and restlessly and passionately for a while, but calmly and affectionately at last, the heart embraces all her beauty, and wishes that the vision might endure for ever, and that here our tents were pitched—to be struck no more during our earthly pilgrimage. Imagination lapses into a thousand moods. Oh for a fairy pinnacle to glide and float for aye over those golden waves! A hermit-cell on sweet Lady-Holm! A silvan shieling on Loughrigg side! A nest in that nameless dell, which sees but one small slip of heaven, and longs at night for the reascending visit of its few loving stars! A dwelling open to all the sky's influence on the mountain-brow, the darling of the rising or the setting sun, and often seen by

eyes in the lower world glittering through the rainbow!

All this seems a very imperfect picture indeed, or panorama of Windermere, from the hill behind the school-house in the village of Bowness. So, to put a stop to such nonsense, let us descend to the White Lion—and inquire about Billy Balmer. Honest Billy has arrived from Waterhead—seems tolerably steady—Mr. Ullock's boats may be trusted—so let us take a voyage of discovery on the Lake. Let those who have reason to think that they have been born to die a different death from drowning, hoist a sail. We to-day shall feather an oar. Billy takes the stroke—Mr. William Garnet's at the helm—and “row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Lowlands,” is the choral song that accompanies the Naiad out of the bay, and round the north end of the Isle called Beautiful, under the wave-darkening umbrage of that ancient oak. And now we are in the lovely straits between that Island and the mainland of Furness Fells. The village has disappeared, but not melted away; for hark! the Church-tower tolls ten—and see the sun is high in heaven. High, but not hot—for the first September frosts chilled the rosy fingers of the morn as she bathed them in the dews, and the air is cool as a cucumber. Cool but bland—and as clear and transparent as a fine eye lighted up by a good conscience. There were breezes in Bowness Bay—but here there are none—or, if there be, they but whisper aloft in the tree-tops, and ruffle not the water, which is calm as Louisa's breast. The small isles here are but few in number—yet the best arithmetician of the party cannot count them—in confusion so rich and rare do they blend their shadows with those of the groves on the Isle called Beautiful, and on the Furness Fells. A tide, imperceptible to the eye, drifts us on among and above those beautiful reflections—that downward world of hanging dreams! and ever and anon we beckon unto Billy gently to dip his oar, that we may see a world destroyed and recreated in one moment of time. Yes, Billy! thou art a poet—and canst work more wonders with thin oar than could he with his pen who painted “heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb,” wandering by herself in Fairy-Land. How is it, pray, that our souls are satiated with such beauty as this? Is it because 'tis unsustained all—senseless, though fair—and in its evanescence unsuited to the sympathies that yearn for the permanencies of breathing life? Dreams are delightful only as delusions within the delusion of this our mortal waking existence—one touch of what we call reality dissolves them all; blissful though they may have been, we care not when the bubble bursts—nay, we are glad again to return to our own natural world, care-haunted though in its happiest moods it be—glad as if we had escaped from glamour; and, oh! beyond expression sweet it is once more to drink the light of living eyes—the music of living lips—after that preternatural hush that steepes the shadowy realms of the imagination, whether stretching along a sunset-heaven, or the mystical imagery of earth and sky floating in the lustre of lake or sea.

Therefore “row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Lowlands;” and as rowing is a thirsty exercise, let us land at the Ferry, and each man refresh himself with a horn of ale.

There is not a prettier place on all Windermere than the Ferry-House, or one better adapted for a honey-moon. You can hand your bride into a boat almost out of the parlour window, and be off among the islands in a moment, or into nook or bay where no prying eye, even through telescope, (a most unwarrantable instrument,) can overlook your happiness; or you can secrete yourselves, like buck and doe, among the lady-fern on Furness Fells, where not a sunbeam can intrude on your sacred privacy, and where you may melt down hours to moments, in chaste connubial bliss, brightening futurity with plans of domestic enjoyment, like long lines of lustre streaming across the lake. But at present, let us visit the fort-looking building among the cliffs called The Station, and see how Windermere looks as we front the east. Why, you would not know it to be the same lake. The Isle called Beautiful, which heretofore had scarcely seemed an isle, appearing to belong to one or other shore of the mainland, from this point of view is an isle indeed, loading the lake with a weight of beauty, and giving it an ineffable character of richness which nowhere else does it possess; while the other lesser isles, dropt “in nature's careless haste” between it and the Furness Fells, connect it still with those lovely shores from which it floats a short way apart, without being disunited—one spirit blending the whole together within the compass of a fledgling's flight. Beyond these

“Sister isles, that smile
Together like a happy family
Of beauty and of love,”

the eye meets the Rayrig-woods, with but a gleam of water between, only visible in sunshine, and is gently conducted by them up the hills of Applethwaite, diversified with cultivated enclosures, “all green as emerald” to their very summits, with all their pastoral and arable grounds besprinkled with stately single trees, copses, or groves. On the nearer side of these hills is seen, stretching far off to other lofty regions—Hill-bell and High Street conspicuous over the rest—the long vale of Troutbeck, with its picturesque cottages, in “numbers without number numberless,” and all its sable pines and sycamores—on the further side, that most silvan of all silvan mountains, where lately the Hemans warbled her native wood-notes wild in her poetic bower, fitly called Dovenest, and beyond, Kirkstone Fells and Rydal Head, magnificent giants looking westward to the Langdale Pikes, (here unseen,)

“The last that parley with the setting sun.”

Immediately in front, the hills are low and lovely, sloping with gentle undulations down to the lake, here grove-girdled along all its shores. The elm-grove that overshadows the Parsonage is especially conspicuous—stately and solemn in a green old age—and though now silent, in spring and early summer clamorous with rooks, in love or alarm, an ancient family, and not to be expelled from their hereditary seats. Following the line of shore to the

right, and turning your eyes unwillingly away from the bright and breezy Belfield, they fall on the elegant architecture of Storr's-hall, gleaming from a glade in the thick woods, and still looking southward they see a serene series of the same forest scenery, along the heights of Gillhead and Gummer's-How, till Windermere is lost, apparently narrowed into a river, beyond Townhead and Fellfoot, where the prospect is closed by a beaoned eminence clothed with shadowy trees to the very base of the Tower. The points and promontories jutting into the lake from these and the opposite shores—which are of an humbler, though not tame character—are all placed most felicitously; and as the lights and shadows keep shifting on the water, assume endless varieties of relative position to the eye, so that often during one short hour you might think you had been gazing on Windermere with a kaleidoscopic eye, that had seemed to create the beauty which in good truth is floating there for ever on the bosom of nature.

That description, perhaps, is not so very much amiss; but should you think otherwise, be so good as to give us a better: meanwhile let us descend from The Station—and its stained windows—stained into setting sunlight—frost and snow—the purpling autumn—and the first faint vernal green—and re-embark at the Ferry-House pier. Berkshire Island is fair—but we have always looked at it with an evil eye since unable to weather it in our old schooner, one day when the Victory, on the same tack, shot by us to windward like a salmon. But now we are half way between Storr's Point and Rawlinson's Nab—so, my dear Garnet, down with the helm and let us put about (who is that catching crabs?) for a fine front view of the Grecian edifice. It does honour to the genius of Gaddy—and say what people choose of a classic clime, the light of a Westmoreland sky falls beautifully on that marble-like stone, which, whether the heavens be in gloom or glory, “shines well where it stands,” and flings across the lake a majestic shadow. Methought there passed along the lawn the image of one now in his tomb! The memory of that bright day returns, when Windermere glittered with all her sails in honour of the great Northern Minstrel, and of him the Eloquent, whose lips are now mute in the dust. Methinks we see his smile benign—that we hear his voice silver-sweet!

“But away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring”—

as such thoughts came like shadows, like hadows let them depart—and spite of that which happeneth to all men—“this one day we give to merriment.” Pull, Billy, pull—or we will turn you round—and in that case there is no refreshment nearer than Newby-bridge. The Naiad feels the invigorated impulse—and her cut-water murmurs to the tune of six knots through the tiny cataract foaming round her bows. The woods are all running down the lake,—and at that rate, by two post meridiem will be in the sea.

Commend us—on a tour—to lunch and dinner in one. ’Tis a saving both of time and money—and of all the dinner-lunches that ever

were set upon a sublunary table, the *facile principes* are the dinner-lunches you may devour in the White Lion, Bowness. Take a walk—and a seat on the green that overlooks the village, almost on a level with the lead-roof of the venerable church—while Hebe is laying the cloth for a repast fit for Jove, Juno, and the other heathen gods and goddesses; and if you must have politics—why, call for the Standard or Sun, (Heavens! there is that hawk already at the Times,) and devote a few hurried and hungry minutes to the French Revolution. Why, the Green of all Greens—often traced by us of yore beneath the midnight moonlight, till a path was worn along the edge of the low wall, still called “North’s Walk”—is absolutely converted into a reading-room, and our laking party into a political club. There is Louisa with the Leeds Intelligencer—and Matilda with the Morning Herald—and Harriet with that York paper worth them all put together—for it tells of Priam, and the Cardinal, and St. Nicholas—but, hark! a soft footstep! And then a soft voice—no dialect or accent pleasanter than the Westmoreland—whispers that the dinner-lunch is on the table—and no leading article like a cold round of beef, or a veal-pie. Let the Parisians settle their Constitution as they will—meanwhile let us strengthen ours; and after a single glass of Madeira—and a horn of home-brewed—let us off on foot—on horseback—in gig—car and chariot—to Troutbeck.

It is about a Scottish mile, we should think, from Bowness to Cook’s House—along the turnpike road—half the distance lying embowered in the Rayrig woods—and half open to lake, cloud, and sky. It is pleasant to lose sight now and then of the lake along whose banks you are travelling, especially if during separation you become a Druid. The water woos you at your return with her bluest smile, and her whitest murmur. Some of the finest trees in all the Rayrig woods have had the good sense to grow by the roadside, where they can see all that is passing, and make their own observations on us deciduous plants. Few of them seem to be very old—not much older than Christopher North—and, like him, they wear well, trunk sound to the core, arms with a long sweep, and head in fine proportions of cerebral development, fortified against all storms—perfect pictures of oaks in their prime. You may see one—without looking for it—near a farm-house called Miller-ground—himself a grove. His trunk is clothed in a tunic of moss, which shows the ancient Sylvan to great advantage—and it would be no easy matter to give him a fall. Should you wish to see Windermere in all her glory, you have but to enter a gate a few yards on this side of his shade, and ascend an eminence called by us Greenbank—but you had as well leave your red mantle in the carriage, for an enormous white, long-horned Lancashire bull has for some years established his head-quarters not far off, and you would not wish your wife to become a widow, with six fatherless children. But the royal road of poetry is often the most splendid—and by keeping the turnpike, you soon find yourself on a terrace to which there

was nothing to compare in the hanging gardens of Babylon. There is the widest breadth of water—the richest foreground of wood—and the most magnificent background of mountains—not only in Westmoreland but—believe us—in all the world. That blue roof is Calgarth—and no traveller ever pauses on this brow without giving it a blessing—for the sake of the illustrious dead; for there long dwelt in the body Richard Watson, the Defender of the Faith, and there within the shadow of his memory still dwell those dearest on earth to his beatified spirit. So pass along in high and solemn thought, till you lose sight of Calgarth in the lone road that leads by St. Catharines, and then relapse into pleasant fancies and picturesque dreams. This is the best way by far of approaching Troutbeck. No ups and downs in this life were ever more enlivening—not even the ups and downs of a bird learning to fly. Sheep-fences, six feet high; are admirable contrivances for shutting out scenery; and by shutting out much scenery, why, you confer an unappreciable value on the little that remains visible, and feel as if you could hug it to your heart. But sometimes one does feel tempted to shove down a few roofs of intercepting stone-wall higher than the horse-hair on a cuirassier's casque—though sheep should eat the suckers and scions, protected as they there shoot, at the price of the concealment of the picturesque and the poetical from beauty-searching eyes. That is a long lane, it is said, which has never a turning; so this must be a short one, which has a hundred. You have turned your back on Windermere—and our advice to you is, to keep your face to the mountains. Troutbeck is a jewel—a diamond of a stream—but Bobbin Mills have exhausted some of the most lustrous pools, changing them into shallows, where the minnows' rove. Deep dells are his delight—and he loves the rugged scaurs that intrench his wooded banks—and the fantastic rocks that tower-like hang at intervals over his winding course, and seem sometimes to block it up; but the miner works his way out beneath galleries and arches in the living stone—sometimes silent—sometimes singing—and sometimes roaring like thunder—till subsiding into a placid spirit, ere he reaches the wooden bridge in the bonny holms of Calgarth, he glides graceful as the swan that sometimes sees his image in his breast, and through alder and willow banks murmurs away his life in the Lake.

Yes—that is Troutbeck Chapel—one of the smallest—and to our eyes the very simplest—of all the chapels among the hills. Yet will it be remembered when more pretending edifices are forgotten—just like some mild, sensible, but perhaps somewhat too silent person, whose acquaintanceship—nay friendship—we feel a wish to cultivate we scarce know why, except that he is mild, sensible, and silent; whereas we would not be civil to the *brusque*, upsetting, and loquacious puppy at his elbow, whose information is as various as it is profound, were one word or look of courtesy to save him from the flames. For heaven's sake, Lousia, don't sketch Troutbeck Chapel. There is nothing but a square tower—a horizontal roof

—and some perpendicular walls. The outlines of the mountains here have no specific character. That bridge is but a poor feature—and the stream here very common-place. Put them not on paper. Yet alive—is not the secluded scene felt to be most beautiful? It has a soul. The pure spirit of the pastoral age is breathing here—in this utter noiselessness there is the oblivion of all turmoil; and as the bleating of flocks comes on the ear, along the fine air, from the green pastures of the Kentmere range of soft undulating hills, the stilled heart whispers to itself, "this is peace!"

The worst of it is, that of all people that on earth do dwell, your Troutbeck *statesmen*, we have heard, are the most litigious—the most quarrelsome about straws. Not a footpath in all the parish that has not cost many pounds in lawsuits. The most insignificant stile is referred to a full bench of magistrates. That gate was carried to the Quarter Sessions. No branch of a tree can shoot six inches over a march-wall without being indicted for a trespass. And should a frost-loosened stone tumble from some *scaurs* down upon a neighbour's field, he will be served with a notice to quit before next morning. Many of the small properties hereabouts have been mortgaged over head and ears mainly to fee attorneys. Yet the last hoop of apples will go the same road—and the statesman, driven at last from his paternal fields, will sue for something or another *in forma pauperis*, were it but the worthless wood and second-hand nails that may be destined for his coffin. This is a pretty picture of pastoral life—but we must take pastoral life as we find it. Nor have we any doubt that things were every whit as bad in the time of the Patriarchs—else—whence the satirical sneer, "sham Abraham!" Yonder is the Village straggling away up along the hillside, till the furthest house seems a rock fallen with trees from the mountain. The cottages stand for the most part in clusters of twos or threes—with here and there what in Scotland we should call a *clàchan*—many a sma' town within the ae lang toun; but where in all braid Scotland is a mile-long scattered congregation of rural dwellings, all dropt down where the Painter and the Poet would have wished to plant them, on knolls and in dells, and on banks and braes, and below tree-crested rocks, and all bound together in picturesque confusion by old groves of ash, oak, and sycamore, and by flower-gardens and fruit-orchards, rich as those of the Hesperides?

If you have no objections—our pretty dears—we shall return to Bowness by Lowood. Let us form a straggling line of march—so that we may one and all indulge in our own silent fancies—and let not a word be spoken, virgins—under the penalty of two kisses for one syllable—till we crown the height above Briary-Close. Why, there it is already—and we hear our musical friend's voice—accompanied guitar. From the front of his cottage, the head and shoulders of Windermere are seen in their most majestic shape—and from nowhere else is the long-withdrawing Langdale so magnificently closed by mountains. There at sunset hangs "Cloud-land, gorgeous land," by gazing

on which for an hour we shall all become poets and poetesses. Who said that Windermere was too narrow? The same critic who thinks the full harvest moon too round—and despises the twinkling of the evening star. It is all the way down—from head to foot—from the Brathay to the Leven—of the proper breadth precisely—to a quarter of an inch. Were the reeds in Poolwyke Bay—on which the birds love to balance themselves—at low or high water, to be visible longer or shorter than what they have always been in the habit of being on such occasions since first we brushed them with an oar, when landing in our skiff from the Endeavour, the beauty of the whole of Windermere would be impaired—so exquisitely adapted is that pellucid gleam to the lips of its silvan shores. True, there are flaws in the diamond—but only when the squalls come; and as the blackness sweeps by, that diamond of the first water is again sky-bright and sky-blue as an angel's eyes. Lowood Bay—we are now embarked in Mr. Jackson's prettiest pinnace—when the sun is westerling—which it now is—surpasses all other bays in fresh-water mediterraneans. Eve loves to see her pensive face reflected in that serene mirror. To flatter such a divinity is impossible—but sure she never wears a smile so divine as when adjusting her dusky tresses in that truest of all glasses, set in the richest of all frames. Pleased she retires—with a wavering motion—and casting “many a longing, lingering look behind,” fades indistinctly away among the Brathay woods; while Night, her eldest sister, or rather her younger—we really know not which—takes her place at the darkening mirror, till it glitters with her crescent-moon-coronet, wreathed perhaps with a white cloud, and just over the silver bow the lustre of one large yellow star.

As none of the party complain of hunger, let us crack among us a single bottle of our worthy host's choice old Madeira—and then haste in the barouche (ha! here it is) to Bowness. It is right now to laugh—and sing—and recite poetry—and talk all manner of nonsense. Didn't ye hear something crack? Can it be a spring—or merely the axeltree? Our clerical friend from Chester assures us 'twas but a string of his guitar—so no more shrieking—and after coffee we shall have

“Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay your golden cushion down!”

And then we two, my dear sir, must have a contest at chess—at which, if you beat us, we shall leave our bed at midnight, and murder you in your sleep. “But where,” murmurs Matilda, “are we going?” To Oresthead, love—and Elleray—for you must see a sight these sweet eyes of thine never saw before—
SUNSET.

We have often wondered if there be in the world one woman indisputably and undeniably the most beautiful of all women—or if, indeed, our first mother were “the loveliest of her daughters, Eve.” What human female beauty is, all men feel—but few men know—and none can tell—further than that it is perfect spiritual health, breathingly embodied in perfect corporeal flesh and blood, according to certain heaven-framed adaptions of form and hue, yet by a

familiar yet inscrutable mystery, to our senses and our souls express sanctity and purity of the immortal essence enshrined within, by aid of all associated perceptions and emotions that the heart and the imagination can agglomerate round them, as instantly and as unhesitatingly as the faculties of thought and feeling can agglomerate round a lily or a rose, for example, the perceptions and emotions that make them—by divine right of inalienable beauty—the Royal Families of Flowers. This definition—or description rather—of human female beauty, may appear to some, as indeed it appears to us—something vague; but all profound truths—out of the exact sciences—are something vague; and it is manifestly the design of a benign and gracious Providence, that they should be so till the end of time—till mortality puts on immortality—and earth is heaven. Vagueness, therefore, is no fault in philosophy—any more than in the dawn of morning, or the gloaming of eve. Enough, if each clause of the sentence that seeks to elucidate a confessed mystery, has a meaning harmonious with all the meanings in all the other clauses—and that the effect of the whole taken together is musical—and a tune. Then it is Truth. For all Falsehood is dissonant—and verity is concent. It is our faith, that the souls of some women are angelic—or nearly so—by nature and the Christian religion; and that the faces and persons of some women are angelic or nearly so—whose souls, nevertheless, are seen to be far otherwise—and, on that discovery, beauty fades or dies. But may not soul and body—spirit and matter—meet in perfect union at birth; and grow together into a creature, though of spiritual mould, comparable with Eve before the Fall? Such a creature—such creatures—may have been; but the question is—did you ever see one? We almost think that we have—but many long years ago;

“She is dedde,
Gone to her death-bedde
All under the willow tree.”

And it may be that her image in the moonlight of memory and imagination, may be more perfectly beautiful than she herself ever was, when

“Ugrew that living flower beneath our eye.”

Yes—'tis thus that we form to ourselves—incommunicably within our souls—what we choose to call Ideal Beauty—that is, a life-in-death image or Eidolon of a Being whose voice was once heard, and whose footsteps once wandered among the flowers of this earth. But it is a mistake to believe that such beauty as this can visit the soul only after the original in which it once breathed is no more. For as it can only be seen by profoundest passion—and the profoundest are the passions of Love, and Pity, and Grief—then why may not each and all of these passions—when we consider the constitution of this world and this life—be awakened in their utmost height and depth by the sight of living beauty, as well as by the memory of the dead? To do so is surely within “the reachings of our souls,”—and if so, then may the virgin beauty of his daughter, praying with folded hands and heavenward face when leaning in health on her father's

knees, transcend even the ideal beauty which shall afterwards visit his slumbers nightly, long years after he has laid her head in the grave. If by ideal beauty, you mean a beauty beyond whatever breathed, and moved, and had its being on earth—then we suspect that not even “that inner eye which is the bliss of solitude” ever beheld it; but if you merely mean by ideal beauty, that which is composed of ideas, and of the feelings attached by nature to ideas, then, begging your pardon, my good sir, all beauty whatever is ideal—and you had better begin to study metaphysics.

But what we were wishing to say is this—that whatever may be the truth with regard to human female beauty—Windermere, seen by sunset from the spot where we now stand, Elleray, is at this moment the most beautiful scene on this earth. The reasons why it must be so are multitudinous. Not only can the eye take in, but the imagination, in its awakened power, can master all the component elements of the spectacle—and while it adequately discerns and sufficiently feels the influence of each, is alive throughout all its essence to the divine agency of the whole. The charm lies in its entirety—its unity, which is so perfect—so seemeth it to our eyes—that ’tis in itself a complete world—of which not a line could be altered without disturbing the spirit of beauty that lies recumbent there, wherever the earth meets the sky. There is nothing here fragmentary; and had a poet been born, and bred here all his days, nor known aught of fair or grand beyond this liquid vale, yet had he sung truly and profoundly of the shows of nature. No rude and shapeless masses of mountains—such as too often in our own dear Scotland encumber the earth with dreary desolation—with gloom without grandeur—and magnitude without magnificence. But almost in orderly array, and irregular just up to the point of the picturesque, where poetry is not needed for the fancy’s pleasure, stand the Race of Giants—mist-veiled transparently—or crowned with clouds slowly settling of their own accord into all the forms that Beauty loves, when with her sister-spirit Peace she descends at eve from highest heaven to sleep among the shades of earth.

Sweet would be the hush of lake, woods, and skies, were it not so solemn! The silence is that of a temple, and, as we face the west, irresistibly are we led to adore. The mighty sun occupies with his flaming retinue all the region. Mighty yet mild—for from his disc, awhile insufferably bright, is effused now a gentle crimson light, that dyes all the west in one uniform glory, save where yet round the cloud edges lingers the purple, the green, and the yellow lustre, unwilling to forsake the violet beds of the sky, changing, while we gaze, into heavenly roses; till that prevailing crimson colour at last gains entire possession of the heavens, and all the previous splendour gives way to one whose paramount purity, lustrous as fire, is in its steadfast beauty sublime. And, lo! the lake has received that sunset into its bosom. It, too, softly burns with a crimson glow—and, as sinks the sun below the mountains Windermere, gorgeous in her array as

the western sky, keeps fading away as it fades, till at last all the ineffable splendour expires, and the spirit that has been lost to this world in the transcendent vision, or has been seeing all things appertaining to this world in visionary symbols, returns from that celestial sojourn, and knows that its lot is, henceforth as heretofore, to walk weariedly perhaps, and wo-begone, over the no longer divine but disenchanted earth!

It is very kind in the moon and stars—just like them—to rise so soon after sunset. The heart sinks at the sight of the sky, when a characterless night succeeds such a blaze of light—like dull reality dashing the last vestiges of the brightest of dreams. When the moon is “hid in her vacant interlunar cave,” and not a star can “burst its cerements,” imagination in the dim blank droops her wings—our thoughts become of the earth earthly—and poetry seems a pastime fit but for fools and children. But how different our mood, when

“Glow the firmament with living sapphires,” and Diana, who has ascended high in heaven, without our having once observed the divinity, bends her silver bow among the rejoicing stars, while the lake, like another sky, seems to contain its own luminaries, a different division of the constellated night! ’Tis merry Windermere no more. Yet we must not call her melancholy—though somewhat sad she seems, and pensive, as if the stillness of universal nature did touch her heart. How serene all the lights—how peaceful all the shadows! Steadfast alike—as if they would brood for ever—yet transient as all loveliness—and at the mercy of every cloud. In some places the lake has disappeared—in others, the moonlight is almost like sunshine—only silver instead of gold. Here spots of quiet light—there lines of trembling lustre—and there a flood of radiance chequered by the images of trees. Lo! the Isle called Beautiful has now gathered upon its central grove all the radiance issuing from that celestial Urn; and almost in another moment it seems blended with the dim mass of mainland, and blackness enshrouds the woods. Still as seems the night to unobservant eyes, it is fluctuating in its expression as the face of a sleeper overspread with pleasant but disturbing dreams. Never for any two successive moments is the aspect of the night the same,—each smile has its own meaning, its own character; and Light is felt to be like Music, to have a melody and a harmony of its own—so mysteriously allied are the powers and provinces of eye and ear, and by such a kindred and congenial agency do they administer to the workings of the spirit.

Well, that is very extraordinary—Rain—rain—rain! All the eyes of heaven were bright as bright might be—the sky was blue as violets—that braided whiteness, that here and there floated like a veil on the brow of night, was all that recalled the memory of clouds—and as for the moon, no faintest halo yellowed round her orb, that seemed indeed “one perfect chrysolite;”—yet while all the winds seemed laid asleep till morn, and beauty to have chained all the elements into peace—overcast in a moment is the firmament—an

evanishing has left it blank as mist—there is a fast, thick, pattering on the woods—yes—rain—rain—rain—and ere we reach Bowness, the party will be wet through to their skins. Nay—matters are getting still more serious—for there was lightning—yea, lightning! Ten seconds! and hark, very respectable thunder! With all our wisdom, we have not been weather-wise—or we should have known, when we saw it, an electrical sunset. Only look now towards the West. There floats Noah's Ark—a magnificent spectacle; and now for the Flood. That far-off sullen sound proclaims cataracts. And what may mean that sighing and meaning and muttering up among the cliffs? See—see how the sheet lightning

shows the long lake-shore all tumbling with foamy breakers. A strong wind is there—but here there is not a breath. But the woods across the lake are bowing their heads to the blast. Windermere is in a tumult—the storm comes flying on wings all abroad—and now we are in the very heart of the hurricane. See, in Bowness is hurrying many a light—for the people fear we may be on the lake; and faithful Billy, depend on't, is launching his life-boat to go to our assistance. Well, this is an adventure.—But soft—what ails our Argand Lamp! Our Study is in such darkness that we cannot see our paper—in the midst of a thunder-storm we conclude, and to bed by a flash of lightning.

THE MOORS.

PROLOGUE.

ONCE we knew the Highlands absolutely too well—not a nook that was not as familiar to us as our brown study. We had not to complain of the lochs, glens, woods, and mountains alone, for having so fastened themselves upon us on a great scale that we found it impossible to shake them off; but the hardship in our case was, that all the subordinate parts of the scenery, many of them dull and dreary enough, and some of them intolerably tedious, had taken it upon themselves so to thrust their intimacy upon us, in all winds and weathers, that without giving them the cut direct there was no way of escaping from the burden of their friendship. To courteous and humane Christians, such as we have always been both by name and nature as far back as we can recollect, it is painful to cut even an impudent stone, or an upsetting tree that may cross our path uncalled for, or obtrude itself on our privacy when we wish to be alone in our meditations. Yet, we confess, they used sometimes sorely to try our temper. It is all very well for you, our good sir, to say in excuse for them that such objects are inanimate. So much the worse. Were they animate, like yourself, they might be reasoned with on the impropriety of interrupting the stream of any man's soliloquies. But being not merely inanimate but irrational, objects of that class know not to keep their own place, which indeed, it may be said in reply, is kept for them by nature. But that Mistress of the Ceremonies, though enjoying a fine green old age, cannot be expected to be equally attentive to the proceedings of all the objects under her control. Accordingly, often when she is not looking, what more common than for a huge hulking fellow of a rock, with an absurd tuft of trees on his head, who has observed you lying half-asleep on the greensward, to hang eavesdropping, as it were, over your most secret thoughts, which he whispers to the winds, and they to all the clouds! Or for some gro-

tesque and fantastic ash, with a crooked back, and arms disproportionately long, like a giant in extreme old age dwindling into a dwarf, to jut out from the hole in the wall, and should your leaden eye chance at the time to love the ground, to put his mossy fist right in your philosophical countenance! In short, it is very possible to know a country so thoroughly well, outside and in, from mountain to molehill, that you get mutually tired of one another's company, and are ready to vent your quarrel in reciprocal imprecations.

So was it once with us and the Highlands. That "too much familiarity breeds contempt" we learned many a long year ago, when learning to write large text; and passages in our life have been a running commentary on the theme then set us by that incomparable calligraphist, Butterworth. All "the old familiar faces" occasionally come in for a portion of that feeling; and on that account, we are glad that we saw, but for one day and one night, Charles Lamb's. Therefore, some dozen years ago we gave up the Highlands, not wishing to quarrel with them, and confined our tender assiduities to the Lowlands, while, like two great Flats as we were, we kept staring away at each other, with our lives on the same level. All the consequences that might naturally have been expected have ensued; and we are now as heartily sick of the Lowlands, and they of us. What can we do but return to our First Love?

Allow us to offer another view of the subject. There is not about Old Age one blessing more deserving gratitude to Heaven, than the gradual bedimming of memory brought on by years. In youth, all things, internal and external, are unforgettable, and by the perpetual presence of passion oppress the soul. The eye of a woman haunts the victim on whom it may have given a glance, till he leaps per haps out of a four-story window. A beautiful lake, or a sublime mountain, drives a young poet as mad as a March hare. He loses himself in an interminable forest louring all round

the horizon of a garret six feet square. It matters not to him whether his eyes be open or shut. He is at the mercy of all Life and all Nature, and not for one hour can he escape from their persecutions. His soul is the slave of the Seven Senses, and each is a tyrant with instruments of torture, to whom and to which Phalaris, with his brazen bull, was a pointless joke. But in old age "the heart of a man is oppressed with care" no longer; the Seven Tyrants have lost their sceptres, and are dethroned; and the gray-headed gentleman feels that his soul has "set up its rest." His eyes are dazzled no more with insufferable light—no more his ears tingle with music too exquisite to be borne—no more his touch is transport. The scents of nature, stealing from the balmy mouths of lilies and roses, are deadened in his nostrils. He is above and beyond the reach of all the long arms of many-handed misery, as he is out of the convulsive clutch of bliss. And is not this the state of best happiness for mortal man! Tranquillity! The peaceful air that we breathe as we are westering towards the sunset-regions of our Being, and feel that we are about to drop down for ever out of sight behind the Sacred Mountains.

All this may be very fine, but cannot be said to help us far on with our Prologue. Let us try it again. Old men, we remarked, ought to be thankful to Heaven for their dim memories. Never do we feel that more profoundly than when dreading about the Highlands. All is confusion. Nothing distinctly do we remember—not even the names of lochs and mountains. Where is Ben Cru—Cru—Cru—what's-his-name? Ay—ay—Cruachan. At this blessed moment we see his cloud-capped head—but we have clean forgotten the silver sound of the name of the country he encumbers. Ross-shire? Nay, that won't do—he never was at Tair. We are assured by Dr. Reid's, Dr. Beattie's, and Dugald Stewart's great instinctive First Principle Belief, that oftener than once, or ten times either, have we been in a day-long hollow among precipices dear to eagles, called Glen-Etive. But where begins or where ends that "severe sojourn," is now to us a mystery—though we hear the sound of the sea and the dashing of cataracts. Yet though all is thus dim in our memory, would you believe it that nothing is utterly lost? No, not even the thoughts that soared like eagles vanishing in the light—or that dived like ravens into the gloom. They all re-appear—those from the Emyrean—these from Hades—reminding us of the good or the evil borne in other days, within the spiritual regions of our boundless being. The world of eye and ear is not in reality narrowed because it glimmers; ever and anon as years advance, a light direct from heaven dissipates the gloom, and bright and glorious as of yore the landscape laughs to the sea, the sea to heaven, and heaven back again to the gazing spirit that leaps forward to the hailing light with something of the same divine passion that gave wings to our youth.

All this may be still finer, yet cannot be said, any more than the preceding paragraph, much to help us on with our Prologue. To come then, if possible, to the point at once—We are

happy that our dim memory and our dim imagination restore and revive in our mind none but the characteristic features of the scenery of the Highlands, unmixed with baser matter, and all floating magnificently through a spiritual haze, so that the whole region is now more than ever idealized; and in spite of all his present, past, and future prosiness—Christopher North, soon as in thought his feet touch the heather, becomes a poet.

It has long been well known to the whole world that we are a sad egotist—yet our egotism, so far from being a detraction from our attraction, seems to be the very soul of it, making it impossible in nature for any reasonable being to come within its sphere, without being drawn by sweet compulsion to the old wizard's heart. He is so humane! Only look at him for a few minutes, and liking becomes love—love becomes veneration. And all this even before he has opened his lips—by the mere power of his ogles and his temples. In his large mild blue eyes is written not only his nature, but miraculously, in German text, his very name, Christopher North. Mrs. Gentle was the first to discover it; though we remember having been asked more than once in our youth, by an alarmed virgin on whom we happened at the time to be looking tender, "If we were aware that there was something preternatural in our eyes?" Christopher is conspicuous in our right eye—North in our left, and when we wish to be incog, we either draw their fringed curtains, or, nunlike, keep the tell-tale orbs fixed on the ground. Candour whispers us to confess, that some years ago a child was exhibited at six-pence with WILLIAM WOOD legible in its optics—having been affiliated, by ocular evidence, on a gentleman of that name, who, with his dying breath, disowned the soft impeachment. But in that case nature had written a vile scrawl—in ours her hand is firm, and goes off with a flourish.

Have you ever entered, all alone, the shadows of some dilapidated old burial-place, and in a nook made beautiful by wild-briers and a flowering thorn, beheld the stone image of some long-forgotten worthy lying on his grave? Some knight who perhaps had fought in Palestine—or some holy man, who in the Abbey—now almost gone—had led a long still life of prayer? The moment you knew that you were standing among the dwellings of the dead, how impressive became the ruins! Did not that stone image wax more and more lifelike in its repose? And as you kept your eyes fixed on the features Time had not had the heart to obliterate, seemed not your soul to hear the echoes of the Miserere sung by the brethren?

So looks Christopher—on his couch—in his alcove. He is taking his siesta—and the faint shadows you see coming and going across his face are dreams. 'Tis a pensive dormitory, and hangs undisturbed in its spiritual region as a cloud on the sky of the Longest Day when it falls on the Sabbath.

What think you of our FATHER, alongside of the Pedlar in the *Excursion*? Wordsworth says—

"Amid the gloom,
Spread by a brotherhood of lofty elm

Appear'd a roofless hut; four naked walls
That stared upon each other! I look'd round,
And to my wish and to my hope espied
Him whom I sought; a man of reverend age,
But stout and hale, for travel unimpair'd.
There was he seen upon the cottage bench,
Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep;
An iron-pointed staff lay at his side."

Alas! "stout and hale" are words that could not be applied, without cruel mocking, to our figure. "Recumbent in the shade" unquestionably he is—yet "recumbent" is a clumsy word for such quietude; and, recurring to our former image, we prefer to say, in the words of Wilson—

"Still is he as a frame of stone
That in its stillness lies alone,
With silence breathing from its face,
For ever in some holy place,
Chapel or aisle—on marble laid,
With pale hands on his pale breast spread,
An image humble, meek, and low,
Of one forgotten long ago!"

No "iron-pointed staff lies at his side"—but "Satan's dread," THE CRUTCH! Wordsworth tells us over again that the Pedlar—

"With no appendage but a staff,
The prized memorial of *relinquish'd* toils,
Upon the cottage-bench reposed his limbs,
Screen'd from the sun."

On his couch, in his Alcove, Christopher is reposing—not his limbs alone—but his very essence. THE CRUTCH is, indeed, both *de jure* and *de facto* the prized memorial of toils—but, thank Heaven, not *relinquish'd* toils; and then how characteristic of the dear merciless old man—hardly distinguishable among the fringed draperies of his canopy, the dependant and independent KNOT.

Was the Pedlar absolutely asleep? We shrewdly suspect not—'twas but a doze. "Recumbent in the shade, as if asleep"—"Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs"—induce us to lean to the opinion that he was but on the border of the Land of Nod. Nay, the poet gets more explicit, and with that minute particularity so charming in poetical description, finally informs us that

"Supine the wanderer lay,
His eyes, as if in drowsiness, half shut,
The shadows of the breezy elms above
Dappling his face."

It would appear, then, on an impartial consideration of all the circumstances of the case, that the "man of reverend age," though "recumbent" and "supine" upon the "cottage bench," "as if asleep," and "his eyes, as if in drowsiness, half shut," was in a mood between sleeping and waking; and this creed is corroborated by the following assertion—

"He had not heard the sound
Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
Unnoticed did I stand some minutes' space.
At length I hail'd him, seeing that his hat
Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
Had newly scoop'd a running stream."

He rose; and so do We, for probably by this time you may have discovered that we have been describing Ourselves in our siesta or mid-day snooze—as we have been beholding in our mind's eye our venerated and mysterious Double.

We cannot help flattering ourse ves—if indeed it be flattery—that though no relative of his, we have a look of the Pedlar—as he is ela-

borately painted by the hand of a great master in the aforesaid Poem.

Him had I mark'd the day before—alone,
And station'd in the public way, with face
Turn'd to the sun then setting, while that staff
Afforded to the figure of the man,
Detained for contemplation or repose,
Graceful support," &c.

As if it were yesterday, we remember our first interview with the Bard. It was at the Lady's Oak, between Ambleside and Rydal. We were then in the very flower of our age—just sixty; so we need not say the century had then seen but little of this world. The Bard was a mere boy of some six lustres, and had a lyrical ballad look that established his identity at first sight, all unlike the lack-a-daisical. His right hand was within his vest on the region of the heart, and he ceased his crooning as we stood face to face. What a noble countenance! at once austere and gracious—haughty and benignant—of a man conscious of his greatness while yet companioning with the humble—ar unrecognised power dwelling in the woods. Our figure at that moment so impressed itself on his imagination, that it in time supplanted the image of the real Pedlar, and grew into the *Emeritus of the Thrice Days*. We were standing in that very attitude—having deposited on the coping of the wall our Kit, since adopted by the British Army, with us at once a library and a larder.

And again—and even more characteristically—

"Plain was his garb.
Such as might suit a rustic sire, prepared
For Sabbath duties; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have pass'd without remark.
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs
And his whole figure breathed intelligence.
Time had compress'd the freshness of his cheeks
Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye, that under brows,
Shaggy and grey, had meanings, which it brought
From years of youth; whilst, like a being made
Of many beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to come,
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave."

In our intellectual characters we indulge the pleasing hope that there are some striking points of resemblance, on which, however, our modesty will not permit us to dwell—and in our acquirements, more particularly in Plane and Spherical Trigonometry.

"While yet he linger'd in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven.
The silent stars! oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag,
That is the eagle's birthplace," &c.

So it was with us. Give us but a base and a quadrant—and when a student in Jemmy Millar's class, we could have given you the altitude of any steeple in Glasgow or the Gorbals.

Occasionally, too, in a small party of friends, though not proud of the accomplishment, we have been prevailed on, as you may have heard, to delight humanity with a song—"The Flowers of the Forest," "Roy's Wife," "Flee up, flee up, thou bonnie bonnie Cock," or "Auld Langsyne"—just as the Pedlar

"At request would sing
Old songs, the product of his native hills
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water, by the care

Of the industrious husbandman diffused
Through a parch'd meadow field in time of
drought."

Our natural disposition, too, is as amiable as
that of the "Vagrant Merchant."

"And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kinder nature. The rough sports
And teasing ways of children vex'd not him:
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,
To his fraternal sympathy address'd,
Obtain reluctant hearing."

Who can read the following lines, and not
think of Christopher North?

"Birds and beasts,
And the mute fish that glances in the stream,
And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
The fowl domestic, and the household dog—
In his capacious mind he loved them all."

True, that our love of

"The mute fish that glances in the stream,"

is not incompatible with the practice of the
"angler's silent trade," or with the pleasure of
"filling our pannier." The Pedlar, too, we have
reason to know, was like his poet and our-
selves, in that art a craftsman, and for love
beat the molecatcher at busking a batch of
May-flies. We question whether Lascelles
himself were his master at a green dragon.
"The harmless reptile coiling in the sun" we
are not so sure about, having once been bit by
an adder, whom in our simplicity we mistook for
a slow-worm—the very day, by the by, on
which we were poisoned by a dish of toad-
stools, by our own hand gathered for mush-
rooms. But we have long given over chasing
butterflies, and feel, as the Pedlar did, that they
are beautiful creatures, and that 'tis a sin be-
tween finger and thumb to compress their
mealy wings. The household dog we do in-
deed dearly love, though when old Surly looks
suspicious we prudently keep out of the reach
of his chain. As for "the domestic fowl," we
breed scores every spring, solely for the delight
of seeing them at their *walks*,

"Among the rural villages and farms ;"

and though game to the back-bone, they are
allowed to wear the spurs nature gave them—
to crow unclipped, challenging but the echoes;
nor is the sward, like the *sod*, ever reddened
with their heroic blood, for hateful to our ears
the war-song,

"Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!"

'Tis our way, you know, to pass from gay
to grave matter, and often from a jocular to a
serious view of the same subject—it being
natural to us—and having become habitual
too, from our writing occasionally in Black-
wood's Magazine. All the world knows our
admiration of Wordsworth, and admits that
we have done almost as much as Jeffrey or
Taylor to make his poetry popular among the
"educated circles." But we are not a nation
of idolaters, and worship neither graven image
nor man that is born of a woman. We may
seem to have treated the Pedlar with insuffi-
cient respect in that playful parallel between
him and ourselves; but there you are wrong
again, for we desire thereby to do him honour.
We wish now to say a few words on the wis-

dom of making such a personage the chief
character in a Philosophical Poem.

He is described as endowed by nature with
a great intellect, a noble imagination, a pro-
found soul, and a tender heart. It will not be
said that nature keeps these her noblest gifts
for human beings born in this or that condition
of life: she gives them to her favourites—for
so, in the highest sense, they are to whom
such gifts befall; and not unfrequently, in an
obscure place, of one of the *FORTUNATI*

"The fulgent head
Star-bright appears."

Wordsworth appropriately places the birth of
such a being in an humble dwelling in the
Highlands of Scotland.

"Among the hills of Athol he was born;
Where on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of barren ground,
His parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt:
A virtuous household, though exceeding poor."

His childhood was nurtured at home in Chris-
tian love and truth—and acquired other know-
ledge at a winter school; for in summer he
"tended cattle on the hill"—

"That stood
Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge."

And the influence of such education and occu-
pation among such natural objects, Words-
worth expounds in some as fine poetry as ever
issued from the cells of philosophic thought.

"So the foundations of his mind were laid."

The boy had small need of books—

"For many a tale
Traditionary, round the mountains hung,
And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,
Nourish'd Imagination in her growth,
And gave the mind that apprehensive power
By which she is made quick to recognise
The moral properties and scope of things."

But in the Manse there were books—and he
read

"Whate'er the minister's old shelf supplied,
The life and death of martyrs, who sustain'd,
With will inflexible, those fearful pangs,
Triumphantly display'd in records left
Of persecution and the Covenant."

Can you not believe that by the time he was
as old as you were when you used to ride to
the races on a pony, by the side of your sire
the Squire, this boy was your equal in know-
ledge, though you had a private tutor all to
yourself, and were then a promising lad, as
indeed you are now after the lapse of a quar-
ter of a century? True, as yet he "had small
Latin and no Greek;" but the elements of
these languages may be learned—trust us—
by slow degrees—by the mind rejoicing in the
consciousness of its growing faculties—during
leisure hours from other studies—as they were
by the Athol adolescent. A Scholar—in your
sense of the word—he might not be called,
even when he had reached his seventeenth
year, though probably he would have puzzled
you in Livy and Virgil; nor of English poetry
had he read much—the less the better for such
a mind—at that age, and in that condition—
for

"Accumulated feelings press'd his heart
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpower'd
By nature, by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind, by mystery and hope,
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious Universe."

But he had read Poetry—ay, the same *Poetry*

that Wordsworth's self read at the same age
—and

"Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty Orb of Sun,
The divine Milton."

Thus endowed, and thus instructed,

"By Nature, that did never yet betray
The heart that loved her,"

the youth was "greater than he knew;" yet
that there was something great in, as well as
about him, he felt—

"Thus daily thirsting in that lonesome life,"

for some diviner communication than had yet
been vouchsafed to him by the Giver and In-
spirer of his restless Being.

"In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus was he rear'd; much wanting to assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,

And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthen'd and braced, by breathing in content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty.
And drinking from the well of homely life."

But he is in his eighteenth year, and

"Is summon'd to select the course
Of humble industry that promised best
To yield him no unworthy maintenance."

For a season he taught a village school, which
many a fine, high, and noble spirit has done
and is doing; but he was impatient of the hills
he loved, and

"That stern yet kindly spirit, who constrains
The Savoyard to quit his native rocks,
The free-born Swiss to leave his narrow vales,
(Spirit attach'd to regions mountainous
Like their own steadfast clouds,) did now impel
His restless mind to look abroad with hope."

It had become his duty to choose a profession
—a trade—a calling. He was not a gentle-
man, mind ye, and had probably never so much
as heard a rumour of the existence of a silver
fork: he had been born with a wooden spoon
in his mouth—and had lived, partly from choice
and partly from necessity, on a vegetable diet.
He had not ten pounds in the world he could
call his own; but he could borrow fifty, for his
father's son was to be trusted to that amount
by any family that chanced to have it among
the Athol hills—therefore he resolved on "a
hard service," which

*Gain'd merited respect in simpler times;
When squire, and priest, and they who round them
dwelt

In rustic sequestration, all dependent
Upon the PEDLAR's toil, supplied their wants,
Or pleased their fancies with the ware he brought.

Would Alfred have ceased to be Alfred had
he lived twenty years in the hut where he
spoiled the bannocks? Would Gustavus have
ceased to be Gustavus had he been doomed to
dree an ignoble life in the obscurest nook in
Dalecarlia? Were princes and peers in our
day degraded by working, in their expatriation,
with head or hand for bread? Are the
Polish patriots degraded by working at eighteen
pence a day, without victuals, on embankments
of railroads? "At the risk of giving a shock
to the prejudices of artificial society, I have
ever been ready to pay homage to the aristo-
cracy of nature, under a conviction that vigor-
ous human-heartedness is the constituent prin-
ciple of true taste." These are Wordsworth's
own words, and deserve letters of gold. He
has given many a shock to the prejudices of

artificial society; and in ten thousand cases
where the heart of such society was happily
sound at the core, notwithstanding the rotten
kitchen-stuff with which it was incrustured, the
shocks have killed the prejudices; and men
and women, encouraged to consult their own
breasts, have heard responses there to the
truths uttered in music by the high-souled
Bard, assuring them of an existence there of
capacities of pure delight, of which they had
had either but a faint suspicion, or, because
"of the world's dread laugh," feared to in-
dulge, and nearly let die.

Mr. Wordsworth quotes from Heron's *Scot-
land* an interesting passage, illustrative of the
life led in our country at that time by that
class of persons from whom he has chosen
one—not, mind you, imaginary, though for
purposes of imagination—adding that "his
own personal knowledge emboldened him to
draw the portrait." In that passage Heron
says, "As they wander, each alone, through
thinly inhabited districts, they form habits of
reflection and of sublime contemplation," and
that, with all their qualifications, no wonder
they should contribute much to polish the
roughness and soften the rusticity of our pea-
santry. "In North America," he says, "travel-
ling merchants from the settlements have done
and continue to do much more towards civiliz-
ing the Indian natives than all the missiona-
ries, Papist or Protestant, who have ever been
sent among them;" and, speaking again of
Scotland, he says, "it is not more than twenty
or thirty years, since a young man going from
any part of Scotland to England for the
purpose to carry the pack, was considered as
going to lead the life, and acquire the fortune
of a gentleman. When, after twenty years'
absence in that honourable line of employ-
ment, he returned with his acquisitions to his
native country, he was regarded as a gentle-
man to all intents and purposes." We have
ourselves known gentlemen who had carried
the pack—one of them a man of great talents
and acquirements—who lived in his old age in
the highest circles of society. Nobody troubled
their head about his birth and parentage—for
he was then very rich; but you could not sit ten
minutes in his company without feeling that
he was "one of God Almighty's gentlemen,"
belonging to the "aristocracy of Nature."

You have heard, we hope, of Alexander
Wilson, the illustrious Ornithologist, second
not even to Audubon—and sometimes absurdly
called the Great American Ornithologist,
because with pen and pencil he painted in
colours that will never die—the Birds of the
New World. He was a weaver—a Paisley
weaver—a useful trade, and a pleasant place
—where these now dim eyes of ours first saw
the light. And Sandy was a pedlar. Hear his
words in an autobiography unknown to the
Bard:—"I have this day, I believe, measured
the height of an hundred stairs, and explored
the recesses of twice that number of misera-
ble habitations; and what have I gained by
it?—only two shillings of worldly pelf! but an
invaluable treasure of observation. In this
elegant dome, wrapt up in glittering silks, and
stretched on the downy sofa, recline the fair

daughters of wealth and indolence—the ample mirror, flowery floor, and magnificent couch, their surrounding attendants; while, suspended in his wiry habitation above, the shrill-piped canary warbles to enchanting echoes. Within the confines of that sickly hovel, hung round with squadrons of his brother-artists, the pale-faced weaver plies the resounding lay, or launches the melancholy murmuring shuttle. Lifting his simple latch, and stooping for entrance to the miserable hut, there sits poverty and ever-moaning disease, clothed in dunghill rags, and ever shivering over the fireless chimney. Ascending this stair, the voice of joy bursts on my ear—the bridegroom and bride, surrounded by their jocund companions, circle the sparkling glass and humorous joke, or join in the raptures of the noisy dance—the squeaking fiddle breaking through the general uproar in sudden intervals, while the sounding floor groans beneath its unruly load. Leaving these happy mortals, and ushering into this silent mansion, a more solemn—a striking object presents itself to my view. The windows, the furniture, and every thing that could lend one cheerful thought, are hung in solemn white; and there, stretched pale and lifeless, lies the awful corpse, while a few weeping friends sit, black and solitary, near the breathless clay. In this other place, the fearless sons of Bacchus extend their brazen throats, in shouts like bursting thunder, to the praise of their gorgeous chief. Opening this door, the lonely matron explores, for consolation, her Bible; and in this house the wife brawls, the children shriek, and the poor husband bids me depart, lest his termagant's fury should vent itself on me. In short, such an inconceivable variety daily occurs to my observation in real life, that would, were they moralized upon, convey more maxims of wisdom, and give a juster knowledge of mankind, than whole volumes of *Lives and Adventures*, that perhaps never had a being except in the prolific brains of their fantastic authors."

At a subsequent period he retraced his steps, taking with him copies of his poems to distribute among subscribers, and endeavour to promote a more extensive circulation. Of this excursion also he has given an account in his journal, from which it appears that his success was far from encouraging. Among amusing incidents, sketches of character, occasional sound and intelligent remarks upon the manners and prospects of the common classes of society into which he found his way, there are not a few severe expressions indicative of deep disappointment, and some that merely bespeak the keener pangs of the wounded pride founded on conscious merit. "You," says he, on one occasion, "whose souls are susceptible of the finest feelings, who are elevated to rapture with the least dawns of hope, and sunk into despondency with the slightest thwartings of your expectations—think what I felt." Wilson himself attributed his ill fortune, in his attempts to gain the humble patronage of the poor for his poetical pursuits, to his occupation. "A *packman* is a character which none esteems, and almost every one despises. The idea that people of

all ranks entertain of them is, that they are mean-spirited loquacious liars, cunning and illiterate, watching every opportunity, and using every mean art within their power, to cheat." This is a sad account of the estimation in which a trade was then held in Scotland, which the greatest of our living poets has attributed to the chief character in a poem comprehensive of philosophical discussions on all the highest interests of humanity. But both Wilson and Wordsworth are in the right: both saw and have spoken truth. Most small packmen were then, in some measure, what Wilson says they were generally esteemed to be—peddling pilferers, and insignificant swindlers. Poverty sent them swarming over bank and brae, and the "sma' kintra towns"—and for a plack people will forget principle who have, as we say in Scotland, missed the world. Wilson knew that to a man like himself there was degradation in such a calling; and he latterly vented his contemptuous sense of it, exaggerating the baseness of the name and nature of *packman*. But suppose such a man as Wilson to have been in better times one of but a few packmen travelling regularly for years over the same country, each with his own district or domain, and there can be no doubt that he would have been an object both of interest and of respect—his opportunities of seeing the very best and the very happiest of humble life, in itself very various, would have been very great; and with his original genius, he would have become, like Wordsworth's Pedlar, a good moral Philosopher.

Without, therefore, denying the truth of his picture of packmanship, we may believe the truth of a picture entirely the reverse, from the hand and heart of a still wiser man—though his wisdom has been gathered from less immediate contact with the coarse garments and clay floors of the labouring poor.

It is pleasant to hear Wordsworth speak of his own "personal knowledge" of packmen or pedlars. We cannot say of him in the words of Burns, "the fient a pride, nae pride had he;" for pride and power are brothers on earth, whatever they may prove to be in heaven. But his prime pride is his poetry; and he had not now been "sole king of rocky Cumberland," had he not studied the character of his subjects in "huts where poor men lie"—had he not "stopped his anointed head" beneath the doors of such huts, as willingly as he ever raised it aloft, with all its glorious laurels, in the palaces of nobles and princes. Yes, the inspiration he "derived from the light of setting suns," was not so sacred as that which often kindled within his spirit all the divinity of Christian man, when conversing charitably with his brother-man, a wayfarer on the dusty high-road, or among the green lanes and alleys of merry England. You are a scholar, and love poetry? Then here you have it of the finest, and will be sad to think that heaven had not made you a pedlar.

"In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! wandering on from Hall to Hall,
Baronial Court or Royal; cheer'd with gifts
Munificent, and love, and Ladies' praise;

Now meeting on his road an armed Knight,
 Now resting with a Pilgrim by the side
 Of a clear brook;—beneath an Abbey's roof
 One evening sumptuously lodged; the next
 Humbly, in a religious Hospital;
 Or with some merry Outlaws of the wood;
 Or haply shrouded in a Hermit's cell.
 Him, sleeping or awake, the Robber spared;
 He walk'd—protected from the sword of war
 By virtue of that sacred Instrument
 His Harp, suspended at the Traveller's side,
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went,
 Opening from Land to Land an easy way
 By melody, and by the charm of verse.
 Yet not the noblest of that honour'd Race
 Drew happier, loftier, more compassion'd thoughts
 From his long journeyings and eventful life,
 Than this obscure Itinerant had skill
 To gather, ranging through the tamer ground
 Of these our unimaginative days;
 Both while he trode the earth in humblest guise,
 Accounted with his burden and his staff;
 And now, when free to move with lighter pace.

"What wonder, then, if I, whose favourite School
 Hath been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
 Look'd on this Guide with reverential love?
 Each with the other pleased, we now pursued
 Our journey—beneath favourable skies.
 Turn wheresoe'er we would, he was a light
 Unfailing: not a hamlet could we pass,
 Rarely a house, that did not yield to him
 Remembrances; or from his tongue call forth
 Some way-beguiling tale.
 —Nor was he loath to enter ragged huts,
 Huts where his charity was blest; his voice
 Heard as the voice of an experienced friend.
 And, sometimes, where the Poor Man held dispute
 With his own mind, unable to subdue
 Impatience, through inaptness to perceive
 General distress in his particular lot;
 Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
 Struggling against it, with a soul perplex'd,
 And finding in herself no steady power
 To draw the line of comfort that divides
 Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
 From the injustice of our brother men;
 To him appeal was made as to a judge;
 Who, with an understanding heart, allay'd
 The perturbation; listen'd to the plea;
 Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave
 So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
 With softened spirit—'e'en when it condemn'd."

What was to hinder such a man—thus born
 and thus bred—with such a youth and such a
 prime—from being in his old age worthy of
 walking among the mountains with Words-
 worth, and descanting

"On man, on nature, and on human life?"

And remember he was a *Scotsman*—compatriot
 of CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

What would you rather have had the Sage
 in the *Excursion* to have been? The Senior
 Fellow of a College? A Head? A retired
 Judge? An Ex-Lord Chancellor? A Na-
 bob? A Banker? A Millionaire? or, at once
 to condescend on individuals, Natus Con-
 sumere Fruges, Esquire? or the Honourable
 Custos Rotulorum?

You have read, bright bold neophyte, the
 Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon
 the restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd,
 to the estates and honours of his ancestors?

"Who is he that bounds with joy
 On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy?
 No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
 Light as the wind along the grass.
 Can this be He that hither came
 In secret, like a smother'd flame?
 For whom such thoughtful tears were shed
 For shelter and a poor man's bread?"

Who but the same noble boy whom his high-
 born mother in disastrous days had confided
 when an infant to the care of a peasant. Yet
 there he is no longer safe—and

"The Boy must part from Mosedale groves
 And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
 And quit the flowers that summer brings
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer
 Be turn'd to heaviness and fear."

Sir Launcelot Threlkeld shelters him til,
 again he is free to set his foot on the moun-
 tains.

"Again he wanders forth at will,
 And tends a flock from hill to hill:
 His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
 Such garb with such a noble mien;
 Among the shepherd grooms no mate
 Hath he, a child of strength and state."

So lives he till he is restored—

"Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
 The shepherd-lord was honour'd more and more;
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,
 'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore!"

Now mark—that Poem has been declared by
 one and all of the "Poets of Britain" to be
 equal to any thing in the language; and its
 greatness lies in the perfect truth of the
 profound philosophy which so poetically de-
 lineates the education of the naturally noble
 character of Clifford. Does he sink in our
 esteem because at the Feast of the Restora-
 tion he turns a deaf ear to the fervent harper
 who sings,

"Happy day and happy the hour,
 When our shepherd in his power,
 Mounted, mail'd, with lance and sword,
 To his ancestors restored,
 Like a re-appearing star,
 Like a glory from afar,
 First shall head the flock of war?"

No—his generous nature is true to its gene-
 rous nurture; and now deeply imbued with
 the goodness he had too long loved in others
 ever to forget, he appears noblest when show-
 ing himself faithful in his own hall to the
 "huts where poor men lie;" while we know
 not, at the solemn close, which life the Poet
 has most glorified—the humble or the high—
 whether the Lord did the Shepherd more en-
 noble, or the Shepherd the Lord.

Now, we ask, is there any essential differ-
 ence between what Wordsworth thus records
 of the high-born Shepherd-Lord in the Feast
 of Brougham Castle, and what he records of
 the low-born Pedlar in the *Excursion*? None.
 They are both educated among the hills; and
 according to the nature of their own souls and
 that of their education, is the progressive
 growth and ultimate formation of their char-
 acter. Both are exalted beings—because both
 are wise and good—but to his own coeval he
 has given, besides eloquence and genius,

"The vision and the faculty divine,"

that's

"When years had brought the philosophic mind"

he might walk through the dominions of the
 Intellect and the Imagination, a Sage and a
 Teacher.

Look into life, and watch the growth of cha-
 racter. Men are not what they seem to the
 outward eye—mere machines moving about
 in customary occupations—productive labour-
 ers of food and wearing apparel—slaves from
 morn to night at taskwork set them by the
 Wealth of Nations. They are the Children
 of God. The soul never sleeps—not even
 when its wearied body is heard snoring by

people living in the next street. All the souls now in this world are for ever awake; and this life, believe us, though in moral sadness it has often been rightly called so, is no dream. In a dream we have no will of our own, no power over ourselves; ourselves are not felt to be ourselves; our familiar friends seem strangers from some far off country; the dead are alive, yet we wonder not; the laws of the physical world are suspended, or changed, or confused by our fantasy; Intellect, Imagination, the Moral Sense, Affection, Passion, are not possessed by us in the same way we possess them out of that mystery: were life a Dream, or like a Dream, it would never lead to Heaven.

Again, then, we say to you, look into life and watch the growth of character. In a world where the ear cannot listen without hearing the clank of chains, the soul may yet be free as if it already inhabited the skies. For its Maker gave it **LIBERTY OF CHOICE OF GOOD OR OF EVIL**; and if it has chosen the good it is a King. All its faculties are then fed on their appropriate food provided for them in nature. It then knows where the necessities and the luxuries of its life grow, and how they may be gathered—in a still sunny region inaccessible to blight—"no mildewed ear blasting his wholesome brother." In the beautiful language of our friend Aird—

"And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the Hills of God."

Go, read the **EXCURSION** then—venerate the **PEDLAR**—pity the **SOLITARY**—respect the **PRIEST**, and love the **POET**.

So charmed have we been with the sound of our own voice—of all sounds on earth the sweetest surely to our ears—and, therefore, we so dearly love the monologue, and from the dialogue turn averse, impatient of him cyleped the interlocutor, who, like a shallow brook, will keep prattling and babbling on between the still deep pools of our discourse, which nature feeds with frequent waterfalls—so charmed have we been with the sound of our own voice, that scarcely conscious the while of more than a gentle ascent along the sloping sward of a rural Sabbath day's journey, we perceive now that we must have achieved a Highland league—five miles—of rough uphill work, and are standing tiptoe on the Mountain-top. True that his altitude is not very great—somewhere, we should suppose, between two and three thousand feet—much higher than the Pentlands—somewhat higher than the Ochils—a middle-sized Grampian. Great painters and poets know that power lies not in mere measurable bulk. Atlas, it is true, is a giant, and he has need to be so, supporting the globe. So is Andes; but his strength has never been put to proof, as he carries but clouds. The Cordilleras—but we must not be personal—so suffice it to say, that soul, not size, equally in mountains and in men, is and inspires the true sublime. Mont Blanc might be as big again; but what then, if without his glaciers?

These mountains are neither immense nor enormous—nor are there any such in the British Isles. Look for a few of the highest on Riddell's ingenious Scale—in Scotland Ben-

nevis, Helvellyn in England, in Ireland the Reeks; and you see that they are mere mole-hills to Chimborazo. Nevertheless, they are the hills of the Eagle. And think ye not that an Eagle glorifies the sky more than a Condor? That Vulture—for Vulture he is—flies league-high—the Golden Eagle is satisfied to poise himself half a mile above the loch, which, judged by the rapidity of its long river's flow, may be based a thousand feet or more above the level of the sea. From that height methinks the Bird-Royal, with the golden eye, can see the rising and the setting sun, and his march on the meridian, without a telescope. If ever he fly by night—and we think we have seen a shadow passing the stars that was on the wing of life—he must be a rare astronomer.

"High from the summit of a craggy cliff
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frown
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The Royal Eagle rears his vigorous young,
Strong-pounced and burning with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat
For ages of his empire, which in peace
Unstaid'd he holds, while many a league to sea,
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles."

Do you long for wings, and envy the Eagle? Not if you be wise. Alas! such is human nature, that in one year's time the novelty of pinions would be over, and you would skim undelighted the edges of the clouds. Why do we think it a glorious thing to fly from the summit of some inland mountain away to distant isles? Because our feet are bound to the dust. We enjoy the eagle's flight far more than the eagle himself driving headlong before the storm; for imagination dallies with the unknown power, and the wings that are denied to our bodies are expanded in our souls. Sublime are the circles the sun-staring creature traces in the heavens, to us who lie stretched among the heather bloom. Could we do the same, we should still be longing to pierce through the atmosphere to some other planet; and an elevation of leagues above the snows of the Himalayas would not satisfy our aspirations. But we can calculate the distances of the stars, and are happy as Galileo in his dungeon.

Yet an Eagle we are, and therefore proud of You our Scottish mountains, as you are of Us. Stretch yourself up to your full height as we now do to ours—and let "Andes, giant of the Western Star," but dare to look at us, and we will tear the "meteor standard to the winds unfurled" from his cloudy hands. There you stand—and were you to rear your summits much higher into heaven you would alarm the hidden stars.

Yet we have seen you higher—but it was in storm. In calm like this, you do well to look beautiful—your solemn altitude suits the sunny season, and the peaceful sky. But when the thunder at mid-day would hide your heads in a night of cloud, you thrust them through the blackness, and show them to the glens, crowned with fire.

Are they a sea of mountains! No—they are mountains in a sea. And what a sea! Waves of water, when at the prodigious, are never higher than the foretop of a man-of-war. Waves

of vapour—they alone are seen flying mountains high—dashing, but howling not—and in their silent ascension, all held together by the same spirit, but perpetually changing its beautiful array, where order seems ever and anon to come in among disorder, there is a grandeur that settles down in the soul of youthful poet roaming in delirium among the mountain glooms, and “pacifies the fever of his heart.”

Call not now these vapours waves; for movement there is none among the ledges, and ridges, and roads, and avenues, and galleries, and groves, and houses, and churches, and castles, and fairy palaces—all framed of mist. Far up among and above that wondrous region, through which you hear voices of waterfalls deepening the silence, behold hundreds of mountain-tops—blue, purple, violet,—for the sun is shining straight on some and aslant on others—and on those not at all; nor can the shepherd at your side, though he has lived among them all his life, till after long pondering tell you the names of those most familiar to him; for they seem to have all interchanged sites and altitudes, and Black Benhyn himself, the Eagle-breeder, looks so serenely in his rainbow, that you might almost mistake him for Ben Louey or the Hill of Hinds.

Have you not seen sunsets in which the mountains were embedded in masses of clouds all burning and blazing—yes, blazing—with unimaginable mixtures of all the colours that ever were born—intensifying into a glory that absolutely became insupportable to the soul as insufferable to the eyes—and that left the eyes for hours after you had retreated from the supernatural scene, even when shut, all filled with floating films of cross-lights, cutting the sky imagery into gorgeous fragments? And were not the mountains of such sunsets, whether they were of land or of cloud, sufficiently vast for your utmost capacities and powers of delight and joy longing to commune with the Region then felt to be in very truth Heaven? Nor could the spirit, entranced in admiration, conceive at that moment any Heaven beyond—while the senses themselves seemed to have had given them a revelation, that as it was created could be felt but by an immortal spirit.

It elevates our being to be in the body near the sky—at once on earth and in Heaven. In the body? Yes—we feel at once fettered and free. In Time we wear our fetters, and heavy though they be, and painfully riveted on, seldom do we welcome Death coming to strike them off—but groan at sight of the executioner. In eternity we believe that all is spiritual—and in that belief, which doubt sometimes shakes but to prove that its foundation lies rooted far down below all earthquakes, endurable is the sound of dust to dust. Poets speak of the spirit, while yet in the flesh, blending, mingling, being absorbed in the great forms of the outward universe, and they speak as if such absorption were celestial and divine. But is not this a material creed? Let Imagination beware how she seeks to glorify the objects of the senses, and having glorified them, to elevate them into a kindred being with our own, exalting them that we may claim with them that kindred being,

as if we belonged to them and not they to us, forgetting that they are made to perish, we to live for ever!

But let us descend the mountain by the side of this torrent. What a splendid series of translucent pools! We carry the Excursion in our pocket, for the use of our friends; but our presentation copy is here—we have gotten it by heart. And it does our heart good to hear ourselves recite. Listen ye Naiads to the famous picture of the Ram:—

“Thus having reach’d a bridge, that overarch’d
The hasty rivulet, where it lay becalm’d
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A twofold image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful
Beneath him, show’d his shadowy counterpart;
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seem’d centre of his own fair world.
Antipodes unconscious of each other.
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness to our sight.
Ah! what a pity were it to disperse
Or to disturb so fair a spectacle,
And yet a breath can do it.”

Oh! that the Solitary, and the Pedlar, and the Poet, and the Priest and his Lady, were here to see a sight more glorious far than that illustrious and visionary Ram. Two Christopher Norths—as Highland chieftains—in the Royal Tartan—one burning in the air—the other in the water—two stationary meteors, each seeming native to its own element! This setting the heather, that the linn on fire—this a-blaze with war, that tempered into truce; while the Sun, astonished at the spectacle, nor knowing the refulgent substance from the resplendent shadow, bids the clouds lie still in heaven, and the winds all hold their breath, that exulting nature may be permitted for a little while to enjoy the miracle she unawares has wrought—alas! gone as she gazes, and gone for ever! Our bonnet has tumbled into the Pool—and Christopher—like the Ram in the Excursion—stands shorn of his beams—no better worth looking at than the late Laird of Macnab.

Now, since the truth must be told, that was but a Flight of Fancy—and our apparel is more like that of a Lowland Quaker than a Highland chief. ’Tis all of a snuffy brown—an excellent colour for hiding the dirt. Single-breasted our coatee—and we are in shorts. Were our name to be imposed by our hat, it would be Sir Cloudesly Shovel. On our back a wallet—and in our hand the Crutch. And thus, not without occasional alarm to the cattle, though we hurry no man’s, we go stalking along the sward and swinging across the stream, and leaping over the quagmires—by no means unlike that extraordinary pedestrian who has been accompanying us for the last half hour, far overhead up-by yonder, as if he meant mischief; but he will find that we are up to a trick or two, and not easily to be done brown by a native, a Cockney of Cloud-Land, a long-legged awkward fellow with a head like a dragon, and proud of his red plush, in that country called thunder-and-lightning breeches, hot very, one would think, in such sultry weather—but confound us if he has

not this moment stript them off; and be not pursuing his journey *in puris naturalibus*—yes, as naked as the minute he was born—our Shadow on the Clouds!

The Picture of the Ram has been declared by sumpns in search of the sublime to border on the Burlesque. They forget that a sumph may just as truly be said to border on a sage. All things in heaven and on earth, mediately and immediately, border on one another—much depends on the way you look at them—and Poets, who are strange creatures, often love to enjoy and display their power by bringing the burlesque into the region of the sublime. Of what breed was the Tup? Cheviot, Leicester, Southdown? Had he gained the Cup at the Great North Show? We believe not, and that his owner saw in him simply a fine specimen of an ordinary breed—a shapely and useful animal. In size he was not to be named on the same day with the famous Ram of Derby, “whose tail was made a rope, sir, to toll the market-bell.” Jason would have thought nothing of him compared with the Golden Fleece. The Sun sees a superior sire of flocks as he enters Aries. Sorry are we to say it, but the truth must be spoken, he was somewhat bandy-legged, and rather coarse in wool. But heaven, earth, air, and water conspired to glorify him, as the Poet and his friends chanced to come upon him at the Pool, and, more than them all united, the Poet’s own soul; and a sheep that would not have sold for fifty shillings, became Lord Paramount of two worlds, his regal mind all the time unconscious of its empire, and engrossed with the thought of a few score silly ewes.

Seldom have we seen so serene a day. It seems to have lain in one and the same spirit over all the Highlands. We have been wandering since sunrise, and ’tis now near sunset; yet not an hour without a visible heaven in all the Lochs. In the pure element overflowing so many spacious vales and glens profound, the great and stern objects of nature have all day long been looking more sublime or more beautiful in the reflected shadows, invested with one universal peace. The momentary evanescence of all that imagery at a breath touches us with the thought that all it represents, steadfast as seems its endurance, will as utterly pass away. Such visions when gazed on in that wondrous depth and purity on a still slow-moving day, always inspire some such feeling as this; and we sigh to think how transitory must be all things, when the setting sun is seen to sink behind the mountain, and all the golden pomp at the same instant to evanish from the Loch.

Evening is preparing to let fall her shades—and Nature, cool, fresh, and unwearied, is laying herself down for a few hours’ sleep. There had been a long strong summer drought, and a week ago you would have pitied—absolutely pitied the poor Highlands. You missed the cottage-girl with her picher at the well in the brae, for the spring scarcely trickled, and the water-cresses were yellow before their time. Many a dancing hill-stream was dead—only here and there one stronger than her sisters attempted a pas-seul over the shelving rocks;

but all choral movements and melodies forsook the mountains, still and silent as so much painted canvas. Waterfalls first tamed their thunder, then listened alarmed to their own echoes, wailed themselves away into diminutive murmurs, gasped for life, died, and were buried at the feet of the green slippery precipices. Tarns sank into moors; and there was the voice of weeping heard and low lament among the water-lilies. Ay, millions of pretty flowrets died in their infancy, even on their mother’s breast; the bee fainted in the desert for want of the honey-dew, and the ground-cells of industry were hushed below the heather. Cattle lay lean on the brownness of a hundred hills, and the hoof of the red-deer lost its fleetness. Along the shores of lochs great stones appeared within what for centuries had been the lowest water-mark; and whole bays, once bright and beautiful with reed-pointed wavelets, became swamps, cracked and seamed, or rustling in the aridity with a useless crop, to the sigh of the passing wind. On the shore of the sea alone you beheld no change. The tides ebbed and flowed as before—the small billows racing over the silver sands to the same goal of shells, or climbing up to the same wild-flowers that bathe the foundation of some old castle belonging to the ocean.

But the windows of heaven were opened—and, like giants refreshed with mountain-dew, the rivers flung themselves over the cliffs with roars of thunder. The autumnal woods are fresher than those of summer. The mild harvest-moon will yet repair the evil done by the outrageous sun; and, in the gracious after-growth, the green earth far and wide rejoices as in spring. Like people that have hidden themselves in caves when their native land was oppressed, out gush the torrents, and descend with songs to the plain. The hill-country is itself again when it hears the voice of streams. Magnificent army of mists! whose array encompasses islands of the sea, and who still, as thy glorious vanguard keeps deploying among the glens, rollest on in silence more sublime than the trampling of the feet of horses, or the sound of the wheels of chariots, to the heath-covered mountains of Scotland, we bid thee hail!

In all our wanderings through the Highlands, towards night we have always found ourselves at home. What though no human dwelling was at hand? We cared not—for we could find a bed-room among the casual inclinations of rocks, and of all curtains the wild-brier forms itself into the most gracefully-festooned draperies, letting in green light alone from the intercepted stars. Many a cave we know of—cool by day, and warm by night—how they happen to be so, we cannot tell—where no man but ourselves ever slept or ever will sleep; and sometimes, on startling a doe at evening in her thicket, we have lain down in her lair, and in our slumbers heard the rain pattering on the roofing birk-tree, but felt not one drop on our face, till at dawning we struck a shower of diamonds from the fragrant tresses. But to-night we shall not need to sleep among the sylvans; for our Tail has pitched our Tent on the Moor—and is now sweeping

the mountain with telescope for sight of our descending feet. Hark! signal-gun and bagpipe hail our advent, and the Pyramid brightens in its joy, independent of the sunlight, that has left but one streak in the sky.

FLIGHT FIRST.—GLEN-ETIVE.

YES! all we have to do is to let down their lids—to will that our eyes shall see—and, lo! there it is—a creation! Day dawns, and for our delight in soft illumination from the dim obscure floats slowly up a visionary loch—
island after island evolving itself into settled stateliness above its trembling shadow, till, from the overpowering beauty of the wide confusion of woods and waters, we seek relief, but find none, in gazing on the sky; for the east is in all the glory of sunrise, and the heads and the names of the mountains are uncertain among the gorgeous colouring of the clouds. Would that we were a painter! Oh! how we should dash on the day and interlace it with night! That chasm should be filled with enduring gloom, thicker and thicker, nor the sun himself suffered to assuage the sullen spirit, now lowering and threatening there, as if portentous of earthquake. Danger and fear should be made to hang together for ever on those cliffs, and halfway up the precipice be fixed the restless cloud ascending from the abyss, so that in imagination you could not choose but hear the cataract. The Shadows should seem to be stalking away like evil spirits before angels of light—for at our bidding the Splendours should prevail against them, deploying from the gates of Heaven beneath the banners of morn. Yet the whole picture should be harmonious as a hymn—as a hymn at once sublime and sweet—serene and solemn—nor should it not be felt as even cheerful—and sometimes as if there were about to be merriment in Nature's heart—for the multitude of the isles should rejoice—and the new-woke waters look as if they were waiting for the breezes to enliven them into waves, and wearied of rest to be longing for the motion already beginning to rustle by fits along the silvan shores. Perhaps a deer or two—but we have opened a corner of the fringed curtains of our eyes—the idea is gone—and Turner or Thomson must transfer from our paper to his canvas the imperfect out-line—for it is no more—and make us a present of the finished picture.

Strange that with all our love of nature, and of art, we never were a Painter. True that in boyhood we were no contemptible hand at a Lion or a Tiger—and sketches by us of such cats springing or preparing to spring in keelavine, dashed off some fifty or sixty years ago, might well make Edwin Landseer stare. Even yet we are a sort of Salvator Rosa at a savage scene, and our black-lead pencil heaps up confused shatterings of rocks, and flings a mountainous region into convulsions, as if an earthquake heaved, *in a way that is no canny*, making people shudder as if something had gone

wrong with this planet of ours, and creation were falling back into chaos. But we love scenes of beautiful repose too profoundly ever to dream of “transferring them to canvas.” Such employment would be felt by us to be desecration—though we look with delight on the work when done by others—the picture without the process—the product of genius without thought of its mortal instruments. We work in words, and words are, in good truth, images, feelings, thoughts; and of these the outer world, as well as the inner, is composed, let materialists say what they will. Prose is poetry—we have proved that to the satisfaction of all mankind. Look! we beseech you—how a little Loch seems to rise up with its tall heronry—a central isle—and all its silvan braes, till it lies almost on a level with the floor of our Cave, from which in three minutes we could hobble on our crutch down the inclining greenward to the Bay of Waterlilies, and in that canoe be afloat among the Swans. All birches—not any other kind of tree—except a few pines, on whose tops the large nests repose—and here and there a still bird standing as if asleep. What a place for Roes!

The great masters, were their eyes to fall on our idle words, might haply smile—not contemptuously—on our ignorance of art—but graciously on our knowledge of nature. All we have to do, then, is to learn the theory and practice of art—and assuredly we should forthwith set about doing so, had we any reasonable prospect of living long enough to open an exhibition of pictures from our own easel. As it is, we must be contented with that Gallery, richer than the Louvre, which our imagination has furnished with masterpieces beyond all price or purchase—many of them touched with her own golden finger, the rest the work of high but not superior hands. Imagination, who limns in air, has none of those difficulties to contend with that always beset, and often baffle, artists in oils or waters. At a breath she can modify, alter, obliterate, or restore; at a breath she can colour vacuity with rainbow hues—crown the cliff with its castle—swing the drawbridge over the gulf profound—through a night of woods roll the river along on its moonlit reach—by fragmentary cinctures of mist and cloud, so girdle one mountain that it has the power of a hundred—giant rising above giant, far and wide, as if the mighty multitude, in magnificent and triumphant disorder, were indeed scaling heaven.

To speak more prosaically, every true and accepted lover of nature regards her with a painter's as well as a poet's eye. He breaks not down any scene rudely, and with “many an oft-repeated stroke;” but unconsciously and insensibly he transfigures into Wholes, and all day long, from morn till dewy eve, he is preceded, as he walks along, by landscapes returning in their perfection, one and all of them the birth of his own inspired spirit. All non-essentials do of themselves drop off and disappear—all the characteristics of the scenery range themselves round a centre recognised by the inner sense that cannot err—and thus it is that “beauty pitches her tents before him”—that sublimity companions the pilgrim in the

waste wilderness—and grandeur for his sake keeps slowly sailing or settling in the clouds. With such pictures has our Gallery been so thickly hung round for many years, that we have often thought there was not room for one other single frame; yet a vacant space has always been found for every new *chef-d'œuvre* that came to add itself to our collection—and the light from that cupola so distributes itself that it falls wherever it is wanted—wherever it is wanted not how tender the shadow! or how solemn the gloom!

Why, we are now in Glen-Etive—and sitting with our sketch book at the mouth of our Tent. Our oft-repeated passionate prayer,

“Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!”

has once more, after more than twenty years' absence, in this haunt of our fanciful youth and imaginative manhood, been granted, and Christopher, he thinks, could again bound along these cliffs like a deer. Ay, wellnigh quarter of a century has elapsed since we pitched this selfsame snow-white Tent amid the purple heather, by the Linn of Dee. How fleetly goes, winnowing on the air, even the weariest waving of Time's care-laden wings! A few yellow weather-stains are on the canvas—but the pole is yet sound—or call it rather mast—for we have hoisted our topgallant,

“And lo! the silver cross, to Scotland dear,”

languidly lifts itself up, an ineffectual streamer, in the fitful morning breezes!

Bold son, or bright daughter of England! hast thou ever seen a SCOTTISH THRISSIL? What height are you—Captain of the Grenadier Guards? “Six feet four on my stocking soles.” Poo—a dwarf! Stand up with your back to that stalk. Your head does not reach above his waist—he hangs high over you—“his radsious croun of rubies.” There's a Flower! dear to Lady Nature above all others, saving and excepting the Rose, and he is the Rose's husband—the Guardian Genii of the land consecrated the Union, and it has been blest. Eyeing the sun like an angry star that will not suffer eclipse either from light or shadow—but burns proudly—fiercely—in its native lustre—storm-brightened, and undisturbed by the tempest in which it swings. See, it stoops beneath the blast within reach of your hand. Grasp it ere it recoil aloft; and your hand will be as if it had crushed a sleeping wasp-swarm. But you cannot crush it—to do that would require a giant with an iron glove. Then let it alone to dally with the wind, and the sun, and the rain, and the snow—all alike dear to its spears and rubies; and as you look at the armed lustre, you will see a beautiful emblem and a stately of a people's warlike peace. The stalk indeed is slender, but it sways without danger of breaking in the blast; in the calm it reposes as gently as the gowan at its root. The softest leaf that enfolds in silk the sweetest flower of the garden, not greener than those that sting not if but tenderly you touch them, for they are green as the garments of the Fairies that dance by moonlight round the Symbol of old Scotland, and unchristened creatures though they the

Fairies be, they pray heaven to let fall on the AWFUL THRISSIL all the health and happiness that are in the wholesome stars.

The dawn is softly—slowly—stealing upon day; for the uprisen sun, though here the edge of his disc as yet be invisible, is diffusing abroad “the sweet hour of prime,” and all the eastern region is tinged with crimson, faint and fine as that which sleeps within the wreaths of the sea-sounding shells. Hark the eagle's earliest cry, yet in his eyry. Another hour, and he and his giant mate will be seen spirally ascending the skies, in many a glorious gyration, tutoring their offspring to dally with the sunshine, that when their plumes are stronger, they may dally with the storm. O Forest of Dalsness! how sweet is thy name! Hundreds of red-deer are now lying half-asleep among the fern and heather, with their antlers, could our eyes now behold them, motionless as the birch-tree branches with which they are blended in their lair. At the signal-belling of their king, a hero unconquered in a hundred fights, the whole herd rises at once like a grove, and with their stately heads lifted aloft on the weather-gleam, snuff the sweet scent of the morning air, far and wide surcharged with the honey-dew yet unmelting on the heather, and eye with the looks of liberty the glad daylight that mantles the Black Mount with a many-coloured garment. Ha! the first plunge of the salmon in the Rowan-tree Pool. There again he shoots into the air, white as silver, fresh run from the sea! For Loch-Etive, you must know, is one of the many million arms of Ocean, and bright now are rolling in the billows of the far-heaving tide. Music meet for such a morn and such mountains. Straight stretches the glen for leagues, and then bending through the blue gloom, seems to wind away with one sweep into infinitude. The Great Glen of Scotland—Glen-More itself—is not grander. But the Great Glen of Scotland is yet a living forest. Glen-Etive has few woods or none—and the want of them is sublime. For centuries ago pines and oaks in the course of nature all perished; and they exist now but in tradition wavering on the tongues of old bards, or deep down in the mosses show their black trunks to the light, when the torrents join the river in spate, and the moor divulges its secrets as in an earthquake. Sweetly sung, thou small, brown, moorland bird, though thy song be but a twitter! And true to thy time—even to a balmy minute—art thou, with thy velvet tunic of black striped with yellow, as thou windest thy small but not sullen horn—by us called in our pride HUMBLE BEE—but not, methinks, so very humble, while booming high in air in oft-repeated circles, wondering at our Tent, and at the flag that now unfolds its gaudy length like a burnished serpent, as if the smell of some far-off darling heather-bed had touched thy finest instinct, away thou fliest straight southward to that rich flower-store, unerringly as the carrier-pigeon wafing to distant lands some love-message on its wings. Yet humble after all thou art; for all day long, making thy industry thy delight, thou returnest at shut of day, cheerful even in

thy weariness, to thy ground-cell within the knoll, where as Fancy dreams the Fairies dwell—a Silent People in the Land of Peace.

And why hast thou, wild singing spirit of the Highland Glenorchy, that cheerest the long-withdrawing vale from Inveruren to Dalmally, and from Dalmally Church-tower to the Old Castle of Kilchurn, round whose mouldering turrets thou sweepest with more pensive murmur, till thy name and existence are lost in that noble loch—why hast thou never had thy Bard? “A hundred bards have I had in bygone ages,” is thy reply; “but the Sassenach understands not the traditionary strains, and the music of the Gaelic poetry is wasted on his ear.” Songs of war and of love are yet awakened by the shepherds among these lonely braes; and often when the moon rises over Ben Cruachan, and counts her attendant stars in soft reflection beneath the still waters of that long inland sea, she hears the echoes of harps chiming through the silence of departed years. Tradition tells, that on no other banks did the fairies so love to thread the mazes of their mystic dance, as on the heathy, and brackeney, and oaken banks of the Orchy, during the long summer nights when the thick-falling dews perceptibly swelled the stream, and lent a livelier music to every waterfall.

There it was, on a little river island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a Fairy's Funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every foam-bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted without footsteps among the heather. The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dewdrops, and sang, without words, of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes, or rather sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on a green plat among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed as it seemed of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a Fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened wood-lark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower-bier stirred; for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever—the very dews glittering above the buried Fairy. A cloud passed over the moon; and, with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar off, so still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the dis-

enthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before through all her streams and falls; and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, we awoke.

Age is the season of Imagination, youth of Passion; and having been long young, shall we repine that we are now old? They alone are rich who are full of years—the Lords of Time's Treasury are all on the staff of Wisdom; their commissions are enclosed in furrows on their foreheads, and secured to them for life. Fearless of fate, and far above fortune, they hold their heritage by the great charter of nature for behoof of all her children who have not, like impatient heirs, to wait for their decease; for every hour dispenses their wealth, and their bounty is not a late bequest but a perpetual benefaction. Death but sanctifies their gifts to gratitude; and their worth is more clearly seen and profoundly felt within the solemn gloom of the grave.

And said we truly that Age is the season of Imagination? That Youth is the season of Passion your own beating and bounding hearts now tell you—your own boiling blood. Intensity is its characteristic; and it burns like a flame of fire, too often but to consume. Expansion of the soul is ours, with all its feelings and all its “thoughts, that wander through eternity;” nor needeth then the spirit to have wings, for power is given her, beyond the dove's or the eagle's, and no weariness can touch her on that heavenward flight.

Yet we are all of “the earth earthy,” and young and old alike, must we love and honour our home. Your eyes are bright—ours are dim; but “it is the soul that sees,” and “this diurnal sphere” is visible through the mist of tears. In that light how more than beautiful—how holy—appears even this world! All sadness, save of sin, is then most sacred; and sin itself loses its terrors in repentance, which alas! is seldom perfect but in the near prospect of dissolution. For temptation may intercept her within a few feet of her expected rest, nay, dash the dust from her hand that she has gathered from the burial-place to strew on her head; but Youth sees flowery fields and shining rivers far-stretching before her path, and cannot imagine for a moment that among life's golden mountains there is many a Place of Tombs!

But let us speak only of this earth—this world—this life—and is not Age the season of Imagination? Imagination is Memory imbued by joy or sorrow with creative power over the past, till it becomes the present, and then, on that vision “far off the coming shines” of the future, till all the spiritual realm overflows with light. Therefore was it that, in illumined Greece, Memory was called the Mother of the Muses; and how divinely indeed they sang around her as she lay in the pensive shade!

You know the words of Milton—

“Till old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain;”

and you know, while reading them, that Experience is consummate Memory, Imagination wide as the world, another name for Wisdom, all one with Genius, and in its “prophetic strain”—Inspiration.

We would fain lower our tone—and on this theme speak like what we are, one of the humblest children of Mother Earth. We cannot leap now twenty-three feet on level ground, (our utmost might be twenty-three inches,) nevertheless, we could “put a girdle round the globe in forty minutes,”—ay, in half an hour, were we not unwilling to dispirit Ariel. What are feats done in the flesh and by the muscle? At first—worms though we be—we cannot even crawl;—disdainful next of that acquirement, we creep, and are distanced by the earwig;—pretty lambs, we then totter to the terror of our deep-bosomed dames—till the welkin rings with admiration to behold, sans leading-strings, the weanlings walk;—like wildfire then we run—for we have found the use of our feet;—like wild-geese then we fly—for we may not doubt we have wings;—in car, ship, balloon, the lords of earth, sea, and sky, and universal nature. The car runs on a post—the ship on a rock—the “air bath bubbles as the water hath”—the balloon is one of them, and bursts like a bladder—and we become the prey of sharks, surgeons, or sextons. Where, pray, in all this is there a single symptom or particle of Imagination? It is of Passion “all compact.”

True, this is not a finished picture—’tis but a slight sketch of the season of Youth; but paint it as you will, as if faithful to nature you will find Passion in plenty, and a dearth of Imagination. Nor is the season of Youth therefore to be pitied—for Passion respires and expires in bliss ineffable, and so far from being eloquent as the unwise lecture, it is mute as a fish, and merely gasps. In Youth we are the creatures—the slaves of the senses. But the bondage is borne exultingly in spite of its severity; for ere long we come to discern through the dust of our own raising, the pinnacles of towers and temples serenely ascending into the skies, high and holy places for rule, for rest, or for religion, where as kings we may reign, as priests minister, as saints adore.

We do not deny, excellent youth, that to your eyes and ears beautiful and sublime are the sights and sounds of Nature—and of Art her Angel. Enjoy thy pupilage, as we enjoyed ours, and deliver thyself up withouten dread, or with a holy dread, to the gloom of woods, where night for ever dwells—to the glory of skies, where morn seems enthroned for ever. Coming and going a thousand and a thousand times, yet, in its familiar beauty, ever new as a dream—let thy soul span the heavens with the rainbow. Ask thy heart in the wilderness if that “thunder, heard remote,” be from cloud or cataract; and ere it can reply, it may shudder at the shuddering moor, and your flesh creep upon your bones, as the heather seems to creep on the bent, with the awe of a passing earthquake. Let the sea-mew be the guide up the glen, if thy delight be in peace profounder than ever sat with her on the lull of summer waves! For the inland loch seems but a vale overflowing with wondrous light—and realities they all look—these trees and pastures, and rocks and hills, and clouds—not softened images, as they are, of realities that

are almost stern even in their beauty, and in their sublimity overawing; look at yon precipice that dwindles into pebbles the granite blocks that choke up the shore!

Now all this, and a million times more than all this, have we too done in our Youth, and yet ’tis all nothing to what we do whenever we will it in our Age. For almost all *that* is passion; spiritual passion indeed—and as all emotions are akin, they all work with, and into one another’s hands, and, however remotely related, recognise and welcome one another, like Highland cousins, whenever they meet. Imagination is not the Faculty to stand aloof from the rest, but gives the ore hand to Fancy and the other to Feeling, and *sets* to Passion, who is often so swallowed up in himself as to seem blind to their *vis-a-vis*, till all at once he hugs all the Three, as if he were demented, and as suddenly sporting *dos-a-dos*—is off on a gallopade by himself right slick away over the mountain-tops.

To the senses of a schoolboy a green sour crab is as a golden pippin, more delicious than any pine-apple—the tree which he climbs to pluck it seems to grow in the garden of Eden—and the parish—moorland though it be—over which he is let loose to play—Paradise. It is barely possible there may be such a substance as matter, but all its qualities worth having are given it by mind. By a necessity of nature, then, we are all poets. We all make the food we feed on; nor is jealousy, the green-eyed monster, the only wretch who discolours and deforms. Every evil thought does do—every good thought gives fresh lustre to the grass—to the flowers—to the stars. And as the faculties of sense, after becoming finer and more fine, do then, because that they are earthly, gradually lose their power, the faculties of the soul, because that they are heavenly, become then more and more and more independent of such ministrations, and continue to deal with images, and with ideas which are diviner than images, nor care for either partial or total eclipse of the daylight, conversant as they are, and familiar with a more resplendent—a spiritual universe.

You still look incredulous and unconvinced of the truth of our position—but it was established in our first three paragraphs; and the rest, though proofs too, are intended merely for illustrations. Age alone understands the language of old Mother Earth—for Age alone, from his own experience, can imagine its meanings in trouble or in rest—often mysterious enough even to him in all conscience—but intelligible though inarticulate—nor always inarticulate; for though sobs and sighs are rife, and whispers and murmurs, and groans and gurgling, yea, sometimes yells and cries, as if the old Earth were undergoing a violent death—yet many a time and oft, within these few years, have we heard her slowly syllabling words out of the Bible, and as in listening we looked up to the sky, the fixed stars responded to their truth, and, like Mercy visiting Despair, the Moon bore it into the heart of the stormy clouds.

And are there not now—have there never been young Poets? Many; for Passion, so

tossed as to leave, perhaps to give, the sufferer power to reflect on his ecstasy, grows poetical because creative, and loves to express itself in "prose or numerous verse," at once its nutriment and relief. Nay, Nature sometimes gifts her children with an imaginative spirit, that, from slight experiences of passion, rejoices to idealize intentions, and incidents, and characters all coloured by it, or subject to its sway; and these are Poets, not with old heads on young shoulders, but with old hearts in young bosoms; yet such premature genius seldom escapes blight, the very springs of life are troubled, and its possessor sinks, pines, fades, and dies. So was it with Chatterton and Keates.

It may be, after all, that we have only proved Age to be the strongest season of Imagination; and if so, we have proved all we wish, for we seek not to deny, but to vindicate. Knowledge is power to the poet as it is power to all men—and indeed without Art and Science what is Poetry! Without cultivation the faculty divine can have but imperfect vision. The inner eye is dependent on the outward eye long familiar with material objects—a finer sense, cognisant of spiritualities, but acquired by the soul from constant communion with shadows—inmate the capacity, but awakened into power by gracious intercourse with Nature. Thus Milton saw—after he became blind.

But know that Age is not made up of a multitude of years—though that be the vulgar reckoning—but of a multitude of experiences; and that a man at thirty, if good for much, must be old. How long he may continue in the prime of Age, God decrees; many men of the most magnificent minds—for example, Michael Angelo—have been all-glorious in power and majesty at fourscore and upwards; but one drop of water on the brain can at any hour make it barren as dust. So can great griefs.

Yestreen we had rather a hard bout of it in the Tent—the Glenlivet was pithy—and our Tail sustained a total overthrow. They are snoring as if it still were midnight. And is it thus that we sportsmen spend our time on the Moors? Yet while "so many of our poorest subjects are yet asleep," let us repoint the nib of our pen, and in the eye of the sweet-breath'd morning—moralize.

Wellnigh quarter a century, we said, is over and gone since by the Linn of Dee we pitched—on that famous excursion—THE TENT. Then was the genesis of that white witch Maga.

"Like some tall Palm her noiseless fabric grew!"

Nay, not noiseless—for the deafest wight that ever strove to hear with his mouth wide open, might have sworn that he heard the sound of ten thousand hammers. Neither grew she like a Palm—but like a Banyan-tree. Ever as she threw forth branches from her great unexhausted stem, they were borne down by the weight of their own beauty to the soil—the deep, black rich soil in which she grew, originally sown there by a bird of Paradise, that dropt the seed from her beak as she sailed along in the sunshiny ether—and every limberest spray there again taking root, reascended a stately scion, and so on ceaselessly

through all the hours, each in itself a spring season, till the figurative words of Milton have been fulfilled—

—"Her arms

Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Ettrick Shepherd, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loopholes cut through thickest shade."

But alas! for the Odontist! He, the "*Delicia generis Humani*," is dead. The best of all the Bishops of Bristol is no more. Mansel had not a tithe of his wit—nor Kaye a tithe of his wisdom. And can it be that we have not yet edited "*His Remains*!" "Alas! poor Yorick!" If Hamlet could smile even with the skull of the Jester in his hands, whom when a princely boy he had loved, hanging on his neck many a thousand times, why may not we, in our mind's eye seeing that mirthful face "quite chap-fallen," and hearing as if dimly deadened by the dust, the voice that "so often set our table on a roar!" Dr. Parr's wig, too, is all out of frizzle; a heavier shot has dishevelled its horsehair than ever was sent from the Shepherd's gun; no more shall it be mistaken for owl a-blink on the mid-day bough, or ptarmigan basking in the sun high up among the regions of the snow. It has vanished, with other lost things, to the Moon; and its image alone remains for the next edition of the celebrated treatise "*De Rebus Deperditis*," a suitable and a welcome frontispiece, transferred thither by the engraver's cunning from the first of those Eight Tomes that might make the Throne tremble, laid on the shoulders of Atlas who threatens to put down the Globe, by the least judicious and the most unmerciful of editors that ever imposed upon the light living the heavy dead—John Johnson, late of Birmingham, Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Royal College of Physicians, whose practice is duller than that of all Death's doctors, and his prescriptions in that preface unchristianly severe. O'Doherty, likewise, has been gathered to his fathers. The Standard-bearer has lowered his colours before the foe who alone is invincible. The Ensign, let us not fear, has been advanced to a company without purchase, in the Celestials; the Adjutant has got a Staff appointment. Tims was lately rumoured to be in a galloping consumption; but the very terms of the report, about one so sedentary were sufficient to give it the lie. Though puny, he is far from being unwell; and still engaged in polishing tea-spoons and other plated articles, at a rate cheaper than travelling gipsies do horn. Prince Leopold is now King of the Belgians—but we must put an end in the Tent to that portentous snore.

"Arise, awake, or be for ever fallen!"

Ho—ho! gentlemen—so you have had the precaution to sleep in your clothes. The sun, like Maga, is mounting higher and higher in heaven; so let us, we beseech you, to breakfast, and then off to the Moors.

"Substantial breakfast!" by Dugald Dhu, and by Donald Roy, and by Hamish Bhan—heaped up like icebergs round the pole. How nobly stands in the centre that ten-gallon Cask

of Glenlivet! Proud is that round to court his shade. That twenty-pound Salmon lies beneath it even as yesterday he lay beneath the cliff, while a column of light falls from him on that Grouse-Pie. Is not that Ham beautiful in the calm consciousness of his protection? That Tongue mutely eloquent in his praise? Tap him with your knuckles, tenderly as if you loved him—and that with all your heart and soul you do—and is not the response firm as from the trunk of the gnarled oak? He is ye: "Virgin of Proserpina"—"by Jove" he is; no wanton lip has ever touched his mouth so chaste; so knock out the bung, and let us hear him gurgle. With diviner music does he fill the pitcher, and with a diviner liquidity of light than did ever Naiad from fount of Helicon or Castaly, pour into classic urn gracefully uplifted by Grecian damsel to her graceful head, and borne away, with a thanksgiving hymn, to her bower in the olive-grove.

All eggs are good eating; and 'tis a vulgar heresy which hold that those laid by sea-fowl have a fishy taste. The egg of the Sea-mew is exceeding sweet; so is that of the Gull. Pleasant is even the yolk of the Cormorant—in the north of England ycleped the Searth, and in the Lowlands of Scotland the Black Byuter. Try a Black Byuter's egg, my dear boy; for though not newly laid, it has since May been preserved in butter, and is as fresh as a daisy after a shower. Do not be afraid of stumbling on a brace of embryo Black Byuters in the interior of the globe, for by its weight we pronounce it an egg in no peril of parturition. You may now smack your lips, loud as if you were smacking your palms, for that yellow morsel was unknown to Vitellius. Don't crush the shell, but throw it into the Etive, that the Fairies may find it at night, and go dancing in the fragile but buoyant canoe, in fits of small shrill laughter, along with the foam-bells over the ebbtide Rapids above Connal's raging Ferry.

The salmon is in shivers, and the grouse-pie has vanished like a dream.

"So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of!"

Only a goose remains! and would that he too were gone to return no more; for he makes us an old man. No tradition survives in the Glen of the era at which he first flourished. He seems to have belonged to some tribe of the Anseres now extinct; and as for his own single individual self, our senses tell us, in a language not to be misinterpreted, that he must have become defunct in the darkness of antiquity. But nothing can be too old for a devil—so at supper let us rectify him in Cayenne.

Oh! for David Wilkie, or William Simpson, (while we send Gibb to bring away yonder Shieling and its cliff,) to paint a picture—coloured, if possible, from the life—of the Interior of our airy Pyramid. Door open, and perpendicular canvas walls folded up—that settled but cloudy sky, with here its broad blue fields, and there its broad blue glimpsing glades—this greensward mound in the midst of a wilderness of rock-strewn hether—as much of that one mountain, and as many of those others, as

it can be made to hold—that bright bend of the river—a silver bow—and that white-sanded, shelly, shingly shore at Loch-Etive Head, on which a troop of Tritons are "charging with all their chivalry," still driven back and still returning, to the sound of trumpets, of "flutes and soft recorders," from the sea. On the table, all strewn and scattered "in confusion worse confounded," round the Cask, which

— "dilated stands
Like Tenerife or Atlas *unremoved*,"

what "buttery touches" might be given to the
— "reliquias Danaum atque inimitis Achillei?"

Then the camp-beds tidily covered and arranged along their own department of the circle—quaint dresses hanging from loops, all the various apparelling of hunter, shooter, fisher, and forester—rods, baskets, and nets occupying their picturesque division—fowling-pieces, double and single, rejoicing through the oil-smooth brownness of their barrels in the exquisite workmanship of a Manton and a Lancaster—American rifles, with their stocks more richly silver-chased than you could have thought within reach of the arts in that young and prosperous land—duck-guns, whose formidable and fatal length had in Lincolnshire often swept the fens—and on each side of the door, a brass cannonade on idle hours to awaken the echoes—sitting erect on their hurdies, deerhound, greyhound, lurcher, pointer, setter, spaniel, varmint, and though last, not least, O'Bronte watching Christopher with his steadfast eyes, slightly raised his large hanging triangular ears, his Thessalian bull dewlaps betokening keen anxiety to be off and away to the mountain, and with a full view of the white star on his coal-black breast,—

"Plaided and plumed in their Tartan array,"

our three chosen Highlanders, chosen for their strength and their fleetness from among the prime Children of the Mist—and Tickler the Tall, who keeps growing after threescore and ten like a stripling, and leaves his mark within a few inches of the top of the pole, arrayed in tights of Kendal green, bright from the skylight of the inimitable Vallance or the matchless Williams—green too his vest, and green also his tunic—while a green feather in a green bonnet dances in its airy splendour, and gold button-holes give at once lustre and relief to the glowing verdure, (such was Little John, when arrayed in all his glory, to walk behind Robin Hood and Maid Marian, as they glided from tree to tree, in wait for the fallow-deer in merry Sherwood,)—North in his Quaker garb—Quaker-like all but in cuffs and flaps, which, when he goes to the Forest, are not—North, with a figure combining in itself all the strength of a William Penn, sans its corpulency, all the agility of a Jem Belcher with far more than a Jem Belcher's bottom—with a face exhibiting in rarest union all the philosophy of a Bacon, the benevolence of a Howard, the wisdom of a Wordsworth, the fire of a Byron, the gnosticity of a John Bee, and the up-to-trappishness combined not only with perfect honesty, but with honour bright, of the Sporting Editor of Bell's Life in London—and then, why if Wilkie or

Simpson fail in making a *cem* of all that, they are not the men of genius we took them for, that is all, and the art must be at a low ebb indeed in these kingdoms.

Well, our Tail has taken wings to itself and flown away with Dugald Dhu and Donald Roy; and we, with Hamish Bhan, with Ponto, Piro, Basta, and O'Bronte, are left by ourselves in the Tent. Before we proceed farther, it may not be much amiss to turn up our little fingers—yestreen we were all a leetle opstropelous—and spermaceti is not a more “sovereign remedy for an inward bruise,” than is a hair from the dog's tail that bit you an antidote to any pus that produces rabies in the shape of hydrophobia. Fill up the quech, Hamish! a caulk of Milbank can harm no man at any hour of the day—at least in the Highlands. Sma' Stell, Hamish—assuredly Sma' Stell!

Ere we start, Hamish, play us a Gathering—and then a Pibroch. “The Campbells are coming” is like a storm from the mountain sweeping Glen-More, that roars beneath the hastening hurricane with all its woods. No earthquake like that which accompanies the trampling of ten thousand men. So, round that shoulder, Hamish—and away for a mile up the Glen—then, turning on your heel, blow till proud might be the mother that bore you; and from the Tent-mouth Christopher will keep smart fire from his Pattereroes, answered by all the echoes. Hamish—indeed

“The dun-deer's hide
On swifter foot was never tied—”

for even now as that cloud—rather thunderous in his aspect—settles himself over the Tent—ere five minutes have elapsed—a mile off is the sullen sound of the bagpipe!—music which, if it rouse you not when heard among the mountains, may you henceforth confine yourself to the Jew's harp. Ay, here's a claymore—let us fling away the scabbard—and in upon the front rank of the bayoneted muskets, till the Saxon array reels, or falls just where it has been standing, like a swathe of grass. So swept of old the Highlanders—shepherds and herdsmen—down the wooded cliffs of the pass of Killiekrankie, till Mackay's red-coats lay redder in blood among the heather, or passed away like the lurid fragments of a cloud. “The Campbell's are coming”—and we will charge with the heroes in the van. The whole clan is maddening along the Moor—and Maccallum More himself is at their head. But we beseech you, O'Bronte! not to look so like a lion—and to hush in your throat and breast that truly leonine growl—for after all, 'tis but a bagpipe with ribands

“Streaming like meteors to the troubled air,”
and all our martial enthusiasm has evaporated in—wind.

But let us inspect Brown Bess. Till sixty, we used a single barrel. At seventy we took to a double;—but dang detonators—we stick to the flint. “Flint,” says Colonel Hawker, “shoots strongest into the bird.” A percussion-gun is quicker, but flint is fast enough; and it does, indeed, argue rather a confusion than a rapidity of ideas, to find fault with lightning for being too slow. With respect to the flash in the pan, it is but a fair warning to

ducks, for example, to dive if they can, and get out of the way of mischief. It is giving birds a chance for their lives, and is it not ungenerous to grudge it? When our gun goes to our shoulder, that chance is but small; for with double-barrel Brown Bess, it is but a word and a blow,—the blow first, and long before you could say Jack Robinson, the gorcock plays thud on the heather. But we beg leave to set the question at rest for ever by one single clencher. We have killed fifty birds—grouse—at fifty successive shots—one bird only to the shot. And mind, not mere pouts—cheepers—for we are no chicken-butchers—but all thumpers—cocks and hens as big as their parents, and the parents themselves likewise; not one of which fell *out of bounds*, (to borrow a phrase from the somewhat silly though skilful pastime of pigeon-shooting), except one that suddenly soared halfway up to the moon, and then

“Into such strange vagaries fell
As he would dance,”

and tumbled down stone-dead into a loch. Now, what more could have done a detonator in the hands of the devil himself? Satan might have shot as well, perhaps, as Christopher North—better we defy him; and we cannot doubt that his detonator—given to him in a present, we believe, by Joe Manton—is a prime article—one of the best ever manufactured on the percussion system. But what more could he have done? When we had killed our fiftieth bird in style, we put it to the Christian reader, would not the odds have been six to four on the flint? And would not Satan, at the close of the match, ten birds behind perhaps, and with a bag shamefully rich in poor pouts, that would have fallen to the ground had he but thrown salt on their tails, have looked excessively sheepish? True, that in rain or snow the percussion-lock will act, from its detonating power, more correctly than the common flint-lock, which, begging its pardon, will then often not act at all; but that is its only advantage, and we confess a great one, especially in Scotland, where it is a libel on the country to say that it always rains, for it almost as often snows. However, spite of wind and weather, we are faithful to flint; nor shall any newfangled invention, howsoever ingenious, wean us from our First Love.

Let not youthful or middle-aged sportsmen—in whose veins the blood yet gallops, canters, or trots—despise us, Monsieur Vieillard, in whose veins the blood creeps like a wearied pedestrian at twilight hardly able to hobble into the wayside inn—for thus so long preferring the steel-pen to the steel barrel (the style of both is equally polished)—our Braham to our Manton. Those two wild young fellows, Tickler and the Admiral, whose united ages amount to little more than a century and a half, are already slaughtering their way along the mountain side, the one on Bauchaille Etive, and the other on the Black Mount. But we love not to commit murder long before meridian—“gentle lover of Nature” as we are; so, in spite of the scorn of the more passionate sportsman, we shall continue for an hour or two longer inditing, ever and anon lifting our eyes from whitey-brown paper to whitey-blue

sky, from memorandum-book to mountain, from inkbottle to loch, and delight ourselves, and perchance a few thousand others, by a waking-dream description of Glen-Eiive.

'Tis a vast Glen. Not one single human dwelling any where spec-like on the river-winding plain—or nest-like among the brushwood knolls—or rock-like among the fractured cliffs far up on the mountain region do our eyes behold, eager as they are to discover some symptoms of life. Two houses we know to be in the solitude—ay, two—one of them near the head of the Loch, and the other near the head of the Glen—both distant from this our Tent, which is pitched between, in the very heart of the Moor. We were mistaken in saying that Dalness is invisible—for yonder it looms in sullen light, and before we have finished the sentence, may have again sunk into the moor. Ay, it is gone—for lights and shadows coming and going, we know not whence nor whither, here travel all day long—the sole tenants—very ghost-like—and seemingly in their shiftings embued with a sort of dim uncertain life. How far off from our Tent may be the Loch? Miles—and silently as snow are seen to break the waves along the shore, while beyond them hangs, in aerial haze, the great blue water. How far off from our Tent may be the mountains at the head of the Glen? Miles—for though that speck in the sky into which they upheave their mighty altitudes, be doubtless an eagle, we cannot hear its cry. What giants are these right opposite our Pyramid? Co—grim chieftain—and his Tail. What an assemblage of thunder-riven cliffs! This is what may be well called—Nature on a grand scale. And then, how simple! We begin to feel ourselves—in spite of all we can do to support our dignity by our pride—a mighty small and insignificant personage. We are about six feet high—and every body around us about four thousand. Yes, that is the Four Thousand Feet Club! We had no idea that in any situation we could be such dwindled dwarfs, such perfect pigmies. Our Tent is about as big as a fir-cone—and Christopher North an insect!

What a wild world of clouds all over that vast central wilderness of Northern Argyle-shire lying between Cruachan and Melnatorran

Gorryfinuarach and Ben Slarive a prodigious—and! defying description, and in memory resembling not realities, but like fragments of tremendous dreams. Is it a sterile region? Very. In places nothing but stones. Not a blade of grass—not a bent of heather—not even moss. And so they go shouldering up into the sky—enormous masses—huger than churches or ships. And sometimes not unlike such and other structures—all huddled together yet never jostling, so far as we have seen; and though often overhanging, as if the wind might blow them over with a puff, steadfast in the storm that seems rather to be an earthquake, and moving not a hair's-breadth, while all the shingly sides of the mountains—you know shingle—with an inconstant clatter—hurry-skurry—seem to be breaking up into debris.

Is that the character of the whole region? No, you darling; it has vales on vales of eme

rald, and mountains on mountains of amethyst and streams on streams of silver; and, so help us Heaven!—for with these eyes we have seen them, a thousand and a thousand times—at sunrise and sunset, rivers on rivers of gold. What kind of climate? All kinds, and all kinds at once—not merely during the same season, but the same hour. Suppose it three o'clock of a summer afternoon—you have but to choose your weather. Do you desire a close, sultry, breathless gloom? You have it in the stifling dens of Ben-Anëa, where lions might breed. A breezy coolness, with a sprinkling of rain? Then open your vest to the green light in the dewy vales of Benlùra. Lochs look lovely in mist, and so thinks the rainbow—then away with you ere the rainbow fade—away, we beseech you, to the wild shores of Lochan-a-Lùrich. But you would rather see a storm, and hear some Highland thunder? There is one at this moment on Unimore, and Cruachlia growls to Meallanuir, till the cataracts of Glashgour are dumb as the dry rocks of Craig-Teònan.

In those regions we were, when a boy, initiated into the highest mysteries of the Highlands. No guide dogged our steps—as well might a red-deer have asked a cur to show him the Forest of Braemar, or Beniglo—an eagle where best to build his eyry have advised with the Glasgow Gander. O heavens! how we were bewildered among the vast objects that fed that delirium of our boyhood! We dimly recognised faces of cliffs wearing dreadful frowns; blind though they looked, they seemed sensible of our approach; and we heard one horrid monster mutter, "What brings thee here, infatuated Pech—begone!" At his impotent malice we could not choose but smile, and shook our staff at the blockhead, as since at many a greater blockhead even than he have we shook—and more than shook our Crutch. But as through "pastures green and quiet waters by," we pursued, from sunrise to sunset, our unaccompanied way, some sweet spot, surrounded by heather, and shaded by fern, would woo us to lie down on its bosom, and enjoy a visionary sleep! Then it was that the mountains confidentially told us their names—and we got them all by heart; for each name characterized its owner by some of his peculiar and prominent qualities—as if they had been one and all christened by poets baptizing them from a font

"Translucent, pure,
With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod."

O happy pastor of a peaceful flock! Thou hast long gone to thy reward! One—two—three—four successors hast thou had in that manse—(now it too has been taken down and the plough gone over it)—and they all did their duty; yet still is thy memory fragrant in the glen; for deeds like thine "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!" Under heaven, we owed our life to thy care of us in a brain fever. Sometimes thy face would grow grave, never angry, at our sallies—follies—call them what you will, but not sins. And methinks we hear the mild old man somewhat mournfully saying, "Mad boy! out of gladness often cometh grief—out of mirth misery; but our prayers,

when thou leavest us, shall be, that never, never, may such be thy fate!" Were those prayers heard in heaven and granted on earth? We ask our heart in awe, but its depths are silent, and make no response.

But is it our intention to sit scribbling here all day? Our fancy lets our feet enjoy their sinecure, and they stretch themselves out in indolent longitude beneath the Tent-table, while we are settled in spirit, a silent thought, on the battlements of our cloud-castle on the summit of Cruachan. What a prospect! Our cloud-castle rests upon a foundation of granite precipices; and down along their hundred chasms, from which the eye recoils, we look on Loch-Etive bearing on its bosom stationary—so it seems in the sunshine—one snow-white sail! What brings the creature there—and on what errand may she be voyaging up the uninhabited sea-arm that stretches away into the uninhabited mountains? Some poet, perhaps, steers her—sitting at the helm in a dream, and allowing her to dance her own way, at her own will, up and down the green glens and hills of the foam-crested waves—a swell rolling in the beauty of light and music for ever attendant on her, as the Sea-mew—for so we choose to name her—pursues her voyage—now on water, and now, as the breezes drop, in the air—elements at times undistinguishable, as the shadows of the clouds and of the mountains mingle their imagery in the sea. Oh! that our head, like that of a spider, were all studded with eyes—that our imagination, sitting in the "palace of the soul," (a noble expression, borrowed or stolen by Byron from Waller,) might see all at once all the sights from centre to circumference, as if all rallying around her for her own delight, and oppressing her with the poetry of nature—a lyrical, and elegiac, an epic, or a tragic strain. Now the bright blue water-gleams enchain her vision, and are felt to constitute the vital, the essential spirit of the whole—Loch Awe land-serpent, large as serpent of the sea, lying asleep in the sun, with his burnished skin all bedropt with scales of silver and of gold—the lands of Lorn, mottled and speckled with innumerable lakelets, where fancy sees millions of water-lilies riding at anchor in bays where the breezes have fallen asleep—Oban, splendid among the splendours of that now almost motionless mediterranean, the mountain-loving Linnhe Loch—Jura, Isla, Colonsay, and nameless other islands, floating far and wide away on—on to Coll and Tiree, drowned beneath the faint horizon. But now all the eyes in our spider-head are lost in one blaze of undistinguishable glory; for the whole Highlands of Scotland are up in their power against us—rivers, lochs, seas, islands, cliffs, clouds, and mountains. The pen drops from our hand, and here we are—not on the battlements of the air-palace on the summit of Cruachan—but sitting on a tripod or three-legged stool at the mouth of our Tent, with our MS. before us, and at our right hand a quech of Glenlivet, fresh drawn from yonder ten-gallon cask—and here's to the health of "Honest men and bonny lasses" all over the globe.

So much for description—an art in which the Public (God bless her, where s she now—

and shall we ever see her more?) has been often pleased to say that we excel. But let us off to the Moor. Piro! Ponto! Basta! to your paws, and O'Bronte, unfurl your tail to heaven. Pointers! ye are a noble trio. White, O Ponto! art thou as the foam of the sea. Piro! thou tan of all tans! red art thou as the dun-deer's hide, and fleet as he while thou rangest the mountain brow, now hid in heather, and now re-appearing over the rocks. Waur hawk, Basta!—for finest-scented through be thy scar let nostrils, one bad trick alone hast thou; and whenever that gray wing glances from some pillar-stone in the wilderness, headlong goest thou, O lawless negro! But behave thyself to-day, Basta! and let the kestrel unheeded sail or sun herself on the cliff. As for thee, O'Bronte! the sable dog with the star-bright breast, keep thou like a serf at our heels, and when our course lies over the fens and marshes, thou mayst sweep like a hairy hurricane among the flappers, and haply to-day grip the old drake himself, and with thy fan-like tail proudly spread in the wind, deposit at thy master's feet, with a smile, the monstrous mallard.

But in what direction shall we go, callants—towards what airt shall we turn our faces? Over yonder cliffs shall we ascend, and descend into Glen-Creran, where the stony regions that the ptarmigan love melts away into miles of the grouse heather, which, ere we near the salmon-haunted Loch so beautiful, loses itself in woods that mellow all the heights of Glen Ure and Fasnacloigh with silvan shades, wherein the cushat coos, and the roe glides through the secret covert? Or shall we away up by Kinloch-Etive, and Melnatorran, and Mealgayre, into the Solitude of Streams, that from all their lofty sources down to the far-distant Loch have never yet brooked, nor will they ever brook, the bondage of bridges, save of some huge stone flung across some chasm, or trunk of a tree—none but trunks of trees there, and all dead for centuries—that had sunk down where it grew, and spanned the flood that eddies round it with a louder music! Wild region! yet not barren; for there are cattle on a thousand hills, that, wild as the very red-deer, toss their heads as they sniff the feet of rarest stranger, and form round him in a half-alarmed and half-threatening crescent. There flocks of goats—outliers from Dalness—may be seen as if following one another on the very air, along the lichen-stained cliffs that frown down unfathomed abysses—and there is frequent heard the whirring of the gorcock's wing, and his gobble gathering together his brood, scattered by the lightning that in its season volleys through the silence, else far deeper than that of death;—for the silence of death—that is of a churchyard filled with tombs—is nothing to the austerity of the noiselessness that prevails under the shadow of Unimore and Atchorachen, with their cliffs on which the storms have engraven strange hieroglyphical inscriptions, which, could but we read them wisely, would record the successive ages of the Earth, from the hour when fire or flood first moulded the mountains, down to the very moment that we are speaking, and with small steel-hammer roughening the edges of our

flints that they may fail not to murder. Or shall we away down by Armaddy, where the Fox-Hunter dwells—and through the woods of Inverkinglass and Achran, “double, double, toil and trouble” overcome the braes of Ben-anea and Mealcopucaich, and drop down like two unwearied eagles into Glen-Srae, with a peep in the distance of the young tower of Dalmally, and the old turrets of Kilchurn? Rich and rare is the shooting-ground, Hamish, which, by that route lies between this our Tent and the many tarns that freshen the wildernesses of Lochanancrich. Say the word—tip the wink—tongue on your cheek—up with your forefinger—and we shall go; for hark, Hamish, our chronometer chimes eight—a long day is yet before us—and what if we be benighted? We have a full moon and plenty of stars.

All these are splendid schemes—but what say you, Hamish, to one less ambitious, and better adapted to Old Kit? Let us beat all the best bits down by Armaddy—the Forge—Gleno, and Inveraw. We may do that well in some six or seven hours—and then let us try that famous salmon-cast nearest the mansion—(you have the rods?)—and if time permit, an hour’s trolling in Loch Awe, below the Pass of the Brander, for one of those giants that have immortalized the names of a Maule, a Goldie, and a Wilson. Mercy on us, Sheltie, what a beard! You cannot have been shaved since Whitsunday—and never saw we such lengthy love-locks as those dangling at your heels. But let us mount, old Surefoot—mulish in naught but an inveterate aversion to all stumbling. And now for the heather! But are you sure, gents, *that we are on?*

And has it come to this! Where is the grandson of the desert-born?

Thirty years ago, and thou Filho da Puta wert a flyer! A fencer beyond compare! Dost thou remember how, for a cool five hundred, thou clearedst yon canal in a style that rivalled that of the red-deer across the chasms of Cairngorm? All we had to do, was to hold hard and not ride over the hounds, when, running breast-high on the rear of Reynard, the savage pack wakened the welkin with the tumultuous hubbub of their death-cry, and whipper-in and huntsmen were flogging on their faltering flight in vain through fields and forests flying behind thy heels that glanced and glittered in the frosty sunshine. What steed like thee in all Britain at a steeple chase? Thy hoofs scorned the strong stubble, and skimmed the deep fallows, in which all other horses—heavy there as dragoons—seemed fetlock-bound, or laboured on in staggerings, soil-sunk to the knees. Ditches dwindled beneath thy bounds, and rivulets were as rills; or if in flood they rudely overran their banks, into the spate plunged thy sixteen hands and a-half height, like a Polar monster leaping from an iceberg into the sea, and then lifting up thy small head and fine neck and high shoulder, like a Draco from the weltering waters, with a few proud pawings to which the recovered greensward rang, thy whole bold, bright-brown bulk reappeared on the bank, crested by old Christopher, and after one short

snorting pause, over the miry meadows—tattity!—tattity!—away! away! away!

Oh! son of a Rep! were not those glorious days! But Time has laid his finger on us both, Filho; and never more must we two be seen by the edge of the cover,

“When first the hunter’s startling horn is heard
Upon the golden hills.”

’Tis the last learned and highest lesson of Wisdom, Filho, in man’s studious obedience to Nature’s laws—to *know when to stop in his career*. Pride, Passion, Pleasure, all urge him on; while Prudence, Propriety, Peace, cry halt! halt! halt! That mandate we have timeously obeyed; and having, unblamed we hope, and blameless, carried on the pastimes of youth into manhood, and even through the prime of manhood to the verge of age—on that verge, after some few farewell vagaries up and down the debatable land, we had the resolution to drop our bridle-hand, to unloosen the spurs from our heels, and to dismount from the stateliest and swiftest steed, Filho, that ever wafted mortal man over moor and mountain like a storm-driven cloud.

You are sure *we are on*, Hamish? And that he will not run away? Come, come, Surefoot, none of your finking! A better mane for holding on by we could not imagine. Pure Sheltie you say, Hamish? From his ears we should have suspected his grandfather of having been at least a Zebra.

FLIGHT SECOND—THE COVES OF CRUACHAN.

COMMA—semicolon—colon—full-point! Al’ three scent-struck into attitude steady as stones. That is beautiful. Ponto straight as a rod—Piro in a slight curve—and Basta a perfect semicircle. O’Bronte! down on your marrow-bones. But there is no need, Hamish, either for hurry or haste. On such ground, and on such a day, the birds will lie as if they were asleep. Hamish, the flask!—not the powder-flask, you dotterel—but the Glenlivet. ’Tis thus we always love to steady our hand for the first shot. It gives a fine feeling to the forefinger.

Ha! the heads of the old cock and hen, like snakes, above the heather—motionless, but with glancing eyes—and preparing for the spring. Whirr—whirr—whirr—bang—bang tapsillery—tapsalteery—thud—thud—thud! Old cock and old hen both down, Hamish. No mean omen, no awkward augury, of the day’s sport. Now for the orphan family—marked ye them round

“The swelling instep of the mountain’s foot!”

“Faith and she’s the teevil’s nainsel—that is she—at the shutin’; for may I tine ma mull, and never pree sneeshin’ mair, if she hae na richt and left murdered fowre o’ the creturs!” —“Four!—why we only covered the old people; but if younkers will cross, ’tis their own fault that they bite the heather.” —“They’re a’ fowre spewin’, sir, except ane—and her’s head’s aff—and she’s jumpin’ about waur nor

ony o' them, wi' her bluidy neck. I wuss she mayna tak to her wings again, and owre the knowe. But ca' in that great toozy ootlandish dowg, sir, for he's devourin' them—see hoo he's flingin' them, first ane and then anither, outowre his shoother, and keppin' them afore they touch the grun in his smooth, like a mountebank wi' a shoor o' oranges!"—"Hamish, are they bagged?"—"Ou aye."—"Then away to windward, ye sons of bitches—Heavens, how they do their work!"

Up to the time of our grand climacteric we loved a wide range—and thought nothing of describing and discussing a circle of ten miles diameter in a day, up to our hips in heather. But for these dozen or twenty years bypast, we have preferred a narrow beat, snugly seated on a sheltry, and pad the hoof on the hill no more. Yonder is the kind of ground we now love—for why should an old man make a toil of a pleasure? 'Tis one of the many small coves belonging to Glen-Etive, and looks down from no very great elevation upon the Loch. Its bottom, and sides nearly halfway up, are green pastures, sheep-nibbled as smooth as a lawn—and a rill, dropping in diamonds from the cliffs at its upper end, betrays itself, where the water is invisible, by a line of still livelier verdure. An old dilapidated sheepfold is the only building, and seems to make the scene still more solitary. Above the green pastures are the richest beds and bosoms of heather ever bees murmured on—and above them nothing but bare cliffs. A stiff breeze is now blowing into this cove from the sea-loch; and we shall slaughter the orphan family at our leisure. 'Tis probable they have dropped—single bird after single bird—or in twos and threes—all along the first line of heather that met their flight; and if so, we shall pop them like partridges in turnips. Three points in the game! Each dog, it is manifest, stands to a different lot of feathers; and we shall slaughter them, without dismounting, *seriatim*. No, Hamish—we must dismount—give us your shoulder—that will do. The Crutch—now we are on our pins. Take a lesson. Whirr! Bang! Bag number one, Hamish. Ay, that is right, Ponto—back Basta. Ditto, ditto. Now Ponto and Basta both back Piro—right and left this time—and not one of the brood will be left to cheep of Christopher. Be ready—attend us with the other double-barrel. Whirr! Bang—bang—bang—bang! What think you of that, you son of the mist? There is a shower of feathers! They are all at sixes and sevens upon the greensward at the edge of the heather. Seven birds at four shots! The whole family is now disposed of—father, mother, and eleven children. If such fire still be in the dry wood, what must it have been in the green? Let us lie down in the sheltered shade of the mossy walls of the sheepfold—take a drop of Glen-livet—and philosophize.

Hollo! Hamish, who are these strange, suspicious-looking strangers thitherwards-bound, as hallan-shaker a set as may be seen on an August day? Ay, ay, we ken the clan. A week's residence to a man of gumption gives an insight into a neighbourhood. Unerring

physiognomists and phrenologists are we, and what with instinctive, and what with intuitive knowledge, we keek in a moment through all disguise. He in the centre of the group is the stickit minister—on his right stands the drunken dominie—on his left the captain, who in that raised look retains token of *delirium tremens*—the land-louper behind him is the land-measurer, who would be well to do in the world were he "monarch of all he surveyed,"—but has been long out at elbows, and his society not much courted since he was rude to the auld wife at the time the gudeman was at the peats. That fine tall youth, the widow's son in Gleno, and his friend the Sketcher, with his portfolio under his arm, are in indifferent company, Hamish; but who, pray, may be the phenomenon in plush, with bow and arrow, and tasseled horn, bonnet jauntily screwed to the sinister, glass stuck in socket, and precisely in the middle of his puckered mouth a cigar. You do not say so—a grocer's apprentice from the Gorbals!

No need of confabulating there, gemmen, on the knowe—come forward and confront Christopher North. We find we have been too severe in our strictures. After all, they are not a bad set of fellows, as the world goes—imprudence must not be too harshly condemned—Shakspeare taught us to see the soul of good in things evil—these two are excellent lads; and, as for impertinence, it often proceeds from *mauvais honte*, and with a glance we shall replace the archer behind his counter.

How goes it, Cappy? Rather stiff in the back, minister, with the mouth of the fowling-piece peeping out between the tails of your long coat, and the butt at the back of your head, by way of bolster! You will find it more comfortable to have her in hand. That bamboo, dominie, is well known to be an air-gun. Have you your horse-pistol with you to-day, surveyor? Sagittarius, think you, you could hit, at twoscore, a haystack flying! Sit down, gentlemen, and let's have a crack.

So ho! so ho! so ho! We see her black eyes beneath a primrose tuft on the brae. In spring all one bank of blossoms; but 'tis barish now and sheep-nibbled, though few eyes but our own could have thus detected there the brown back of Mawkin. Dominie, your Bamboo. Shoot her sitting? Fie fie—no, no. Kick her up, Hamish! There she goes. We are out of practice at single ball—but whizz! she has it between the shoolders. Head over heels she has started another—why, that's funny—give us your bow and arrow you green grocer—twang! within an inch of her fud. Gentlemen, suppose we tip you a song. Join all in the chorus.

THE POWCHER'S SONG.

When I was boon apprentice
In vamous Zoomerzet Shere,
Laiks! I zerved my meester truly
Vor neerly zeven year,
Until I took to Powching,
Az you zhall quickly heer.

CHO. Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeason of the year:
Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
In the zeason of the year.

Az me and ma coomerades
Were zetting on a snere,

Lauks! the Geamkeepoors caem oop to uz;
 Vor them we did na kere,
 'Case we could fight or wrestle, lads,
 Jump over ony where.
 CHO. Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeason of the year:
 Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeason of the year.

Az we went oot wan morning
 Atwixt your vive and zeex,
 We caught a heere alive, ma lads,
 We found un in a deetch;
 We popt un in a bag, ma lads,
 We yotien off vor town,
 We took un to a neeghbor's hoose,
 And we zold un vor a crown.
 We zold un vor a crown, ma lads,
 But a wont tell ye where.
 CHO. Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeason of the year:
 Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeason of the year.

Then here's success to Powching,
 Vor A does think it feere,
 And here's look to ere a gentleman
 Az wants to buy a heere,
 And here's to ere a geamkeepoor,
 Az woona zell it deere.
 CHO. Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeason of the year:
 Ou! 'twas ma delyght in a shiny night,
 In the zeason of the year.

The Presbytery might have overlooked your fault, Mac, for the case was not a flagrant one, and you were willing, we understand, to make her an honest woman. Do you think you could recollect one of your sermons? In action and in unction you had not your superior in the Synod. Do give us a screed about Nimrod or Nebuchadnezzar. No desecration in a sermon—better omitted, we grant, prayer and psalm. Should you be unable to reproduce an entire discourse, yet by dovetailing—that is, a bit from one and a bit from another—surely you can be at no loss for half an hour's miscellaneous matter—heads and tails. Or suppose we let you off with a View of the Church Question. You look glum and shake your head. Can you, Mac, how can you resist that Pulpit?

Behold in that semicircular low-browed cliff, backed by a range of bonny green braes dipping down from the hills that do themselves come shelving from the mountains, what appears at first sight to be a cave, but is merely a blind window, as it were, a few feet deep, arched and faced like a beautiful work of masonry, though chisel never touched it, nor man's hand dropped the line along the living stone thus wrought by nature's self, who often shows us, in her mysterious processes, resemblances of effects produced by us her children on the same materials by our more most elaborate art. It is a very pulpit, and that projecting slab is the sounding-board. That upright stone in front of it, without the aid of fancy, may well be thought the desk. To us sitting here, this spot of greensward is the floor; the sky that hangs low, as if it loved it, the roof of the sanctuary; nor is there any harm in saying, that we, if we choose to think so, are sitting in a kirk.

Shall we mount the pulpit by that natural flight of steps, and, like a Sedgwick or a Buckland, with a specimen in one hand, and before our eyes mountains whose faces the scars of thunder have intrenched, tell you how the globe, after formation on formation, became

fit residence for new-created man, and habitable no more to flying dragons? Or shall we, rather, taking the globe as we find it, speculate on the changes wrought on its surface by us, whom God gave feet to tread the earth, and faces to behold the heavens, and souls to soar into the heaven of heavens, on the wings of hope, aspiring through temporal shades to eternal light?

Brethren!—The primary physical wants of the human being are food, clothing, shelter, and defence. To supply these he has invented all his arts. Hunger and thirst cultivate the earth. Fear builds castles and embattles cities. The animal is clothed by nature against cold and storm, and shelters himself in his den. Man builds his habitation, and weaves his clothing. With horns, or teeth, or claws, the strong and deadly weapons with which nature has furnished them, the animal kinds wage their war; he forges swords and spears, and constructs implements of destruction that will send death almost as far as his eye can mark his foe, and sweep down thousands together. The animal that goes in quest of his food, that pursues or flies from his enemy, has feet, or wings, or fins; but man bids the horse, the camel, the elephant, bear him, and yokes them to his chariot. If the strong animal would cross the river, he swims. Man spans it with a bridge. But the most powerful of them all stands on the beach and gazes on the ocean. Man constructs a ship, and encircles the globe. Other creatures must traverse the element nature has assigned, with means she has furnished. He chooses his element, and makes his means. Can the fish traverse the waters? So can he. Can the bird fly the air? So can he. Can the camel speed over the desert? He shall bear man as his rider.

"That's beautifu'!" "Tuts, haud your tongue, and tak a chow. There's some shag." "Is he gaun to be lang, Hamish?" "Wheesh! you might as weel be speaking in the kirk."

But to see what he owes to inventive art, we should compare man, not with inferior creatures, but with himself, looking over the face of human society, as history or observation shows it. We shall find him almost sharing the life of brutes, or removed from them by innumerable differences, and incalculable degrees. In one place we see him harbouring in caves, naked, living, we might almost say, on prey, seeking from chance his wretched sustenance, food which he eats just as he finds it. He lives like a beggar on the alms of nature. Turn to another land, and you see the face of the earth covered with the works of his hand—his habitation, wide-spreading stately cities—his clothing and the ornaments of his person culled and fashioned from the three kingdoms of nature. For his food the face of the earth bears him tribute; and the seasons and changes of heaven concur with his own art in ministering to his board. This is the difference which man has made in his own condition by the use of his intellectual powers, awakened and goaded on by the necessities of his physical constitution.

The various knowledge, the endlessly multiplied observation, the experience and reason

ings of man added to man, of generation following generation, which were required to bring to a moderate state of advancement the great primary arts subservient to physical life—the arts of providing food, habitation, clothing, and defence, we are utterly unable to conceive. We are born to the knowledge, which was collected by the labours of many ages. How slowly were those arts reared up which still remain to us! How many which had laboriously been brought to perfection, have been displaced by superior invention, and fallen into oblivion! Fenced in as we are by the works of our predecessors, we see but a small part of the power of man contending with the difficulties of his lot. But what a wonderful scene would be opened before our eyes, with what intense interest should we look on, if we could indeed behold him armed only with his own implanted powers, and going forth to conquer the creation! If we could see him beginning by subduing evils, and supplying painful wants—going on to turn those evils and wants into the means of enjoyment—and at length, in the wantonness and pride of his power, filling his existence with luxuries;—if we could see him from his first step, in the untamed though fruitful wilderness, advancing to subdue the soil, to tame and multiply the herds—from bending the branches into a bower, to fell the forest and quarry the rock—seizing into his own hands the element of fire, directing its action on substances got from the bowels of the earth—fashioning wood, and stone, and metal, to the will of his thought—searching the nature of plants to spin their fibres, or with their virtues to heal their diseases;—if we could see him raise his first cities, launch his first ship, calling the winds and waters to be his servants, and to do his work—changing the face of the earth—forming lakes and rivers—joining seas, or stretching the continent itself into the dominion of the sea;—if we could do all this in imagination, then should we understand something of what man's intellect has done for his physical life, and what the necessities of his physical life have done in forcing into action all the powers of his intelligence.

But there are still higher considerations arising from the influence of man's physical necessities on the destiny of the species. It is this subjugation of natural evil, and this created dominion of art, that prepares the earth to be the scene of his social existence. His hard conquest was not the end of his toil. He has conquered the kingdom in which he was to dwell in his state. The full unfolding of his moral powers was only possible in those states of society which are thus brought into being by his conflict with all his physical faculties against all the stubborn powers of the material universe; for out of the same conquest Wealth is created. In this progress, and by means thus brought into action, society is divided into classes. Property itself, the allotment of the earth, takes place, because it is the bosom of the earth that yields food. That great foundation of the stability of communities is thus connected with the same necessity; and in the same progress, and out of the same causes,

arise the first great Laws by which society is held together in order. Thus that whole wonderful development of the Moral Nature of man, in all those various forms which fill up the history of the race, in part arises out of, and is always intimately blended with, the labours to which he has been aroused by these first great necessities of his physical nature. But had the tendency to increase his numbers been out of all proportion to the means provided by nature, and infinitely multipliable by art, for the subsistence of human beings, how could this magnificent march have moved on?

Hence we may understand on what ground the ancient nations revered so highly, and even deified the authors of the primary arts of life. They considered not the supply of the animal wants merely; but they contemplated that mighty change in the condition of mankind to which these arts have given origin. It is on this ground, that they had raised the character of human life, that Virgil assigns them their place in the dwellings of bliss, among devoted patriots and holy priests, among those whom song or prophecy had inspired, among those benefactors of the race whose names were to live for ever, giving his own most beautiful expression to the common sentiment of mankind.

*"Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnes his niveâ cinguntur tempora vittâ."*

"That's Latin for the minister and the domine." "Wheesh! Heard you ever the like o' that? Though I dinna understaun a word o't, it gars me a' grue." "Wheesh! wheesh!—we maun pit him intil Paurliament"—"Rather intil the General Assembly, to tussle wi' the wild men." "He's nae Moderate, man; and gin I'm no sair mistaen, he's a wild man himsel, and wull uphau'd the Veto." "Wheesh! wheesh! wheesh!"

True, that in savage life men starve. But is that any proof that nature has cursed the race with a fatal tendency to multiply beyond the means of subsistence? None whatever. Attend for a little to this point. Of the real power of the bodily appetites for food, and the sway they may attain over the moral nature of the mind, we, who are protected by our place among the arrangements of civil society from greatly suffering under it, can indeed form no adequate conception. Let us not now speak of those dreadful enormities which, in the midst of dismal famine, are recorded to have been perpetrated by civilized men, when the whole moral soul, with all its strongest affections and instinctive abhorrences, has sunk prostrate under the force of that animal suffering. But the power of which we speak, as attained by this animal feeling, subsists habitually among whole tribes and nations. It is that power which it acquires over the mind of the savage, who is frequently exposed to suffer its severity, and who hunts for himself the food with which he is to appease it. Compare the mind of the human being as you are accustomed to behold him, knowing the return of this sensation only as a grateful incitement

to take the ready nourishment which is spread for his repast, with that of his fellow-man bearing through the lonely woods the gnawing pang that goads him to his prey. Hunger is in his heart; hunger bears along his unfatiguing feet; hunger lies in the strength of his arm; hunger watches in his eye; hunger listens in his ear; as he couches down in his covert, silently waiting the approach of his expected spoil, this is the sole thought that fills his aching breast—"I shall satisfy my hunger!" When his deadly aim has brought his victim to the ground, this is the thought that springs up as he rushes to seize it, "I have got food for my hungry soul!" What must be the usurpation of animal nature here over the whole man! It is not merely the simple pain as if it were the forlornness of a human creature bearing about his famishing existence in helplessness and despair—though that, too, is indeed a true picture of some states of our race; but here is not a suffering and sinking wretch—he is a strong hunter, and puts forth his strength fiercely under the urgency of this passion. All his might in the chase, all pride of speed, and strength, and skill—all thoughts of long and hard endurance—all images of perils past—all remembrances and all foresight—are gathered on that one strong and keen desire—are bound down to the sense of that one bitter animal want. These feelings recurring day by day in the sole toil of his life, bring upon his soul a vehemence and power of desire in this object, of which we can have no conception, till he becomes subjected to hunger as to a mighty animal passion—a passion such as it rages in those fierce animal kinds which it drives with such ferocity on their prey. He knows hunger as the wolf knows it—he goes forth with his burning heart, like the tiger to lap blood. But turn to man in another condition to which he has been brought by the very agency of his physical on his intellectual and moral being! How far removed is he now from that daily contention with such evils as these! How much does he feel himself assured against them by belonging to the great confederacy of social life! How much is it veiled from his eyes by the many artificial circumstances in which the satisfaction of the want is involved! The work in which he labours the whole day—on which his eyes are fixed and his hands toil—is something altogether unconnected with his own wants—connected with distant wants and purposes of a thousand other men in which he has no participation. And as far as it is a work of skill, he has to fix his mind on objects and purposes so totally removed from himself, that they all tend still more to sever his thoughts from his own necessities: and thus it is that civilization raises his moral character, when it protects almost every human being in a country from that subjection to this passion, to which even noble tribes are bound down in the wildernesses of nature.

"It's an awful thing hunger, Hamish, sure enough; but I wush he was dune; for that vice o' his sing-singing is makin' me unco sleepy—and ance I fa' owre, I'm no easy waukenin'. But wha's that snorin'?"

Yet it is the most melancholy part of all such speculation, to observe what a wide gloom is cast over them by this severe necessity, which is nevertheless the great and constant cause of the improvement of their condition. It is not suffering alone—for *that* they may be inured to bear,—but the darkness of the understanding, and the darkness of the heart, which comes on under the oppression of toil, that is miserable to see. Our fellow-men, born with the same spirit as ourselves, seem yet denied the common privileges of that spirit. They seem to bring faculties into the world that cannot be unfolded, and powers of affection and desire which not their fault but the lot of their birth will pervert and degrade. There is a humiliation laid upon our nature in the doom which seems thus to rest upon a great portion of our species, which, while it requires our most considerate compassion for those who are thus depressed, compels us to humble ourselves under the sense of our own participation in the nature from which it flows. Therefore, in estimating the worth, the virtue of our fellow-men, whom Providence has placed in a lot that yields to them the means, and little more than the means, of supporting life in themselves and those born of them, let us never forget how intimate is the necessary union between the wants of the body and the thoughts of the soul. Let us remember, that over a great portion of humanity, the soul is in a struggle for its independence and power with the necessities of that nature in which it is enveloped. It has to support itself against sickening, or irritating, or maddening thoughts inspired by weariness, lassitude, want, or the fear of want. It is chained down to the earth by the influence of one great and constant occupation—that of providing the means of its mortal existence. When it shows itself shook and agitated, or overcome in the struggle, what ought to be the thoughts and feelings of the wise for poor humanity! When, on the other hand, we see nature preserving itself pure, bold, and happy amidst the perpetual threatenings or assaults of those evils from which it cannot fly, and though oppressed by its own weary wants, forgetting them all in that love which ministers to the wants of others—when we see the brow wrinkled and drenched by incessant toil, the body in the power of its prime bowed down to the dust, and the whole frame in which the immortal spirit abides marked, but not dishonoured, by its slavery to fate—and when, in the midst of all this ceaseless depression and oppression, from which man must never hope to escape on earth, we see him still seeking and still finding joy, delight, and happiness in the finer affections of his spiritual being, giving to the lips of those he loves the scanty morsel earned by his own hungry and thirsty toil, purchasing by sweat, sickness, and fever, Education and Instruction and Religion to the young creatures who delight him who is starving for their sakes, resting with gratitude on that day, whose return is ever like a fresh fountain to his exhausted and weary heart, and preserving a profound and high sense of his own immortality among all the earth-born toils and

troubles that would in vain chain him down to the dust,—when we see all this, and think of all this, we feel indeed how rich may be the poorest of the poor, and learn to respect the moral being of man in its triumphs over the power of his physical nature. But we do not learn to doubt or deny the wisdom of the Creator. We do not learn from all the struggles, and all these defeats, and all these victories, and all these triumphs, that God sent us his creatures into this life to starve, because the air, the earth, and the waters have not wherewithal to feed the mouths that gape for food through all the elements! Nor do we learn that want is a crime, and poverty a sin—and that they who *would* toil, but cannot, and they who *can* toil, but have no work set before them, are intruders at Nature's table, and must be driven by those who are able to pay for their seats to famine, starvation, and death—almost denied a burial!—Finis. Amen.

Often has it been our lot, by our conversational powers, to set the table on a snore. The more stirring the theme, the more soporific the sound of our silver voice. Look there, we beseech you! In a small spot of "stationary sunshine," lie Hamish, and Surefoot, and O'Bronte, and Ponto, and Piro, and Basta, all sound asleep! Dogs are troubled sleepers—but these four are now like the dreamless dead. Horses, too, seem often to be witch-riden in their sleep. But at this moment Surefoot is stretched more like a stone than a sheltie in the land of Nod. As for Hamish, were he to lie so braxy-like by himself on the hill, he would be awakened by the bill of the raven digging into his sockets. We are Morpheus and Orpheus in one incarnation—the very Pink of Poppy—the true spirit of Opium—of Laudanum the concentrated Essence—of the black Drop the Gnome.

Indeed, gentlemen, you have reason to be ashamed of yourselves—but where is the awkward squad? Clean gone. They have stolen a march on us, and while we have been preaching they have been poaching—sans mandate of the Marquis and Monzie. We may catch them ere close of day; and, if they have a smell of slaughter, we shall crack their sconces with our crutch. No apologies, Hamish—'tis only making the matter worse; but we expected better things of the dogs. O'Bronte! fie! fie! sirrah. Your sire would not have fallen asleep during a speech of ours—and such a speech!—he would have sat it out without yinking—at each more splendid passage testifying his delight by a yowl. Leap over the Crutch, you reprobate, and let us see thee scour. Look at him, Hamish, already beckoning to us on his hurdis from the hill-top. Let us scale those barriers—and away over the table-land between that summit and the head of Gleno. No sooner said than done, and here we are on the level—such a level as the ship finds on the main sea, when in the storm-lull she rides up and down the green swell, before the tradewinds that cool the tropics. The surface of this main land-sea is black in the gloom, and green in the glimmer, and purple in the light, and crimson in the sunshine. Oh, never 'locks nature so magnificent

"As in this varying and uncertain weather,
When gloom and glory force themselves together,
When calm seems stormy, and tempestuous night
At day's meridian lowers like noon of night!"

Whose are these fine lines? Hooky Walker, **OUR OWN**. Dogs! Down—down—down—be stonelike, O Sheltie!—and Hamish, sink thou into the heather like a lizard; for if these old dim eyes of ours may be in aught believed, yonder by the birches stands a Red-Deer snuffing the east wind! Hush! hush! hush! He suspects an enemy in that air—but death comes upon him with stealthy foot, from the west; and if Apollo and Diana—the divinities we so long have worshipped—be now propitious—his antlers shall be entangled in the heather, and his hoofs beat the heavens. Hamish, the rifle! A tinkle as of iron, and a hiss accompanying the explosion—and the King of the Wilderness, bounding up into the air with his antlers higher than ever waved chieftain's plume, falls down stone-dead where he stood; for the blue-pill has gone through his vitals, and lightning itself could hardly have withered him into more instantaneous cessation of life!

He is an enormous animal. What antlers! Roll him over, Hamish, on his side! See, up to our breast, nearly, reaches the topmost branch. He is what the hunter of old called a "Stag of Ten." His eye has lost the flash of freedom—the tongue that browsed the brushwood is bitten through by the clenched teeth—the fleetness of his feet has felt that fatal frost—the wild heart is hushed, Hamish,—tame, tame, tame; and there the Monarch of the Mountains—the King of the Cliffs—the Grand Lama of the Glens—the Sultan of the Solitudes—the Dey of the Deserts—the Royal Ranger of the Woods and Forests—yea, the very Prince of the Air and Thane of Thunder—"shorn of all his beams," lies motionless as a dead Jackass by the wayside, whose hide was not thought worth the trouble of flaying by his owners the gipsies! "To this complexion has he come at last"—he who at dawn had borrowed the wings of the wind to carry him across the cataracts!

A sudden pang shoots across our heart. What right had we to commit this murder! How, henceforth, shall we dare to hold up our head among the lovers of liberty, after having thus stolen basely from behind on him the boldest, brightest, and most beautiful of all her sons! We who for so many years have been just able to hobble, and no more, by the aid of the Crutch—who feared to let the heather-bent touch our toe, so sensitive in its gout—We, the old and impotent, all last winter bed-ridden, and even now seated like a lameter on a sheltie, strapped by a patent buckle to a saddle provided with a pummel behind as well as before—such an unwieldy and weary wretch as We—"fat, and scant of breath"—and with our hand almost perpetually pressed against our left side, when a coughing-fit of asthma brings back the stitch, seldom an absentee—to assassinate THAT RED-DEER, whose flight on earth could accompany the eagle's in heaven; and not only to assassinate him, but, in a moral vein, to liken his carcass to that of a Jackass! It will not bear further reflection: so, Hamish,

out with your whinger, and carve him a dish fit for the gods—in a style worthy of Sir Tristrem, Gil Morrice, Robin Hood, or Lord Rarnald. No; let him lie till nightfall, when we shall be returning from Inveraw with strength sufficient to bear him to the Tent.

But hark, Hamish, to that sullen croak from the cliff! The old raven of the cove already scents death—

“Sagacious of his quarry from afar!”

But where art thou, Hamish? Ay, yonder is Hamish, wriggling on his very belly, like an adder, through the heather to windward of the croaker, whose nostrils, and eyes, and bill, are now all hungrily fascinated, and as it were already fastened into the very bowels of the beast. His days are numbered. That sly serpent, by circuitous windings insinuating his limber length through among all obstructions, has ascended unseen the drooping shoulder of the cliff, and now cautiously erects his crest within a hundred yards or more of the unsuspecting savage, still uttering at intervals his sullen croak, croak, croak! Something crumbles, and old Sooty, unfolding his huge wings, lifts himself up like Satan, about to sail away for a while into another glen; but the rifle rings among the rocks—the lead has broken his spine—and look! how the demon, head over heels, goes tumbling down, down, many hundred fathoms, dashed to pieces and impaled on the sharp-pointed granite! Ere night-fall the bloody fragments will be devoured by his mate. Nothing now will disturb the carcass of the deer. No corbies dare enter the cove where the raven reigned; the hawk prefers grouse to venison, and so does the eagle, who, however, like a good Catholic as he is—this is Friday—has gone out to sea for a fish dinner, which he devours to the music of the waves on some isle-rock. Therefore lie there, dethroned king! till thou art decapitated; and ere the moon wanes, that haunch will tower gloriously on our Tent-table at the Feast of Shells.

What is your private opinion, O’Bronte, of the taste of Red-deer blood? Has it not a wild twang on the tongue and palate, far preferable to sheep’s-head? You are absolutely undergoing transfiguration into a deer-hound! With your fore-paws on the flank, your tail brandished like a standard, and your crimson flews (thank you, Shepherd, for that word) licked by a long lambent tongue red as crimson, while your eyes express a fierce delight never felt before, and a stifled growl disturbs the star on your breast—just as you stand now, O’Bronte, might Edwin Landseer rejoice to paint thy picture, for which, immortal image of the wilderness, the Duke of Bedford would not scruple to give a draft on his banker for one thousand pounds!

Shooting grouse after red-deer is, for a while at first, felt to be like writing an anagram in a lady’s album, after having given the finishing touch to a tragedy or an epic poem. ’Tis like taking to catching shrimps in the sand with one’s toes, on one’s return from Davis’ Straits in a whaler that arrived at Peterhead with sixteen fish, each calculated at ten ton of oil.

Yet, ’tis strange how the human soul can descend, pleasantly at every note, from the top to the bottom of passion’s and imagination’s gamut.

A Tarn—a Tarn! with but a small circle of unbroken water in the centre, and all the rest of its shallowness bristling, in every bay, with reeds and rushes, and surrounded, all about the mossy flat, with marshes and quagmires! What a breeding-place—“procreant cradle” for water fowl! Now comes thy turn, O’Bronte—for famous is thy name, almost as thy sire’s, among the flappers. Crawl down to leeward, Hamish, that you may pepper them—should they take to flight overhead to the loch. Sure-foot, taste that greensward, and you will find it sweet and succulent. Dogs, heel—heel!—and now let us steal, on our Crutch, behind that knoll, and open a sudden fire on the swimmers, who seem to think themselves out of shot at the edge of that line of water-lilies; but some of them will soon find themselves mistaken, whirling round on their backs, and vainly endeavouring to dive after their friends that disappear beneath the agitated surface shot-swept into spray. Long Gun! who off to the forefinger of Colonel Hawker has swept the night-harbour of Poole all alive with widgeons, be true to the trust now reposed in thee by Kit North! And though these be neither geese, nor swans, nor hoopoes, yet, send thy leaden shower among them feeding in their play, till all the air be afloat with specks, as if at the shaking of a feather-bed that had burst the ticking, and the tarn covered with sprawling mawsies and mallards, in death-throes among the ducklings! There it lies on its rest—like a telescope. No eye has discovered the invention—keen as those wild eyes are of the plowterers on the shallows. Lightning and thunder! to which all the echoes roar. But we meanwhile are on our back; for of all the recoils that ever shook a shoulder, that one was the severest—but ’twill probably cure our rheumatism and—Well done—nobly, gloriously done, O’Bronte! Heaven and earth, how otter-like he swims! Ha, Hamish! you have cut off the retreat of that airy voyager—you have given it him in his stern, Hamish—and are reloading for the flappers. One at a time in your mouth, O’Bronte! Put about with that tail for a rudder—and make for the shore. What a stately creature! as he comes issuing from the shallows, and, bearing the old mallard breast high, walks all dripping along the greensward, and then shakes from his curled ebony the flashing spray-mist. He gives us one look as we crown the knoll, and then in again with a spang and a plunge far into the tarn, caring no more for the reeds than for so many winlestreaes, and, fast as a sea-serpent, is among the heart of the killed and wounded. In unerring instinct he always seizes the dead—and now a devil’s dozen lie along the shore. Come hither, O’Bronte, and caress thy old master. Ay—that showed a fine feeling—did that long shake that bedrizzled the sunshine. Put thy paws over our shoulders, and round our neck, true son of thy sire—oh! that he were but alive, to see and share thy achievements; but indeed, too such dogs,

living together in their prime at one era, would have been too great glory for this sublimary canine world. Therefore Sirius looked on thy sire with an evil eye, and in jealousy—

"*Tantane animis celestibus ire !*"

growled upon some sinner to poison the Dog of all Dogs, who leapt up almost to the ceiling of the room where he slept—our own bed-room—under the agony of that accursed arsenic, gave one horrid howl, and expired. Methinks we know his murderer—his eye falls when it meets ours on the Street of Princes; and let him scowl there but seldom—for though 'tis but suspicion, this fist, O'Bronte, doubles at the sight of the miscreant—and some day, impelled by wrath and disgust, it will smash his nose flat with the other features, till his face is a pancake. Yea! as sure as Themis holds her balance in the skies, shall the poisoner be punished out of all recognition by his parents, and be disowned by the Irish Cockney father that begot him, and the Scotch Cockney mother that bore him, as he carries home a tripe-like countenance enough to make his paramour the scullion miscarry, as she opens the door to him on the fifth flat of a common stair. But we are getting personal, O'Bronte, a vice abhorrent from our nature.

There goes our Crutch, Hamish, whirling aloft in the sky a rainbow flight, even like the ten-pound hammer from the fling of George Scougal at the St. Ronan's games. Our gout is gone—so is our asthma—eke our rheumatism—and, like an eagle, we have renewed our youth. There is hop, step, and jump, for you, Hamish—we should not fear, young and agile as you are, buck, to give you a yard. But now for the flappers. Pointers all, stir your stumps, and into the water. This is rich. Why, the reeds are as full of flappers as of frogs. If they can fly, the fools don't know it. Why, there is a whole musquito-fleet of yellow boys, not a month old. What a prolific old lady must she have been, to have kept on breeding till July. There she sits, cowering, just on the edge of the reeds, uncertain whether to dive or fly. By the creak and cry of the cradle of thy first-born, Hamish, spare the plumage on her yearning and quaking breast. The little yellow images have all melted away, and are now, in holy cunning of instinct, deep down beneath the waters, shifting for themselves among the very mud at the bottom of the reeds. By and by they will be floating with but the points of their bills above the surface, invisible among the air-bells. The parent duck has also disappeared; the drake you disposed of, Hamish, as the coward was lifting up his lumbering body, with fat doup and long neck in the air, to seek safer skies. We male creatures—drakes, ganders, and men alike—what are we, when affection pleads, in comparison with females! In our passions, we are brave, but these satiated, we turn upon our heel and disappear from danger, like dastards. But doves, and ducks, and women, are fearless in affection, to the very death. Therefore have we all our days, sleeping or waking, loved the sex, virgin and matron, nor would we hurt a hair of their heads, gray or golden, for all else that shines beneath the sun.

Not the best practice, this in the world, certainly, for pointers—and it may teach them bad habits on the hill; but, in some situations, all dogs and all men are alike, and cross them as you will, not a breed but shows a taint of original sin, when under a temptation sufficiently strong to bring it out. Ponto, Piro, and Basta, are now, according to their abilities, all as bad as O'Bronte—and never, to be sure, was there such a worrying in this wicked world. But now we shall cease our fire, and leave the few flappers that are left alive to their own meditations. Our conduct for the last hour must have seemed to them no less unaccountable than alarming; and something to quack over during the rest of the season. Well, we do not remember ever to have seen a prettier pile of ducks and ducklings. Hamish, take census. What do you say—two score? That beats cockfighting. Here's a hank of twine, Hamish, tie them all together by the legs, and hang them, in two divisions of equal weights, over the crupper of Surefoot

FLIGHT THIRD—STILL LIFE.

WE have been sufficiently slaughterous for a man of our fine sensibilities and moderate desires, Hamish; and as, somehow or other, the scent seems to be beginning not to lie well—yet the air cannot be said to be close and sultry either—we shall let Brown Bess cool herself in both barrels—relinquish, for an hour or so, our seat on Shelly, and, by way of a change, pad the hoof up that smooth ascent, strangely left stoneless—an avenue positively looking as if it were artificial, as it stretches away, with its beautiful green undulations, among the blocks; for though no view-hunter, we are, Hamish, what in fine language is called a devout worshipper of Nature, an enthusiast in the sublime; and if Nature do not show us something worth gazing at when we reach yonder altitudes, she must be a gray deceiver, and we shall never again kneel at her footstool, or sing a hymn in her praise.

The truth is, we have a rending headache, for Bess has been for some hours on the kick, and Surefoot on the jog, and our exertions in the pulpit were severe—action, Hamish, action, action, being, as Demosthenes said some two or three thousand years ago, essential to oratory; and you observed how nimbly we kept changing legs, Hamish, how strenuously brandishing arms, throughout our discourse—saving the cunning pauses, thou simpleton, when, by way of relief to our auditors, we were as gentle as sucking-doves, and folded up our wings as if about to go to roost, whereas we were but meditating a bolder flight—about to soar, Hamish, into the empyrean. Over and above all that, we could not brook Ticker's insolence, who, about the sma' hours, challenged us, you know, quech for quech; and though we gave him a fair back-fall, yet we suffered in the tuiizie, and there is at this moment a throbbing in our temples that threatens a regular brain-fever. We burn for an air-bath on the mountain-top. Moreover, we are

seized with a sudden desire for solitude—to be plain, we are getting sulky; so ascend, Sure-foot, Hamish, and be off with the pointers—O'Bronte goes with us—north-west, making a circumambidibus round the *Tomhans*, where Mhairhe McIntyre lived seven years with the fairies; and in a couple of hours or so, you will find us under the Merlin Crag.

We offer to walk any man of our age in Great Britain. But what is our age? Confound us if we know within a score or two. Yet we cannot get rid of the impression that we are under ninety. However, as we seek no advantage, and give no odds, we challenge the octogenarians of the United Kingdom—fair toe and heel—a twelve-hour match—for love, fame, and a legitimate exchequer bill for a thousand. Why these calves of ours would look queer, we confess, on the legs of a Leith porter; but even in our prime they were none of your big vulgar calves, but they handled like iron—now more like butter. There is still a spring in our instep; and our knees, sometimes shaky, are to-day knit as Pan's and neat as Apollo's. Poet we may not be, but Pedestrian we are; with Wordsworth we could not walk along imaginative heights, but, if not grievously out of our reckoning, on the turnpike road we could keep pace with Captain Barclay for a short distance—say from Dundee to Aberdeen.

Oh! Gemini! but we are in high spirits. Yes—delights there indeed are, which none but pedestrians know. Much—all depends on the character of the wanderer; he must have known what it is to commune with his own thoughts and feelings, and be satisfied with them even as with the converse of a chosen friend. Not that he must always, in the solitudes that await him, be in a meditative mood, for ideas and emotions will of themselves arise, and he will only have to enjoy the pleasures which his own being spontaneously affords. It would indeed be a hopeless thing, if we were always to be on the stretch for happiness. Intellect, Imagination, and Feeling, all work of their own free-will, and not at the order of any taskmaster. A rill soon becomes a stream—a stream a river—a river a loch—and a loch a sea. So it is with the current within the spirit. It carries us along, without either oar or sail, increasing in lepth, breadth, and swiftness, yet all the while the easy work of our own wonderful minds. While we seem only to see or hear, we are thinking and feeling far beyond the mere notices given by the senses; and years afterwards we find that we have been laying up treasures, in our most heedless moments, of imagery, and connecting together trains of thought that arise in startling beauty, almost without cause or any traceable origin. The Pedestrian, too, must not only love his own society, but the society of any other human beings, if blameless and not impure, among whom his lot may for a short season be cast. He must rejoice in all the forms and shows of life, however simple they may be, however humble, however low; and be able to find food for his thoughts beside the ingle of the loneliest hut, where the inmates sit with few words, and will rather be spoken to than

speak to the stranger. In such places he will be delighted—perhaps surprised—to find in uncorrupted strength all the primary elements of human character. He will find that his knowledge may be wider than theirs, and better ordered, but that it rests on the same foundation, and comprehends the same matter. There will be no want of sympathies between him and them; and what he knows best, and loves most, will seldom fail to be that also which they listen to with greatest interest, and respecting which there is the closest communion between the minds of stranger and host. He may know the course of the stars according to the revelation of science—they may have studied them only as simple shepherds, “whose hearts were gladdened” walking on the mountain-top. But he / know—as he does—who sowed the stars in heaven, and that their silent courses are all adjusted by the hand of the Most High.

Oh! blessed, thrice blessed years of youth! would we choose to live over again all your forgotten and unforgotten nights and days! Blessed, thrice blessed we call you, although, as we then felt, often darkened almost into insanity by self-sown sorrows springing out of our restless soul. No, we would not again face such troubles, not even for the glorious apparitions that familiarly haunted us in glens and forests, on mountains and on the great sea. But all, or nearly all that did once so grievously disturb, we can lay in the depths of the past, so that scarcely a ghastly voice is heard, a ghastly face beheld; while all that so charmed of yore, or nearly all, although no longer the daily companions of our life, still survive to be recalled at solemn hours, and with a “beauty still more beauteous” to reinvest the earth, which neither sin nor sorrow can rob of its enchantments. We can still travel with the solitary mountain-stream from its source to the sea, and see new visions at every vista of its winding waters. The waterfall flows not with its own monotonous voice of a day or an hour, but like a choral anthem pealing with the hymns of many years. In the heart of the blind mist on the mountain-ranges we can now sit alone, surrounded by a world of images, over which time holds no power but to consecrate or solemnize. Solitude we can deepen by a single volition, and by a single volition let in upon it the stir and noise of the world and life. Why, therefore, should we complain, or why lament the inevitable loss or change that time brings with it to all that breathe? Beneath the shadow of the tree we can yet repose, and tranquillize our spirit by its rustle, or by the “green light” unchequered by one stirring leaf. From sunrise to sunset, we can lie below the old mossy tower, till the darkness that shuts out the day, hides not the visions that glide round the ruined battlements. Cheerful as in a city can we traverse the houseless moor; and although not a ship be on the sea, we can set sail on the wings of imagination, and when wearied, sink down on savage or serene isle, and let drop our anchor below the moon and stars.

And 'tis well we are so spiritual; for the senses are of no use here, and we must draw

for amusement on our internal sources. A day-like night we have often seen about mid-summer, serenest of all among the Hebrides; but a night-like day, such as this, ne'er before fell on us, and we might as well be in the Heart o' Mid-Lothian. 'Tis a dungeon, and a dark one—and we know not for what crime we have been condemned to solitary confinement. Were it mere mist we should not mind; but the gloom is palpable—and makes resistance to the hand. We did not think clouds capable of such condensation—the blackness may be felt like velvet on a hearse. Would that something would rustle—but no—all is breathlessly still, and not a wind dares whistle. If there be any thing visible or audible hereabout, then are we stone-blind and stone-deaf. We have a vision!

See! a great City in a mist! All is not shrouded—at intervals something huge is beheld in the sky—what we know not, tower, temple, spire, dome, or a pile of nameless structures—one after the other fading away, or sinking and settling down into the gloom that grows deeper and deeper like a night. The stream of life seems almost hushed in the blind blank—yet you hear ever and anon, now here, now there, the slow sound of feet moving to their own dull echoes, and lo! the Sun

“Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shewn of his beams.”

like some great ghost. Ay, he *looks!* does he not! straight on *your* face, as if you two were the only beings there—and were held *looking* at each other in some strange communion. Surely you must sometimes have felt that emotion, when the Luminary seemed no longer luminous, but a dull-red brazen orb, sick unto the death—obscure the Shedder of Light and the Giver of Life lifeless!

The Sea has sent a tide-borne wind to the City, and you almost start in wonder to behold all the heavens clear of clouds, (how beautiful was the clearing!) and bending in a mighty blue bow, that brightly overarches all the brightened habitations of men! The spires shoot up into the sky—the domes tranquilly rest there—all the roofs glitter as with diamonds, all the white walls are lustrous, save where, here and there, some loftier range of buildings hangs its steadfast shadow o'er square or street, magnifying the city, by means of separate multitudes of structures, each town-like in itself, and the whole gathered together by the outward eye, and the inward imagination, worthy indeed of the name of Metropolis.

Let us sit down on this bench below the shadow of the Parthenon. The air is now so rarefied, that you can see not indistinctly the figure of a man on Arthur's Seat. The Calton, though a city hill—is as green as the Carter towering over the Border-forest. Not many years ago, no stone edifice was on his unviolated verdure—he was a true rural Mount, where the lassies bleached their claes, in a pure atmosphere, aloof from the city smoke almost as the sides and summit of Arthur's Seat. Flocks of sheep might have grazed here, had there been enclosures, and many milch-cows. But in their absence a pastoral

character was given to the Hill by its green silence, here and there broken by the songs and laughter of those linen-bleaching lassies, and by the arm-in-arm strolling of lovers in the morning light or the evening shade. Here married people use to walk with their children, thinking and feeling themselves to be in the country; and here elderly gentlemen, like ourselves, with gold-headed canes, or simple crutches, mused and meditated on the ongoings of the noisy lower world. Such a Hill, so close to a great City, yet undisturbed by it, and embued at all times with a feeling of sweeter peace, because of the immediate neighbourhood of the din and stir of which its green recess high up in the blue air never partook, seems now, in the mingled dream of imagination and memory, to have been a super-urban Paradise! But a city cannot, ought not to be, controlled in its growth; the natural beauty of this hill has had its day; now it is broken all round with wide walks, along which you might drive chariots a-breast; broad flights of stone-stairs lead up along the once elastic brae-turf; and its bosom is laden with towers and temples, monuments and mausoleums. Along one side, where hanging gardens might have been, magnificent as those of the old Babylon, stretches the macadamized Royal Road to London, flanked by one receptacle for the quiet dead, and by another for the quiet living—a church-yard and a prison dying away in a bridewell. But, making amends for such hideous deformities, with front nobly looking to the cliffs, over a dell of dwellings seen dimly through the smoke-mist, stands, sacred to the Muses, an Edifice that might have pleased the eye of Pericles! Alas, immediately below, one that would have turned the brain of Palladio! Modern Athens indeed! Few are the Grecians among thy architects; those who are not Goths are Picts—and the king himself of the Painted People designed Nelson's Monument.

But who can be querulous on such a day? Weigh all its defects, designed and undesigned, and is not Edinburgh yet a noble city? Arthur's Seat! how like a lion! The magnificent range of Salisbury Crags, on which a battery might be built to blow the whole inhabitation to atoms! Our friend here, the Calton, with his mural crown! Our Castle on his Cliff! Gloriously hung round with national histories along all his battlements! Do they not embosom him in a style of grandeur worthy, if such it be, of a “City of Palaces?” Call all things by their right names, in heaven and on earth. Palaces they are not—nor are they built of marble; but they are stately houses, framed of stone from Craig-Leith quarry, almost as pale as the Parian; and when the sun looks fitfully through the storm, or as now, serenely through the calm, richer than Parian in the tempestuous or the peaceful light. Never beheld we the city wearing such a majestic metropolitan aspect.

“Ay, proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
Queen of the unconquer'd North!”

How near the Frith! Gloriously does it supply the want of a river. It is a river, though

seeming, and sweeping into, the sea; but a river that man may never bridge; and though still now as the sky, we wish you saw it in its magnificent madness, when brought on the roarings of the stormful tide

"Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,"

Coast-cities alone are Queens. All inland are but Tributaries. Earth's empire belongs to the Power that sees its shadow in the sea. Two separate Cities, not twins—but one of ancient and one of modern birth—how harmoniously, in spite of form and features characteristically different, do they coalesce into one Capital! This miracle, methinks, is wrought by the Spirit of Nature on the World of Art. Her great features subdue almost into similarity a Whole constructed of such various elements, for it is all felt to be kindred with those guardian cliffs. Those eternal heights hold the Double City together in an amity that breathes over both the same national look—the impression of the same national soul. In the olden time, the city gathered herself almost under the very wing of the Castle; for in her heroic heart she ever heard, unalarmed but watchful, the alarms of war, and that cliff, under heaven, was on earth the rock of her salvation. But now the foundation of that rock, whence yet the tranquil burgher hears the morning and the evening bugle, is beautified by gardens that love its pensive shadow, for it tames the light to flowers by rude feet untrodden, and yielding garlands for the brows of perpetual peace. Thence elegance and grace arose; and while antiquity breathes over that wilderness of antique structures, picturesquely huddled along the blue line of sky—as Wilkie once finely said, like the spine of some enormous animal; yet all along this side of that unriveted and mound-divided dell, now shines a new world of radiant dwellings, declaring by their regular but not monotonous magnificence, that the same people, whose "perfidious genius" preserved them by war unhumbled among the nations in days of darkness, have now drawn a strength as invincible, from the beautiful arts which have been cultivated by peace in the days of light.

And is the spirit of the inhabitation there worthy of the place inhabited? We are a Scotsman. And the great English Meralist has asked, where may a Scotsman be found who loves not the honour or the glory of his country better than truth? We are that Scotsman—though for our country would we die. Yet dearer too than life is to us the honour—'t not the glory of our country; and had we a thousand lives, proudly would we lay them all down in the dust rather than give—or see given—one single stain

"Unto the silver cross, to Scotland dear,"

on which as yet no stain appears save those glorious weather-stains, that have fallen on its folds from the clouds of war and the storms of battle. Sufficient praise to the spirit of our land, that she knows how to love, admire, and rival—not in vain—the spirit of high-hearted and heroic England. Long as we and that other noble Isle

"Set as an emerald in the cooling sea,
in triple union breathe as one,

"Then come against us the whole world in arms,
And we will meet them!"

What is a people without pride? But let them know that its root rests on noble pillars; and in the whole range of strength and stateliness, what pillars are there stronger and statelier than those glorious two—Genius and Liberty! Here valour has fought—here philosophy has meditated—here poetry has sung. Are not our living yet as brave as our dead? All wisdom has not perished with the sages to whom we have built or are building monumental tombs. The muses yet love to breathe the pure mountain-air of Caledon. And have we not amongst us one myriad-minded man, whose name, without offence to that high-priest of nature, or his devoutest worshippers, may flow from our lips even when they utter that of SHAKESPEARE!

The Queen of the North has evaporated—and we again have a glimpse of the Highlands. But where's the Sun? We know not in what air to look for him, for who knows but it may now be afternoon? It is almost dark enough for evening—and if it be not far on in the day, then we shall have thunder. What saith our repeater! One o'clock. Usually the brightest hour of all the twelve—but any thing but bright at this moment. Can there be an eclipse going on—an earthquake at his toilette—or merely a brewing of storm? Let us consult our almanac. No eclipse set down for to-day—the old earthquake dwells in the neighbourhood of Comrie, and has never been known to journey thus far north—besides he has for some years been bed-ridden; argal, there is about to be a storm. What a fool of a land-tortoise were we to crawl up to the top of a mountain, when we might have taken our choice of half-a-dozen glens with cottages in them every other mile, and a village at the end of each with a comfortable Change-house! And up which of its sides, pray, was it that we crawled? Not this one—for it is as steep as a church—and we never in our life peeped over the brink of an uglier abyss. Ay, Mister Merlin, 'tis wise of you to be flying home into your crevice—put your head below your wing, and do cease that cry.—Croak! croak! croak! Where is the sooty sinner? We hear he is on the wing—but he either sees or smells us, probably both, and the horrid gurgle in his throat is choked by some cloud. Surely that was the sugling of wings! A Bird! alighting within fifty yards of us—and, from his mode of folding his wings—an Eagle! This is too much—within fifty yards of an Eagle on his own mountain-top. Is he blind? Age darkens even an Eagle's eyes—but he is not old, for his plumage is perfect—and we see the glare of his far-keepers as he turns his head over his shoulder and regards his eyry on the cliff. We would not shoot him for a thousand a-year for life. Not old—how do we know that? Because he is a creature who is young at a hundred—so says Audubon—Swainson—our brother James—and all shepherds. Little suspects he who is lying so near him with his

Crutch. Our snuffy suit is of a colour with the storm-stained granite—and if he walk this way he will get a buffet. And he is walking this way—his head up, and his tail down—not hopping like a filthy raven—but one foot before the other—like a man—like a King. We do not altogether like it—it is rather alarming—he may not be an Eagle after all—but something worse—“Hurra! ye Sky-scraper! Christopher is upon you! take that, and that, and that”—all one tumbling scream, there he goes, Crutch and all, over the edge of the cliff. Dashed to death—but impossible for us to get the body. Whew! dashed to death indeed! There he wheels, all on fire, round the thunder-gloom. Is it electric matter in the atmosphere—or fear and wrath that illumine his wings?

We wish we were safe down. There is no wind here yet—none to speak of; but there is wind enough, to all appearance, in the region towards the west. The main body of the clouds is falling back on the reserve—and observing that movement the right wing deploys—as for the left it is broken, and its retreat will soon be a flight. Fear is contagious—the whole army has fallen into irremediable disorder—has abandoned its commanding position—and in an hour will be self-driven into the sea. We call that a Panic.

Glory be to the corps that covers the retreat. We see now the cause of that retrograde movement. In the north-west “far off its coming shone,” and “in numbers without number numberless,” lo! the adverse Host! Thrown out in front the beautiful rifle brigade comes fleetly on, extending in open order along the vast plain between the aerial Pine-mountains to yon Fire-cliffs. The enemy marches in masses—the space between the divisions now widening and now narrowing—and as sure as we are alive we hear the sound of trumpets. The routed army has rallied and re-appears—and, hark, on the extreme left a cannonade. Never before had the Unholy Alliance a finer park of artillery—and now its fire opens from the great battery in the centre, and the hurly-burly is general far and wide over the whole field of battle.

But these lead drops dancing on our bonnet tell us to take up our crutch and be off—for there it is sticking—and by and by the waters will be in flood, and we may have to pass a night on the mountain. Down we go.

We do not call this the same side of the mountain we crawled up? There, all was purple except what was green—and we were happy to be a heather-legged body, occasionally skipping like a grasshopper on turf. Here, all rocks save stones. Get out of the way, ye ptarmigans. We hate shingle from the bottom of our——oh dear! oh dear! but *this* is painful—sliddering on shingle away down what is any thing but an inclined plane—feet foremost—accompanied with rattling debris—at railroad speed—every twenty yards or so dislodging a stone as big as one’s-self, who instantly joins the procession, and there they go hopping and jumping along with us, some before, some at each side, and, we shudder to think of it, some behind—well somersettled over our head, thou Grey Wackè—but mercy

on us, and forgive us our sins, for if this lasts, in another minute we are all at the bottom of that pond of pitch. Take care of yourself, O’Bronte!

Here we are—sitting! How we were brought to assume this rather uneasy posture we do not pretend to say. We confine ourselves to the fact. Sitting beside a Tarn. Our escape appears to have been little less than miraculous, and must have been mainly owing, under Providence, to the Crutch. Who’s laughing? ’Tis you, you old Witch, in hood and cloak, crouching on the cliff, as if you were warming your hands at the fire. Hold your tongue—and you may sit there to all eternity if you choose—you cloud-ridden hag! No—there will be a blow-up some-day—as there evidently has been here before now; but no more Geology—from the tarn, who is a ’tarnation deep ’un, runs a rill, and he offers to be our guide down to the Low Country.

Why, this does not look like the same day. No gloom here—but a green serenity—not so poetical perhaps, but, in a human light, far preferable to a “brown horror.” No sulphureous smell—“the air is balm.” No sultriness—how cool the circulating medium! In our youth, when we had wings on our feet—and were a feathered Mercury—Cherub we never were nor Cauliflower—by flying, in our weather-wisdom, from glen to glen, we have made one day a whole week—with, at the end, a Sabbath. For all over the really mountainous region of the Highlands, every glen has its own indescribable kind of day—all vaguely comprehended under the One Day that may happen to be uppermost; and Lowland meteorologists, meeting in the evening after a long absence—having, perhaps, parted that morning—on comparing notes lose their temper, and have been even known to proceed to extremities in defence of facts well-established of a most contradictory and irreconcilable nature.

Here is an angler fishing with the fly. In the glen beyond that range he would have used the minnow—and in the huge hollow behind our friends to the South-east, he might just as well try the bare hook—though it is not universally true that trouts don’t rise when there is thunder. Let us see how he throws. What a cable! Flies! Tufts of heather. Hallo, you there; friend, what sport? What sport, we say? No answer; are you deaf? Dumb? He flourishes his flail and is mute. Let us try what a whack on the back may elicit. Down he flings it, and staring on us with a pair of most extraordinary eyes, and a beard like a goat, is off like a shot. Alas we have frightened the wretch out of his few poor wits, and he may kill himself among the rocks. He is indeed an idiot—an innocent. We remember seeing him near this very spot forty years ago—and he was not young then—they often live to extreme old age. No wonder he was terrified—for we are duly sensible of the *outré tout ensemble* we must have suddenly exhibited in the glimmer that visits those weak and red eyes—he is an albino. That whack was rash, to say the least of it—our Crutch was too much for him; but we hear him whining—and moaning—and, good God! there he is on his

knees with hands claspt in supplication—"Dinna kill me—dinna kill me—'am silly—'am silly—and folk say 'am auld—auld—auld." The harmless creature is convinced we are not going to kill him—takes from our hand what he calls his fishing rod and tackle—and laughs like an owl. "One meat—only meat—only meat?" "Yes, innocent, there is some meat in this wallet, and you and we shall have our dinner." "Ho! ho! ho! ho! a smelled, a smelled! a can say the Lord's Prayer." "What's your name, my man?" "Daft Dooggy the Haveril." "Sit down, Dugald." A sad mystery all this—a drop of water on the brain will do it—so wise physicians say, and we believe it. For all that, the brain is not the soul. He takes the food with a kind of howl—and carries it away to some distance, muttering "a aye eats by myself!" He is saying grace! And now he is eating like an animal. 'Tis a saying of old, "Their lives are hidden with God!"

This lovely little glen is almost altogether new to us: yet so congenial its quiet to the longings of our heart, that all at once it is familiar to us as if we had sojourned here for days—as if that cottage were our dwelling-place—and we had retired hither to await the close. Were we never here before—in the olden and golden time? Those dips in the summits of the mountain seem to recall from oblivion memories of a morning all the same as this, enjoyed by us with a different joy, almost as if then we were a different being, joy then the very element in which we drew our breath, satisfied now to live in the atmosphere of sadness often thickened with grief. 'Tis thus that there grows a confusion among the past times in the dormitory—call it not the burial-place—over-shadowed by sweet or solemn imagery—in the inland regions; nor can we question the recollections as they rise—being ghosts, they are silent—their coming and their going alike a mystery—but sometimes—as now—they are happy hauntings—and age is almost gladdened into illusion of returning youth.

'Tis a lovely little glen as in all the Highlands—yet we know not that a painter would see in it the subject of a picture—for the sprinklings of young trees have been sown capriciously by nature, and there seems no reason why on that hillside, and not on any other, should survive the remains of an old wood. Among the multitude of knolls a few are eminent with rocks and shrubs, but there is no central assemblage, and the green wilderness wantons in such disorder that you might believe the pools there to be, not belonging as they are to the same running water, but each itself a small separate lakelet fed by its own spring. True, that above its homehills there are mountains—and these are cliffs on which the eagle might not disdain to build—but the range wheels away in its grandeur to face a loftier region, of which we see here but the summits swimming in the distant clouds.

God bless that hut! and have its inmates in his holy keeping! But what Fairy is this coming unawares on us sitting by the side of the most lucid of little wells? Set down thy pitcher, my child, and let us have a look at

thy happiness—for though thou mayst wonder at our words, and think us a strange old man, coming and going, once and for ever, to thee and thine a shadow and no more, yet lean thy head towards us that we may lay our hands on it and bless it—and promise, as thou art growing up here, sometimes to think of the voice that spake to thee by the Birk-tree well. Love, fear, and serve God, as the Bible teaches—and whatever happens thee, quake not, but put thy trust in Heaven.

Do not be afraid of him, sweet one! O'Bronte would submit to be flayed alive rather than bite a child—see, he offers you a paw—take it without trembling—nay, he will let thee ride on his back, my pretty dear—won't thou, O'Bronte? and scamper with thee up and down the knolls like her coal-black charger rejoicing to bear the Fairy Queen. Thou tellest us thy father and mother, sisters and brothers, all are dead; yet with a voice cheerful as well as plaintive. Smile—laugh—sing—as thou wert doing a minute ago—as thou hast done for many a morning—and shall do for many a morning more on thy way to the well—in the woods—on the braes—in the house—often all by thyself when the old people are out of doors not far off—or when sometimes they have for a whole day been from home out of the glen. Forget not our words—and no evil can befall thee that may not, weak as thou art, be borne—and nothing wicked that is allowed to walk the earth will ever be able to hurt a hair on thy head.

My stars! what a lovely little animal! A tame fawn, by all that is wild—kneeling down—to drink—no—no—at his lady's feet. The colley caught it—thou sayest—on the edge of the Auld wood—and by the time its wounds were cured, it seemed to have forgot its mother, and soon learnt to follow thee about to far-off places quite out of sight of this—and to play gamesome tricks like a creature born among human dwellings. What! it dances like a kid—does it—and sometimes you put a garland of wild flowers round its neck—and pursue it like a huntress, as it pretends to be making its escape into the forest?

Look, child, here is a pretty green purse for you, that opens and shuts with a spring—so—and in it there is a gold coin, called a sovereign, and a crooked sixpence. Don't blush—that was a graceful curtsy. Keep the crooked sixpence for good-luck, and you never will want. With the yellow fellow buy a Sunday gown and a pair of Sunday shoes, and what else you like; and now—you two, lead the way—try a race to the door—and old Christopher North will carry the pitcher—balancing it on his head—thus—ha! O'Bronte galloping along as umpire. The Fawn has it, and by a neck has beat Camilla.

We shall lunch ere we go—and lunch well too—for this is a poor man's, not a pauper's hut, and Heaven still grants his prayer—"give us this day our daily bread." Sweeter—richer bannocks of barley-meal never met the mouth of mortal man—nor more delicious butter. "We salt it, sir, for a friend in Glasgow—but now and then we tak' a bite of the fresh—do oblige us a', sir, by eatin', and you'll maybe

find the mutton-ham no that bad, though I've kent it fatter—and, as you ha'e a long walk afore you, excuse me, sir, for being sae bauld as to suggest a glass o'speerit in your milk. The gudeman is temperate, and he's been sae a' his life—but we keep it for a cordial—and that bottle—to be sure it's a gay big ane—and would thole replenishing—has lasted us syne Whitsuntide."

So presseth us to take care of number one the gudewife, while the gudeman, busy as ourselves, eyes her with a well-pleased face, but saith nothing, and the bonnie we bit lassie sits on her stool at the wunnock wi' her coggie ready to do any service at a look, and supping little or nothing, out of bashfulness in presence of Christopher North, who she believes is a good, and thinks may, perhaps, be some great man. Our third bannock has had the gooseberry jam laid on it thick by "the gudewife's ain haun',"—and we suspect at that last wide bite we have smeared the corners of our mouth—but it will only be making matters worse to attempt licking it off with our tongue. Pussie! thou hast a cunning look—purring on our knees—and though those glass een o' thine are blinking at the cream on the saucer—with which thou jaloucest we intend to let thee wet thy whiskers,—we fear thou mak'st no bones of the poor birdies in the brake, and that many an unlucky leveret has lost its wits at the spring of such a tiger.—Cats are queer creatures, and have an instinctive liking to Warlocks.

And these two old people have survived all their children—sons and daughters! They have told us the story of their life—and as calmly as if they had been telling of the trials of some other pair. Perhaps, in our sympathy, though we say but little, they feel a strength that is not always theirs—perhaps it is a relief from silent sorrow to speak to one who is a stranger to them, and yet, as they may think, a brother in affliction—but prayer like thanksgiving assures us that there is in this hut a Christian composure, far beyond the need of our pity, and sent from a region above the stars.

There cannot be a cleaner cottage. Tidiness, it is pleasant to know, has for a good many years past been establishing itself in Scotland among the minor domestic virtues.

Once established it will never decay; for it must be felt to brighten, more than could be imagined by our fathers, the whole aspect of life. No need for any other household fairy to sweep this floor. An orderly creature we have seen she is, from all her movements out and in doors—though the guest of but an hour. They have told us that they had known what are called better days—and were once in a thriving way of business in a town. But they were born and bred in the country; and their manners, not rustic but rural, breathe of its serene and simple spirit—at once Lowland and Highland—to us a pleasant union, not without a certain charm of grace.

What loose leaves are those lying on the Bible? A few odd numbers of the *SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD*. We shall take care, our friends, that all the Numbers, bound in three

large volumes, shall, ere many weeks elapse, be lying for you at the Manse. Let us recite to you, our worthy friends, a small sacred Poem, which we have by heart. Christian, keep your eye on the page, and if we go wrong, do not fear to set us right. Can you say many psalms and hymns? But we need not ask—for

"Piety is sweet to infant minds;"

what they love they remember—for how easy—how happy—to get dear things by heart! Happiest of all—the things held holy on earth as in heaven—because appertaining here to Eternal Life.

TO THE SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD. BY THE REV. DUNCAN GRANT, A. M., MINISTER OF FORRES.

"Beauteous on our heath-clad mountains,
May our HERALD's feet appear;
Sweet, by silver lakes and fountains,
May his voice be to our ear.
Let the tenants of our rocks,
Shepherds watching o'er their flocks,
Village swain and peasant boy,
Thee salute with songs of joy!

"CHRISTIAN HERALD! spread the story
Of Redemption's wondrous plan;
'Tis Jehovah's brightest glory,
'Tis his highest gift to man;
Angels on their harps of gold,
Love its glories to unfold;
Heralds who its influence wield,
Make the waste a fruitful field.

"To the fount of mercy soaring,
On the wings of faith and love;
And the depths of grace exploring,
By the light shed from above;
Show us whence life's waters flow,
And where trees of blessing grow,
Bearing fruit of heavenly bloom,
Breathing Eden's rich perfume.

"Love to God and man expressing,
In thy course of mercy speed;
Lead to springs of joy and blessing,
And with heavenly manna feed
Scotland's children high and low,
Till the Lord they truly know:
As to us our fathers told,
He was known by them of old.

"To the young, in season vernal,
Jesus in his grace disclose;
As the tree of life eternal,
'Neath whose shade they may repose,
Shielded from the noontide ray,
And from ev'ning's tribes of prey;
And refresh'd with fruits of love,
And with music from above

"CHRISTIAN HERALD! may the blessing
Of the Highest thee attend,
That, this chiefest boon possessing,
Thou may'st prove thy country's friend:
Tend to make our land assume
Something of its former bloom,
When the dews of heaven were seen
Sparkling on its pastures green;

"When the voice of warm devotion
To the throne of God arose—
Mighty as the sound of ocean,
Calm as nature in repose;—
Sweeter, than when Araby
Perfume breathes from flow'r and tree,
Rising 'bove the shining sphere,
To Jehovah's list'ning ear."

It is time we were going—but we wish to hear how thy voice sounds, Christian, when it reads. So read these same verses, first "into yourself," and then to us. They speak of mercies above your comprehension, and ours, and all men's; for they speak of the infinite goodness and mercy of God—but though thou hast committed in thy short life no sins, or but small, towards thy fellow-creatures—how

could'st thou? yet thou knowest we are all sinful in His eyes, and thou knowest on whose merits is the reliance of our hopes of Heaven. Thank you, Christian. Three minutes from two by your house-clock—she gives a clear warning—and three minutes from two by our watch—rather curious this coincidence to such a nicety—we must take up our Crutch and go. Thank thee, bonnie wee Christian—in wi' the bannocks intil our pouch—but we fear you must take us for a sad glutton.

“Zicketty, dicketty, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
Down the mouse ran,
Zicketty, dicketty, dock.”

Come closer, Christian—and let us put it to thine ear. What a pretty face of wonder at the chime! Good people, you have work to do in the hay-field—let us part—God bless you—Good-by—farewell!

Half an hour since we parted—we cannot help being a little sad—and fear we were not so kind to the old people—not so considerate as we ought to have been—and perhaps though pleased with us just now, they may say to one another before evening that we were too merry for our years. Nonsense. We were all merry together—daft Uncle among the lave—for the creature came stealing in and sat down on his own stool in the corner; and what's the use of wearing a long face at all times like a Methodist minister? A Methodist minister! Why, John Wesley was facetie, and Whitfield humorous, and Rowland Hill witty—though he, we believe, was not a Methody; yet were their hearts fountains of tears—and ours is not a rock—if it be, 'tis the rock of Horeb.

Ha, Hamish! Here we are beneath the Merlin Crag. What sport? Why, five brace is not so much amiss—and they are thumpers. Fifteen brace in all. Ducks and flappers? Seven leash. We are getting on.

“But what are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you ought
That man may question. You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so!”

Shakspeare is not familiar, we find, among the natives of Loch-Etive side—else these figures would reply,

“All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!”
But not satisfied with laying their choppy fingers on their skinny lips, they now put them to their plooky noses, having first each dipped fore and thumb in his mull, and gibber Gaelic, to us unintelligible as the quacking of ducks, when a Christian auditor has been prevented from catching its meaning by the gobbling of turkeys.

Witches at the least, and about to prophesy to us some pleasant events, that are to terminate disastrously in after years. Is there no nook of earth perfectly solitary—but most natural or supernatural footsteps haunt the remotest and most central places? But now we shall have our fortunes told in choice Earse, for sure these

are the Children of the Mist, and perhaps they will favour us with a running commentary on Ossian. Stout, grim, heather-legged bodies they are, one and all, and luckily we are provided with snuff and tobacco sufficient for the whole crew. Were they even ghosts they will not refuse a sneeshin', and a Highland spirit will look picturesque puffing a cigar!—Hark! we know them and their vocation. These are the Genii of the Mountain-dew; and their hidden enginery, depend on't, is not far off, but buried in the bowels of some brae. See!—a faint mist dissipating itself over the heather! There—at work, shaming the idle waste, and in use and wont to break even the Sabbath-day, is a STILL!

Do we look like Excisemen? The Crutch has indeed a suspicious family resemblance to a gauging-rod; and literary characters, like us, may well be mistaken for the Supervisor himself. But the smuggler's eye knows his enemy at a glance, as the fox knows a hound; and the whispering group discern at once that we are of a nobler breed. That one fear dispelled, Highland hospitality bids us welcome, even into the mouth of the malt-kiln, and, with a smack on our loof, the Chief volunteers to initiate us into the grand mysteries of the Worm.

The turf-door is flung outward on its lithe hinges, and already what a gracious smell! In we go, ushered by unbonneted Celts, gentlemen in manner wherever the kilt is worn! for the tartan is the symbol of courtesy, and Mac a good password all the world over between man and man. Lowland eyes are apt to water in the peat-reek, but ere long we shall have another “drappie in our e'e,” and drink to the Clans in the “unchristened cretur.” What a sad neglect in our education, among all the acquired lingoës extant, to have overlooked the Gaelic! Yet nobody who has ever heard P. R. preach an Earse Sermon, need despair of discoursing in that tongue after an hour's practice; so let us forget, if possible every word of English, and the language now needed will rise up in its place.

And these figures in men's coats and women's petticoats are females? We are willing to believe it in spite of their beards. One of them absolutely suckling a child! Thank you, my dear sir, but we cannot swallow the contents of that quech. Yet, let us try.—A little too warm, and rather harsh; but meat and drink to a man of age. That seems to be goat-milk cheese, and the scones are barley; and they and the speerit will wash one another down in an amicable plea, nor quarrel at close quarters. Honey too—heather-honey of this blessed year's produce. Hecate's forefinger mixes it in a quech with mountain-dew—and that is Athole-brose?

There cannot be the least doubt in the world that the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages is one of the best ever invented. It will enable any pupil of common-run powers of attention to read any part of the New Testament in Greek in some twenty lessons of an hour each. But what is that to the principle of the worm? Half a blessed hour has not elapsed since we entered into the door of this hill-house, and we offer twenty to one that we read Ossian, and

aperturam libri, in the original Gaelic. We feel as if we could translate the works of Jeremy Bentham into that tongue—ay, even Francis Maximus Macnab's Theory of the Universe. We guaranty ourselves to do both, this identical night before we go to sleep, and if the printers are busy during the intermediate hours, to correct the press in the morning. Why, there are not above five thousand roots—but we are getting a little gizzy—into a state of civilization in the wilderness—and, gentlemen, let us drink—in solemn silence—the "Memory of Fingal."

O St. Cecilia! we did not lay our account with a bagpipe! What is the competition of pipers in the Edinburgh Theatre, small as it is, to this damnable drone in an earth-cell, eight feet by six! Yet while the drums of our ears are continuing to split like old parchment title-deeds to lands nowhere existing, and all our animal economy, from finger to toe, is one agonizing dirl, *Aolus* himself sits as proud as Lucifer in Pandemonium; and as the old soldiers keep tending the Worm in the reek as if all were silence, the male-looking females, and especially the he-she with the imp at her breast, nod, and smirk, and smile, and snap their fingers, in a challenge to a straspey—and, by all that is horrible, a red hairy arm is round our neck, and we are half-choked with the fumes of whisky-kisses. An hour ago, we were dreaming of Malvina! and here she is with a vengeance, while we in the character of Oscar are embraced till almost all the Lowland breath in our body expires.

And this is STILL-LIFE?

Extraordinary it is, that, go where we will, we are in a wonderfully short time discovered to be Christopher North. A few years ago, the instant we found our feet in a mine in Cornwall, after a descent of about one-third the bored earth's diameter, we were saluted by name by a grim Monops who had not seen the upper regions for years, preferring the interior of the planet; and forthwith, "Christopher North, Christopher North," reverberated along the galleries, while the gnomes came flocking in all directions, with safety-lamps, to catch a glimpse of the famous Editor. On another occasion, we remember when coasting the south of Ireland in our schooner, falling in with a boat like a cockle-shell, well out of the Bay of Bantry, and of the three half-naked Paddies that were ensnaring the finny race, two smoked us at the helm, and bawled out, "Kitty go bragh!" Were we to go up in a balloon, and by any accident descend in the interior of Africa, we have not the slightest doubt that Sultan Belloo would know us in a jiffy, having heard our person so frequently described by Major Denham and Captain Clapperton. So we are known, it seems, in the Still—by the men of the Worm! Yes—the principal proprietor in the concern is a school-master over about Loch-Earn-Head—a man of no mean literary abilities, and an occasional contributor to the Magazine. He visits The Shop in breeches—but now mounts the kilt—and astonishes us by the versatility of his talents. In one of the most active working bees we recognise a caddy, formerly in Auld Reeky

ycleped "The Despatch," now retired to the Braes of Balquhider, and breathing strongly the spirit of his youth. With that heather-houghed gentleman, fiery-tressed as the God of Day, we were, for the quarter of a century that we held a large grazing farm, in the annual practice of drinking a gill at the Falkirk Tryst; and—wonderful, indeed, to think how old friends meet, we were present at the amputation of the right leg of that timber-toed hero with the bushy whiskers—in the Hospital of Rosetta—having accompanied Sir David Baird's splendid Indian army to Egypt.

Shying, for the present, the question in Political Economy, and viewing the subject in a moral, social, and poetical light, what, pray, is the true influence of THE STILL? It makes people idle. Idle! What species of idleness is that which consists in being up night and day—traversing moors and mountains in all weathers—constantly contriving the most skillful expedients for misleading the Excise, and which, on some disastrous day, when dragoons suddenly shake the desert—when all is lost except honour—hundreds of gallons of wash (alas! alas! a-day!) wickedly wasted among the heather roots, and the whole beautiful Apparatus lying battered and spiritless in the sun beneath the accursed blows of the Pagans—returns, after a few weeks set apart to natural grief and indignation, with unabated energy, to the selfsame work, even within view of the former ruins, and pouring out a libation of the first amalgamated hotness that deserves the name of speerit, devotes the whole Board of Excise to the Infernal Gods!

The argument of idleness has not a leg to stand on, and falls at once to the ground. But the Still makes men dishonest. We grant that there is a certain degree of dishonesty in cheating the Excise; and we shall allow yourself to fix it, who give as fine a caulker from the sma' still, as any moral writer on Honesty with whom we have the pleasure occasionally to take a family dinner. But the poor fellows either grow or purchase their own malt. They do not steal it; and many is the silent benediction that we have breathed over a bit patch of barley, far up on its stoney soil among the hills, bethinking that it would yield up its precious spirit unexcised! Neither do they charge for it any very extravagant price—for what is twelve, fourteen, twenty shillings a gallon for such drink divine as is now steaming before us in that celestial caldron!

Having thus got rid of the charge of idleness and dishonesty, nothing more needs to be said on the Moral Influence of the Still; and we come now, in the second place, to consider it in a Social Light. The biggest bigot will not dare to deny, that without whisky the Highlands of Scotland would be uninhabitable. And if all the population were gone, or extinct, where then would be your social life! Smugglers are seldom drunkards; neither are they men of boisterous manners or savage dispositions. In general, they are grave, sedate, peaceable characters, not unlike elders of the kirk. Even Excisemen admit them, except on rare occasions, when human patience is exhausted, to be merciful. Four pleasanter men

do not now exist in the bosom of the earth, than the friends with whom we are now on the hobnob. Stolen waters are sweet—a profound and beautiful reflection—and no doubt originally made by some peripatetic philosopher at a Still. The very soul of the strong drink evaporates with the touch of the gauger's wand. An evil day would it indeed be for Scotland, that should witness the extinguishment of all her free and unlicensed mountain stills! The charm of Highland hospitality would be wan and withered, and the *doch an dorras*, instead of a blessing, would sound like a ban.

We have said that smugglers are never drunkards, not forgetting that general rules are proved by exceptions; nay, we go farther, and declare that the Highlanders are the soberest people in Europe. Whisky is to them a cordial, a medicine, a life-preserver. Chief of the umbrella and wrappascal! were you ever in the Highlands? We shall produce a single day from any of the fifty-two weeks of the year that will outargue you on the present subject, in half-an-hour. What sound is that? The rushing of rain from heaven, and the sudden outcry of a thousand waterfalls. Look through a chink in the bothy, and far as you can see for the mists, the heath-covered desert is steaming like the smoke of a smouldering fire. Winds biting as winter come sweeping on their invisible chariots armed with scythes, down every glen, and scatter far and wide over the mountains the spray of the raging lochs. Now you have a taste of the summer cold, more dangerous far than that of Yule, for it often strikes "aitches" into the unprepared bones, and congeals the blood of the shelterless shepherd on the hill. But one glorious gurgle of the speerit down the throat of a storm-stayed man! and bold as a rainbow he faces the reappearing sun, and feels assured (though there he may be mistaken) of dying at a good old age.

Then think, oh think, how miserably poor are most of those men who have fought our battles, and so often reddened their bayonets in defence of our liberties and our laws! Would you grudge them a little whisky? And, depend upon it, a little is the most, taking one day of the year with another, that they imbibe. You figure to yourself two hundred thousand Highlanders, taking snuff, and chewing tobacco, and drinking whisky, all year long. Why, one pound of snuff, two of tobacco, and two gallons of whisky, would be beyond the mark of the yearly allowance of every grown-up man! Thousands never taste such luxuries at all—meal and water, potatoes and salt, their only food. The animal food, sir, and the fermented liquors of various kinds, Foreign and British, which to our certain knowledge you have swallowed within the last twelve months, would have sufficed for fifty families in our abstemious region of mist and snow. We have known you drink a bottle of champagne, a bottle of port, and two bottles of claret, frequently at a sitting, equal, in prime cost, to three gallons of the best Glenlivet! And You (who, by the way, are an English clergyman, a circumstance we had entirely forgotten, and have published a Discourse against Drunkenness, dedicated to a Bishop) pour forth the

Lamentations of Jeremiah over the sinful multitude of Small Stills! Hypocrisy! hypocrisy! where shalt thou hide thy many-coloured sides!

Whisky is found by experience to be, on the whole, a blessing in so misty and mountainous a country. It destroys disease and banishes death; without some such stimulant the people would die of cold. You will see a fine old Gael, of ninety or a hundred, turn up his little finger to a caulker with an air of patriarchal solemnity altogether scriptural; his great-grandchildren eyeing him with the most respectful affection, and the youngest of them toddling across the floor, to take the quech from his huge, withered, and hairy hand, which he lays on the amiable Joseph's sleek craniology, with a blessing heartier through the Glenlivet, and with all the earnestness of religion. There is no disgrace in getting drunk—in the Highlands—not even if you are of the above standing—for where the people are so poor, such a state is but of rare occurrence; while it is felt all over the land of sleet and snow, that a "drap o' the creatur" is a very necessary of life, and that but for its "dew" the mountains would be uninhabitable. At fairs, and funerals, and marriages, and suchlike merry meetings, sobriety is sent to look after the sheep; but, except on charitable occasions of that kind, sobriety stays at home among the peat-reek, and is contented with crowdy. Who that ever stooped his head beneath a Highland hut would grudge a few gallons of Glenlivet to its poor but unrepining inmates? The seldomer they get drunk the better—and it is but seldom they do so; but let the rich man—the monied moralist, who bewails and begrudges the Gael a modicum of the liquor of life, remember the doom of a certain Dives, who, in a certain place that shall now be nameless, cried, but cried in vain for a drop of water. Lord bless the Highlanders, say we, for the most harmless, hospitable, peaceable, brave people that ever despised breeches, blue pibrochs, took invincible standards, and believed in the authenticity of Ossian's poems. In that pure and lofty region ignorance is not, as elsewhere, the mother of vice—penury cannot repress the noble rage of the mountaineer as "he sings aloud old songs that are the music of the heart;" while superstition herself has an elevating influence, and will be suffered, even by religion, to show her shadowy shape and mutter her wild voice through the gloom that lies on the heads of the remote glens, and among the thousand caves of echo in her iron-bound coasts dashed on for ever—night and day—summer and winter—by those sleepless seas, who have no sooner laid their heads on the pillow than up they start with a howl that cleaves the Orcades, and away off in search of shipwrecks round the corner of Cape Wrath.

In the third place, what shall we say of the poetical influence of Stills? What more poetical life can there be than that of the men with whom we are now quaffing the barley-bree? They live with the moon and stars. All the night winds are their familiars. If there be such things as ghosts, and fairies, and apparitions—and that there are, no man who has travelled much by himself after sunset will

deny, except from the mere love of contradiction—they see them; or when invisible, which they generally are, hear them—here—there—everywhere—in sky, forest, cave, or hollow-sounding world immediately beneath their feet. Many poets walk these wilds; nor do their songs perish. They publish not with Blackwood or with Murray—but for centuries on centuries, such songs are the preservers, often the sources, of the oral traditions that go glimmering and gathering down the stream of years. Native are they to the mountains as the blooming heather, nor shall they ever cease to invest them with the light of poetry—in defiance of large farms, Methodist preachers, and the Caledonian Canal.

People are proud of talking of solitude. It redounds, they opine, to the honour of their great-mindedness to be thought capable of living, for an hour or two, by themselves, at a considerable distance from knots or skeins of their fellow-creatures. Byron, again, thought he showed his superiority, by swearing as solemnly as a man can do in the Spenserian stanza, that

"To sit alone, and muse o'er flood and fell,"

has nothing whatever to do with solitude—and that, if you wish to know and feel what solitude really is, you must go to Almack's.

"This—this is solitude—this is to be alone!"

His Lordship's opinions were often peculiar—but the passage has been much admired; therefore we are willing to believe that the Great Desert is, in point of loneliness, unable to stand a philosophical, much less a poetical comparison, with a well-frequented fancy-ball. But is the statement not borne out by facts? Zoology is on its side—more especially two of its most interesting branches, Entomology and Ornithology.

Go to a desert and clap your back against a cliff. Do you think yourself alone? What a ninny! Your great clumsy splay feet are bruising to death a batch of beetles. See that spider whom you have widowed, running up and down your elegant leg, in distraction and despair, bewailing the loss of a husband who, however savage to the ephemerals, had always smiled sweetly upon her. Meanwhile, your shoulders have crushed a colony of small red ants settled in a moss city beautifully roofed with lichens—and that accounts for the sharp tickling behind your ear, which you keep scratching, no Solomon, in ignorance of the cause of that effect. Should you sit down—we must beg to draw a veil over your hurries, which at the moment extinguish a fearful amount of animal life—creation may be said to groan under them; and, insect as you are yourself, you are defrauding millions of insects of their little day. All the while you are supposing yourself alone! Now are you not, as we hinted, a prodigious ninny? But the whole wilderness—as you choose to call it—is crawling with various life. London, with its million and a half of inhabitants—including of course its suburbs—is, compared with it, an empty joke. Die—and you will soon be picked to the bones. The air swarms with sharers—and an insurrection of radicals will

attack your corpse from the worm-holes of the earth. Corbies, ravens, hawks, eagles, all the feathered furies of beak and bill, will come flying ere sunset to anticipate the maggots, and carry your remains—if you will allow us to call them so—over the whole of Argyleshire in many living sepulchres. We confess ourselves unable to see the solitude of this—and begin to agree with Byron, that a man is less crowded at a masquerade.

But the same subject may be illustrated less tragically, and even with some slight comic effect. A man among mountains is often surrounded on all sides with mice and moles. What cozy nests do the former construct at the roots of heather, among tufts of grass in the rushes, and the moss on the greensward! As for the latter, though you think you know a mountain from a molehill, you are much mistaken; for what is a mountain, in many cases, but a collection of molehills—and of fairy knolls?—which again introduce a new element into the composition, and show, in still more glaring colours, your absurdity in supposing yourself to be in solitude. The "Silent People" are around you at every step. You may not see them—for they are dressed in invisible green; but they see you, and that unaccountable whispering and buzzing sound one often hears in what we call the wilderness, what is it, or what can it be, but the fairies making merry at your expense, pointing out to each other the extreme silliness of your meditative countenance, and laughing like to split at your fond conceit of being alone among a multitude of creatures far wiser than your self.

But should all this fail to convince you, that you are never less alone than when you think yourself alone, and that a man never knows what it is to be in the very heart of life till he leaves London, and takes a walk in Glen-Elvive—suppose yourself to have been leaning with your back against that knoll, dreaming of the far-off race of men, when all at once the support gives way inwards, and you tumble head over heels in among a snug coterie of kilted Celts, in the very act of creating Glenlivet in a great warlock's caldron, seething to the top with the Spirit of Life!

Such fancies as these, among many others, were with us in the Still. But a glimmering and a humming and a dizzy bewilderment hangs over that time and place, finally dying away into oblivion. Here are we sitting in a glade of a birch-wood in what must be Gleno—some miles from the Still. Hamish asleep, as usual, whenever he lies down, and all the dogs yawning in dreams, and Surefoot standing with his long beard above ours, almost the same in longitude. We have been more, we suspect, than half-seas over, and are now lying on the shore of sobriety, almost a wreck. The truth is, that the new spirit is even more dangerous than the new light. Both at first dazzle, then obfuscate, and lastly darken into temporary death. There is, we fear, but one word of one syllable in the English language that could fully express our late condition. Let our readers solve the enigma. Oh! those quechs! By

"What drugs, what spells,
What conjurations, and what mighty magic,"

was Christopher overthrown! A strange confusion of sexes, as of men in petticoats and women in breeches—gowns transmogrified into jackets—caps into bonnets—and thick naked hairy legs into slim ankles decent in hose—all somewhere whirling and dancing by, dim and obscure, to the sound of something groaning and yelling, sometimes inarticulately, as if it came from something instrumental, and then mixed up with a wild gibberish, as if shrieking, somehow or other, from living lips, human and brute—for a dream of yowling dogs is over all—utterly confounds us as we strive to muster in recollection the few last hours that have passed tumultuously through our brain—and then a wide black moor, sometimes covered with day, sometimes with night, stretches around us, hemmed in on all sides by the tops of mountains, seeming to reel in the sky. Frequent flashes of fire, and a whirling as of the wings of birds—but sound and sight alike uncertain—break again upon our dream. Let us not mince the matter—we can afford the confession—we have been overtaken by liquor—sadly intoxicated—out with it at once! Frown not, fairest of all sweet—for we lay our calamity, not to the charge of the Glenlivet circling in countless quechs, but at the door of that inveterate enemy to sobriety—the Fresh Air.

But now we are as sober as a judge. Pity our misfortune—rather than forgive our sin. We entered that Still in a State of innocence before the Fall. Where we fell, we know not—in divers ways and sundry places—between that magic cell on the breast of Benachochie, and this glade in Gleno. But,

"There are worse things in life than a fall among heather."

Surefoot, we suppose, kept himself tolerably sober—and O'Bronte, at each successive cloit, must have assisted us to remount—for Hamish, from his style of sleeping, must have been as bad as his master; and, after all, it is wonderful to think how we got here—over hags and mosses, and marshes and quagmires, like those in which "armies whole have sunk." But the truth is, that never in the whole course of our lives—and that course has been a strange one—did we ever so often as once lose our way. Set us down blindfolded on Zahara, and we will beat the caravan to Timbuctoo. Something or other mysteriously indicative of the right direction touches the soles of our feet in the shape of the ground they tread; and even when our souls have gone soaring far away, or have sunk within us, still have our feet pursued the shortest and the safest path that leads to the bourne of our pilgrimage. Is not that strange? But not stranger surely than the flight of the bee, on his first voyage over the coves of the wilderness to the far-off heath-bells—or of the dove that is sent by some few stockjobber, to communicate to Dutchmen the rise or fall of the funds, from London to Hamburgh, from the clear shores of silver Thames to the muddy shallows of the Zuyder-Zee.

FLIGHT FOURTH—DOWN RIVER AND UP LOCH.

LET us inspect the state of Brown Bess. Right barrel empty—left barrel—what is the meaning of this!—crammed to the muzzle! Ay, that comes on visiting Stills. We have been snapping away at the coveys and single birds all over the moor, without so much as a pluff, with the right-hand cock—and then, imagining that we had fired, have kept loading away at the bore to the left, till, see! the ram rod absolutely stands upright in the air, with only about three inches hidden in the hollow! What a narrow—a miraculous escape has the world had of losing Christopher North! Had he drawn that trigger instead of this, Brown Bess would have burst to a moral certainty, and blown the old gentleman piecemeal over the heather. "In the midst of life we are in death!" Could we but know one in a hundred of the close approachings of the skeleton, we should lead a life of perpetual shudder. Often and often do his bony fingers almost clutch our throat, or his foot is put out to give us a cross-buttock. But a saving arm pulls him back, ere we have seen so much as his shadow. We believe all this—but the belief that comes not from something steadfastly present before our eyes, is barren; and thus it is, since believing is not seeing, that we walk hoodwinked nearly all our days, and worst of all blindness is that of ingratitude and forgetfulness of Him whose shield is for ever over us, and whose mercy shall be with us in the world beyond the grave.

By all that is most beautifully wild in animated nature, a Roe! a Roe! Shall we slay him where he stands, or let him vanish in silent glidings in among his native woods! What a fool for asking ourselves such a question! Slay him where he stands to be sure—for many pleasant seasons hath he led in his leafy lairs, a life of leisure, delight, and love, and the hour is come when he must sink down on his knees in a sudden and unpainful death—fair silvan dreamer! We have drawn that multitudinous shot—and both barrels of Brown Bess now are loaded with ball—for Hamish is yet lying with his head on the rifle. Whiz! whiz! one is through lungs, and another through neck—and seemingly rather to sleep than die, (so various are the many modes of expiration!)

"In quietness he lays him down
Gently, as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze has died,
Against an anchor'd vessel's side."

Ay—Hamish—you may start to your feet—and see realized the vision of your sleep. What a set of distracted dogs! But O'Bronte first catches sight of the quarry—and clearing, with grasshopper spangs, the patches of stunted coppice, stops stock-still beside the roe in the glade, as if admiring and wondering at the beauty of the fair spotted creature! Yes, dogs have a sense of the beautiful. Else how can you account for their loving so to lie down at the feet and lick the hands of the virgin whose eyes are mild, and forehead meek, and hair of placid sunshine, rather than act the same part towards ugly women, who,

coarser and coarser in each successive widowhood, when at their fourth husband are beyond expression hideous, and felt to be so by the whole canine tribe? Spenser must have seen some dog like O'Bronte lying at the feet and licking the hand of some virgin—sweet reader, like thyself—else never had he painted the posture of that Lion who guarded through Fairyland

“Heavenly Una and her milkwhite lamb.”

A divine line of Wordsworth's, which we shall never cease quoting on to the last of our iddings, even to our dying day!

But where, Hamish, are all the flappers, the mawseys, and the mallards? What! You have left them—hare, grouse, bag, and all, at the Still! We remember it now—and all the distillers are to-night to be at our Tent, bringing with them feathers, fur, and hide—ducks, pussy, and deer. But take the roe on your stalwart shoulders, Hamish, and bear it down to the silvan dwelling at the mouth of Gleno. Surefoot has a sufficient burden in us—for we are waxing more corpulent every day—and ere long shall be a Silenus.

Ay, travel all the world over, and a human dwelling lovelier in its wildness shall you nowhere find, than the one that hides itself in the depth of its own beauty, beneath the last of the green knolls besprinkling Gleno, dropt down there in presence of the peacefulest bay of all Loch-Etive, in whose cloud-softened bosom it sees itself reflected among the congenial imagery of the skies. And, hark! a murmur as of swarming bees! 'Tis a Gaelic school—set down in this loneliest of all places, by that religious wisdom that rests not till the seeds of saving knowledge shall be sown over all the wilds. That grayhaired minister of God, whom all Scotland venerates, hath been here from the great city on one of his holy pilgrimages. And, lo! at his bidding, and that of his coadjutors in the heavenly work, a Schoolhouse has risen with its blue roof—the pure diamond-sparkling slates of Ballahulish—beneath a tuft of breeze-breaking trees. But whence come they—the little scholars—who are all murmuring there? We said that the shores of Loch-Etive were desolate. So seem they to the eye of Imagination, that loves to gather up a hundred scenes into one, and to breathe over the whole the lonesome spirit of one vast wilderness. But Imagination was a liar ever—a romancer and a dealer in dreams. Hers are the realms of fiction,

“A boundless contiguity of shade!”

But the land of truth is ever the haunt of the heart—there her eye reposes or expatiates, and what sweet, humble, and lowly visions arise before it, in a light that fadeth not away, but abideth for ever! Cottages, huts, shielings, she sees hidden—few and far between indeed—but all filled with Christian life—among the hollows of the hills—and up, all the way up the great glens—and by the shores of the loneliest lochs—and sprinkled, not so rarely, among the woods that enclose little fields and meadows of their own—all the way down—more animated—till children are seen gathering before their doors the shells of the contiguous sea.

Look and listen far and wide through a sunshiny day, over a rich wooded region, with hedgerows, single trees, groves, and forests, and yet haply not one bird is to be seen or heard—neither plumage nor song. Yet many a bright lyrist is there, all mute till the harbinger-hour of sunset, when all earth, air, and heaven, shall be ringing with one song. Almost even so it is with this mountain-wilderness. Small bright-haired, bright-eyed, bright-faced children, come stealing out in the morning from many hidden huts, each solitary in its own site, the sole dwelling on its own brae or its own dell. Singing go they one and all, alone or in small bands, trippingly along the wide moors; meeting into pleasant parties at cross paths, or at fords, till one stated hour sees them all gathered together, as now in the small Schoolhouse of Gleno, and the echo of the happy hum of the simple scholars is heard soft among the cliffs. But all at once the hum now ceases, and there is a hurry out of doors, and exulting cry; for the shadow of Hamish, with the roe on his shoulders, has passed the small lead-latticed window, and the Schoolroom has emptied itself on the green, which is now brightening with the young blossoms of life. “A roe—a roe—a roe!”—is still the chorus of their song; and the Schoolmaster himself, though educated at college for the kirk, has not lost the least particle of his passion for the chase, and with kindling eyes assists Hamish in laying down his burden, and gazes on the spots with a hunter's joy. We leave you to imagine his delight and his surprise when, at first hardly trusting his optics, he beholds CHRISTOPHER ON SUREFOOT, and then, patting the shely on the shoulder, bows affectionately and respectfully to the Old Man, and while our hands grasp, takes a pleasure in repeating over and over again that celebrated surname—North—North—North.

After a brief and bright hour of glee and merriment, mingled with grave talk, nor marred by the sweet undisturbance of all those elves maddening on the Green around the Roe, we express a wish that the scholars may all again be gathered together in the Schoolroom, to undergo an examination by the Christian Philosopher of Buchanan Lodge. 'Tis in all things gentle, in nothing severe. All slates are instantly covered with numerals, and 'tis pleasant to see their skill in finest fractions, and in the wonder-working golden rule of three. And now the rustling of their manuals is like that of rainy breezes among the summer leaves. No fears are here that the Book of God will lose its sanctity by becoming too familiar to eye, lip, and hand. Like the sunlight in the sky, the light that shines there is for ever dear—and unlike any sunlight in any skies, never is it clouded, permanently bright, and undimmed before pious eyes by one single shadow. We ought, perhaps, to be ashamed, but we are not so—we are happy that not an urchin is there who is not fully better acquainted with the events and incidents recorded in the Old and New Testaments than ourselves; and think not that all these could have been so faithfully committed to memory without the perpetual operation of the heart.

Words are forgotten unless they are embalmed in spirit; and the air of the world, blow afterwards rudely as it may, shall never shrivel up one syllable that has been steeped into their souls by the spirit of the Gospel—felt by these almost infant disciples of Christ to be the very breath of God.

It has turned out one of the sweetest and serenest afternoons that ever breathed a hush over the face and bosom of August woods. Can we find it in our mind to think, in our heart to feel, in our hand to write that Scotland is now even more beautiful than in our youth! No—not in our heart to feel—but in our eyes to see—for they tell us it is the truth. The people have cared for the land which the Lord their God hath given them, and have made the wilderness to blossom like the rose. The same Arts that have raised their condition have brightened their habitation; Agriculture, by fertilizing the loveliness of the low-lying vales, has sublimed the sterility of the stupendous mountain heights—and the thundrous tides, flowing up the lochs, bring power to the corn-fields and pastures created on hillsides once horrid with rocks. The whole country laughs with a more vivid verdure—more pure the flow of her streams and rivers—for many a fen and marsh have been made dry, and the rainbow pictures itself on clearer cataracts.

The Highlands were, in our memory, overspread with a too dreary gloom. Vast tracts there were in which Nature herself seemed miserable; and if the heart find no human happiness to repose on, Imagination will fold her wings, or flee away to other regions, where in her own visionary world she may soar at will, and at will stoop down to the homes of this real earth. Assuredly the inhabitants are happier than they then were—*better off*—and therefore the change, whatever loss it may comprehend, has been a gain in good. Alas! poverty—penury—want—even of the necessities of life—are too often there still rife; but patience and endurance dwell there, heroic and better far, Christian—nor has Charity been slow to succour regions remote but not inaccessible, Charity acting in power delegated by Heaven to our National Councils. And thus we can think not only without sadness, but with an elevation of soul inspired by such example of highest virtue in humblest estate, and in our own sphere exposed to other trials be induced to follow it, set to us in many “a virtuous household, though exceeding poor.” What are all the poetical fancies about “mountain scenery,” that ever fluttered on the leaves of albums, in comparison with any scheme, however prosaic, that tends in any way to increase human comforts? The best sonnet that ever was written by a versifier from the South to the Crown of Benlomond, is not worth the worst pair of worsted stockings trotted in by a small Celt going with his dad to seek for a lost sheep among the snow-wreaths round his base. As for eagles, and ravens, and red-deer, “those magnificent creatures so stately and bright,” let them shift for themselves—and perhaps in spite of all our rhapsodies—the fewer of them the better—but among geese, and turkeys, and poultry, let propagation flourish—the fleecy

folk baa—and the hairy hordes bellow on a thousand hills. All the beauty and sublimity on earth—over the Four Quarters of the World—is not worth a straw if valued against a good harvest. An average crop is satisfactory; but a crop that soars high above an average—a golden year of golden ears—sends joy into the heart of heaven. No prating now of the degeneracy of the potato. We can sing now with our single voice, like a numerous chorus, of

“Potatoes drest both ways, both roasted and boiled;”

Sixty bolls to the acre on a field of our own of twenty acres—mealier than any meal—Perth reds—to the hue on whose cheeks dull was that on the face of the Fair Maid of Perth, when she blushed to confess to Burn-y-win’ that hand-over-hip he had struck the iron when it was hot, and that she was no more the Glover’s. Oh bright are potato blooms!—Oh green are potato-shaws!—Oh yellow are potato plums! But how oft are blighted summer hopes and broken summer promises! Spare not the shaw—heap high the mounds—that damp nor frost may dim a single eye; so that all winter through poor men may prosper, and spring see settings of such prolific vigour, that they shall yield a thousand-fold—and the sound of rumble-te-thumps be heard all over the land.

Let the people eat—let them have food for their bodies, and then they will have heart to care for their souls; and the good and the wise will look after their souls, with sure and certain hope of elevating them from their hovels to heaven, while prigs, with their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, rail at railroads and all the other vile inventions of an utilitarian age to open up and expedite communication between the Children of the Mist and the Sons and Daughters of the Sunshine, to the utter annihilation of the sublime Spirit of Solitude. Be under no sort of alarm for Nature. There is some talk, it is true, of a tunnel through Cruachan to the Black Mount, but the general impression seems to be that it will be a *great bore*. A joint-stock company that undertook to remove Ben Nevis, is beginning to find unexpected obstructions. Feasible as we confess it appeared, the idea of draining Loch Lomond has been relinquished for the easier and more useful scheme of converting the Clyde from below Stonebyres, to above the Bannatyne Fall, into a canal—the chief lock being, in the opinion of the most ingenious speculators, almost ready-made at Corra Linn.

Shall we never be done with our soliloquy? It may be a little longish, for age is prolix—but every whit as natural and congenial with circumstances, as Hamlet’s “to be or not to be, that is the question.” O beloved Albin! our soul yearneth towards thee, and we invoke a blessing on thy many thousand glens. The man who leaves a blessing on any one of thy solitary places, and gives expression to a good thought in presence of a Christian brother, is a missionary of the church. What uncomplaining and unrepining patience in thy solitary huts! What unshrinking endurance of physical pain and want, that might well shame the Stoic’s

philosophic pride! What calm contentment, akin to mirth, in so many lonesome households, hidden the greatest part of the year in mist and snow! What peaceful deathbeds, witnessed but by a few, a very few grave but tearless eyes! Ay, how many martyrdoms for the holy love and religion of nature, worse to endure than those of old at the stake, because protracted through years of sore distress, for ever on the very limit of famine, yet for ever far removed from despair! Such is the people among whom we seek to drop the books, whose sacred leaves are too often scattered to the winds, or buried in the dust of Pagan lands. Blessed is the fount from whose wisely managed munificence the small house of God will rise frequent in the wide and sea-divided wilds, with its humble associate, the heath-roofed school, in which, through the silence of nature, will be heard the murmuring voices of the children of the poor, instructed in the knowledge useful for time, and of avail for eternity.

We leave a loose sovereign or two to the Bible Fund; and remounting Surefoot, while our friend the school-master holds the stirrup tenderly to our toe, jog down the road which is rather alarmingly like the channel of a drought-dried torrent, and turning round on the saddle, send our farewell salutes to the gazing scholars, first, bonnet waved round our head, and then, that replaced, a kiss flung from our hand. Hamish, relieved of the roe, which will be taken up (how you shall by-and-by hear) on our way back to the Tent, is close at our side, to be ready should Shelly stumble; O'Bronte as usual bounds in the van, and Ponto, Piro, and Basta, impatient for the next heather hill, keep close at our heels through the wood.

We do not admire that shooting-ground which resembles a poultry-yard. Grouse and barn-door fowls are constructed on opposite principles, the former being wild, and the latter tame creatures, when in their respective perfection. Of all dull pastimes, the dullest seems to us sporting in a preserve; and we believe that we share that feeling with the Grand Signior. The sign of a lonely wayside inn in the Highlands, ought not to be the Hen and Chickens. Some shooters, we know, sick of common sport, love slaughter. From sunrise to sunset of the First Day of the Moors, they must bag their hundred brace. That can only be done where pouts prevail, and cheepers keep chiding; and where you have half-a-dozen attendants to hand you double-barrels sans intermission, for a round dozen of hours spent in a perpetual fire. Commend us to a plentiful sprinkling of game; to ground which seems occasionally barren, and which it needs a fine instructed eye to traverse scientifically, and thereof to detect the latent riches. Fear and Hope are the Deities whom Christopher in his Sporting Jacket worships; and were they unpropitious, the Moors would lose all their witchcraft. We are a dead shot, but not always, for the forefinger of our right hand is the most fitful forefinger in all this capricious world. Like all performers in the Fine Arts, our execution is very uncertain; and though "*toujours prêt*" is the impress on one side of our shield, "*hit and miss*" is that on the other, and often the more characteristic.

A gentleman ought not to shoot like a gamekeeper, any more than at billiards to play like a marker, nor with four-in-hand ought he to tool his prads like the Portsmouth Dragsman. We choose to shoot like a philosopher as we are, and to preserve the golden mean in murder. We hold, with Aristotle, that all virtue consists in the middle, between the two extremes; and thus we shoot in a style equidistant from that of the gamekeeper on the one hand, and that of the bagman on the other, neither killing nor missing every bird; but, true to the spirit of the Aristotelian doctrine, leaning with a decided inclination towards the first rather than the second predicament. If we shoot too well one day, we are pretty sure to make amends for it by shooting just as much too ill another; and thus, at the close of the week, we can go to bed with a clear conscience. In short, we shoot like gentlemen, scholars, poets, philosophers as we are; and looking at us, you have a sight

"Of him who walks (rides) in glory and in joy,
Following his dog upon the mountain side,"—

a man evidently not shooting for a wager, and performing a match from the mean motive of avarice or ambition, but blazing away "at his own sweet will," and, without seeming to know it, making a great noise in the world. Such, believe us, is ever the mode in which true genius displays at once the earnestness and the modesty of its character.—But, Hamish—Hamish—Hamish—look with both thine eyes on yonder bank—yonder sunny bank, beneath the shade of that fantastic cliff's superincumbent shadow—and seest thou not basking there a miraculous amount of the right sort of feathers? They have packed, Hamish—they have packed, early as it yet is in the season; and the question is—*What shall we do?* We have it. Take up a position—Hamish—about a hundred yards in the rear—on yonder knoll—with the Colonel's Sweeper. Fire from the rest—mind, from the rest, Hamish—right into the centre of that bed of plumage, and we shall be ready, with Brown Bess and her sister, to pour in our quartette upon the remains as they rise—so that not escape shall one single feather. Let our coming "to the present" be your signal.—Bang! Whew!—what a flutter! Now take that—and that—and that—and that! Ha! Hamish—as at the springing of a mine, the whole company has perished. Count the dead. Twenty-one! Life is short—and by this compendious style we take Time by the forelock. But where the devil are the ducks? Oh, yes! with the deer at the Still. Bag, and be stirring. For the Salmon-pond is murmuring in our ear; and in another hour we must be at Inveraw. Who said that Cruachan was a steep mountain? Why, with a gentle, smooth, and easy slope, he dips his footsteps in the sea-salt waters of Loch-Etive's tide, as if to accommodate the old gentleman who, half-a-century ago, used to beard him in his pride on his throne of clouds. Heaven bless him!—he is a kind-hearted mountain, though his forehead be furrowed, and his aspect grim in stormy weather. A million memories "*o' auld lang syne*" revive, as almost "smooth-sliding without step" Surefoot travels through the

silvan haunts, by us beloved of yore, when every day was a dream, and every dream filled to overflowing with poetic visions that swarmed on every bough, on every bent, on every heather-bell, in every dewdrop, in every mote o' the sun, in every line of gossamer, all over greenwood and greensward, gray cliff, purple heath, blue loch, "wine-faced sea,"

"with locks divinely spreading,
Like sullen hyacinths in vernal hue,"

and all over the sky, seeming then a glorious infinitude, where light, and joy, and beauty had their dwelling in calm and storm alike for evermore.

Heaven bless thee—with all her sun, moon, and stars! there thou art, dearest to us of all the lochs of Scotland—and they are all dear—mountain-crowned, cliff-guarded, isle-zoned, grove-girdled, wide-winding and far-stretching, with thy many-bayed banks and braes of brushwood, fern, broom, and heather, rejoicing in their huts and shielings, thou glory of Argyle-shire, rill-and-river-fed, sea-arm-like, floating in thy majesty, magnificent Loch Awe!

Comparisons, so far from being odious, are always suggested to our hearts by the spirit of love. We behold Four Lochs—Loch Awe, before our bodily eyes, which sometimes sleep—Loch-Lomond, Windermere, Killarney, before those other eyes of ours that are waking ever. The longest is Loch Awe, which, from that bend below Sonnachan to distant Edderline, looks like a river. But cut off, with the soft scythe or sickle of fancy, twenty miles of the length of the mottled snake, who never coils himself up except in misty weather, and who is now lying outstretched in the sunshine, and the upper part, the head and shoulders, are of themselves a Loch. Pleasant are his many hills, and magnificent his one mountain. For you see but Cruachan. He is the master-spirit. Call him the noblest of Scotland's Kings. His subjects are princes; and gloriously they range around him, stretching high, wide, and far away, yet all owing visible allegiance to him their sole and undisputed sovereign. The setting and the rising sun do him homage. Peace loves—as now—to dwell within his shadow; but high among the precipices are the halls of the storms. Green are the shores as emerald. But the dark heather with its purple bloom sleeps in sombre shadow over wide regions of dusk, and there is an austere character in the cliffs. Moors and mosses intervene between holms and meadows, and those black spots are stacks of last year's peats—not huts, as you might think—but those other specks are huts, somewhat browner—few roofed with straw, almost all with heather—though the better houses are slated—nor is there in the world to be found slate of a more beautiful pale green colour than in the quarries of Ballahulish. The scene is vast and wild; yet so much beauty is interfused, that at such an hour as this, its character is almost that of loveliness; the rude and rugged is felt to be rural, and no more; and the eye gliding from the cottage gardens on its banks, to the islands on the bosom of the Loch, loses sight of the mighty masses heaved up to the heavens, while the heart forgets that they are there, in

its sweet repose. The dim-seen ruins of castle or religious house, secluded from all the stir that disturbed the shore, carries back our dreams to the olden time, and we awake from our reveries of "sorrows suffered long ago," to enjoy the apparent happiness of the living world.

Loch Lomond is a sea! Along its shores might you voyage in your swift schooner, with shifting breezes, all a summer's day, nor at sunset, when you dropped anchor, have seen half the beautiful wonders. It is many-isled; and some of them are in themselves little worlds, with woods and hills. Houses are seen looking out from among old trees, and children playing on the greensward that slopes safely into deep water, where in rushy havens are drawn up the boats of fishermen, or of woodcutters who go to their work on the mainland. You might live all your life on one of those islands, and yet be no hermit. Hundreds of small bays indent the shores, and some of a majestic character take a fine bold sweep with their towering groves, enclosing the mansion of a Colquhoun or a Campbell at enmity no more, or the turreted castle of the rich alien, who there finds himself as much at home as in his hereditary hall, Sassenach and Gaël now living in gentle friendship. What a prospect from the Point of Firkin. The loch in its whole length and breadth—the magnificent expanse unbroken, though bedropped, with unnumbered isles—and the shores diversified with jutting cape and far-shooting peninsula, enclosing sweet separate seclusions, each in itself a loch. Ships might be sailing here, the largest ships of war; and there is anchorage for fleets. But the clear course of the lovely Leven is rock-crossed and intercepted with gravelly shallows, and guards Loch-Lomond from the white-winged roammers that from all seas come crowding into the Firth of Clyde, and carry their streaming flags above the woods of Ardgowan. And there stands Ben. What cares he for all the multitude of other lochs his gaze commands—what cares he even for the salt-sea foam tumbling far away off into the ocean? All-sufficient for his love is his own loch at his feet. How serenely looks down the Giant! Is there not something very sweet in his sunny smile? Yet were you to see him frown—as we have seen him—your heart would sink; and what would become of you—if all alone by your own single self, wandering over the wide moor that glooms in utter houselessness between his corries and Glenfalloch—what if you were to hear the strange mutterings we have heard, as if moaning from an earthquake among quagmires, till you felt that the sound came from the sky, and all at once from the heart of night that had strangled day burst a shattering peal that might waken the dead—for Benlomond was in wrath, and vented it in thunder?

Perennially enjoying the blessing of a milder clime, and repaying the bounty of nature by beauty that bespeaks perpetual gratitude—merry as May, rich as June, shady as July, lustrous as August, and serene as September, for in her meet the characteristic charms of every season, all delightfully mingled by the

happy genius of the place commissioned to pervade the whole from heaven, most lovely yet most majestic, we breathed the music of thy name, and start in this sterner solitude at the sweet syllabing of Windermere, Windermere! Translucent thy waters as diamond without a flaw. Unstained from source to sea are all the streams soft issuing from their silver springs among those beautiful mountains. Pure are they all as dew—and purer look the white clouds within their breast. These are indeed the *Fortunate Groves*! Happy is every tree. Blest the “*Golden Oak*,” which seems to shine in lustre of his own, unborrowed from the sun. Fairer far the flower-tangled grass of those wood-encircled pastures than any meads of *Asphodel*. Thou need’st no isles on thy heavenly bosom, for in the sweet confusion of thy shores are seen the images of many isles, fragments that one might dream had been gently loosened from the land, and had floated away into the lake till they had lost themselves in the fairy wilderness. But though thou need’st them not, yet hast thou, O *Windermere*! thine own steadfast and enduring isles—her called the *Beautiful*—and islets not far apart that seem born of her; for theirs the same expression of countenance—that of celestial calm—and, holiest of the sisterhood, one that still retains the ruins of an oratory, and bears the name of the *Virgin Mother Mild*, to whom prays the mariner when sailing, in the moonlight, along *Sicilian seas*.

Killarney! From the village of *Cloghereen* issued an uncouth figure, who called himself the “*Man of the Mountain*,” and pleased with *Pan*, we permitted him to blow his horn before us up to the top of *Mangerton*, where the *Devil*, ’tis believed, scooped out the sward beneath the cliffs into a *Punch-bowl*. No doubt he did, and the *Old Potter* wrought with fire. ’Tis the crater of an extinct volcano. *Charles Fox*, *Weld* says, and *Wright* doubts, swam the *Pool*. Why not? ’Tis not so cold as the *Polar Sea*. We swam across it—as *Mulcocky*, were he alive, but he is dead, could vouch; and felt braced like a drum. What a panorama! Our first feeling was one of grief that we were not an *Irishman*. We knew not where to fix our gaze. Surrounded by the dazzling bewilderment of all that multitudinous magnificence, the eye, as if afraid to grapple with the near glory—for such another day never shone from heaven—sought relief in the remote distance, and slid along the beautiful river *Kenmare*, insinuating itself among the recesses of the mountains, till it rested on the green glimmer of the far-off sea. The grandeur was felt, far off as it was, of that iron-bound coast. Coming round with an easy sweep, as the eyes of an eagle may do, when hanging motionless aloft he but turns his head, our eyes took in all the mighty range of the *Reeks*, and rested in awe on *Carran Tual*. Wild yet gentle was the blue aerial haze over the glimpses of the *Upper Lake*, where soft and sweet, in a girdle of rocks, seemed to be hanging, now in air and now in water—for all was strangely indistinct in the dim confusion—masses of green light that might be islands with their lovely trees;

but suddenly tipt with fire shone out the golden pinnacles of the *Eagle’s Nest*; and as again they were tamed by cloud-shadow, the glow of *Purple Mountain* for a while enchained our vision, and then left it free to feast on the forests of *Glena*, till, wandering at the capricious will of fancy, it floated in delight over the woods of *Mucruss*, and long lost among the trembling imagery of the water, found lastingly repose on the steadfast beauty of the silvan isle of *Inisfallen*.

But now for the black mass of rapid waters that, murmuring from loch to river, rush roaring through that rainbow-arch, and bathe the green woods in freshening spray-mist through a loveliest landscape, that steals along with its meadow-sprinkling trees close to the very shore of *Loch-Eivie*, binding the two lochs together with a silvan band—her whose calmer spirit never knows the ebb or flow of tide, and her who fluctuates even when the skies are still with the swelling and subsiding tumult duly sent up into and recalled down from the silence of her inland solitude. And now for one pool in that river, called by eminence the *Salmon Pool*, whose gravelly depths are sometimes paved with the blue backs of the silver-scaled shiners, all strong as sunbeams, for a while reposing there, till the river shall blacken in its glee to the floods falling in *Glen-Serae* and *Glenorchy*, and then will they shoot through the cataract—for ’tis all one fall between the lochs—passionate of the sweet fresh waters in which the *Abbey-Isle* reflects her one ruined tower, or *Kilchurn*, at all times dim or dark in the shadow of *Cruachan*, see his grim turrets, momentarily less grim, imaged in the tremblings of the casual sunshine. Sometimes they lie like stones, nor unless you stir them up with a long pole, will they stir in the gleam, more than if they were shadows breathed from trees when all winds are dead. But at other times, they are on feed; and then no sooner does the fly drop on the water in its blue and yellow gaudiness, (and oh! but the brown mallard wing is bloody—bloody!) than some snout sucks it in—some snout of some swine-necked shoulder-bender; and instantly—as by dexterously dropping your elbow you give him the butt, and strike the barb through his tongue—down the long reach of the river vista’d along that straight oak-avenue—but with clear space of greensward between wood and water—shoots the giant steel-stung in his fear, bounding blue-white into the air, and then down into the liquid element with a plunge as of a man, or rather a horse, till your heart leaps to your mouth, or, as the Greeks we believe used to say, to your nose, and you are seen galloping along the banks, by spectators in search of the picturesque, and ignorant of angling, supposed in the act of making your escape, with an incomprehensible weapon in both hands, from some rural madhouse.

Eh? eh? not in our hat—not in our waistcoat—not in our jacket—not in our breeches! By the ghost of *Autolycus* some pickpocket, while we were moralizing, has abstracted our *Lascelles*! we may as well tie a stone to each of our feet, and sink away from all sense of

misery in the Salmon Pool. Oh! that it had been our purse! Who cares for a dozen dirty sovereigns and a score of nasty notes? And what's the use of them to us now, or indeed at any time? And what's the use of this identical rod? Hang it, if a little thing would not make us break it! A multiplying reel indeed! The invention of a fool. The Tent sees not us again; this afternoon we shall return to Edinburgh. Don't talk to us of flies at the next village. There are no flies at the village—there is no village. O Beelzebub! O Satan! was ever man tempted as we are tempted? See—see a Fish—a fine Fish—an enormous Fish—leaping to insult us! Give us our gun that we may shoot him—no—no, dang guns—and dang this great clumsy rod! There—let it lie there for the first person that passes—for we swear never to angle more. As for the Awe we never liked it—and wonder what infatuation brought us here. We shall be made to pay for this yet—whew! there was a twinge—that big toe of ours we'll warrant is as red as fire, and we bitterly confess that we deserve the gout. Och! och! och!

But hark! whoop and hollo, and is that too the music of the hunter's horn? Reverberating among the woods a well-known voice salutes our ear, and there! bounds Hamish over the rocks like a chamois taking his pastime. Holding up our *LASCELLES*! he places it with a few respectful words—hoping we have not missed it—and standing aloof—leaves us to our own reflections and our flies. Nor do those amount to remorse—nor these to more than a few dozens. Samson's strength having been restored—we speak of our rod, mind ye, not of ourselves—we lift up our downcast eyes, and steal somewhat ashamed a furtive glance at the trees and stones that must have overheard and overseen all our behaviour. We leave those who have been in anything like the same predicament to confess—not publicly—there is no occasion for that—nor on their knees—but to their own consciences, if they have any, their grief and their joy, their guilt, and, we hope, their gratitude. Transported though they were beyond all bounds, we forgive them; for even those great masters of wisdom, the Stoics, were not infallible, nor were they always able to sustain, at their utmost strength, in practice the principles of their philosophy.

We are in a bloody mood, and shall not leave this Pool—without twenty mortal murders on our head. Jump away, *Trouts*—without any bowels of compassion for the race of flies. Devouring *Ephemerals*! Can you not suffer the poor insects to sport out their day? They must be insipid eating; but here are some savoury exceedingly—it is needless to mention their name—that carry *sauce piquante* in their tails. Do try the taste of this bobber—but any one of the three you please. There! hold fast *KINK*—for that is a Whopper. A Mort! we did not suppose there were any in the river. Why, he springs as if he were a Fish! Go it again, Beauty. We ourselves could jump a bit in our day—nearly four times our own length—but we never could clear our own height, nor within half-a-foot of it: while

you—our Hearty—though not two feet long, certainly do the perpendicular to the tune of four—from tail-fin to water-surface—your snout being six nearer the sky than the foam-bells you break in your descent into your native element. Cayenne, mustard, and ketchup is our zest, and we shall assuredly eat you at sunset. Do you know the name of the Fool at the other end—according to Dr. Johnson? CHRISTOPHER NORTH. 'Tis an honour to be captured by the Old Knight of the Bloody Hand. You deserve to die such a death—for you keep in the middle of the current like a mort of mettle, and are not one of the skulkers that seek the side, and would fain take to the bush in hopes of prolonging life by foul entanglement. Bravely bored, Gil Morrice. There is as great difference in the moral qualities of the finny tribe as among us humans—and we have known some cowardly wretches escape our clutches by madly floundering in among floating weeds, or diving down among labyrinth of stone at the bottom, in paroxysms of fear that no tackle could withstand, not even Mackenzie's. He has broke his heart. Feeble as the dying gladiator, the arena swims around him, and he around the arena—till sailing with snout shore-ward, at sea in his own pool, he absolutely rolls in convulsions in between our very feet, and we, unprepared for such a mode of procedure, hastily retreating, discover that our joints are not so supple as of yore, and *play cloit* on our back among the gowans. O'Bronte tooth him by the cerebellum, and carries him up-brae in his mouth like a maw-kin. About six pounds.

Had we killed such a mort as is now in Magoon, fifty years ago, we should not have rested a single instant after basketing him, before re-rushing, with a sanguinary aspect, to the work of death. Now carelessly diffused, we lie on our elbow, with our mild cheek on our palm, and keep gazing—but not lack-a-daisically—on the circumambient woods. Yes! circumambient—for look where we will, they accompany our ken like a peristrepic panorama. If men have been seen walking like trees, why may not trees be seen walking like men—in battalions—in armies—but oh! how peaceful the array; and as the slow silvan swimming away before our eyes subsides and settles, in that steadfast variegation of colouring, what a depth of beauty and grandeur, of joy and peace!

Phin! this rod is thy masterpiece. And what Gut! *There she has it!* Reel-music for ever! Ten fathom are run out already—and see how she shoots, Hamish,—such a Somerset as that was never thrown from a spring-board. Just the size for strength and agility—twenty pound to an ounce—jump weight, Hamish—ha! Harlequin art thou—or Columbine? Assuredly neither Clown nor Pantaloon: Now we have turned her ladyship's nose up the stream, her lungs, if she have any, must be beginning to labour, and we almost hear her snore. What! in the sulks already—sullen among the stones. But we shall make you mudge, madam, were we to tear the very tongue out of your mouth. Aye, once more down the middle to the tune of that spirited country-dance—"Off she goes!" Set corners, and

reel! The gaff, Hamish—the gaff! and the landing-net! For here is a shallow of the silver sand, spreading into the bay of a ford—and ere she recovers from her astonishment, here will we land her—with a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether—just on the edge of the greensward—and then smite her on the shoulder, Hamish—and, to make assurance doubly sure, the net under her tail, and hoist her aloft in the sunshine, a glorious prize, dazzling the daylight, and giving a brighter verdure to the woods.

He who takes two hours to kill a fish—be its bulk what it may—is no man, and is not worth his meat, nor the vital air. The proportion is a minute to the pound. This rule were we taught by the “Best at Most” among British sportsmen—Scrope the Matchless on moor, mountain, river, loch, or sea; and with exquisite nicety, have we now carried it into practice. Away with your useless steelyards. Let us feel her teeth with our fore-finger, and then held out at arm’s length—so—we know by feeling, that she is, as we said soon as we saw her side, a twenty pounder to a drachm, and we have been true to time within two seconds. She has literally no head; but her snout is in her shoulders. That is the beauty of a fish—high and round shoulders, short waisted, no loins, but all body, and not long of terminating—the shorter still the better—in a tail sharp and pointed as Diana’s, when she is crescent in the sky.

And lo, and behold! there is Diana—but not crescent—for round and broad is she as the sun himself—shining in the south, with as yet a needless light—for daylight has not gone down in the west—and we can hardly call it gloaming. Chaste and cold though she seem, a nunlike luminary who has just taken the veil—a transparent veil of fine fleecy clouds—yet, alas! is she frail as of old, when she descended on the top of Latmos, to hold dalliance with Endymion. She has absolutely the appearance of being in the family way—and not far from her time. Lo! two of her children stealing from ether towards her feet. One on her right hand, and another on her left—the fairest daughters that ever charmed mother’s heart—and in heaven called stars. What a celestial trio the three form in the sky! The face of the moon keeps brightening as the lesser two twinkle into larger lustre; and now, though Day is still lingering, we feel that it is Night. When the one comes and when the other goes, what eye can note, what tongue can tell—but what heart feels not in the dewy hush divine, as the power of the beauty of earth decays over us, and a still dream descends upon us in the power of the beauty of heaven!

But hark! the regular twang and dip of oars coming up the river—and lo! indistinct in the distance, something moving through the moonshine—and now taking the likeness of a boat—a barge—with bonnetted heads leaning back at every flashing stroke—and, Hamish, list! a choral song in thine own dear native tongue! Sent hither by the Queen of the sea-fairies to bear back in state Christopher North to the Tent? No. ’Tis the big coble belonging to the tacksman of the Awe—and the crew are

going to pull her through the first few hours of the night—along with the flowing tide—up to Kinloch-Etive, to try a cast with their long net at the mouth of the river, now winding dim like a snake from King’s House beneath the Black Mount, and along the bays at the head of the Loch. A rumour that we were on the river had reached them—and see an awning of tartan over the stern, beneath which, as we sit, the sun may not smite our head by day, nor the moon by night. We embark—and descend the river like a dream, rapidly but stillily and kept in the middle of the current by cunning helmsman, without aid of idle oar, all six suspended, we drop along through the silvan scenery, gliding serenely away back into the mountain gloom, and enter into the wider moonshine trembling on the wavy verdure of the foam-crested sea. May this be Loch-Etive? Yea—verily; but so broad here is its bosom, and so far spreads the billowy brightness, that we might almost believe that our bark was bounding over the ocean, and marching merrily on the main. Are we—into such a dream might fancy for a moment half beguile herself—rowing back, after a day among the savage islanders, to our ship lying at anchor in the offing, on a voyage of discovery round the world?

Where are all the dogs? Ponto, Piro, Basta, trembling partly with cold, partly with hunger, partly with fatigue, and partly with fear, an on and below the seats of the rowers—with their noses somewhat uncomfortably laid between their fore-paws on the tarry timbers, but O’Bronte boldly sitting at our side, and wistfully eyeing the green swell as it heaves beautifully by, ready at the slightest signal to leap overboard, and wallow like a walrus in the brine, of which you might almost think he was born and bred, so native seems the element to the “Dowg o’ Dowgs.” Ay, these are seamews, O’Bronte, wheeling white as silver in the moonshine; but we *shall* not shoot them—no—no—no—we *will* not shoot you, ye images of playful peace, so fearlessly, nay, so lovingly attending our bark as it bounds over the breasts of the billows, in motion quick almost as your slowest flight, while ye linger around, and behind, and before our path, like fair spirits wiling us along up this great Loch, farther and farther through gloom and glimmer, into the heart of profounder solitude. On what errands of your own are ye winnowing your way, stooping ever and anon just to dip your wing-tips in the waves, and then up into the open air—the blue light filling this magnificent hollow—or seen glancing along the shadows of the mountains as they divide the Loch into a succession of separate bays, and often seem to block it up, till another moonlight reach is seen extending far beyond, and carries the imagination on—on—on—into inland recesses that seem to lose at last all connection with the forgotten sea. All at once the moon is like a ghost;—and we believe—Heaven knows why—in the authenticity of Ossian’s Poems.

Was there ever such a man as Ossian? We devoutly hope there was—for if so, then there were a prodigious number of fine fellows, besides his Bardship, who after their death figured

away as their glimmering ghosts, with noble effect, among the moonlight mists of the mountains. The poetry of Ossian has, it is true, since the days of Macpherson, in no way coloured the poetry of the island; and Mr. Wordsworth, who has written beautiful lines about the old Phantom, states that fact as an argument against its authenticity. He thinks Ossian, as we now possess him, no poet; and alleges that if these compositions had been the good things so many people have thought them, they would, in some way or other, have breathed their spirit over the poetical genius of the land. Who knows that they may not do so yet? The time may not have come. But must all true poetry necessarily create imitation, and a school of imitators? One sees no reason why it must. Besides, the life which the poetry of Ossian celebrates, has utterly passed away; and the poetry itself, good, bad, or indifferent, is so very peculiar, that to imitate it at all, you must almost transcribe it. That, for a good many years, was often done, but naturally inspired any other feeling than delight or admiration. But the simple question is, Do the poems of Ossian delight greatly and widely? We think they do. Nor can we believe that they would not still delight such a poet as Mr. Wordsworth. What dreariness overspreads them all! What a melancholy spirit shrouds all his heroes, passing before us on the cloud, after all their battles have been fought, and their tombs raised on the hill! The very picture of the old blind Hero-bard himself, often attended by the weeping virgins whom war has made desolate, is always touching, often sublime. The desert is peopled with lamenting mortals, and the mists that wrap them with ghosts, whose remembrances of this life are all dirge and elegy. True, that the images are few and endlessly reiterated; but that, we suspect, is the case with all poetry composed not in a philosophic age. The great and constant appearances of nature suffice, in their simplicity, for all its purposes. The poet seeks not to vary their character, and his hearers are willing to be charmed over and over again by the same strains. We believe that the poetry of Ossian would be destroyed by any greater distinctness or variety of imagery. And if, indeed, Fingal lived and Ossian sung, we must believe that the old bard was blind; and we suspect that in such an age, such a man would, in his blindness, think dreamily indeed of the torrents, and lakes, and heaths, and clouds, and mountains, moons and stars, which he had leapt, swam, walked, climbed, and gazed on in the days of his rejoicing youth. Then has he no tenderness—no pathos—no beauty. Alas for thousands of hearts and souls if it be even so! For then are many of their holiest dreams worthless all, and divinest melancholy a mere complaint of the understanding, which a bit of philosophical criticism will purge away, as the leech's phial does a disease of the blood.

Macpherson's Ossian, is it not poetry? Wordsworth says it is not—but Christopher North says it is—with all reverence for the King. Let its antiquity be given up—let such a state of society as is therein described be declared

impossible—let all the inconsistencies and violations of nature ever charged against it be acknowledged—let all its glaring plagiarisms from poetry of modern date inspire what derision they may—and far worse the perpetual repetition of its own imbecilities and inanities, wearying one down even to disgust and anger;—yet, in spite of all, are we not made to feel, not only that we are among the mountains, but to forget that there is any other world in existence, save that which glooms and glimmers, and wails and raves around us in mists and clouds, and storms, and snows—full of lakes and rivers, sea-intersected and sea-surrounded, with a sky as troublous as the earth—yet both at times visited with a mournful beauty that sinks strangely into the soul—while the shadowy life depicted there eludes not our human sympathies; nor yet, aerial though they be—so sweet and sad are their voices—do there float by as unbelovéd, unpitied, or unhonoured—single, or in bands—the ghosts of the brave and beautiful when the few stars are dim, and the moon is felt, not seen, to be yielding what faint light there may be in the skies.

The boat in a moment is a bagpipe; and not only so, but all the mountains are bagpipes, and so are the clouds. All the bagpipes in the world are here, and they fill heaven and earth. 'Tis no exaggeration—much less a fiction—but the soul and body of truth. There Hamish stands stately at the prow; and as the boat hangs by midships on the very point that commands all the echoes, he fills the whole night with the "Campbells are coming," till the sky yells with the gathering of all the Clans. His eyes are triumphantly fixed on ours to catch their emotions; his fingers cease their twinkling; and still that wild gathering keeps playing of itself among the mountains—fainter and fainter, as it is flung from cliff to cliff, till it dies away far—far off—as if in infinitude—sweet even and soft in its evanescence as some lover's lute.

We are now in the bay of Gleno. For though moonlight strangely alters the whole face of nature, confusing its most settled features, and with a gentle glamour blending with the green-sward what once was the gray granite, and investing with apparent woodiness what an hour ago was the desolation of herbless cliffs—yet not all the changes that wondrous nature, in ceaseless ebb and flow, ever wrought on her works, could metamorphose out of our recognition that Glen, in which, one night—long—long ago—

"In life's morning march, when our spirit was young!"

we were visited by a dream—a dream that shadowed forth in its inexplicable symbols the whole course of our future life—the graves—the tombs where many we loved are now buried—that churchyard, where we hope and believe that one day our own bones will rest.

But who shouts from the shore, Hamish—and now, as if through his fingers, sends forth a sharp shrill whistle—that pierces the sky! Ah, ha! we ken his shadow in the light, with the roe on his shoulder. 'Tis the schoolmaster of Gleno, bringing down our quarry to the

boat—kilted, we declare, like a true Son of the Mist. The shore here is shelving but stony, and our prow is aground. But strong-spined and loined, and strong in their withers, are the M'Dougals of Lorn; and, wading up to the red hairy knees, he has flung the roe into the boat, and followed it himself like a deer-hound. So bend to your oars, my hearties—my heroes—the wind freshens, and the tide strengthens from the sea; and at eight knots an hour we shall sweep along the shadows, and soon see the lantern, twinkling as from a lighthouse, on the pole of our Tent.

In a boat, upon a great sea-arm, at night, among mountains, who would be so senseless, so soulless as to speak? The hour has its might,

"Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!"

A sound there is in the sea-green swell, and the hollows of the rocks, that keep muttering, as their entrances feel the touch of the tide. But nothing beneath the moon can be more solemn, now that her aspect is so wan, and that some melancholy spirit has obscured the lustre of the stars. We feel as if the breath of old elegiac poetry were visiting our slumber. All is sad within us, yet why we know not; and the sadness is stranger as it is deeper after a day of almost foolish pastime, spent by a being who believes that he is immortal, and that this life is but the threshold of a life to come. Poor, puny, and paltry pastimes indeed are they all! But are they more so than those pursuits of which the moral poet has sung,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Methinks, now, as we are entering into a sabler mass of shadow, that the doctrine of eternal punishment of sins committed in time—but—

"Here's a health to all good lasses,
Here's a health to all good lasses,
Pledge it merrily, fill your glasses;
Let the bumper toast go round,
Let the bumper toast go round!"

Rest on your oars, lads. Hamish! the quech! give each man a caulker, that his oar may send a bolder twang from its rollock, and our fish-coble walk the waves like a man-of-war's gig, with the captain on board, going ashore, after a long cruise, to meet his wife. Now she spins! and lo! lights at Kinloch-Elive, and beyond on the breast of the mountain, bright as Hesperus—the pole-star of our Tent!

Well, this is indeed the Londe of Faery! A car with a nag caparisoned at the water edge! On with the roe, and in with Christopher and the fish. Now, Hamish, hand us the Crutch. After a cast or two, which, may they be successful as the night is auspicious, your presence, gentlemen, will be expected in the Tent. Now, Hamish, handle thou the ribbons—alias the hair-tether—and we will touch him behind, should he linger, with a weapon that might

"Create a soul under the ribs of death."

Linger! why the lightning flies from his heels, as he carries us along a fine natural causeway, like Ossian's car-borne heroes. From the size

and state of the stones over which we make such a clatter, we shrewdly suspect that the parliamentary grant for destroying the old Highland torrent-roads has not extended its ravages to Glen-Elive. O'Bronte,

"Like panting Time, toils after us in vain;"

and the pointers are following us by our own scent, and that of the roe, in the distant darkness. Pull up, Hamish, pull up, or otherwise we shall overshoot our mark, and meet with some accident or other, perhaps a capsize on Bachaille-Elive, or the Black Mount. We had no idea the circle of greensward in front of the Tent was so spacious. Why, there is room for the Lord Mayor of London's state-coach to turn with its eight horses, and that enormous ass, Parson Dillon, on the dickey. What could have made us think at this moment of London? Certes, the association of ideas is a droll thing, and also sometimes most magnificent. Dancing in the Tent, among strange figures! Celebration of the nuptials of some Arab chief, in an oasis in the Great Desert of Stony Arabia! Heavens! look at Tickler! How he hauls the Hizzies! There is no time to be lost—he and the Admiral must not have all the sport to themselves; and, by and by, spite of age and infirmity, we shall show the Tent a touch of the Highland Fling. Hollo! you landlopers! Christopher is upon you—behold the Tenth Avatar incarnated in North.

But what Apparitions at the Tent-door salute our approach?

"Back step these two fair angels, half afraid
So suddenly to see the Griesly King!"

Goat-herdresses from the cliffs of Glencreran or Glenco, kilted to the knee, and not unconscious of their ankles, one twinkle of which is sufficient to bid "Begone dull care" for ever. One hand on a shoulder of each of the mountain-nymphs—sweet liberties—and then embraced by both, half in their arms, and half on their bosoms, was ever Old Man so pleasantly let down from triumphal car, on the soft surface of his mother-earth? Ay, there lies the Red-deer! and what heaps of smaller slain! But was there ever such a rush of dogs! We shall be extinguished. Down, dogs, down—nay, ladies and gentlemen, be seated—on one another's knees as before—we beseech you—we are but men like yourselves—and

"Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!"

What it is to be the darling of gods and men, and women and children! Why, the very stars burn brighter—and thou, O Moon! art like the Sun. We foresee a night of dancing and drinking—till the mountain-dew melt in the lustre of morn. Such a day should have a glorious death—and a glorious resurrection. Hurra! Hurra!

THE MOORS FOR EVER! THE MOORS! THE MOORS!

HIGHLAND SNOW-STORM.

WHAT do you mean by original genius? By that fine line in the Pleasures of Hope—

"To muse on Nature with a poet's eye?"

Why—genius—one kind of it at least—is transfusion of self into all outward things. The genius that does that—naturally, but novelly—is original; and now you know the meaning of one kind of original genius. Have we, then, Christopher North, that gift? Have you? Yea, both of Us. Our spirits animate the insensate earth, till she speaks, sings, smiles, laughs, weeps, sighs, groans, goes mad, and dies. Nothing easier, though perhaps it is wicked, than for original genius like ours, or yours, to drive the earth to distraction. We wave our wizard hand thus—and lo! list! she is insane. How she howls to heaven, and how the maddened heaven howls back her frenzy! Two dreadful maniacs raging apart, but in communion, in one vast bedlam! The drift-snow spins before the hurricane, hissing like a nest of serpents let loose to torment the air. What fierce flakes! furies! as if all the wasps that ever stung had been revived, and were now careering part and parcel of the tempest. We are in a Highland Hut in the midst of mountains. But no land is to be seen any more than if we were in the middle of the sea. Yet a wan glare shows that the snow-storm is strangely shadowed by superincumbent cliffs; and though you cannot see, you hear the mountains. Rendings are going on, frequent, over your head—and all around the blind wilderness—the thunderous tumbings down of avalanches, mixed with the moanings, shriekings, and yellings of caves, as if spirits there were angry with the snow-drift choking up the fissures and chasms in the cliffs. Is that the creaking and groaning, and rocking and tossing of old trees, afraid of being uprooted and flung into the spate?

"Red comes the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shrieks,"

more fearful than at midnight in this nightlike day—whose meridian is a total sun eclipse. The river runs by, bloodlike, through the snow—and, short as is the reach you can see through the flaky gloom, that short reach shows that all his course must be terrible—more and more terrible—as, gathering his streams like a chieftain his clan—erelong he will sweep shieling, and hut, and hamlet to the sea, undermining rocks, cutting mounds asunder, and blowing up bridges that explode into the air with a roar like that of cannon. You sometimes think you hear thunder, though you know that cannot be—but sublimer than thunder is the nameless noise so like that of agonized life—that eddies far and wide around—high and huge above—fear all the while being at the bottom of your heart—an objectless, dim, dreary, undefinable fear, whose troubled

presence—if any mortal feeling be so—is sublime. Your imagination is troubled, and dreams of death, but of no single corpse, of no single grave. Nor fear you for yourself—for the Hut in which you thus enjoy the storm, is safer than the canopied cliff-calm of the eagle's nest; but your spirit is convulsed from its deepest and darkest foundations, and all that lay hidden there of the wild and wonderful, the pitiful and the strange, the terrible and pathetic, is now upturned in dim confusion, and imagination, working among the hoarded gatherings of the heart, creates out of them moods kindred and congenial with the hurricane, intensifying the madness of the heaven and the earth, till that which sees and that which is seen, that which hears and that which is heard, undergo alternate mutual transfiguration; and the blind Roaring Day—at once substance, shadow, and soul—is felt to be one with ourselves—the blended whole either the Live-Dead, or the Dead-Alive.

We are in a Highland Hut—if we called it a Shieling we did so merely because we love the sound of the word Shieling, and the image it at once brings to eye and ear—the rustling of leaves on a summer silvan bower, by simple art slightly changed from the form of the growth of nature, or the waving of fern on the turf-roof and turf-walls, all covered with wild-flowers and mosses, and moulded by one single season into a knoll-like beauty, beside its guardian birch-tree, insupportable to all evil spirits, but with its silvery stem and drooping tresses dear to the Silent People that won in the land of peace. Truly this is not the sweet Shieling-season, when, far away from all other human dwellings, on the dip of some great mountain, quite at the head of a day's-journey-long glen, the young herdsman, haply all alone, without one single being with him that has the use of speech, liveth for months retired far from kirk and cross—Luath his sole companion—his sole care the pasturing herds—the sole sounds he hears the croak of the raven on the cliff, or bark of the eagle in the sky. O sweet, solitary lot of lover! Haply in some oasis in the wilderness, some steadfast gleam of emerald light amid the hyacinthine-hue of the heather, that young herdsman hath pitched his tent, by one Good Spirit haunted morning, noon, and night, through the sunny, moonlight, starry months,—the Orphan-girl, whom years ago her dying father gave into his arms—the old blind soldier—knowing that the boy would shield her innocence when every blood-relation had been buried—now Orphan-girl no more, but growing there like a lily at the Shieling door, or singing within sweeter than any bird—the happiest of all living things—her own Ronald's dark-haired Bride.

We are in a Highland Hut among a Highland Snow-storm—and all at once amidst the

roar of the merciless hurricane we remember the words of Burns—the peerless Peasant. Simple as they are, with what profound pathos are they charged!

“List’ning the doors an’ winnocks rattle;
I think me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O’ winter war,
And thro’ the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scour!

“Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o’ spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o’ thee?
Whar wilt thou cow’r thy chittering wing,
An’ close thy e’e?

“Ev’n you on murdering errands toil’d,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain’d roost, and sheep-cot spoil’d,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.”

Burns is our Lowland bard—but poetry is poetry all over the world, when streamed from the life-blood of the human heart. So sang the Genius of inspired humanity in his bleak “auld clay-biggins,” on one of the braes of Coila, and now our heart responds the strain, high up among the Celtic cliffs, central among a sea of mountains hidden in a snow-storm that enshrouds the day. Ay—the one single door of this Hut—the one single “winnock,” does “rattle”—by fits—as the blast smites it, in spite of the white mound drifted hill-high all round the buried dwelling. Dim through the peat-reck cower the figures in tartan—fear has hushed the cry of the infant in the swinging cradle—and all the other imps are mute. But the household is thinner than usual at the meal-hour; and feet that loved to follow the red-deer along the bent, now fearless of pit-falls, since the first lour of morning light have been traversing the tempest. The shepherds, who sit all day long when summer hues are shining, and summer flowerets are blowing, almost idle in their plaids, beneath the shadow of some rock watching their flocks feeding above, around, and below, now expose their bold breasts to all the perils of the pastoral life. This is our Arcadia—a realm of wrath—wo—danger, and death. Here are bred the men whose blood—when the bagpipe blows—is prodigally poured forth on a thousand shores. The limbs strung to giant-force by such snows as these, moving in line of battle within the shadow of the Pyramids,

“Brought from the dust the sound of liberty,” while the Invincible standard was lowered before the heroes of the Old Black Watch, and victory out of the very heart of defeat arose on “that thrice-repeated cry” that quails all foes that madly rush against the banners of Albion. The storm that has frozen in his eyry the eagle’s wing, driven the deer to the comb beneath the cliffs, and all night imprisoned the wild-cat in his cell, hand in hand as is their wont when crossing a stream or flood, bands of Highlanders now face in its strongholds all over the ranges of mountains, come it from the wrathful inland or the more wrathful sea.

“They think upon the ourie cattle
And silly sheep,”

and man’s reason goes to the help of brute instinct.

How passing sweet is that other stanza, heard like a low hymn amidst the noise of the tempest! Let our hearts once more recite it—

“Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o’ spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o’ thee?
Whar wilt thou cow’r thy chittering wing,
An’ close thy e’e?”

The whole earth is for a moment green again—trees whisper—streamlets murmur—and the “merry month o’ spring” is musical through all her groves. But in another moment we know that almost all those sweet singers, are now dead—or that they “cow’r the chittering wing”—never more to flutter through the woodlands, and “close the e’e” that shall never more be reilluminated with love, when the Season of Nests is at hand, and bush, tree, and tower are again all a-twitter with the survivors of some gentler climate.

The poet’s heart, humanized to utmost tenderness by the beauty of its own merciful thoughts, extends its pity to the poor beasts of prey. Each syllable tells—each stroke of the poet-painter’s pencil depicts the life and sufferings of the wretched creatures. And then, feeling that such an hour all life is subject to one lot, how profound the pathos reflected back upon our own selves and our mortal condition, by these few simplest words—

“My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats!”

They go to help the “ourie cattle” and the “silly sheep;” but who knows that they are not sent on an errand of higher mercy, by Him whose ear has not been shut to the prayer almost frozen on the lips of them about to perish!—an incident long forgotten, though on the eve of that day on which the deliverance happened, so passionately did we all regard it, that we felt that interference providential—as if we had indeed seen the hand of God stretched down through the mist and snow from heaven. We all said that it would never leave our memory; yet all of us soon forgot it—but now while the tempest howls, it seems again of yesterday.

One family lived in Glencreran, and another in Glenco—the families of two brothers—seldom visiting each other on working-days—seldom meeting even on Sabbaths, for theirs was not the same parish-kirk—seldom coming together on rural festivals or holydays, for in the Highlands now these are not so frequent as of yore; yet all these sweet seldoms, taken together, to loving hearts made a happy many, and thus, though each family passed its life in its own home, there were many invisible threads stretched out through the intermediate air, connecting the two dwellings together—as the gossamer keeps floating from one tree to another, each with its own secret nest. And nestlike both dwellings were. That in Glenco, built beneath a treeless but high-heathered rock—lown in all storms—with greensward and garden on a slope down to a rivulet, the clearest of the clear, (oh! once wofully reddened!) and growing—so it seems in the mosses of its own roof, and the huge stones that overshadow it—out of the earth

That in Glencreran, more conspicuous, on a knoll among the pastoral meadows, midway between mountain and mountain, so that the grove which shelters it, except when the sun as shining high, is darkened by their meeting shadows, and dark indeed even in the sunshine, for 'tis a low but wide-armed grove of old oak-like pines. A little further down, and Glencreran is very silvan; but this dwelling is the highest up of all, the first you descend upon, near the foot of that wild hanging staircase between you and Glen-Etive; and except this old oaklike grove of pines, there is not a tree, and hardly a bush, on bank or brae, pasture or hay-field, though these are kept by many a rill there mingling themselves into one stream, in a perpetual lustre, that seems to be as native to the grass as its light is to the glow-worm. Such are the two Huts—for they are huts and no more—and you may see them still, if you know how to discover the beautiful sights of nature from descriptions treasured in your heart—and if the spirit of change, now nowhere at rest on the earth, not even in its most solitary places, have not swept from the scenes they beautified the humble but hereditary dwellings that ought to be allowed, in the fulness of the quiet time, to relapse back into the bosom of nature, through insensible and unperceived decay.

These Huts belonged to brothers—and each had an only child—a son and a daughter—born on the same day—and now blooming on the verge of youth. A year ago, and they were but mere children—but what wondrous growth of frame and spirit does nature at that season of life often present before our eyes! So that we almost see the very change going on between morn and morn, and feel that these objects of our affection are daily brought closer to ourselves, by partaking daily more and more in all our most sacred thoughts, in our cares and in our duties, and in knowledge of the sorrows as well as the joys of our common lot. Thus had these cousins grown up before their parent's eyes, Flora Macdonald—a name hallowed of yore—the fairest, and Rannald Cameron, the boldest of all the living flowers in Glenco and Glencreran. It was now their seventeenth birthday, and never had a winter sun smiled more serenely over a hush of snow. Flora, it had been agreed on, was to pass that day in Glencreran, and Rannald to meet her among the mountains, that he might bring her down the many precipitous passes to his parent's hut. It was the middle of February, and the snow had lain for weeks with all its drifts unchanged, so calm had been the weather, and so continued the frost. At the same hour, known by horologe on the cliff touched by the finger of dawn, the happy creatures left each their own glen, and mile after mile of the smooth surface glided away past their feet, almost as the quiet water glides by the little boat that in favouring breezes walks merrily along the sea. And soon they met at the trysting-place—a bank of birch-trees beneath a cliff that takes its name from the Eagles.

On their meeting seemed not to them the whole of nature suddenly inspired with joy

and beauty! Insects unheard by them before hummed and glittered in the air—from tree roots, where the snow was thin, little flowers, or herbs flower-like, now for the first time were seen looking out as if alive—the trees themselves seemed budding as if it were already spring—and rare as in that rocky region are the birds of song, a faint trill for a moment touched their ears, and the flutter of a wing, telling them that somewhere near there was preparation for a nest. Deep down beneath the snow they listened to the tinkle of rills unreached by the frost—and merry, thought they, was the music of these contented prisoners. Not summer's self, in its deepest green, so beautiful had ever been to them before, as now the mild white of Winter; and as their eyes were lifted up to heaven, when had they ever seen before a sky of such perfect blue, a sun so gentle in its brightness, or altogether a week-day in any season so like a Sabbath in its stillness, so like a holyday in its joy! Lovers were they—although as yet they scarcely knew it; for from love only could have come such bliss as now was theirs, a bliss that while it beautified was felt to come from the skies.

Flora sang to Rannald many of her old songs to those wild Gaelic airs that sound like the sighing of winds among fractured cliffs, or the branches of storm-tossed trees when the subsiding tempest is about to let them rest. Monotonous music! but irresistible over the heart it has once awakened and enthralled, so sincere seems to be the mournfulness it breathes—a mournfulness brooding on the same note that is at once its natural expression and its sweetest aliment—of which the singer never wearyeth in her dream, while her heart all the time is haunted by all that is most piteous, by the faces of the dead in their paleness returning to the shades of life, only that once more they may pour from their fixed eyes those strange showers of unaccountable tears!

How merry were they between those mournful airs! How Flora trembled to see her lover's burning brow and flashing eyes, as he told her tales of great battles fought in foreign lands, far across the sea—tales which he had drunk in with greedy ears from the old heroes scattered all over Lochaber and Badenoch, on the brink of the grave still garrulous of blood!

“The sun sat high in his meridian tower,”

but time had not been with the youthful lovers, and the blessed beings believed that 'twas but a little hour since beneath the Eagle Cliff they had met in the prime of the morn!

The boy starts to his feet—and his keen eye looks along the ready rifle—for his sires had all been famous deer-stalkers, and the passion of the chase was hereditary in his blood. Lo! a deer from Dalness, hound-driven or sullenly astray, slowly bearing his antlers up the glen, then stopping for a moment to snuff the air, and then away—away! The rifle-shot rings dully from the scarce echoing snow-cliffs, and the animal leaps aloft, struck by a certain but not sudden death-wound. Oh! for Fingal now to pull him down like a wolf! But labouring and lumbering heavily along, the snow spotted

as he bounds with blood, the huge animal at last disappears round some rocks at the head of the glen. "Follow me, Flora!" the boy-hunter cries—and flinging down their plaids, they turn their bright faces to the mountain, and away up the long glen after the stricken deer. Fleet was the mountain-girl—and Rannald, as he ever and anon looked back to wave her on, with pride admired her lightsome motion as she bounded along the snow. Redder and redder grew that snow, and more heavily trampled as they winded round the rocks. Yonder is the deer staggering up the mountain, not half a mile off—now standing at bay, as if before his swimming eyes came Fingal, the terror of the forest, whose howl was known to all the echoes, and quailed the herd while their antlers were yet afar off. "Rest, Flora! rest! while I fly to him with my rifle—and shoot him through the heart!"

Up—up—the interminable glen, that kept winding and winding round many a jutting promontory, and many a castellated cliff, the red-deer kept dragging his gore-oozing bulk, sometimes almost within, and then, for some hundreds of yards, just beyond rifle-shot; while the boy, maddened by the chase, pressed forwards, now all alone, nor any more looking behind for Flora, who had entirely disappeared; and thus he was hurried on for miles by the whirlwind of passion—till at last he struck the noble quarry, and down sank the antlers in the snow, while the air was spurned by the convulsive beatings of feet. Then leaped Rannald upon the Red-deer like a beast of prey, and lifted up a look of triumph to the mountain tops.

Where is Flora? Her lover has forgotten her—and he is alone—nor knows it—he and the Red-deer—an enormous animal—fast stiffening in the frost of death.

Some large flakes of snow are in the air, and they seem to waver and whirl, though an hour ago there was not a breath. Faster they fall and faster—the flakes are almost as large as leaves—and overhead whence so suddenly has come that huge yellow cloud? "Flora, where are you? where are you, Flora?" and from the huge hide the boy leaps up, and sees that no Flora is at hand. But yonder is a moving speck far off upon the snow! 'Tis she—'tis she—and again Rannald turns his eyes upon the quarry, and the heart of the hunter burns within him like a new-stirred fire. Shrill as the eagle's cry disturbed in his ery, he sends a shout down the glen—and Flora, with cheeks pale and bright by fits, is at last at his side. Panting and speechless she stands—and then dizzily sinks on his breast. Her hair is ruffled by the wind that revives her, and her face all moistened by the snow-flakes, now not falling but driven—for the day has undergone a dismal change, and all over the skies are now lowering savage symptoms of a fast-coming night-storm.

Bare is poor Flora's head, and sadly drenched her hair, that an hour or two ago glittered in the sunshine. Her shivering frame misses now the warmth of the plaid, which almost no cold can penetrate, and which had kept the vital current flowing freely in many a bitter blast. What would the miserable boy give now for the coverings lying far away, which, in

his foolish passion, he flung down to chase that fatal deer! "Oh! Flora! if you would not fear to stay here by yourself—under the protection of God, who surely will not forsake you—soon will I go and come from the place where our plaids are lying; and under the shelter of the deer we may be able to outlive the hurricane—you wrap up in them—and folded—O my dearest sister—in my arms!"—"I will go with you down the glen, Rannald!" and she left his breast—but, weak as a day-old lamb, tottered and sank down on the snow. The cold—intense as if the air were ice—had chilled her very heart, after the heat of that long race; and it was manifest that here she must be for the night—to live or to die. And the night seemed already come, so full was the lift of snow; while the glimmer every moment became gloomier, as if the day were expiring long before its time. Howling at a distance down the glen was heard a sea-born tempest from the Linnhe-Loch, where now they both knew the tide was tumbling in, bringing with it sleet and snow blasts from afar; and from the opposite quarter of the sky, an inland tempest was raging to meet it, while every lesser glen had its own uproar, so that on all hands they were environed with death.

"I will go—and, till I return, leave you with God."—"Go, Rannald!" and he went and came—as if he had been endowed with the raven's wings!

Miles away—and miles back had he flown—and an hour had not been with his going and his coming—but what a dreary wretchedness meanwhile had been hers! She feared that she was dying—that the cold snow-storm was killing her—and that she would never more see Rannald, to say to him farewell. Soon as he was gone, all her courage had died. Alone, she feared death, and wept to think how hard it was for one so young thus miserably to die. He came—and her whole being was changed. Folded up in both the plaids—she felt resigned. "Oh! kiss me—kiss me, Rannald—for your love—great as it is—is not as my love. You must never forget me, Rannald—your poor Flora is dead."

Religion with these two young creatures was as clear as the light of the Sabbath-day—and their belief in heaven just the same as in earth. The will of God they thought of just as they thought of their parents' will—and the same was their loving obedience to its decrees. If she was to die—supported now by the presence of her brother—Flora was utterly resigned; if she were to live, her heart imaged to itself the very forms of her grateful worship. But all at once she closed her eyes—ceased breathing—and, as the tempest howled and rumbled in the gloom that fell around them like blindness, Rannald almost sank down, thinking that she was dead.

"Wretched sinner that I am!—my wicked madness brought her here to die of cold!" And he smote his breast—and tore his hair—and feared to look up, lest the angry eye of God were looking on him through the storm.

All at once, without speaking a word, Rannald lifted Flora in his arms, and walked away up the glen—here almost narrowed into a

pass. Distraction gave him supernatural strength, and her weight seemed that of a child. Some walls of what had once been a house, he had suddenly remembered, were but a short way off—whether or not they had any roof, he had forgotten; but the thought even of such shelter seemed a thought of salvation. There it was—a snow-drift at the opening that had once been a door—snow up the holes once windows—the wood of the roof had been carried off for fuel, and the snow-flakes were falling in, as if they would soon fill up the inside of the ruin. The snow in front was all trampled as if by sheep; and carrying in his burden under the low lintel, he saw the place was filled with a flock that had foreknown the hurricane, and that all huddled together looked on him as on the shepherd come to see how they were faring in the storm.

And a young shepherd he was, with a lamb apparently dying in his arms. All colour—all motion—all breath seemed to be gone—and yet something convinced his heart that she was yet alive. The ruined hut was roofless, but across an angle of the walls some pine-branches had been flung as a sort of shelter for the sheep or cattle that might repair thither in cruel weather—some pine-branches left by the woodcutters who had felled the few trees that once stood at the very head of the glen. Into that corner the snow-drift had not yet forced its way, and he sat down there with Flora in the cherishing of his embrace, hoping that the warmth of his distracted heart might be felt by her who was as cold as a corpse. The chill air was somewhat softened by the breath of the huddled flock, and the edge of the cutting wind blunted by the stones. It was a place in which it seemed possible that she might revive—miserable as it was with mire-mixed snow—and almost as cold as one supposes the grave. And she did revive—and under the half-open lids the dim blue appeared to be not yet life-deserted. It was yet but the afternoon—nightlike though it was—and he thought, as he breathed upon her lips, that a faint red returned, and that they felt the kisses he dropt on them to drive death away.

“Oh! father, go seek for Ranald, for I dreamt to-night he was perishing in the snow!”—“Flora, fear not—God is with us.”—“Wild swans, they say, are come to Loch-Phoil—let us go, Ranald, and see them—but no rifle—for why kill creatures said to be so beautiful?” Over them where they lay, bended down the pine-branch roof, as if it would give way beneath the increasing weight;—but there it still hung—though the drift came over their feet and up to their knees, and seemed stealing upwards to be their shroud. “Oh! I am overcome with drowsiness, and fain would be allowed to sleep. Who is disturbing me—and what noise is this in our house?”—“Fear not—fear not, Flora—God is with us.”—“Mother! am I lying in your arms? My father surely is not in the storm! Oh! I have had a most dreadful dream!” and with such mutterings as these Flora relapsed again into that perilous sleep—which soon becomes that of death.

Night itself came—but Flora and Ranald knew it not—and both lay now motionless in

one snow-shroud. Many passions—though earth-born, heavenly all—joy, and grief, and love, and hope, and at last despair—had prostrated the strength they had so long supported, and the brave boy—who had been for some time feeble as a very child after a fever—with a mind confused and wandering, and in its perplexities sore afraid of some nameless ill, had submitted to lay down his head beside his Flora’s, and had soon become like her insensible to the night and all its storms!

Bright was the peat-fire in the hut of Flora’s parents in Glenco—and they were among the happiest of the humble happy, blessing this the birthday of their blameless child. They thought of her singing her sweet songs by the fireside of the hut in Glencreran—and tender thoughts of her cousin Ranald were with them in their prayers. No warning came to their ears in the sigh or the howl; for Fear it is that creates its own ghosts, and all its own ghostlike visitings, and they had seen their Flora in the meekness of the morning, setting forth on her way over the quiet mountains, like a fawn to play. Sometimes, too, Love, who starts at shadows as if they were of the grave, is strangely insensible to realities that might well inspire dismay. So was it now with the dwellers in the hut at the head of Glencreran. Their Ranald had left them in the morning—night had come, and he and Flora were not there—but the day had been almost like a summer-day, and in their infatuation they never doubted that the happy creatures had changed their minds, and that Flora had returned with him to Glenco. Ranald had laughingly said, that haply he might surprise the people in that glen by bringing back to them Flora on her birthday—and strange though it afterwards seemed to her to be, that belief prevented one single fear from touching his mother’s heart, and she and her husband that night lay down in untroubled sleep.

And what could have been done for them, had they been told by some good or evil spirit that their children were in the clutches of such a night? As well seek for a single bark in the middle of the misty main! But the inland storm had been seen brewing among the mountains round King’s House, and hut had communicated with hut, though far apart in regions where the traveller sees no symptoms of human life. Down through the long cliff-pass of Mealanumy, between Buchael-Etive and the Black-Mount, towards the lone House of Dalness, that lives in everlasting shadows, went a band of shepherds, trampling their way across a hundred frozen streams. Dalness joined its strength—and then away over the drift-bridged chasms toiled that Gathering, with their sheep-dogs scouring the loose snows—in the van, Fingal the Red Reaver, with his head aloft on the look-out for deer, grimly eyeing the Correi where last he tasted blood. All “plaided in their tartan array,” these shepherds laughed at the storm—and hark! you hear the bag-pipe play—the music the Highlanders love both in war and in peace.

“They think then of the curie cattle,
And silly sheep;”

and though they ken ’twill be a moonless night

—for the snow-storm will sweep her out of heaven—up the mountain and down the glen they go, marking where flock and herd have betaken themselves, and now, at night-fall, unafraid of that blind hollow, they descend into the depth where once stood the old Grove of Pines. Following the dogs, who know their duties in their instinct, the band, without seeing it, are now close to that ruined hut. Why bark the sheep-dogs so—and why howls Fingal, as if some spirit passed athwart the night? He scents the dead body of the boy who so often had shouted him on in the forest, when the antlers went by! Not dead—nor dead she who is on his bosom. Yet life in both is frozen—and will the iced blood in their veins ever again be thawed? Almost pitch-dark is the roofless ruin—and the frightened sheep know not what is the terrible Shape that is howling there. But a man enters, and lifts up one of the bodies, giving it into the arms of them at the doorway—and then lifts up the other; and, by the flash of a rifle, they see that it is Ranald Cameron and Flora Macdonald, seemingly both frozen to death. Some of those reeds that the shepherds burn in their huts are kindled, and in that small light they are assured that such are the corpses. But that noble dog knows that death is not there—and licks the face of Ranald, as if he would restore life to his eyes. Two of the shepherds know well how to fold the dying in their plaids—how gentlest to carry them along; for they had learnt it on the field of victorious battle, when, without stumbling over the dead and wounded, they bore away the shattered body—yet living—of the youthful warrior, who had shown that of such a Clan he was worthy to be the Chief.

The storm was with them all the way down the glen—nor could they have heard each other's voices had they spoke—but mutely they shifted the burden from strong hand to hand—thinking of the Hut in Glenco, and of what would be felt there on their arrival with the dying or dead. Blind people walk through what to them is the night of crowded day-streets—unpausing turn round corners—unhesitatingly plunge down steep stairs—wind their way fearlessly through whirlwinds of life—and reach in their serenity, each one unharmed, his own obscure house. For God is with the blind. So is he with all who walk on works of mercy. This saving band had no fear—and therefore there was no danger—on the edge of the pitfall or the cliff. They knew the countenances of the mountains shown momentarily by ghastly gleamings through the fitful night, and the hollow sound of each particular stream beneath the snow at places where in other weather there was a pool or a waterfall. The dip of the hills, in spite of the drifts, familiar to their feet, did not deceive them now; and then, the dogs in their instinct were guides that erred not, and as well as the shepherds knew it themselves did Fingal know that they were anxious to reach Glenco. He led the way, as if he were in moonlight; and often stood still when they were shifting their burden, and whined as if in grief. He knew where the bridges were—stones or logs; and he rounded the marshes where at springs the

wild-fowl feed. And thus Instinct, and Reason, and Faith conducted the saving band along—and now they are at Glenco—and at the door of the Hut.

To life were brought the dead; and there at midnight sat they up like ghosts. Strange seemed they—for a while—to each other's eyes—and at each other they looked as if they had forgotten how dearly once they loved. Then as if in holy fear they gazed on each other's faces, thinking that they had awoke together in heaven. "Flora!" said Ranald—and that sweet word, the first he had been able to speak, reminded him of all that had passed, and he knew that the God in whom they had put their trust had sent them deliverance. Flora, too, knew her parents, who were on their knees—and she strove to rise up and kneel down beside them—but she was powerless as a broken reed—and when she thought to join them in thanksgiving, her voice was gone. Still as death sat all the people in the hut—and one or two who were fathers were not ashamed to weep.

Who were they—the solitary pair—all alone by themselves save a small image of her on whose breast it lay—whom—seven summers after—we came upon in our wanderings, before their Shieling in Correi-Vollach at the foot of Ben Chrluas, who sees his shadow in a hundred lochs? Who but Ranald and Flora!

* * * * *

Nay, dry up—Daughter of our Age, dry up thy tears! and we shall set a vision before thine eyes to fill them with unmoistened light.

Oft before have those woods and waters—those clouds and mountains—that sun and sky, held thy spirit in Elysium,—thy spirit, that then was disembodied, and living in the beauty and the glory of the elements. 'TIS WINDERMERE—WINDERMERE! Never canst thou have forgotten those more than fortunate—those thrice-blessed Isles! But when last we saw them within the still heaven of thy smiling eyes, summer suns had overloaded them with beauty, and they stooped their flowers and foliage down to the blushing, the burning deep, that glowed in its transparency with other groves as gorgeous as themselves, the whole mingling mass of reality and of shadow forming one creation. But now, lo! Windermere in Winter. All leafless now the groves that girdled her as if shifting rainbows were in love perpetually letting fall their colours on the Queen of Lakes. Gone now are her banks of emerald that carried our calm gazings with them, sloping away back into the cerulean sky. Her mountains, shadowy in sunshine, and seeming restless as seas, where are they now?—The cloud-cleaving cliffs that shot up into the blue region where the buzzard sailed? All gone. But mourn not for that loss. Accustom thine eye—and through it thy soul to that transcendent substitution, and deeply will they be reconciled. Sawest thou ever the bosom of the Lake hushed into profounder rest? No white-winged pinnace glides through the sunshine—no clanking oar is heard leaving or approaching cape, point, or bay—no music of voice, stop, or string, wakens the sleeping echoes. How strangely dim and confused on the water the fantastic frostwork

imagery, yet more steadfastly hanging there than ever hung the banks of summer! For all one sheet of ice, now clear as the Glass of Glamour in which that Lord of old beheld his Geraldine—is Windermere, the heaven-loving and the heaven-beloved. Not a wavelet murmurs in all her bays, from the silvan Brathay to where the southern straits narrow into a river—now chained too, the Leven, on his silvan course towards that perilous Estuary afar off raging on its wreck-strewn sands. The frost came after the last fall of snow—and not a single flake ever touched that surface; and now that you no longer miss the green twinkling of the large July leaves, does not imagination love those motionless frozen forests, cold but not dead, serene but not sullen, inspirative in the strangeness of their apparelling of wild thoughts about the scenery of foreign climes, far away among the regions of the North, where Nature works her wonders aloof from human eyes, and that wild architect Frost, during the absence of the sun, employs his night of months in building and dissolving his ice-palaces, magnificent beyond the reach of any power set to work at the bidding of earth's crowned and sceptred kings? All at once a hundred houses, high up among the hills, seem on fire. The setting sun has smitten them, and the snow-tracts are illuminated by harmless conflagrations. Their windows are all lighted up by a lurid splendour, in its strong suddenness sublime. But look, look, we beseech you, at the sun—the sunset—the sunset region—and all that kindred and corresponding heaven, effulgent, where a minute ago lay in its cold glitter the blue bosom of the lake. Who knows the laws of light and the perpetual miracle of their operation? God—not thou. The snow-mountains are white no more, but gorgeous in their colouring as the clouds. Lo! Pavey-Ark—magnificent range of cliffs—seeming to come forward, while you gaze!—How it glows with a rosy light, as if a flush of flowers decked the precipice in that delicate splendour! Langdale-Pikes, methinks, are tinged with finest purple, and the thought of violets is with us as we gaze on the tinted bosom of the mountains dearest to the setting sun. But that long broad slip of orange-coloured sky is yellowing with its reflection almost all the rest of our Alps—all but yon stranger—the summit of some mountain belonging to another region—ay—the Great Gabel—silent now as sleep—when last we clomb his cliffs, thundering in the mists of all his cataracts. In his shroud he stands pallid like a ghost. Beyond the reach of the setting sun he lours in his exclusion from the rejoicing light, and imagination, personifying his solitary vastness into forsaken life, pities the doom of the forlorn Giant. Ha! just as the eye of day is about to shut, one smile seems sent afar to that lonesome mountain, and a crown of crimson encompasses his forehead.

On which of the two sunsets art thou now gazing? Thou who art to our old loving eyes so like the "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty?" On the sunset in the heaven—or the sunset in the lake? The divine truth is—O Daughter of our Age—that both sunsets are but visions

of our own spirits. Again both are gone from the outward world—and naught remains but a forbidden frown of the cold bleak snow. But imperishable in thy imagination will both sunsets be—and though it will sometimes retire into the recesses of thy memory, and lie there among the unsuspected treasures of forgotten imagery that have been unconsciously accumulating there since first those gentle eyes of thine had perfect vision given to their depths—yet mysteriously brought back from vanishment by some one single silent thought, to which power has been yielding over that bright portion of the Past, will both of them sometimes reappear to thee in solitude—or haply when in the very heart of life. And then surely a few tears will fall for sake of him—then no more seen—by whose side thou stoodest, when that double sunset enlarged thy sense of beauty, and made thee in thy father's eyes the sweetest—best—and brightest poetess—whose whole life is musical inspiration—ode, elegy, and hymn, sung not in words but in looks—sigh-breathed or speechlessly distilled in tears flowing from feelings the farthest in this world from grief.

So much, though but little, for the beautiful—with, perhaps, a tinge of the sublime. Are the two emotions different and distinct—thinkst thou, O metaphysical critic of the gruesome countenance—or modifications of one and the same? 'Tis a puzzling question—and we, Sphinx, might wait till doomsday, before you, Œdipus, could solve the enigma. Certainly a Rose is one thing and Mount Ætna is another—an antelope and an elephant—an insect and a man-of-war, both sailing in the sun—a little lucid well in which the fairies bathe, and the Polar Sea in which Leviathan is "wallowing unwieldy, enormous in his gait"—the jewelled finger of a virgin bride, and grim Saturn with his ring—the upward eye of a kneeling saint, and a comet, "that from his horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." But let the rose bloom on the mouldering ruins of the palace of some great king—among the temples of Balbec or Syrian Tadmor—and in its beauty, methinks, 'twill be also sublime. See the antelope bounding across a raging chasm—up among the region of eternal snows on Mont Blanc—and deny it, if you please—but assuredly we think that there is sublimity in the fearless flight of that beautiful creature, to whom nature grudged not wings, but gave instead the power of plumes to her small delicate limbs, unfractured by alighting among the pointed rocks. All alone, by your single solitary self, in some wide, lifeless desert, could you deny sublimity to the unlooked-for hum of the tiniest insect, or to the sudden shiver of the beauty of his gauze-wings? Not you, indeed. Stooping down to quench your thirst in that little lucid well where the fairies bathe, what if you saw the image of the evening star shining in some strange subterranean world? We suspect that you would hold in your breath, and swear devoutly that it was sublime. Dead on the very evening of her marriage day is that virgin bride whose delicacy was so beautiful—and as she lies in her white wedding garments that serve for a shroud—that emblem of eter-

nity and of eternal love, the ring, upon her finger—with its encased star shining brightly now that her eyes, once stars, are closed—would, methinks, be sublime to all Christian hearts. In comparison with all these beautiful sublimities, Mount Ætna, the elephant, the man-of-war, Leviathan swimming the ocean-stream, Sa-

turn with his ring, and with his horrid hair the comet—might be all less than nothings. Therefore beauty and sublimity are twin feelings—one and the same birth—seldom inseparable;—if you still doubt it, become a fire-warshipper, and sing your morning and evening orisons to the rising and the setting sun.

THE HOLY CHILD.

This House of ours is a prison—this Study of ours a cell. Time has laid his fetters on our feet—fetters fine as the gossamer, but strong as Samson's ribs, silken-soft to wise submission, but to vain impatience galling as cankered wound that keeps ceaselessly eating into the bone. But while our bodily feet are thus bound by an inevitable and inexorable law, our mental wings are free as those of the lark, the dove, or the eagle—and they shall be expanded as of yore, in calm or tempest, now touching with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth, and now aspiring heavenwards, beyond the realms of mist and cloud, even unto the very core of the still heart of that otherwise unapproachable sky which graciously opens to receive us on our flight, when, disencumbered of the burden of all grovelling thoughts, and strong in spirituality, we exult to soar

"Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,"

nearing and nearing the native region of its own incomprehensible being.

Now touching, we said, with their tips the bosom of this dearly beloved earth! How sweet that attraction to imagination's wings! How delightful in that lower flight to skim along the green ground, or as now along the soft-bosomed beauty of the virgin snow! We were asleep all night long—sound asleep as children—while the flakes were falling, "and soft as snow on snow" were all the descendings of our untroubled dreams. The moon and all her stars were willing that their lustre should be veiled by that peaceful shower; and now the sun, pleased with the purity of the morning earth, all white as innocence, looks down from heaven with a meek unmelting light, and still leaves undissolved the stainless splendour. There is frost in the air—but he "does his spiriting gently," studding the ground-snow thickly with diamonds, and shaping the tree-snow according to the peculiar and characteristic beauty of the leaves and sprays, on which it has alighted almost as gently as the dews of spring. You know every kind of tree still by its own spirit showing itself through that fairy veil—momentarily disguised from recognition—but admired the more in the sweet surprise with which again your heart salutes its familiar branches, all fancifully ornamented with their snow foliage, that murmurs not like the green leaves of summer, that like the yellow leaves of autumn strews not the earth with de-

cay, but often melts away into changes so invisible and inaudible that you wonder to find that it is all vanished, and to see the old tree again standing in its own faint-green glossy bark, with its many million buds, which perhaps fancy suddenly expands into a power of umbrage impenetrable to the sun in Scorpio.

A sudden burst of sunshine! bringing back the pensive spirit from the past to the present, and kindling it, till it dances like light reflected from a burning mirror. A cheerful Sun-scene, though almost destitute of life. An undulating Landscape, hillocky and hilly, but not mountainous, and buried under the weight of a day and night's incessant and continuous snow-fall. The weather has not been windy—and now that the flakes have ceased falling, there is not a cloud to be seen, except some delicate braidings here and there along the calm of the Great Blue Sea of Heaven. Most luminous is the sun, yet you can look straight on his face, almost with unwinking eyes, so mild and mellow is his large light as it overflows the day. All enclosures have disappeared, and you indistinctly ken the greater landmarks, such as a grove, a wood, a hall, a castle, a spire, a village, a town—the faint haze of a far off and smokeless city. Most intense is the silence; for all the streams are dumb, and the great river lies like a dead serpent in the strath. Not dead—for, lo! yonder one of his folds glitters—and in the glitter you see him moving—while all the rest of his sullen length is palsied by frost, and looks livid and more livid at every distant and more distant winding. What blackens on that tower of snow? Crows roosting innumerable on a huge tree—but they caw not in their hunger. Neither sheep nor cattle are to be seen or heard—but they are cared for;—the folds and the farm-yards are all full of life—and the ungathered stragglers are safe in their instincts. There has been a deep fall—but no storm—and the silence, though partly that of suffering, is not that of death. Therefore, to the imagination, unsaddened by the heart, the repose is beautiful. The almost unbroken uniformity of the scene—its simple and grand monotony—lulls all the thoughts and feelings into a calm, over which is breathed the gentle excitation of a novel charm, inspiring many fancies, all of a quiet character. Their range, perhaps, is not very extensive, but they all regard the homefelt and domestic charities of life. And the heart burns as here

and there some human dwelling discovers itself by a wreath of smoke up the air, or as the robin redbreast, a creature that is ever at hand, comes flitting before your path with an almost pert flutter of his feathers, bold from the acquaintanceship he has formed with you in severer weather at the threshold or window of the tenement, which for years may have been the winter sanctuary of the "bird whom man loves best," and who bears a Christian name in every clime he inhabits. Meanwhile the sun waxes brighter and warmer in heaven—some insects are in the air, as if that moment called to life—and the mosses that may yet be visible here and there along the ridge of a wall or on the stem of a tree, in variegated lustre frost-brightened, seem to delight in the snow, and in no other season of the year to be so happy as in winter. Such gentle touches of pleasure animate 'one's whole being, and connect, by many a fine association, the emotions inspired by the objects of animate and of inanimate nature.

Ponder on the idea—the emotion of purity—and how finely soul-blent is the delight imagination feels in a bright hush of new-fallen snow! Some speck or stain—however slight—there always seems to be on the most perfect whiteness of any other substance—or "dim suffusion veils" it with some faint discolour—witness even the leaf of the lily or the rose. Heaven forbid that we should ever breathe aught but love and delight in the beauty of these consummate flowers! But feels not the heart, even when the midsummer morning sunshine is melting the dews on their fragrant bosoms, that their loveliness is "of the earth earthy"—faintly tinged or streaked, when at the very fairest, with a hue foreboding languishment and decay! Not the less for its sake are those soulless flowers dear to us—thus owning kindred with them whose beauty is all soul enshrined for a short while on that perishable face. Do we not still regard the insensate flowers—so emblematical of what, in human life, we do most passionately love and profoundly pity—with a pensive emotion, often deepening into melancholy that sometimes, ere the strong fit subsides, blackens into despair! What pain doubtless was in the heart of the Elegiac Poet of old, when he sighed over the transitory beauty of flowers—

"Conquerimur natura brevis quam gratia Florum!"

But over a perfectly pure expanse of night-fallen snow, when unaffected by the gentle sun, the first fine frost has incrustated it with small sparkling diamonds, the prevalent emotion is Joy. There is a charm in the sudden and total disappearance even of the grassy green. All the "old familiar faces" of nature are for a while out of sight, and out of mind. That white silence shed by heaven over earth carries with it, far and wide, the pure peace of another region—almost another life. No image is there to tell of this restless and noisy world. The cheerfulness of reality kindles up our reverie ere it becomes a dream; and we are glad to feel our whole being complexioned by the passionless repose. If we think at all of human life, it is only of the young, the fair, and

the innocent. "Pure as snow," are words then felt to be most holy, as the image of some beautiful and beloved being comes and goes before our eyes—brought from a far distance in this our living world, or from a distance further still in a world beyond the grave—the image of a virgin growing up sinlessly to womanhood among her parents' prayers, or of some spiritual creature who expired long ago, and carried with her her native innocence unstained to heaven.

Such Spiritual Creature—too spiritual long to sojourn below the skies—wert Thou—whose rising and whose setting—both most starlike—brightened at once all thy native vale, and at once left it in darkness. Thy name has long slept in our heart—and there let it sleep unbreathed—even as, when we are dreaming our way through some solitary place, without naming it, we bless the beauty of some sweet wild-flower, pensively smiling to us through the snow.

The Sabbath returns on which, in the little kirk among the hills, we saw thee baptized. Then comes a wavering glimmer of five sweet years, that to Thee, in all their varieties, were but as one delightful season, one blessed life—and, finally, that other Sabbath, on which, at thy own dying request—between services thou wert buried.

How mysterious are all thy ways and workings, O gracious Nature! Thou who art but a name given by us to the Being in whom all things are and have life. Ere three years old, she, whose image is now with us, all over the small silvan world that beheld the evanescent revelation of her pure existence, was called the "Holy Child!" The taint of sin—inherited from those who disobeyed in Paradise—seemed from her fair clay to have been washed out at the baptismal font, and by her first infantine tears. So pious people almost believed, looking on her so unlike all other children, in the serenity of that habitual smile that clothed the creature's countenance with a wondrous beauty at an age when on other infants is but faintly seen the dawn of reason, and their eyes look happy just like the thoughtless flowers. So unlike all other children—but unlike only because sooner than they she seemed to have had given to her, even in the communion of the cradle, an intimation of the being and the providence of God. Sooner, surely, than through any other clay that ever enshrouded immortal spirit, dawned the light of religion on the face of the "Holy Child."

Her lisping language was sprinkled with words alien from common childhood's uncertain speech, that murmurs only when indigent nature prompts; and her own parents wondered whence they came, when first they looked upon her kneeling in an unbidden prayer. As one mild week of vernal sunshine covers the braes with primroses, so shone with fair and fragrant feeling—unfolded, ere they knew, before her parents' eyes—the divine nature of her who for a season was lent to them from the skies. She learned to read out of the Bible—almost without any teaching—they knew not how—just by looking gladly on the words, even as she looked on the pretty

daisies on the green—till their meanings stole insensibly into her soul, and the sweet syllables, succeeding each other on the blessed page, were all united by the memories her heart had been treasuring every hour that her father or her mother had read aloud in her hearing from the Book of Life. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—how wept her parents, as these the most affecting of our Saviour's words dropt silver-sweet from her lips, and continued in her upward eyes among the swimming tears!

Be not incredulous of this dawn of reason, wonderful as it may seem to you, so soon becoming morn—almost perfect daylight—with the "Holy Child." Many such miracles are set before us—but we recognise them not, or pass them by with a word or a smile of short surprise. How leaps the baby in its mother's arms, when the mysterious charm of music thrills through its little brain! And how learns it to modulate its feeble voice, unable yet to articulate, to the melodies that bring forth all round its eyes a delighted smile! Who knows what then may be the thoughts and feelings of the infant awakened to the sense of a new world, alive through all its being to sounds that haply glide past our ears unmeaning as the breath of the common air! Thus have mere infants sometimes been seen inspired by music till, like small genii, they warbled spell-strains of their own, powerful to sadden and subdue our hearts. So, too, have infant eyes been so charmed by the rainbow irradiating the earth, that almost infant hands have been taught, as if by inspiration, the power to paint in finest colours, and to imitate, with a wondrous art, the skies so beautiful to the quick-awakened spirit of delight. What knowledge have not some children acquired, and gone down scholars to their small untimely graves! Knowing that such things have been—are—and will be—why art thou incredulous of the divine expansion of soul, so soon understanding the things that are divine—in the "Holy Child?"

Thus grew she in the eye of God, day by day waxing wiser and wiser in the knowledge that tends towards the skies; and, as if some angel visitant were nightly with her in her dreams, awakening every morn with a new dream of thought, that brought with it a gift of more comprehensive speech. Yet merry she was at times with her companions among the woods and braes, though while they all were laughing, she only smiled; and the passing traveller, who might pause for a moment to bless the sweet creatures in their play, could not but single out one face among the many fair, so pensive in its paleness, a face to be remembered, coming from afar, like a mournful thought upon the hour of joy.

Sister or brother of her own had she none—and often both her parents—who lived in a hut by itself up among the mossy stumps of the old decayed forest—had to leave her alone—sometimes even all the day long from morning till night. But she no more wearied in her solitariness than does the wren in the wood. All the flowers were her friends—all the birds.

The linnet ceased not his song for her, though her footsteps wandered into the green glade among the yellow broom, almost within reach of the spray from which he poured his melody—the quiet eyes of his mate feared her not when her garments almost touched the bush where she brooded on her young. Shyest of the winged silvans, the cushat clapped not her wings away on the soft approach of such harmless footsteps to the pine that concealed her slender nest. As if blown from heaven, descended round her path the showers of the painted butterflies, to feed, sleep, or die—undisturbed by her—upon the wild-flowers—with wings, when motionless, undistinguishable from the blossoms. And well she loved the brown, busy, blameless bees, come thither for the honey-dews from a hundred cots sprinkled all over the parish, and all high overhead sailing away at evening, laden and wearied, to their straw-roofed skeps in many a hamlet garden. The leaf of every tree, shrub, and plant, she knew familiarly and lovingly in its own characteristic beauty; and she was loath to shake one dew-drop from the sweetbrier-rose. And well she knew that all nature loved her in return—that they were dear to each other in their innocence—and that the very sunshine, in motion or in rest, was ready to come at the bidding of her smiles. Skilful those small white hands of hers among the reeds and rushes and osiers—and many a pretty flower-basket grew beneath their touch, her parents wondering on their return home to see the handiwork of one who was never idle in her happiness. Thus early—ere yet but five years old—did she earn her mite for the sustenance of her own beautiful life. The russet garb she wore she herself had won—and thus Poverty, at the door of that hut, became even like a Guardian Angel, with the lineaments of heaven on her brow, and the quietude of heaven beneath her feet.

But these were but her lonely pastimes, or gentle taskwork self-imposed among her pastimes, and itself the sweetest of them all, inspired by a sense of duty that still brings with it its own delight, and hallowed by religion, that even in the most adverse lot changes slavery into freedom—till the heart, insensible to the bonds of necessity, sings aloud for joy. The life within the life of the "Holy Child," apart from even such innocent employments as these, and from such recreations as innocent, among the shadows and the sunshine of those silvan haunts, was passed—let us fear not to say the truth, wondrous as such worship was in one so very young—was passed in the worship of God; and her parents—though sometimes even saddened to see such piety in a small creature like her, and afraid, in their exceeding love, that it betokened an early removal from this world of one too perfectly pure ever to be touched by its sins and sorrows—forbore, in an awful pity, ever to remove the Bible from her knees, as she would sit with it there, not at morning and at evening only, or all the Sabbath long as soon as they returned from the kirk, but often through all the hours of the longest and sunniest week-days, when, had she chosen to do so, there was nothing to

hinder her from going up the hill-side, or down to the little village, to play with the other children, always too happy when she appeared—nothing to hinder her but the voice she heard speaking in that Book, and the hallelujahs that, at the turning over of each blessed page, came upon the ear of the “Holy Child” from white-robed saints all kneeling before His throne in heaven.

Her life seemed to be the same in sleep. Often at midnight, by the light of the moon shining in upon her little bed beside theirs, her parents leant over her face, diviner in dreams, and wept as she wept, her lips all the while murmuring, in broken sentences of prayer, the name of Him who died for us all. But plenteous as were her penitential tears—penitential in the holy humbleness of her stainless spirit, over thoughts that had never left a dimming breath on its purity, yet that seemed in those strange visitings to be haunting her as the shadows of sins—soon were they all dried up in the lustre of her returning smiles. Waking, her voice in the kirk was the sweetest among many sweet, as all the young singers, and she the youngest far, sat together by themselves, and within the congregational music of the psalm uplifted a silvery strain that sounded like the very spirit of the whole, even like angelic harmony blent with a mortal song. But sleeping, still more sweetly sang the “Holy Child;” and then, too, in some diviner inspiration than ever was granted to it while awake, her soul composed its own hymns, and set the simple scriptural words to its own mysterious music—the tunes she loved best gliding into one another, without once ever marring the melody, with pathetic touches interposed never heard before, and never more to be renewed! For each dream had its own breathing, and many visioned did then seem to be the sinless creature’s sleep.

The love that was borne for her all over the hill-region, and beyond its circling clouds, was almost such as mortal creatures might be thought to feel for some existence that had visibly come from heaven. Yet all who looked on her, saw that she, like themselves, was mortal, and many an eye was wet, the heart wist not why, to hear such wisdom falling from such lips; for dimly did it prognosticate, that as short as bright would be her walk from the cradle to the grave. And thus for the “Holy Child” was their love elevated by awe, and saddened by pity—and as by herself she passed pensively by their dwellings, the same eyes that smiled on her presence, on her disappearance wept.

Not in vain for others—and for herself, oh! what great gain!—for those few years on earth did that pure spirit ponder on the word of God! Other children became pious from their delight in her piety—for she was simple as the simplest among them all, and walked with them hand in hand, nor declined companionship with any one that was good. But all grew good by being with her—and parents had but to whisper her name, and in a moment the passionate sob was hushed—the lowering brow lighted—and the household in peace. Older hearts owned the power of the

piety so far surpassing their thoughts; and time-hardened sinners, it is said, when looking and listening to the “Holy Child,” knew the error of their ways, and returned to the right path as at a voice from heaven.

Bright was her seventh summer—the brightest, so the aged said, that had ever, in man’s memory, shone over Scotland. One long, still, sunny, blue day followed another, and in the rainless weather, though the dews kept green the hills, the song of the streams was low. But paler and paler, in sunlight and moon light, became the sweet face that had been always pale; and the voice that had been always something mournful, breathed lower and sadder still from the too perfect whiteness of her breast. No need—no fear—to tell her that she was about to die. Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep—and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies. But she spoke not to her parents of death more than she had often done—and never of her own. Only she seemed to love them with a more exceeding love—and was readier, even sometimes when no one was speaking, with a few drops of tears. Sometimes she disappeared—nor, when sought for, was found in the woods about the hut. And one day that mystery was cleared; for a shepherd saw her sitting by herself on a grassy mound in a nook of the small solitary kirkyard, a long mile off among the hills, so lost in reading the Bible, that shadow or sound of his feet awoke her not; and, ignorant of his presence, she knelt down and prayed—for a while weeping bitterly—but soon comforted by a heavenly calm—that her sins might be forgiven her!

One Sabbath evening, soon after, as she was sitting beside her parents at the door of their hut, looking first for a long while on their faces, and then for a long while on the sky, though it was not yet the stated hour of worship, she suddenly knelt down, and leaning on their knees, with hands clasped more fervently than her wont, she broke forth into tremulous singing of that hymn which from her lips they never heard without unendurable tears:—

“The hour of my departure’s come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace!”

They carried her fainting to her little bed, and uttered not a word to one another till she revived. The shock was sudden, but not unexpected, and they knew now that the hand of death was upon her, although her eyes soon became brighter and brighter, they thought, than they had ever been before. But forehead, cheeks, lips, neck, and breast, were all as white, and, to the quivering hands that touched them, almost as cold, as snow. Ineffable was the bliss in those radiant eyes; but the breath of words was frozen, and that hymn was almost her last farewell. Some few words she spake—and named the hour and day she wished to be buried. Her lips could then just faintly return the kiss, and no more—a film came over the now dim blue of her eyes—the father listened for her breath—and then the mother took his place, and leaned her ear to the unbreathing mouth, long deluding her

self with its lifelike smile; but a sudden darkness in the room, and a sudden stillness, most dreadful both, convinced their unbelieving hearts at last, that it was death.

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral—for none stayed away from the kirk that Sabbath—though many a voice was unable to join in the Psalm. The little grave was soon filled up—and you hardly knew that the turf had been disturbed beneath which she lay. The afternoon service consisted but of a prayer—for he who ministered, had loved her with love unspeakable—and, though an old gray-haired man, all the time he prayed he wept. In the sobbing kirk her parents were sitting, but no one looked at them—and when the congregation rose to go, there they remained sitting—and an hour afterwards, came out again into the open air, and parting with their pastor at the gate, walked away to their hut, overshadowed with the blessing of a thousand prayers.

And did her parents, soon after she was buried, die of broken hearts, or pine away desolately to their graves? Think not that they, who were Christians indeed, could be

guilty of such ingratitude. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!" were the first words they had spoke by that bedside; during many, many long years of weal or wo, duly every morning and night, these same blessed words did they utter when on their knees together in prayer—and many a thousand times besides, when they were apart, she in her silent hut, and he on the hill—neither of them unhappy in their solitude, though never again, perhaps, was his countenance so cheerful as of yore—and though often suddenly amidst mirth or sunshine their eyes were seen to overflow. Happy had they been—as we mortal beings ever can be happy—during many pleasant years of wedded life before she had been born. And happy were they—on to the verge of old age—long after she had here ceased to be. Their Bible had indeed been an idle book—the Bible that belonged to "the Holy Child,"—and idle all their kirk-goings with "the Holy Child," through the Sabbath-calm—had those intermediate years not left a power of bliss behind them triumphant over death and the grave.

OUR PARISH.

NATURE must be bleak and barren indeed to possess no power over the young spirit daily expanding on her breast into new susceptibilities, that erelong are felt to fill life to overflowing with a perpetual succession—an infinite series—of enjoyments. Nowhere is she destitute of that power—not on naked seashores—not in central deserts. But our boyhood was envired by the beautiful—its home was among moors and mountains, which people in towns and cities called dreary, but which we knew to be the cheerfullest and most gladsome parish in all braid Scotland—and well it might be, for it was in her very heart. Mountains they seemed to us in those days, though now we believe they are only hills. But such hills!—undulating far and wide away till the highest even on clear days seemed to touch the sky, and in cloudy weather were verily a part of heaven. Many a valley, and many a glen—and many a hollow that was neither valley nor glen—and many a flat, of but a few green acres, which we thought plains—and many a cleft waterless with its birks and brechans, except when the rains came down, and then they all sang a new song in merry chorus—and many a wood, and many a grove, for it takes no great number of trees to make a wood, and four firs by themselves in a lonesome place are a grove—and many a single sycamore, and many a single ash, kenned afar-off above its protected cottage—and many an indescribable spot of scenery, at once pastoral and agricultural and silvan, where if house there was, you hardly knew it among the rocks;—so was Our Parish, which people in

towns and cities called dreary, composed; but the composition itself—as well might we hope thus to show it to your soul's eye, as by a few extracts however fine, and a few criticisms however exquisite, to give you the idea of a perfect poem.

But we have not given you more than a single hint of a great part of our Parish—the Moor. It was then ever so many miles long, and ever so many miles broad, and nobody thought of guessing how many miles round—but some twenty years ago it was absolutely measured to a rood by a land-louper of a land-surveyor—distributed—drained—enclosed—utterly ruined for ever. No, not for ever. Nature laughs to scorn acts of Parliament, and we predict that in a quarter of a century she will resume her management of that moor. We rejoice to hear that she is beginning already to take lots of it into her own hands. Wheat has no business there, and should keep to the carses. In spring she takes him by the braid till he looks yellow in the face long before his time—in summer, by the cuff of the neck till he lies down on his back and rots in the rain—in autumn, by the ears, and rubs him against the grain till he expires as fashionless as the winnlestraes with which he is interlaced—in winter, she shakes him in the stook till he is left but a shadow which pigeons despise. See him in stack at Christmas, and you pity the poor straw. Here and there bits of bear or big, and barley, she permits to flourish—nor is she loth to see the flowers and shaws and apples on the poor man's plant, the life-sustaining potato—which none but political economists hate and

all Christians love. She is not so sure about turnips, but as they are a green crop she leaves them to the care of the fly. But where have her gowans gone? There they still are in flocks, which no cultivation can scatter or eradicate—inextinguishable by all the lime that was ever brought unslokened from all the kilns that ever glowed—by all the dung that was ever heaped up fresh and fuming from all the Augean stables in the land. Yet her heart burns within her to behold, even in the midst of what she abhors, the large dew-loved heads of clover whitening or reddening, or with their rival colours amicably intermingled, a new birth glorious in the place of reedy marish or fen where the catspaws nodded—and then she will retain unto herself when once more she shall rejoice in her Wilderness Restored.

And would we be so barbarous as to seek to impede the progress of improvement, and to render agriculture a dead letter? We are not so barbarous nor yet so savage. We love civilized life, of which we have long been one of the smaller but sincerest ornaments. But agriculture, like education, has its bounds. It is, like it, a science, and wo to the country that encourages all kinds of quacks. Cultivate a moor! educate a boor! First understand the character of Clods and Clodhoppers. To say nothing of the Urbans and Suburbans—a perilous people—yet of great capabilities; for to discuss that question would lead us into lanes; and as it is a long lane that has never a turning, for the present we keep in the open air, and abstain from wynds. We are no enemies to poor soils, far less to rich ones ignorantly and stupidly called poor, which under proper treatment effuse riches; but to expect to extract from paupers a return for the expenditure squandered by miserly greed on their reluctant bottoms, cold and bare, is the insanity of speculation, and such schemers deserve being buried along with their capital in quagmires. Heavens! how they—the quagmires—suck in the dung! You say they don't suck it in—well, then, they spew it out—it evaporates—and what is the worth of weeds? Lime whitens a moss, that is true, but so does snow. Snow melts—what becomes of lime no mortal knows but the powheads—they it poisons, and they give up the ghost. Drains are dug deep now-a-days—and we respect Mr. Johnstone. So are gold mines. But from gold mines that precious metal—at a great expense, witness its price—is extorted; in drains, that precious metal, witness wages, is interred, and then it becomes *squash*. Stirks starve—heifers are hove with windy nothing

with oxen frogs compete in bulk with every prospect of a successful issue, and on such pasturage where would be the virility of the Bulls of Bashan?

If we be in error, we shall be forgiven at least by all lovers of the past, and what to the elderly seems the olden time. Oh, misery for that Moor! Hundreds, thousands, loved it as well as we did; for though it grew no grain, many a glorious crop it bore—shadows that glided like ghosts—the giants stalked—the dwarfs crept;—yet sometimes were the dwarfs more formidable than the giants, lying like

blackamoors before your very feet, and as you stumbled over them in the dark, throttling as as if they sought to strangle you, and then leaving you at your leisure to wipe from your mouth the mire by the light of a straggling star;—sunbeams that wrestled with the shadows in the gloom—sometimes clean flung, and then they cowered into the heather, and insinuated themselves into the earth; sometimes victorious, and then how they capered in the lift, ere they shivered away—not always without a hymn of thunder—in behind the clouds, to refresh themselves in their tetracnacle in the sky.

Won't you be done with this Moor, you monomaniac! Not for yet a little while—for we see Kitty North all by himself in the heart of it, a boy apparently about the age of twelve, and happy as the day is long, though it is the Longest Day in all the year. Aimless he seems to be, but all alive as a grasshopper, and is leaping like a two-year-old across the hags. Were he to tumble in, what would become of the personage whom Kean's Biographer would call "the future Christopher the First." But no fear of that—for at no period of his life did he ever overrate his powers—and he knows now his bound to an inch. Cap, bonnet, hat, he has none; and his yellow hair, dancing on his shoulders like a mane, gives him the look of a precocious lion's whelp. Leonine too is his aspect, yet mild withal; and but for a certain fierceness in his gambols, you would not suspect he was a young creature of prey. A fowling-piece is in his left hand, and in his right a rod. And what may he be purposing to shoot? Any thing full-fledged that may play whirr or sigh. Good grouse-ground this; but many are yet in the egg, and the rest are but cheepers—little bigger than the small brown moorland bird that goes burling up with its own short epithalamium, and drops down on the rushes still as a stone. Them he harms not on their short flight—but marking them down, twirls his piece like a fugleman, and thinks of the Twelfth. Safer methinks wilt thou be a score or two yards further off, O Whawp! for though thy young are yet callow, Kit is beginning to think they may shift for themselves; and that long bill and that long neck, and those long legs and that long body—the *tout-ensemble* so elegant, so graceful, and so wild—are a strong temptation to the trigger;—click—clack—whizz—phew—fire—smoke and thunder—head-over-heels topsy-turvy goes the poor curlew—and Kit stands over him leaning on his single-barrel, with a stern but somewhat sad aspect, exulting in his skill, yet sorry for the creature whose wild cry will be heard no more.

'Tis an oasis in the desert. That green spot is called a quagmire—an ugly name enough—but itself is beautiful; for it diffuses its own light round about it, like a star vivifying its halo. The sward encircling it is firm—and Kit lays him down, heedless of the bird, with eyes fixed on the oozing spring. How fresh the wild cresses! His very eyes are drinking! His thirst is at once excited and satisfied by looking at the lustrous leaves—composed of cooling light without spot or stain. Wha

ails the boy? He covers his face with his hands, and in his silence sighs. A small white hand, with its fingers spread, rises out of the spring, as if it were beckoning to heaven in prayer—and then is sucked slowly in again out of sight with a gurgling groan. The spring so fresh and fair—so beautiful with its cresses and many another water-loving plant beside—is changed into the same horrid quagmire it was that day—a holyday—three years ago—when racing in her joy Amy Lewars blindly ran into it, among her blithe companions, and suddenly perished. Childhood, they say, soon dries its tears, and soon forgets. God be praised for all his goodness! true it is that on the cheek of childhood tears are dried up as if by the sunshine of joy stealing from on high—but, God be praised for all his goodness, false it is that the heart of childhood has not a long memory, for in a moment the mournful past revives within it—as often as the joyful—sadness becomes sorrow, sorrow grief, and grief anguish, as now it is with the solitary boy seated by that ghastly spot in the middle of the wide moor.

Away he flies, and he is humming a tune. But what's this? A merry-making in the moor? Ay, merry-making; but were you to take part in it, you would find it about the hardest work that ever tried the strength of your spine. 'Tis a party of divotlaughters. The people in the parish are now digging their peats, and here is a whole household, provident of winter, borrowing fuel from the moss. They are far from coals, and wood is intended by nature for other uses; but fire in peat she dedicated to the hearth, and there it burns all over Scotland, Highland and Lowland, far and near, at many a holy altar. 'Tis the mid-day hour of rest. Some are half-asleep, some yet eating, some making a sort of under-voiced, under-hand love. "Mr. North! Mr. North! Mr. North!" is the joyful cry—horny-fists first—downy-fists next—and after heartiest greeting, Master Kitty is installed, enthroned on a knowe, Master of the Ceremonies—and in good time gives them a song. Then "galliards cry a hall, a hall," and hark and lo! preluded by six smacks—three foursome reels! "Sic hirdum-dirdum and sic din," on the sward, to a strathspey frae the fiddle o' auld blin' Hugh Lyndsay, the itinerant musicianer, who was noways particular about the number of his strings, and when one, or even two snapped, used to play away at pretty much of the same tune with redoubled energy and variations. He had the true old Niel-Gow yell, and had he played on for ever, folk would have danced on for ever till they had all, one after the other, dropped down dead. What steps!

"Who will try me," cries Kit, "at loup-the-barrows?" "I will," quoth Souple Tam. The barrows are laid—how many side by side we fear to say—for we have become sensitive on our veracity—on a beautiful piece of springy-turf, an inclined plane with length sufficient for a run; and while old and young line both sides of the lane near the loup, stript to the sark and the breeks, Souple Tam, as he fondly hinks, shows the way to win, and clears them all like a frog or a roebuck. "Clear the way,

clear the way for the callant, Kit's coming!" cries Ebenezer Brackenrigg, the Elder, a douce man now, but a deevil in his youth, and like "a waff o' lichtnin'" past their een, Kit clears the barrows a foot beyond Souple Tam, and at the first fly is declared victor by acclamation. Oh, our unprophetic soul! did the day indeed dawn—many long years after this our earliest great conquest yet traditional in the parish—that ere nightfall witnessed our defeat by—a tailor! The Flying Tailor of Etterick—the Lying Shepherd thereof—would they had never been born—the one to triumph and the other to record that triumph;—yet let us be just to the powers of our rival—for though all the world knows we were lame when we leapt him, long past our prime, had been wading all day in the Yarrow with some stones-weight in our creel, and allowed him a yard,

"Great must I call him, for he vanquish'd me."

What a place at night was that Moor! At night! That is a most indeterminate mode of expression, for there are nights of all sorts and sizes, and what kind of a night do we mean? Not a mirk night, for no man ever walked that moor on a mirk night, except one, and he, though blind-fou, was drowned. But a night may be dark without being mirk, with or without stars; and on many such a night have we, but not always alone—who was with us you shall never know—threaded our way with no other clue than that of evolving recollections, originally notices, across that wilderness of labyrinths, fearlessly, yet at times with a beating heart. Our companion had her clue too, one in her pocket, of blue worsted, with which she kept in repair all the stockings belonging to the family, and one in her memory, of green ethereal silk, which, finer far than any spider's web, she let out as she tript along the moor, and on her homeward-way she felt, by some spiritual touch, the invisible lines, along which she retript as safely as if they had been moonbeams. During such journeyings we never saw the moor, how then can you expect us to describe it!

But oftener we were alone. Earthquakes abroad are dreadful occurrences, and blot out the obituary. But here they are so gentle that the heedless multitude never feel them, and on hearing you tell of them, they incredulously stare. That moor made no show of religion, but was a Quaker. We had but to stand still for five minutes or so, no easy matter then, for we were more restless than a wave, or to lie down with our ear to the ground, and the spirit was sure to move the old Quaker, who forthwith began to preach and pray and sing Psalms. How he moaned at times as if his heart were breaking! At times, as if some old forgotten sorrow were recalled, how he sighed! Then recovering his self-possession, as if to clear his voice, he gave a hem, and then a short nasty cough like a patient in a consumption. Now all was hush, and you might have supposed he had fallen asleep, for in that hush you heard what seemed an intermitting snore. When all at once, whew, whew, whew, as if he were whistling, accompanied with a strange rushing sound as of diving wings. That was in the air—but instantly

after you heard something odder still in the bog. And while wondering, and of your wonder finding no end, the ground, which a moment before had felt firm as a road, began to shrink, and sink, and hesitate, and hurry, and crumble, and mumble all around you, and close up to your very feet—the quagmires gurgling as if choked—and a subterranean voice distinctly articulating Oh! Oh! Oh!

We have heard of people who pretend not to believe in ghosts—geologists who know how the world was created; but will they explain that moor? And how happened it that only by nights and dark nights it was so haunted? Beneath a wakeful moon and unwinking stars it was silent as a frozen sea. You listened then, and heard but the grass growing, and beautiful grass it was, though it was called coarse, and made the sweetest-scented hay. What crowds of bum-bees' bykes—foggies—did the scythe not reveal as it heaped up the heavy swathes—three hundred stone to the acre—by guess—for there was neither weighing nor measuring there then-a-days, but all was in the lump—and there the rush-roped stacks stood all the winter through, that they might be near the "eerie outlan cattle," on places where cart-wheel never circled, nor axle-tree creaked—nor ever car of antique make trailed its low load along—for the horse would have been laired. We knew not then at all—and now we but imperfectly know—the cause of the Beautiful. Then we believed the Beautiful to be wholly extern; something we had nothing to do with but to look at, and lo! it shone divinely there! Happy creed if false—for in it, with holiest reverence, we blamelessly adored the stars. There they were in millions as we thought—every one brighter than another, when by chance we happened to fix on any individual among them, that we might look through its face into its heart. All above gloriously glittering, all below a blank. Our body here, our spirit there—how mean our birth-place, our death-home how magnificent! "Fear God and keep his commandments," said a small still voice—and we felt that if He gave us strength to obey that law, we should live for ever beyond all those stars.

But were there no Lochs in our parish? Yea—Four. The Little Loch—the White Loch—the Black Loch—and the Brother Loch. Not a tree on the banks of any one of them—yet he had been a blockhead who called them bare. Had there been any need for trees, Nature would have sown them on hills she so dearly loved. Nor sheep nor cattle were ever heard to complain of those pastures. They bleated and they lowed as cheerily as the moorland birdies sang—and how cheerily that was nobody knew who had not often met the morning on the brae, and shaken hands with her the rosy-fingered like two familiar friends. No want of loun places there, in which the creatures could lie with wool or hair unruffled among surrounding storms. For the hills had been dropt from the hollow of His hand who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—and even high up, where you might see tempest-stricken stones—one of them like pillars—but placed not there by human art—there were

cozy bields in wildest weather, and some into which the snow was never known to drift, green all the winter through—perennial nests. Such was the nature of the region where lay our Four Lochs. They were some quarter of a mile—some half mile—and some whole mile—not more—asunder; but there was no great height—and we have a hundred times climbed the highest—from which they could be all seen at once—so cannily were they embosomed, so needed not to be embowered.

The LITTLE LOCH was the rushiest and reediest little rascal that ever rustled, and he was on the very edge of the Moor. That he had fish we all persisted in believing, in spite of all the successful angling of all kinds that from time immemorial had assailed his sullen depths—but what a place for powheads! One continued bank of them—while yet they were but eyes in the spawn—encircled it instead of water lilies; and at "the season of the year," by throwing in a few stones you awoke a croaking that would have silenced a rookery. In the early part of the century a pike had been seen basking in the shallows, by eye-measurement about ten feet long—but fortunately he had never been hooked, or the consequences would have been fatal. We have seen the Little Loch alive with wild-ducks; but it was almost impossible by position to get a shot at them—and quite impossible, if you did, to get hold of the slain. Fro himself—the best dog 'that ever dived—was baffled by the multiplicity of impediments and obstructions—and at last refused to take the water—sat down and howled in spiteful rage. Yet Imagination loved the Little Loch, and so did Hope. We have conquered it in sleep both with rod and gun—the weight of bag and basket has wakened us out of dreams of murder that never were realized—yet once, and once only, in it we caught an eel, which we skinned, and wore the shrivel for many a day round our ankle—nor is it a vain superstition—to preserve it from sprains. We are willing the Little Loch should be drained; but you would have to dig a fearsome trench, for it used to have no bottom. A party of us—six—ascertained that fact, by heaving into it a stone which six-and-thirty schoolboys of this degenerate age could not have lifted from its moss-bed—and though we watched for an hour not a bubble rose to the surface. It used sometimes to boil like a pot on breathless days, for events happening in foreign countries disturbed the spring, and the torments it suffered thousands of fathoms below, were manifested above in turbulence that would have drowned a schoolboy's skiff.

The WHITE LOCH—so called from the silver sand of its shores—had likewise its rushy and reedy bogs; but access to every part of the main body was unimpeded, and you waded into it, gradually deeper and deeper, with such a delightful descent, that up to the arm-pits and then to the chin, you could keep touching the sand with your big-toe, till you floated away off at the nail, out of your depth, without for a little while discovering that it was incumbent on you, for sake of your personal safety, to take to regular swimming—and then how

buoyant was the milk-warm water, without a wave but of your own creating, as the ripples went circling away before your breast or your breath! It was absolutely too clear—for without knitting your brows you could not see it on bright airless days—and wondered what had become of it—when all at once, as if it had been that very moment created out of nothing, there it was! ended with some novel beauty—for of all the lochs we ever knew—and to be so simple too—the White Loch had surely the greatest variety of expression—but all within the cheerful—for sadness was alien altogether from its spirit, and the gentle Mere for ever wore a smile. Swans—but that was but once—our own eyes had seen on it—and were they wild or were they tame swans, certain it is they were great and glorious and lovely creatures, and whiter than any snow. No house was within sight, and they had nothing to fear—nor did they look afraid—sailing in the centre of the loch—nor did we see them fly away—for we lay still on the hillside till in the twilight we should not have known what they were, and we left them there among the shadows seemingly asleep. In the morning they were gone, and perhaps making love in some foreign land.

THE BLACK LOCH was a strange misnomer for one so fair—for black we never saw him, except it might be for an hour or so before thunder. If he really was a loch of colour the original taint had been washed out of him, and he might have shown his face among the purest waters of Europe. But then he was deep; and knowing that, the natives had named him, in no unnatural confusion of ideas, the Black Loch. We have seen wild-duck eggs five fathoms down so distinctly that we could count them—and though that is not a bad dive, we have brought them up, one in our mouth and one in each hand, the tenants of course dead—nor can we now conjecture what sank them there; but ornithologists see unaccountable sights, and they only who are not ornithologists disbelieve Audubon and Wilson. Two features had the Black Loch which gave it to our eyes a pre-eminence in beauty over the other three—a tongue of land that half divided it, and never on hot days was without some cattle grouped on its very point, and in among the water—and a cliff on which, though it was not very lofty, a pair of falcons had their nest. Yet in misty weather, when its head was hidden, the shrill cry seemed to come from a great height. There were some ruins too—tradition said of some church or chapel—that had been ruins long before the establishment of the Protestant faith. But they were somewhat remote, and likewise somewhat imaginary, for stones are found lying strangely distributed, and those looked to our eyes not like such as builders use, but to have been dropped there most probably from the moon.

But the best beloved, if not the most beautiful, of them all was the BROTHER LOCH. It mattered not what was his disposition of genius, every one of us boys, however different might be our other tastes, preferred it far beyond the rest, and for once that we visited any of them we visited it twenty times, nor ever

once left it with disappointed hopes of enjoyment. It was the nearest, and therefore most within our power, so that we could gallop to it on shank's naiggie, well on in the afternoon and enjoy what seemed a long day of delight, swift as flew the hours, before evening-prayers. Yet was it remote enough to make us always feel that our race thither was not for every day—and we seldom returned home without an adventure. It was the largest too by far of the Four—and indeed its area would have held the waters of all the rest. Then there was a charm to our heart as well as our imagination in its name—for tradition assigned it on account of three brothers that perished in its waters—and the same name for the same reason belongs to many another loch—and to one pool on almost every river. But above all it was the Loch for angling, and we long kept to perch. What schools! Not that they were of a very large size—though pretty well—but hundreds all nearly the same size gladdened our hearts as they lay, at the close of our sport, in separate heaps on the greensward shore, more beautiful out of all sight than your silver or golden fishes in a glass-vase, where one appears to be twenty, and the delusive voracity is all for a single crumb. No bait so killing as cowshair-mawks, fresh from their native bed, scooped out with the thumb. He must have been a dear friend to whom in a scarcity, by the water-side, when the corks were dipping, we would have given a mawk. No pike. Therefore the trout were allowed to gain their natural size—and that seemed to be about five pounds—adolescents not unfrequent swam two or three—and you seldom or never saw the smaller fry. But few were the days “good for the Brother Loch.” Perch rarely failed you, for by perseverance you were sure to fall in with one circumnatory school or other, and to do murderous work among them with the mawk, from the schoolmaster himself inclusive down to the little booby of the lowest form. Not so with Trout. We have angled ten hours a-day for half a-week, (during the vacance,) without ever getting a single rise, nor could even that be called bad sport, for we lived in momentary expectation, mingled with fear, of a monster. Better far from sunrise to sunset never to move a fin, than oh! me miserable! to hook a huge hero with shoulders like a hog—play him till he comes floating side up close to the shore, and then to feel the feckless fly leave his lip and begin gamboling in the air, while he wallows away back into his native element, and sinks utterly and for evermore into the dark profound. Life loses at such a moment all that makes life desirable—yet strange! the wretch lives on—and has not the heart to drown himself, as he wrings his hands and curses his lot and the day he was born. But, thank Heaven, that ghastly fit of fancy is gone by, and we imagine one of those dark, scowling, gusty, almost tempestuous days, “prime for the Brother Loch.” No glare or glitter on the water, no reflection of fleecy clouds, but a black-blue undulating swell, at times turbulent—with now and then a breaking wave—that was the weather in which the giants fed, showing their backs like

dolphins within a fathom of the shore, and sucking in the red heckle among your very feet. Not an insect in the air, yet then the fly was at the rage. This is a mystery, for you could do nothing with the worm. Oh! that we had then known the science of the spinning minnow! But we were then but an apprentice—who are now Emeritus Grand Master. Yet at this distance of time—half a century and more—it is impious to repine. Gut was not always to be got; and on such days a three-haired snood did the business—for they were bold as lions, and rashly rushed on death. The gleam of the yellow-worsted body with star-y-pointed tail maddened them with desire—no dallying with the gay-deceiver—they licked him in—they gorged him—and while satiating their passion got involved in inextricable fate. You have seen a single strong horse ploughing up hill. How he sets his briskeet to it—and snuvs along—as the furrows fall in beautiful regularity from the gliding share. So snuved along the Monarch of the Mere—or the heir-apparent—or heir-presumptive—or some other branch of the royal family—while our line kept steadily cutting the waves, and our rod enclosing some new segment of the sky.

But many another pastime we pursued upon those pastoral hills, for even angling has its due measure, and unless that be preserved, the passion wastes itself into lassitude, or waxes into disease. "I would not angle away," thinks the wise boy—"off to some other game we altogether flew." Never were there such hills for hare and hounds. There couched many a pussey—and there Bob Howie's famous Ticker—the Grew of all Grews—first stained his flues in the blood of the Fur. But there is no coursing between April and October—and during the intervening months we used to have many a hunt on foot, without dogs, after the leverets. We all belonged to the High School indeed, and here was its playground. Cricket we had then never heard of; but there was ample room and verge enough for football. Our prime delight, however, was the chase. We were all in perpetual training, and in such wind that there were no bellows to mend after a flight of miles. We circled the Locks. Plashing through the marishes we strained winding up the hillsides, till on the cairn called a beacon that crowned the loftiest summit of the range, we stood and waved defiance to our pursuers scattered wide and far below, for 'twas a Deer hunt. Then we became cavaliers. We caught the long-maned and long-tailed colts, and mounting bare-backed, with rush helmets and segg sabres charged the nowte till the stirks were scattered, and the lowing lord of herds himself taken captive, as he stood pawing in a nook with his nose to the ground and eyes of fire. That was the riding-school in which we learned to witch the world with noble horsemanship. We thus got confirmed in that fine, easy, unconstrained, natural seat, which we carried with us into the saddle when we were required to handle the bridle instead of the mane. 'Tis right to hold on by the knees, but equally so to hold on by the

calves of the legs and the heels. The modern system of turning out the toes, and sticking out the legs as if they were cork or timber, is at once dangerous and ridiculous; hence in our cavalry the men got unhorsed in every charge. On pony-back we used to make the soles of our feet smack together below the belly, for quadruped and biped were both unshod, and hoof needed no iron on that stoneless sward. But the biggest fun of all was to "grup the auld mare," and ride her sextuple, the tallest boy sitting on the neck, and the shortest on the rump with his face to the tail, and holding on by that fundamental feature by which the urchin tooled her along as by a tiller. How the silly foal whinnied, as with light-gathered steps he accompanied in circles his populous parent, and seemed almost to doubt her identity, till one by one we slipped off over her hurdies, and let him take a suck! But what comet is yon in the sky—"with fear of change perplexing mallards?" A Flying Dragon. Of many degrees is his tail, with a tuft like that of Taurus terrified by the sudden entrance of the Sun into his sign. Up goes Sandy Donald's rusty and rimless beaver as a messenger to the Celestial. He obeys, and stooping his head, descends with many diverse divings, and buries his beak in the earth. The feathered kite quails and is cowed by him of paper, and there is a scampering of cattle on a hundred hills.

The Brother Loch saw annually another sight, when on the Green-Brae was pitched a Tent—a snow-white Pyramid, gathering to itself all the sunshine. There lords and ladies, and knights and squires, celebrated Old May-day, and half the parish flocked to the Festival. The Earl of Eglintoun, and Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and old Sir John of Polloc, and Pollock of that ilk, and other heads of illustrious houses, with their wives and daughters, a beautiful show, did not disdain them of low degree, but kept open table in the moor; and would you believe it, high-born youths and maidens ministered at the board to cottage lads and lasses, whose sunburnt faces hardly dared to smile, under awe of that courtsey—yet whenever they looked up there was happiness in their eyes. The young ladies were all arrayed in green; and after the feast, they took bows and arrows in their lily hands, and shot at a target in a style that would have gladdened the heart of Maid Marian—nay, of Robin himself;—and one surpassing bright—the Star of Ayr—she held a hawk on her wrist—a tercel gentle—after the fashion of the olden time; and ever as she moved her arm you heard the chiming of silver bells. And her brother—gay and gallant as Sir Tristrem—he blew his tasseled bugle—so sweet, so pure, so wild the music, that when he ceased to breathe, the far-off repeated echoes, faint and dim, you thought died away in heaven, like an angel's voice.

Was it not a Paragon of a Parish? But we have not told you one half of its charms. There was a charm in every nook—and Youth was the master of the spell. Small magicians were we in size, but we were great in might. We had but to open our eyes in the morning, and at one look at nature was beautiful. We have

said nothing about the Burns. The chief was the Yearn—endearingly called the Humby, from a farm near the Manse, and belonging to the minister. Its chief source was, we believe, the Brother Loch. But it whimpled with such an infantine voice from the lucid bay, which then knew nor sluice nor dam, that for a while it was scarcely even a rill, and you had to seek for it among the heather. In doing so, ten to one some brooding birdie fluttered off her nest—but not till your next step would have crushed them all—or perhaps—but he had no nest there—a snipe. There it is—betrayed by a line of livelier verdure. Erelong it sparkled within banks of its own and “braes of green bracken,” and as you footed along, shoals of minnows, and perhaps a small trout or two, brasted away to the other side of the shallow, and hid themselves in the shadows. ’Tis a pretty rill now—nor any longer mute; and you hear it murmur. It has acquired confidence on its course, and has formed itself into its first pool—a waterfall, three feet high, with its own tiny rocks, and a single birk—no, it is a rowan—too young yet to bear berries—else might a child pluck the highest cluster. Imperceptibly, insensibly, it grows just like life. The Burn is now in his boyhood; and a bold, bright boy he is—dancing and singing—nor heeding which way he goes along the wild, any more than that wee rosy-cheeked, flaxen-headed girl seems to heed, who drops you a curtsy, and on being asked by you, with your hand on her hair, where she is going, answers wi’ a soft Scottish accent—ah! how sweet—“owre the hill to see my Mither.” Is that a house? No—a fauld. For this is the Washing-Pool. Look around you, and you never saw such perfectly white sheep. They are Cheviots; for the black-faces are on the higher hills to the north of the moor. We see a few rigs of flax—and “lint is in the bell”—the steeping whereof will sadly annoy the bit burnie, but poor people must spin—and as this is not the season, we will think of nothing that can pollute his limpid waters. Symptoms of husbandry! Potato-shaws luxuriating on lazy beds, and a small field with alternate rigs of oats and barley. Yes, that is a house—“an auld clay bigging”—in such Robin Burns was born—in such was rocked the cradle of Pollok. We think we hear two separate liquid voices—and we are right—for from the flats beyond Floak, and away towards Kingswells, comes another yet wilder burnie, and they meet in one at the head of what you would probably call a meadow, but which we call a holm. There seems to be more arable land hereabouts than a stranger could have had any idea of; but it is a long time since the ploughshare traced those almost obliterated furrows on the hillside; and such cultivation is now wisely confined, you observe, to the lower lands. We fear the Yearn—for that is his name now—heretofore he was anonymous—is about to get flat. But we must not grudge him a slumber or a sleep among the saughs, lulled by the murmur of millions of humble bees—we speak within bounds—on their honied flowerage. We are confusing the seasons, for a few minutes ago we spoke of “lint

being in the bell;” but in imagination’s dream how sweetly do the seasons all slide into one another! After sleep comes play, and see and hear now how the merry Yearn goes tumbling over rocks, nor will rest in any one linn, but impatient of each beautiful prison in which one would think he might lie a willing thrall, hurries on as if he were racing against time, nor casts a look at the human dwellings now more frequent near his sides. But he will be stopped by and by, whether he will or no; for there, if we be not much mistaken, there is a mill. But the wheel is at rest—the sluice on the lade is down—with the lade he has nothing more to do than to fill it; and with undiminished volume he wends round the miller’s garden—you see Dusty Jacket is a florist—and now is hidden in a dell; but a dell without any rocks. ’Tis but some hundred yards across from bank to brae—and as you angle along on either side, the sheep and lambs are bleating high overhead; for though the braes are steep, they are all intersected with sheep-walks, and ever and anon among the broom and the brackens are little platforms of close-nibbled greensward, yet not bare—and nowhere else is the pasturage more succulent—nor do the young creatures not care to taste the primroses, though were they to live entirely upon them, they could not keep down the profusion—so thickly studded in places are the constellations among sprinklings of single stars. Here the hill-blackbird builds—and here you know why Scotland is called the lintie’s land. What bird lints like the lintwhite! The lark alone. But here there are no larks—a little further down and you will hear one ascending or descending over almost every field of grass or of the tender braid. Down the dell before you, fitting from stone to stone, on short flight seeks the water-pyet—seemingly a witless creature with its bonnie white breast—to wile you away from the crevice, even within the waterfall, that holds its young—or with a cock of her tail she dips and disappears. There is grace in the glancing sandpiper—nor, though somewhat fantastical, is the water-wagtail inelegant—either belle or beau—an outlandish bird that makes himself at home wherever he goes, and, vain as he looks, is contented if but one admire him in a solitary place—though it is true that we have seen them in half dozens on the midden in front of the cottage door. The blue slip of sky overhead has been gradually widening, and the dell is done. Is that snow? A bleachfield. Lasses can bleach their own linen on the green near the pool, “atween twa flowery braes,” as Allan has so sweetly sung, in his truly Scottish pastoral the Gentle Shepherd. But even they could not well do without bleachfields on a larger scale, else dingy would be their smocks and their wedding-sheets. Therefore there is beauty in a bleachfield, and in none more than in Bel-s-Meadows. But where is the Burn? They have stolen him out of his bed, and, alas! nothing but stones! Gather up your flies, and away down to yonder grove. There he is like one risen from the dead; and how joyful his resurrection! All the way from this down to the Brigg o’ Humble the angling is admirable,

and the burn has become a stream. You wade now through longer grass—sometimes even up to the knees; and half-forgetting pastoral life, you ejaculate “Speed the plough!” Whitewashed houses—but still thatched—look down on you from among trees, that shelter them in front; while behind is an encampment of stacks, and on each side a line of offices, so that they are snug in every wind that blows. The Auld Brigg is gone, which is a pity; for though the turn was perilous sharp, time had so coloured it, that in a sunny shower we have mistaken it for a rainbow. That’s Humble House, God bless it! and though we cannot here with our bodily sense see the Manse, with our spiritual eye we can see it anywhere. Ay! there is the cock on the Kirk-spire! The wind we see has shifted to the south; and ere we reach the Cart, we shall have to stuff our pockets. The Cart!—ay, the river Cart—not that on which pretty Paisley stands, but the Black Cart, beloved by us chiefly for sake of Cath-Cart Castle, which, when a collegian at Glasgow, we visited every Play-Friday, and deepened the ivy on its walls with our first sombre dreams. The scenery of the Yearn becomes even silvan now; and though still sweet it murmurs to our ear, they no longer sink into our hearts. So let it mingle with the Cart, and the Cart with the Clyde, and the Clyde widen away in all his majesty, till the river becomes a firth, and the firth the sea;—but we shut our eyes, and relapse into the vision that showed us the solitary region dearest to our imagination and our hearts, and opening them on completion of the charm that works within the spirit when no daylight is there, rejoice to find ourselves again sole-sitting on the Green-Brae above the Brother Loch.

Such is an off-hand picture of Our Parish—pray, give us one of yours, that both may gain by comparison. But is ours a true picture? True as Holy Writ—false as any fiction in an Arabian tale. How is this? Perception, memory, imagination, are all modes—states of mind. But mind, as we said before, is one substance, and matter another; and mind never deals with matter without metamorphosing it like a mythologist. Thus truth and falsehood, reality and fiction, become all one and

the same; for they are so essentially blended that we defy you to show what is biblical—what apocryphal—and what pure romance. How we transpose and dislocate while we limn in aerial colours! Where tree never grew we drop it down centuries old—or we tear out the gnarled oak by the roots, and steep what was once his shadow in sunshine—hills sink at a touch, or at a beck mountains rise; yet amidst all those fluctuations the spirit of the place remains the same; for in that spirit has imagination all along been working, and boon nature smiles on her son as he imitates her creations—but “hers are heavenly, his an empty dream.”

Where lies Our Parish, and what is its name? Seek, and you will find it either in Renfrewshire, or in Utopia, or in the Moon. As for its name, men call it the Mearns. McCulloch, the great Glasgow painter—and in Scotland he has no superior—will perhaps accompany you to what once was the Moor. All the Four Lochs, we understand, are there still; but the Little Loch transmogrified into an auxiliary appurtenance to some cursed Wark—the Brother Loch much exhausted by daily drains upon him by we know not what wretch—the White Loch *larched*—and the Black Loch of a ghastly blue, cruelly cultivated all close round the brim. From his moor

“The parting genius is with sighing sent;”

but sometimes, on bleary-eyed days, he is seen disconsolately sitting in some yet mossy spot among the ruins of his ancient reign. That painter has studied the aspect of the Old Forlorn, and has shown it more than once on bits of canvas not a foot long; and such pictures will survive after the Ghost of the Genius has bade farewell to the ruined solitudes he had haunted ever since the flood, or been laid beneath the yet unprofaned Green-Brae, above the Brother Loch, whence we devoutly trust he will reissue, though ages may have to elapse, to see all his quagmires in their primeval glory, and all his hags more hideously beautiful, as they yawn back again into their former selves, frowning over the burial in their bottoms of all the harvests that had dared to ripen above their heads.

MAY-DAY.

ART thou beautiful, as of old, O wild, moorland, silvan, and pastoral Parish! the Paradise in which our spirit dwelt beneath the glorious dawning of life—can it be, beloved world of boyhood, that thou art indeed beautiful as of old? Though round and round thy boundaries in half an hour could fly the flapping dove—though the martens, wheeling to and fro that ivied and wall-flowered ruin of a Castle, central in its own domain, seem in their more distant flight to glance their crescent wings over a vale rejoicing apart in an-

other kirkspire, yet how rich in streams, and rivulets, and rills, each with its own peculiar murmur—art Thou with thy bold bleak exposure, sloping upwards in ever lustrous undulations to the portals of the East? How endless the interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells, and broomy nooks, without number, among thy banks and braes! And then of human dwellings—how rises the smoke, ever and anon, into the sky, all neighbouring on each other, so that the cock-crow is heard from homestead to homestead—while

as you wander onwards, each roof still rises unexpectedly—and as solitary, as if it had been far remote. Fairest of Scotland's thousand parishes—neither Highland, nor Lowland—but undulating—let us again use the descriptive word—like the sea in sunset after a day of storms—yes, Heaven's blessing be upon thee! Thou art indeed beautiful as of old!

The same heavens! More blue than any colour that tinges the flowers of earth—like the violet veins of a virgin's bosom. The stillness of those lofty clouds makes them seem whiter than the snow. Return, O lark! to thy grassy nest, in the furrow of the green braided corn, for thy brooding mate can no longer hear thee soaring in the sky. Methinks there is little or no change on these coppice-woods, with their full budding branches all impatient for the spring. Yet twice have axe and bill-hook levelled them with the mossy stones, since among the broomy and briary knolls we sought the gray linnet's nest, or wondered to spy, among the rustling leaves, the robin red-breast, seemingly forgetful of his winter benefactor, man. Surely there were trees here in former times, that now are gone—tall, far-spreading single trees, in whose shade used to lie the ruminating cattle, with the small herd-girl asleep. Gone are they, and dimly remembered as the uncertain shadows of dreams; yet not more forgotten than some living beings with whom our infancy and boyhood held converse—whose voices, laughter, eyes, forehead—hands so often grasped—arms linked in ours as we danced along the braes—have long ceased to be more than images and echoes, incapable of commanding so much as one single tear. Alas! for the treachery of memory to all the holiest human affections, when beguiled by the slow but sure sorcery of time.

It is MAY-DAY, and we shall be happy as the season. What although some sad and solemn thoughts come suddenly across us, the day is not at nightfall felt to have been the less delightful, because shadows now and then bedimmed it, and moments almost mournful, of an unhumming hush, took possession of field or forest. We are all alone—a solitary pedestrian; and obeying the fine impulses of a will, whose motives are changeable as the cameleon's hues, our feet shall bear us glancingly along to the merry music of streams—or linger by the silent shores of lochs—or upon the hill-summit pause, ourselves the only spectator of a panorama painted by Spring, for our sole delight—or plunge into the old wood's magnificent exclusion from sky—where at mid-summer, day is as night—though not so now, for this is the season of buds and blossoms; and the cushat's nest is yet visible on the half-leaved boughs, and the sunshine streams in upon the ground-flowers, that in another month will be cold and pale in the forest gloom, almost as those that bedeck the dead when the vault door is closed and all is silence.

What! shall we linger here within a little mile of the MANSE, wherein and among its pleasant bounds our boyish life glided murmuring away, like a stream that never, till it leaves its native hills, knows taint or pollution, and not hasten on to the dell, in which nest-

like it is built, and guarded by some wonderful felicity of situation equally against all the winds? No. Thither as yet have we no courage to direct our footsteps—for that venerable Man has long been dead—not one of his ancient household now remains on earth. There the change, though it was gradual and unpainful, according to the gentlest laws of nature, has been entire and complete. The "old familiar faces" we can dream of, but never more shall see—and the voices that are now heard within those walls, what can they ever be to us, when we would fain listen in the silence of our spirit to the echoes of departed years? It is an appalling trial to approach a place where once we have been happier—happier far than ever we can be on this earth again; and a worse evil doth it seem to our imagination to return to Paradise, with a changed and saddened heart, than at first to be driven from it into the outer world, if still permitted to carry thither something of that spirit that had glorified our prime.

But yonder, we see, yet towers the Sycamore on the crown of the hill—the first great Tree in the parish that used to get green; for stony as seems the hard glebe, constricted by its bare and gnarled roots, they draw sustenance from afar; and not another knoll on which the sun so delights to pour his beams. Weeks before any other Sycamore, and almost as early as the alder or the birch—the GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT, for so we schoolboys called it, unfolded itself like a banner. You could then see only the low windows of the dwelling—for eaves, roof, and chimneys all disappeared—and then, when you stood beneath, was not the sound of the bees like the very sound of the sea itself, continuous, unabating, all day long unto evening, when, as if the tide of life had ebbed, there was a perfect silence!

MOUNT PLEASANT! well indeed dost thou deserve the name, bestowed on thee perhaps long ago, not by any one of the humble proprietors, but by the general voice of praise, all eyes being won by thy cheerful beauty. For from that shaded platform, what a sweet vision of fields and meadows, knolls, braes, and hills. uncertain gleamings of a river, the smoke of many houses, and glittering perhaps in the sunshine, the spire of the House of God! To have seen Adam Morrison, the Elder, sitting with his solemn, his austere Sabbath face, beneath the pulpit, with his expressive eyes fixed on the Preacher, you could not but have judged him to be a man of a stern character and austere demeanour. To have seen him at labour on the working-days, you might almost have thought him the serf of some tyrant lord, for into all the toils of the field he carried the force of a mind that would suffer nothing to be undone that strength and skill could achieve; but within the humble porch of his own house, beside his own board, and his own fireside, he was a man to be kindly esteemed by his guests, by his own family tenderly and reverently beloved. His wife was the comeliest matron in the parish, a woman of active habits and a strong mind, but tempering the natural sternness of her husband's character with that genial and jocund cheer

fulness, that of all the lesser virtues is the most efficient to the happiness of a household. One daughter only had they, and we could charm our heart even now, by evoking the vanished from oblivion, and imagining her over and over again in the light of words; but although all objects, animate and inanimate, seem always tinged with an air of sadness when they are past—and as at present we are resolved to be cheerful—obstinately to resist all access of melancholy—an enemy to the pathetic—and a scorner of shedders of tears—therefore let Mary Morrison rest in her grave, and let us paint a pleasant picture of a May-Day afternoon, and enjoy it as it was enjoyed of old, beneath that stately Sycamore, with the grandisonant name of **THE GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT**.

There, under the murmuring shadow round and round that noble stem, used on **MAY-DAY** to be fitted a somewhat fantastic board, all deftly arrayed in homespun drapery, white as the patches of unmelted snow on the distant mountain-head; and on various seats—stumps, stones, stools, creepies, forms, chairs, armless and with no spine, or high-backed and elbowed, and the carving-work thereof most intricate and allegorical—took their places, after much formal ceremony of scraping and bowing, blushing and curtsying, old, young and middle aged, of high and low degree, till in one moment all were hushed by the Minister shutting his eyes, and holding up his hand to ask a blessing. And “well worthy of a grace as lang’s a tether,” was the **MAY-DAY** meal spread beneath the shadow of the **GLORY OF MOUNT PLEASANT**. But the Minister uttered only a few fervent sentences, and then we all fell to the curds and cream. What smooth, pure, bright burnished beauty on those horn spoons! How apt to the hand the stalk—to the mouth how apt the bowl! Each guest drew closer to his breast the deep broth-plate of delft, rather more than full of curds, many millions times more deliciously desirable even than blanc-mange, and then filled to overflowing with a blessed outpouring of creamy richness that tenaciously descended from an enormous jug, the peculiar expression of whose physiognomy, particularly the nose, we will carry with us to the grave! The dairy at **MOUNT PLEASANT** consisted of twenty cows—almost all spring calvers, and of the Ayrshire breed—so you may guess what cream! The spoon could not stand in it—it was not so thick as that—for that was too thick—but the spoon when placed upright in it, retained its perpendicularity for a while, and then, when uncertain on which side to fall, was grasped by the hand of hungry schoolboy, and steered with its fresh and fragrant freight into a mouth already open in wonder. Never beneath the sun, moon, and stars, were such oatmeal-cakes, peas-scones, and barley-bannocks, as at **MOUNT PLEASANT**. You could have eaten away at them with pleasure, even although not hungry—and yet it was impossible of them to eat too much—Manna that they were!! Seldom indeed is butter yellow on May-day. But the butter of the gudewife of Mount Pleasant—such, and so rich was the old lea-pasture—was coloured

like the crocus, before the young thrushes had left the nest in the honey-suckled corner of the gavel end. Not a single hair in the churn. Then what honey and what jam! The first, not heather, for that is too luscious, especially after such cream, but the pure white virgin honey, like dew shaken from clover, but now *querny* after winter keep; and oh! over a layer of such butter on such barley-bannocks was such honey, on such a day, in such company, and to such palates, too divine to be described by such a pen as that now wielded by such a writer! The Jam! It was of gooseberries—the small black hairy ones—gathered to a very minute from the bush, and boiled to a very moment in the pan! A bannock studded with some dozen or two of such grozets was more beautiful than a corresponding expanse of heaven adorned with as many stars. The question, with the gawsy and generous gudewife of Mount Pleasant, was not—“My dear laddie, which will ye hae—hinny or jam!” but, “Which will ye hae first?” The honey, we well remember, was in two huge brown jugs, or jars, or crocks; the jam, in half a dozen white cans of more moderate dimensions, from whose mouths a veil of thin transparent paper was withdrawn, while, like a steam of rich distilled perfumes, rose a fruity fragrance, that blended with the vernal balminess of the humming Sycamore. There the bees, were all at work for next May-day, happy as ever bees were on Hybla itself; and gone now though be the age of gold, happy as Arcadians were we, nor wanted our festal-day or pipe or song; for to the breath of Harry Wilton, the young English boy, the flute gave forth tunes almost as liquid sweet as those that flowed from the lips of Mary Morrison herself, who alone, of all singers in hut or hall that ever drew tears, left nothing for the heart or the imagination to desire in any one of Scotland’s ancient melodies.

Never had Mary Morrison heard the old ballad-airs sung, except during the mid-day hour of rest, in the corn or hay field—and rude singers are they all—whether male or female voices—although sometimes with a touch of natural pathos that finds its way to the heart. But as the nightingale would sing truly its own variegated song, although it never were to hear any one of its own kind warbling from among the shrub-roots, and the lark though alone on earth, would sing the hymn well known at the gate of heaven, so all untaught but by the nature within her, and inspired by her own delightful genius alone, did Mary Morrison feel all the measures of those ancient melodies, and give them all an expression at once so simple and profound. People who said they did not care about music, especially Scottish music, it was so monotonous and insipid, laid aside their indifferent looks before three notes of the simplest air had left Mary Morrison’s lips, as she sat faintly blushing, less in bashfulness than in her own emotion, with her little hands playing perhaps with flowers, and her eyes fixed on the ground, or raised, ever and anon, to the roof. “In all common things,” would most people say, “she is but a very ordinary girl—but her musical turn is really very singular

Indeed;"—but her happy father and mother knew, that in all common things—that is, in all the duties of an humble and innocent life, their Mary was by nature excellent as in the melodies and harmonies of song—and that while her voice in the evening-psalm was as angel's sweet, so was her spirit almost pure as an angel's, and nearly inexperienced of sin.

Proud, indeed, were her parents on that May-day to look upon her—and to listen to her—as their Mary sat beside the young English boy—admired of all observers—and happier than she had ever been in this world before, in the charm of their blended music, and the unconscious affection—sisterly, yet more than sisterly, for brother she had none—that towards one so kind and noble was yearning at her heart.

Beautiful were they both; and when they sat side by side in their music, insensible must that heart have been by whom they were not both admired and beloved. It was thought that they loved one another too, too well; for Harry Wilton was the grandson of an English Peer, and Mary Morrison a peasant's child; but they could not love too well—she in her tenderness—he in his passion—for, with them, life and love was a delightful dream, out of which they were never to be awakened. For as by some secret sympathy, both sickened on the same day—of the same fever—and died at the same hour;—and not from any dim intention of those who buried them, but accidentally, and because the burial-ground of the Minister and the Elder adjoined, were they buried almost in the same grave—for not half a yard of daisied turf divided them—a curtain between the beds on which brother and sister slept.

In their delirium they both talked about each other—Mary Morrison and Harry Wilton—yet their words were not words of love, only of common kindness; for although on their death-beds they did not talk about death, but frequently about that May-day Festival, and other pleasant meetings in neighbour's houses, or in the Manse. Mary sometimes rose up in bed, and in imagination joined her voice to that of the flute which to his lips was to breathe no more; and even at the very self-same moment—so it wonderfully was—did he tell all to be hushed, for that Mary Morrison was about to sing the *Flowers of the Forest*.

Methinks that no deep impressions of the past, although happy they may sleep for ever, and seem as if they had ceased to be, are ever utterly obliterated; but that they may, one and all, reappear at some hour or other however distant, legible as at the very moment they were first engraven on the memory. Not by the power of meditation are the long ago vanished thoughts or emotions restored to us, in which we found delight or disturbance; but of themselves do they seem to arise, not undesired indeed, but unbidden, like sea-birds that come unexpectedly floating up into some inland vale, because, unknown to us who wonder at them, the tide is flowing and the breezes blow from the main. Bright as the living image stands now before us the ghost—for what else is it than the ghost—of Mary Morrison, just as she stood before us on one particular day—in one par-

ticular place, innumerable years ago! It was at the close of one of those midsummer days which melt away into twilight, rather than into night, although the stars are visible, and bird and beast are asleep. All by herself, as she walked along between the braes, was she singing a hymn—

And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these feeble limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

Not that the child had any thought of death, for she was as full of life as the star above her was of lustre—tamed though they both were by the holy hour. At our bidding she renewed the strain that had ceased as we met, and continued to sing it while we parted, her voice dying away in the distance, like an angel's from a broken dream. Never heard we that voice again, for in three little weeks it had gone, to be extinguished no more, to join the heavenly choirs at the feet of the Redeemer.

Did both her parents lose all love to life, when their sole daughter was taken away? And did they die finally of broken hearts? No—such is not the natural working of the human spirit, if kept in repair by pure and pious thought. Never were they so happy indeed as they had once been—nor was their happiness of the same kind. Oh! different far in resignation that often wept when it did not repine—in faith that now held a tenderer commerce with the skies! Smiles were not very long of being again seen at Mount Pleasant. An orphan cousin of Mary's—they had been as sisters—took her place, and filled it too, as far as the living can ever fill the place of the dead. Common cares continued for a while to occupy the Elder and his wife, for there were not a few to whom their substance was to be a blessing. Ordinary observers could not have discerned any abatement of his activities in field or market; but others saw that the toil to him was now but a duty that had formerly been a delight. Mount Pleasant was let to a relative, and the Morrisons retired to a small house, with a garden, a few hundred yards from the kirk. Let him be strong as a giant, infirmities often come on the hard-working man before you can well call him old. It was so with Adam Morrison. He broke down fast we have been told, in his sixtieth year, and after that partook but of one sacrament. Not in tales of fiction alone do those who have long loved and well, lay themselves down and die in each other's arms. Such happy deaths are recorded on humble tombstones; and there is one on which this inscription may be read—"HERE LIE THE BODIES OF ADAM MORRISON AND OF HELEN ARMOUR HIS SPOUSE. THEY DIED ON THE 1ST OF MAY 17—-. HERE ALSO LIES THE BODY OF THEIR DAUGHTER, MARY MORRISON, WHO DIED JUNE 2, 17—-." The headstone is a granite slab—as they almost all are in that kirkyard—and the kirk itself is of the same enduring material. But touching that grave is a Marble Monument, white almost as the very snow, and, in the midst of the emblazonry of death, adorned with the armorial bearings belonging to a family of the high-born.

Sworn Brother of our soul! during the

bricht ardours of boyhood, when the present was all-sufficient in its own bliss, the past soon forgotten, and the future unfear'd, what might have been thy lot, beloved Harry Wilton, had thy span of life been prolonged to this very day? Better—oh! far better was it for thee and thine that thou didst so early die; for it seemeth that a curse is on that lofty lineage; and that, with all their genius, accomplishments, and virtues, dishonour comes and goes, a familiar and privileged guest, out and in their house. Shame never veiled the light of those bold eyes, nor tamed the eloquence of those sunny lips, nor ever for a single moment bowed down that young princely head that, like a fast-growing flower, seemed each successive morning to be visibly rising up towards a stately manhood. But the time was not far distant, when to thee life would have undergone a rueful transformation. Thy father, expatriated by the spells of a sorceress, and forced into foreign countries, to associate with vice, worthlessness, profligacy, and crime! Thy mother, dead of a broken heart! And that lovely sister, who came to the Manse with her jewelled hair—But all these miserable things who could prophesy, at the hour when we and the weeping villagers laid thee, apart from the palace and the burial-vault of thy high-born ancestors, without anthem or organ-peal, among the humble dead? Needless and foolish were all those floods of tears. In thy brief and beautiful course, nothing have we who loved thee to lament or condemn. In few memories, indeed, doth thy image now survive; for in process of time what young face fadeth not away from eyes busied with the shows of this living world? What young voice is not bedumbed to ears for ever filled with its perplexing din? Yet thou, Nature, on this glorious May-day, rejoicing in all the plenitude of thy bliss—we call upon thee to bear witness to the intensity of our never-dying grief! Ye fields, that long ago we so often trode together, with the wind-swept shadows hovering about our path—Ye streams, whose murmur awoke our imaginations, as we lay reading, or musing together in day-dreams, among the broomy braes—Ye woods, where we started at the startled cushat, or paused, without a word, to hear the creature's solitary moans and murmurs deepening the far off hush, already so profound—Ye moors and mosses, black yet beautiful, with your peat-trenches overshadowed by the heather-blossoms that scented the wilderness afar—where the little maiden, sent from the shieling on errands to town or village in the country below, seemed, as we met her in the sunshine, to rise up before us for our delight, like a fairy from the desert bloom—Thou loch, remote in thy treeless solitude, and with nought reflected in thy many-springed waters but those low pastoral hills of excessive green, and the white-barred blue of heaven—no creature on its shores but our own selves, keenly angling in the breezes, or lying in the shaded sunshine, with some book of old ballads, or strain of some Immortal yet alive on earth—one and all, bear witness to our undying affection, that silently now feeds on grief! And, oh! what overflowing thoughts did that shout of ours

now awaken from the hanging tower of the Old Castle—"Wilton, Wilton?" The name of the long-ago buried faintly and afar-off repeated by an echo!

A pensive shade has fallen across MAY-DAY, and while the sun is behind those castellated clouds, our imagination is willing to retire into the saddest places of memory, and gather together stories and tales of tears. And many such there are, annually sprinkled all round the humble huts of our imaginative and religious land, even like the wild-flowers that, in endless succession, disappearing and reappearing in their beauty, Spring drops down upon every brae. And as oftentimes some one particular tune, some one pathetic but imperfect and fragmentary part of an old melody, will nearly touch the heart, when it is dead to the finest and most finished strain; so now a faint and dim tradition comes upon us, giving birth to uncertain and mysterious thoughts. It is an old Tradition. They were called the BLESSED FAMILY! Far up at the head of yonder glen of old was their dwelling, and in their garden sparkled the translucent well that is the source of the stream that animates the parish with a hundred waterfalls. Father, mother, and daughter—it was hard to say which of the three was the most beloved! Yet they were not native here, but brought with them, from some distant place, the soft and silvery accents of the pure English tongue, and manners most gracious in their serene simplicity; while over a life composed of acts of charity was spread a stillness that nothing ever disturbed—the stillness of a thoughtful pity for human sins and sorrows, yet not unwilling to be moved to smiles by the breath of joy. In those days the very heart of Scotland was distracted—persecution scattered her prayers—and during the summer months, families remained shut up in fear within their huts, as if the snowdrifts of winter had blocked up and buried their doors. It was as if the shadow of a thunder-cloud hung over all the land, so that men's hearts quaked as they looked up to heaven—when, lo! all at once, Three gracious Visitants appeared! Imagination invested their foreheads with a halo; and as they walked on their missions of mercy, exclaimed—How beautiful are their feet! Few words was the Child ever heard to speak, except some words of prayer; but her image-like stillness breathed a blessing wherever it smiled, and all the little maidens loved her, when hushed almost into awe by her spiritual beauty, as she knelt with them in their morning and evening orisons. The Mother's face, too, it is said, was pale as a face of grief, while her eyes seemed always happy, and a tone of thanksgiving was in her voice. Her Husband leant upon her on his way to the grave—for his eye's excessive brightness glittered with death—and often, as he prayed beside the sick-bed, his cheek became like ashes, for his heart in a moment ceased to beat, and then, as if about to burst in agony, sounded audibly in the silence. Journeying on did they all seem to heaven; yet as they were passing by, how loving and how full of mercy! To them belonged some blessed power to wave away the sword that

would fain have smitten the Saints. The dew-drops on the greensward before the cottage-door, they suffered not to be polluted with blood. Guardian Angels were they thought to be, and such indeed they were, for what else are the holy powers of innocence?—Guardian Angels sent to save some of God's servants on earth from the choking tide and the scorching fire. Often, in the clear and starry nights, did the dwellers among all these little dells, and up along all these low hillsides, hear music flowing down from heaven, responsive to the hymns of the Blessed Family. Music without the syllabing of words—yet breathing worship, and with the spirit of piety filling all the Night-Heavens. One whole day and night passed by, and not a hut had been enlightened by their presence. Perhaps they had gone away without warning as they had come—having been sent on another mission. With soft steps one maiden, and then another entered the door, and then was heard the voice of weeping and of loud lament. The three lay, side by side, with their pale faces up to heaven. Dora, for that is the name tradition has handed down—Dorothea, the gift of God, lay between her Father and her Mother, and all their hands were lovingly and peacefully entwined. No agonies had been there—unknown what hand, human or divine, had closed their eyelids and composed their limbs; but there they lay as if asleep, not to be awakened by the burst of sunshine that dazzled upon their smiling countenances, cheek to cheek, in the awful beauty of united death.

The deep religion of that troubled time had sanctified the Strangers almost into an angelic character; and when the little kirk-bells were again heard tinkling through the air of peace, (the number of the martyrs being complete,) the beauty with which their living foreheads had been invested, reappeared in the eyes of imagination, as the Poets whom Nature kept to herself walked along the moonlight hills. "The Blessed Family," which had been as a household word, appertaining to them while they lived, now when centuries have gone by, is still full of a dim but divine meaning; the spirit of the tradition having remained, while its framework has almost fallen into decay.

How beautifully emerges that sun-stricken Cottage from the rocks, that all around it are floating in a blue vapoury light! Were we so disposed, methinks we could easily write a little book entirely about the obscure people that have lived and died about that farm, by name LOGAN BRAES. Neither is it without its old traditions. One May-day long ago—some two centuries since—that rural festival was there interrupted by a thunder-storm, and the party of youths and maidens, driven from the budding arbours, were all assembled in the ample kitchen. The house seemed to be in the very heart of the thunder; and the master began to read, without declaring it to be a religious service, a chapter of the Bible; but the frequent flashes of lightning so blinded him, that he was forced to lay down the Book, and all then sat still without speaking a word; many with pale faces, and none without a mingled sense of awe and fear. The maiden forgot her bashful-

ness as the rattling peals shook the roof-tree, and hid her face in her lover's bosom; the children crept closer and closer, each to some protecting knee, and the dogs came all into the house, and lay down in dark places. Now and then there was a convulsive, irrepressible, but half-stifled shriek—some sobbed—and a loud hysterical laugh from one overcome with terror sounded ghastly between the deepest of all dread repose—that which separates one peal from another, when the flash and the roar are as one, and the thick air smells of sulphur. The body feels its mortal nature, and shrinks as if about to be withered into nothing. Now the muttering thunder seems to have changed its place to some distant cloud—now, as if returning to blast those whom it had spared, waxes louder and fiercer than before—till the Great Tree that shelters the house is shivered with a noise like the masts of a ship carried away by the board. "Look, father, look—see yonder is an Angel all in white, descending from heaven!" said little Alice, who had already been almost in the attitude of prayer, and now clasped her hands together, and steadfastly, and without fear of the lightning, eyed the sky. "One of God's Holy Angels—one of those who sing before the Lamb!" And with an inspired rapture the fair child sprung to her feet. "See ye her not—see ye her not—father—mother? Lo! she beckons to me with a palm in her hand, like one of the palms in that picture in our Bible when our Saviour is entering into Jerusalem! There she comes, nearer and nearer the earth—Oh! pity, forgive, and have mercy on me, thou most beautiful of all the Angels—even for His name's sake." All eyes were turned towards the black heavens, and then to the raving child. Her mother clasped her to her bosom, afraid that terror had turned her brain—and her father going to the door, surveyed an ampler space of the sky. She flew to his side, and clinging to him again, exclaimed in a wild outcry, "On her forehead a star! on her forehead a star! And oh! on what lovely wings she is floating away, away into eternity! The Angel, Father, is calling me by my Christian name, and I must no more abide on earth; but, touching the hem of her garment, be wafted away to heaven!" Sudden as a bird let loose from the hand, darted the maiden from her father's bosom, and with her face upward to the skies, pursued her flight. Young and old left the house, and at that moment the forked lightning came from the crashing cloud, and struck the whole tenement into ruins. Not a hair on any head was singed; and with one accord the people fell down upon their knees. From the eyes of the child, the Angel, or vision of the Angel, had disappeared; but on her return to heaven, the Celestial heard the hymn that rose from those that were saved, and above all the voices, the small sweet silvery voice of her whose eyes alone were worthy of beholding a Saint transfigured.

For several hundred years has that farm belonged to the family of the Logans, nor has son or daughter ever stained the name—while some have imparted to it, in its humble annals what well may be called lustre. Many a time have we stood when a boy, all alone, beginning

o be disturbed by the record of heroic or holy ives, in the kirkyard, beside the GRAVE OF THE MARTYRS—the grave in which Christian and Hannah Logan, mother and daughter, were interred. Many a time have we listened to the story of their deaths, from the lips of one who well knew how to stir the hearts of the young, till “from their eyes they wiped the tears that sacred pity had engendered.” Nearly a hundred years old was she that eloquent narrator—the Minister’s mother—yet she could hear a whisper, and read the Bible without spectacles—although we sometimes used to suspect her of pretending to be reading off the Book, when, in fact, she was reciting from memory. The old lady often took a walk in the kirkyard—and being of a pleasant and cheerful nature, though in religious principle inflexibly austere, many were the most amusing anecdotes that she related to us and our compeers, all huddled round her, “where heaved the turf in many a mouldering heap.” But the evening converse was always sure to have a serious termination—and the venerable matron could not be more willing to tell, than we to hear again and again, were it for the twentieth repetition, some old tragic event that gathered a deeper interest from every recital, as if on each we became better acquainted with the characters of those to whom it had befallen, till the chasm that time had dug between them and us disappeared, and we felt for the while that their happiness or misery and ours were essentially interdependent. At first she used, we well remember, to fix her solemn spirit-like eyes on our faces, to mark the different effects her story produced on her hearers; but ere long she became possessed wholly by the pathos of her own narrative, and with fluctuating features and earnest action of head and hands, poured forth her eloquence, as if soliloquizing among the tombs.

“Ay, ay, my dear boys, that is the grave o’ the Martyrs. My father saw them die. The tide o’ the far-ebbed sea was again beginning to flow, but the sands o’ the bay o’ death lay sae dry, that there were but few spots where a bairn could hae wat its feet. Thousands and tens o’ thousands were standing a’ roun’ the edge of the bay—that was in shape just like that moon—and then twa stakes were driven deep into the sand, that the waves o’ the returning sea might na loosen them—and my father, who was but a boy like ane o’ yourselves noo, waes me, didna he see wi’ his ain een Christian Logan, and her wee dochter Hannah, for she was but eleven years auld—hurried along by the enemies o’ the Lord, and tied to their accursed stakes within the power o’ the sea. He who holds the waters in the hollow o’ his hand, thocht my father, will not suffer them to choke the prayer within those holy lips—but what kent he o’ the dreadful judgments o’ the Almighty? Dreadfu’ as those judgments seemed to be, o’ a’ that crowd o’ mortal creatures there were but only twa that drew their breath without a shudder—and these twa were Christian Logan and her beautiful wee dochter Hannah, wi’ her rosy cheeks, for they blanched not in that last extremity, ner blue een, and her gowden hair, that glit-

tered like a star in the darkness o’ that disma, day. ‘Mother, be not afraid,’ she was heard to say, when the foam o’ the first wave broke about their feet—and just as these words were uttered, all the great black clouds melted away from the sky, and the sun shone forth in the firmament like the all-seeing eye of God. The martyrs turned their faces a little towards one another, for the cords could not wholly hinder them, and wi’ voices as steady and as clear as ever they sang the psalm within the walls o’ that kirk, did they, while the sea was mounting up—from knee—waist—breast—neck—chin—lip—sing praises and thanksgivings unto God. As soon as Hannah’s voice was drowned, it seemed as if her mother, before the water reached her own lips, bowed and gave up the ghost. While the people were a’ gazing, the heads of both martyrs disappeared, and nothing then was to be seen on the face o’ the waters, but here and there a bit white breaking wave or silly sea-bird floating on the flow o’ the tide into the bay. Back and back had aye fallen the people, as the tide was roarin’ on wi’ a hollow soun’—and now that the water was high aboon the heads o’ the martyrs, what chained that dismal congregation to the sea-shore? It was the countenance o’ a man that had suddenly come down frae his hiding-place among the moors—and who now knew that his wife and daughter were bound to stakes deep down in the waters o’ the very bay that his eyes beheld rolling, and his ears heard roaring—all the while that there was a God in heaven! Naeboddy could speak to him—although they all beseeched their Maker to have compassion upon him, and not to let his heart break and his reason fail. ‘The stakes! the stakes! O Jesus! point out to me, with thy own scarred hand, the place where my wife and daughter are bound to the stakes—and I may yet bear them up out of the sand, and bring the bodies ashore—to be restored to life! O brethren, brethren!—said ye that my Christian and my Hannah have been for an hour below the sea? And was it from fear of fifty armed men, that so many thousand fathers and mothers, and sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, rescued them not from such cruel, cruel death?’ After uttering mony mair siclike raving words, he suddenly plunged into the sea, and, being a strong swimmer, was soon far out into the bay—and led by some desperate instinct to the very place where the stakes were fixed in the sand. Perfectly resigned had the martyrs been to their doom—but in the agonies o’ that horrible death, there had been some struggles o’ the mortal body, and the weight o’ the waters had borne down the stakes, so that, just as if they had been lashed to a spar to enable them to escape from shipwreck, baith the bodies came floatin’ to the surface, and his hand grasped, without knowing it, his ain Hannah’s gowden hair—sarely defiled, ye may weel think, wi’ the sand—baith their faces changed frae what they ance were by the wrench o’ death. Father, mother, and daughter came a’ thegither to the shore—and there was a cry went far and wide, up even to the hiding-places o’ the faithfu’ among the hagg

and cluuchs i' the moors, that the sea had given up the living, and that the martyrs were triumphant, even in this world, over the powers o' Sin and o' Death. Yea, they were indeed triumphant;—and well might the faithful sing aloud in the desert, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?' for these three bodies were but as the weeds on which they lay stretched out to the pitying gaze of the multitude, but their spirits had gane to heaven, to receive the eternal rewards o' sanctity and truth."

Not a house in all the parish—scarcely excepting Mount Pleasant itself—all round and about which our heart could in some dreamy hour raise to life a greater multitude of dear old remembrances, all touching ourselves, than **LOGAN BRAES**. The old people when we first knew them, we used to think somewhat apt to be surly—for they were Seceders—and owing to some unavoidable prejudices, which we were at no great pains to vanquish, we Manse-boys recognised something repulsive in that most respectable word. Yet for the sake of that sad story of the Martyrs, there was always something affecting to us in the name of Logan Braes; and though Beltane was of old a Pagan Festival, celebrated with grave idolatries round fires a-blaze on a thousand hills, yet old Laurence Logan would sweeten his vinegar aspect on May-day, would wipe out a score of wrinkles, and calm, as far as that might be, the terrors of his shaggy eyebrows. A little gentleness of manner goes a long way with such young folk as we were all then, when it is seen naturally and easily worn for our sakes, and in sympathy with our accustomed glee, by one who in his ordinary deportment may have added the austerity of religion to the venerableness of old age. Smiles from old Laurence Logan, the Seceder, were like rare sun-glimpses in the gloom—and made the hush of his house pleasant as a more cheerful place; for through the restraint laid on reverent youth by feeling akin to fear, the heart ever and anon bounded with freedom in the smile of the old man's eyes. Plain was his own apparel—a suit of the hoddan-gray. His wife, when in full dress, did not remind us of a Quakeress, for a Quakeress then had we never seen—but we often think now, when in company with a sensible, cheerful, and comely-visaged matron of that sect, of her of Logan Braes. No waster was she of her tears, or her smiles, or her words, or her money, or her meal—either among those of her own blood, or the stranger or the beggar that was within her gates. You heard not her foot on the floor—yet never was she idle—moving about in doors and out, from morning till night, so placid and so composed, and always at small cost dressed so decently, so becomingly to one who was not yet old, and had not forgotten—why should she not remember it!—that she was esteemed in youth a beauty, and that it was not for want of a richer and younger lover, that she agreed at last to become the wife of the Laird of Logan Braes.

Their family consisted of two sons and a niece;—and be thou who thou mayest that hast so far read our May-day, we doubt not that thine

eyes will glance—however rapidly—over an other page, nor fling it contemptuously aside because amidst all the chance and change of administrations, ministries, and ministers in high places, there murmur along the channels of our memory "the simple annals of the poor," like unpolluted streams that sweep not by city walls.

Never were two brothers more unlike in all things—in mind, body, habits, and disposition—than Lawrie and Willie Logan—and we see, as in a glass, at this very moment, both their images. "Wee Wise Willie"—for by that name he was known over several parishes—was one of those extraordinary creatures that one may liken to a rarest plant, which nature sows here and there—sometimes for ever unregarded—among the common families of Flowers. Early sickness had been his lot—continued with scarcely any interruption from his cradle to school-years—so that not only was his stature stunted, but his whole frame was delicate in the extreme; and his pale small-featured face, remarkable for large, soft, down-looking, hazel eyes, dark-lashed in their lustre, had a sweet feminine character, that corresponded well with his voice, his motions, and his in-door pursuits—all serene and composed, and interfering with the outgoings of no other living thing. All sorts of scholarship, such as the parish schoolmaster knew, he mastered as if by intuition. His slate was quickly covered with long calculations, by which the most puzzling questions were solved; and ere he was nine years old, he had made many pretty mechanical contrivances with wheels and pulleys, that showed in what direction lay the natural bent of his genius. Languages, too, the creature seemed to see into with quickest eyes, and with quickest ears to catch their sounds—so that, at the same tender age, he might have been called a linguist, sitting with his Greek and Latin books on a stool beside him by the fireside during the long winter nights. All the neighbours who had any books, cheerfully lent them to "Wee Wise Willie," and the Manse-boys gave him many a supply. At the head of every class he, of course, was found—but no ambition had he to be there; and like a bee that works among many thousand others on the clover-lea, heedless of their murmurs, and intent wholly on its own fragrant toil, did he go from task to task—although that was no fitting name for the studious creature's meditations on all he read or wrought—no more a task for him to grow in knowledge and in thought, than for a lily of the field to lift up its head towards the sun. That child's religion was like all the other parts of his character—as prone to tears as that of other children, when they read of the Divine Friend dying for them on the cross; but it was profounder far than theirs, when it shed no tears, and only made the paleness of his countenance more like that which we imagine to be the paleness of a phantom. No one ever saw him angry, complaining, or displeased; for angelical indeed was his temper, purified, like gold in fire, by suffering. He shunned not the company of other children, but loved all, as by them all he was more than beloved. In few

of their plays could he take an active share; but sitting a little way off, still attached to the merry brotherhood, though in their society he had no part to enact, he read his book on the knoll, or, happy dreamer, sunk away among the visions of his own thoughts. There was poetry in that child's spirit, but it was too essentially blended with his whole happiness in life, often to be embodied in written words. A few compositions were found in his own small beautiful handwriting after his death—hymns and psalms. Prayers, too, had his heart indited—but they were not in measured language—framed, in his devout simplicity on the model of our Lord's. How many hundred times have we formed a circle round him in the gloaming, all sitting or lying on the greensward, before the dews had begun to descend, listening to his tales and stories of holy or heroic men and women, who had been greatly good and glorious in the days of old! Not unendeared to his imagination were the patriots, who, living and dying, loved the liberties of the land—Tell—Bruce—or Wallace, he in whose immortal name a thousand rocks rejoice, while many a wood bears it on its summits as they are swinging to the storm. Weak as a reed that is shaken in the wind, or the stalk of a flower that tremblingly sustains its blossoms beneath the dews that feed their transitory lustre, was he whose lips were so eloquent to read the eulogies of mighty men of war riding mailed through bloody battles. What matters it that this frame of dust be frail, and of tiny size—still may it be the tenement of a lordly spirit. But high as such warfare was, it satisfied not that thoughtful child—for other warfare there was to read of, which was to him a far deeper and more divine delight—the warfare waged by good men against the legions of sin, and closed triumphantly in the eye of God—let this world deem as it will—on obscurest death-beds, or at the stake, or on the scaffold, where a profounder even than Sabbath silence glorifies the martyr far beyond any shout that from the immense multitude would have torn the concave of the heavens.

What a contrast to that creature was his elder brother! Lawrie was eighteen years old when first we visited Logan Braes, and was a perfect hero in strength and stature—Bob Howie alone his equal—but Bob was then in the West Indies. In the afternoons, after his work was over in the fields or in the barn, he had pleasure in getting us Manse-boys to accompany him to the Moor-Lochs for an hour's angling or two in the evening, when the large trouts came to the gravelly shallows, and, as we waded midleg-deep, would sometimes take the fly among our very feet. Or he would go with us into the heart of the great wood, to show us where the foxes had their earths—the party being sometimes so fortunate as to see the cubs disporting at the mouth of the briery aperture in the strong and root-bound soil. Or we followed him, so far as he thought it safe for us to do so, up the foundations of the castle, and in fear and wonder that no repetition of the adventurous feat ever diminished, saw him take the young starling from the crevice beneath the tuft of wall-flowers. What was there

of the bold and daring that Lawrie Logan was not, in our belief, able to perform? We were all several years younger—boys from nine to fifteen—and he had shot up into sudden manhood—not only into its shape but its strength—yet still the boyish spirit was fresh within him, and he never wearied of us in such excursions. The minister had a good opinion of his principles, knowing how he had been brought up, and did not discountenance his visits to the Manse, nor ours to Logan Braes. Then what danger could we be in, go where we might, with one who had more than once shown how eager he was to risk his own life when that of another was in jeopardy? Generous and fearless youth! To thee we owed our own life—although seldom is that rescue now remembered—for what will not in this turmoiling world be forgotten? when in pride of the newly-acquired art of swimming, we had ventured—with our clothes on too—some ten yards into the Brother-Loch, to disentangle our line from the water-lilies. It seemed that a hundred cords had got entangled round our legs, and our heart quaked too desperately to suffer us to shriek—but Lawrie Logan had his hand on us in a minute, and brought us to shore as easily as a Newfoundland dog lands a bit of floating wood.

But that was a momentary danger, and Lawrie Logan ran but small risk, you will say, in saving us; so let us not extol that instance of his intrepidity. But fancy to yourself, gentle reader, the hideous mouth of an old coal-pit, that had not been worked for time immemorial, overgrown with thorns, and briars, and brackens, but still visible from a small mount above it, for some yards down its throat—the very throat of death and perdition. But can you fancy also the childish and superstitious terror with which we all regarded that coal-pit, for it was said to be a hundred fathom deep—with water at the bottom—so that you had to wait for many moments—almost a minute—before you heard a stone, first beating against its sides—from one to the other—plunge at last into the pool profound. In that very field, too, a murder had been perpetrated, and the woman's corpse flung by her sweetheart into that coal-pit. One day some unaccountable impulse had led a band of us into that interdicted field—which we remember was not arable—but said to be a place where a hare was always sure to be found sitting among the binweeds and thistles. A sort of thrilling horror urged us on closer and closer to the mouth of the pit—when Wee Wise Willie's foot slipping on the brae, he bounded with inexplicable force along—in among the thorns, briars, and brackens—through the whole hanging mat and without a shriek, down—down—down into destruction. We all saw it happen—every one of us—and it is scarcely too much to say, that we were for a while all mad with horror. Yet we felt ourselves borne back instinctively from the horrible pit—and as aid we could give none, we listened if we could hear any cry—but there was none—and we all flew together out of the dreadful field, and again collecting ourselves together feared to separate on the different roads to our homes.

"Oh! can it be that our Wee Wise Willie has this moment died sic a death—and no a single ane amang us a' greetin' for his sake!" said one of us aloud; and then indeed did we burst out into rueful sobbing, and ask one another who could carry such tidings to Logan Braes? All at once we heard a clear, rich, mellow whistle as of a blackbird—and there with his favourite colley, searching for a stray lamb among the knolls, was Lawrie Logan, who hailed us with a laughing voice, and then asked us, "Whare is Wee Willie! hae ye flung him like another Joseph into the pit?" The consternation of our faces could not be misunderstood—whether we told him or not what had happened we do not know—but he staggered as if he would have fallen down—and then ran off with amazing speed—not towards Logan Braes—but the village. We continued helplessly to wander about back and forwards along the near edge of a wood, when we beheld a multitude of people rapidly advancing, and in a few minutes they surrounded the mouth of the pit. It was about the very end of the hay-harvest—and many ropes that had been employed that very day in the leading of the hay of the Landlord of the Inn, who was also an extensive farmer, were tied together to the length of at least twenty fathom. Hope was quite dead—but her work is often done by Despair. For a while there was confusion all around the pit-mouth, but with a white fixed face and glaring eyes, Lawrie Logan advanced to the very brink, with the rope bound in many firm folds around him, and immediately behind him stood his gray-headed father, unbonnied, just as he had risen from a prayer. "Is't my ain father that's gaun to help me to gang doon to bring up Willie's body? O! merciful God, what a judgment is this! Father—father—Oh! lie down at some distance awa' frae the sight o' this place. Robin Alison, and Gabriel Strang, and John Borland, 'll haud the ropes firm and safe. O, father—father—lie down, a bit apart frae the crowd; and have mercy upon him—O thou, great God, have mercy upon him!" But the old man kept his place; and the only one son who now survived to him disappeared within the jaws of the same murderous pit, and was lowered slowly down, nearer and nearer to his little brother's corpse. They had spoken to him of foul air, of which to breathe is death, but he had taken his resolution, and not another word had been said to shake it. And now, for a short time, there was no weight at the line, except that of its own length. It was plain that he had reached the bottom of the pit. Silent was all that congregation, as if assembled in divine worship. Again, there was a weight at the rope, and in a minute or two, a voice was heard far down the pit that spread a sort of wild hope—else, why should it have spoken at all—and lo! the child—not like one of the dead—clasped in the arms of his brother, who was all covered with dust and blood. "Fall all down on your knees—in the face o' heaven, and sing praises to God, for my brother is yet alive!"

During that Psalm, father, mother, and both their sons—the rescuer and the rescued—and

their sweet cousin too, Annie Raeburn, the orphan, were lying embraced in speechless—almost senseless trances; for the agony of such a deliverance was more than could well by mortal creatures be endured.

The child himself was the first to tell how his life had been miraculously saved. A few shrubs had for many years been growing out of the inside of the pit, almost as far down as the light could reach, and among them had he been entangled in his descent, and held fast. For days, and weeks, and months, after that deliverance, few persons visited Logan Braes, for it was thought that old Laurence's brain had received a shock from which it might never recover; but the trouble that tried him subsided, and the inside of the house was again quiet as before, and its hospitable door open to all the neighbours.

Never forgetful of his primal duties had been that bold youth—but too apt to forget the many smaller ones that are wrapped round a life of poverty like invisible threads, and that cannot be broken violently or carelessly, without endangering the calm consistency of all its ongings, and ultimately causing perhaps great losses, errors, and distress. He did not keep evil society—but neither did he shun it: and having a pride in feats of strength and activity, as was natural to a stripling whose corporeal faculties could not be excelled, he frequented all meetings where he was 'ikely to fall in with worthy competitors, and in such trials of power, by degrees acquired a character for recklessness, and even violence, of which prudent men prognosticated evil, and that sorely disturbed his parents, who were, in their quiet retreat, lovers of all peace. With what wonder and admiration did all the Manse-boys witness and hear reported the feats of Lawrie Logan! It was he who, in pugilistic combat, first vanquished Black King Carey the Egyptian, who travelled the country with two wives and a wagon of Staffordshire pottery, and had struck the "Yokel," as he called Lawrie, in the midst of all the tents on Leddrie Green, at the great annual Baldernoch fair. Six times did the bare and bronzed Egyptian bite the dust—nor did Lawrie Logan always stand against the blows of one whose provincial fame was high in England, as the head of the Rough-and-Ready School. Even now—as in an ugly dream—we see the combatants alternately prostrate, and returning to the encounter, covered with mire and blood. All the women left the Green, and the old men shook their heads at such unchristian work; but Lawrie Logan did not want backers in the shepherds and the ploughmen, to see fair play against all the attempts of the Showmen and the Newcastle horse-cowpers, who laid their money thick on the King; till a right-hander in the pit of the stomach, which had nearly been the gipsy's everlasting quietus, gave the victory to Lawrie, amid acclamations that would have fitly graced a triumph in a better cause. But that day was an evil day to all a Logan Braes. A recruiting sergeant got Lawrie into the tent, over which floated the colours of the 42d Regiment, and in the intoxication of victory, whisky, and the bagpipe, the

young champion was as fairly enlisted into his Majesty's service, as ever young girl, without almost knowing it, was married at Gretna-Green; and as the 42d were under orders to sail in a week, gold could not have bought off such a man, and Lawrie Logan went on board a transport.

Logan Braes was not the same place—indeed, the whole parish seemed altered—after Lawrie was gone, and our visits were thenceforth any thing but cheerful ones, going by turns to inquire for Willie, who seemed to be pining away—not in any deadly disease, but just as if he himself knew, that without ailing much he was not to be a long liver. Yet nearly two years passed on, and all that time the principle of life had seemed like a flickering flame within him, that when you think it expiring or expired, streams up again with surprising brightness, and continues to glimmer ever steadily with a protracted light. Every week—nay, almost every day, they feared to lose him—yet there he still was at morning and evening prayers. The third spring after the loss of his brother was remarkably mild, and breathing with west-winds that came softened over many woody miles from the sea. He seemed stronger, and more cheerful, and expressed a wish that the Manse-boys, and some others of his companions, would come to Logan Braes, and once again celebrate May-day. There we all sat at the long table, and both parents did their best to look cheerful during the feast. Indeed, all that had once been harsh and forbidding in the old man's looks and manners, was now softened down by the perpetual yearnings at his heart towards "the distant far and absent long," nor less towards him that peaceful and pious child whom every hour he saw, or thought he saw, awaiting a call from the eternal voice. Although sometimes sadness fell across us like a shadow, yet the hours passed on as May-day hours should do; and what with our many-toned talk and laughter, the cooing of the pigeons on the roof, and the twittering of the swallows beneath the eaves, and the lark-songs ringing like silver bells over all the heavens, it seemed a day that ought to bring good tidings—or, the Soldier himself returning from the wars to bless the eyes of his parents once more, so that they might die in peace. "Heaven hold us in its keeping, for there's his wraith!" ejaculated Annie Raeburn. "It passed before the window, and my Lawrie, I now know, is with the dead!"—Bending his stately head beneath the lintel of the door, in the dress, and with the bearing of a soldier, Lawrie Logan stepped again across his father's threshold and, ere he well uttered "God be with you all!" Willie was within his arms, and on his bosom. His father and his mother rose not from their chairs, but sat still, with faces like ashes. But we boys could not resist our joy, and shouted his name aloud—while Luath, from his sleep in the corner, leapt on his master breast-high, and whining his dumb delight, frisked round him as of yore, when impatient to snuff the dawn on the hill-side. "Let us go out and play," said a boy's voice, and issuing somewhat seriously into the sunshine, we left the

family within to themselves, and then walked away, without speaking, down to the Bridge.

After the lapse of an hour or more, and while we were all considering whether or no we should return to the house, the figure of Annie Raeburn was seen coming down the brae towards the party, in a way very unlike her usual staid and quiet demeanour, and stopping at some distance, to beckon with her hand more particularly, it was thought, on ourselves, as we stood a few yards apart from the rest. "Willie is worse," were the only words she said, as we hastened back together; and on entering the room, we found the old man uncertainly pacing the floor by himself, but with a composed countenance. "He expressed a wish to see you—but he is gone!" We followed into Willie's small bedroom and study, and beheld him already *laid out*, and his mother sitting as calmly beside him as if she were watching his sleep. "Sab not sae sair, Lawrie—God was gracious to let him live to this day, that he might dee in his brither's arms."

The sun has mounted high in heaven, while thus we have been dreaming away the hours—a dozen miles at least have we slowly wandered over, since morning, along pleasant by-paths, where never dust lay, or from gate to gate of pathless enclosures, a trespasser fearless of those threatening nonentities, spring-guns. There is the turnpike-road—the great north and south road—for it is either the one or the other, according to the airt towards which you choose to turn your face. Behold a little *WAYSIDE INN*, neatly thatched, and with white-washed front, and sign-board hanging from a tree, on which are painted the figures of two jolly gentlemen, one in kilts and the other in breeches, shaking hands cautiously across a running brook. The meal of all meals is a paulo-post-meridian breakfast. The rosiness of the combs of the strapping hens is good augury;—hark, a cackle from the barn—another egg is laid—and chanticleer, stretching himself up on claw-tip, and clapping his wings of the bonny beaten gold, crows aloud to his sultana till the welkin rings. "Turn to the left, sir, if you please," quoth a comely matron; and we find ourselves snugly seated in an arm-chair, not wearied, but to rest willing, while the clock ticks pleasantly, and we take no note of time but by its gain; for here is our journal, in which we shall put down a few jottings for *MAY-DAY*. Three boiled eggs—one to each penny-roll—are sufficient, under any circumstances, along with the same number fried with mutton-ham, for the breakfast of a Gentleman and a Tory. Nor do we remember—when tea-cups have been on a proper scale—ever to have wished to go beyond the Golden Rule of Three. In politics, we confess that we are rather ultra; but in all things else we love moderation. "Come in, my bonny little lassie—ye needna keep keekin' ir that gate fra ahint the door"—and in a few minutes the curly-pated prattler is murmuring on our knee. The sottie wife, well pleased with the sight, and knowing, from our kindness to children, that we are on the same side of politics with her gudeman—Ex-sergeant in the Black Watch,

and once Orderly to Garth himself—brings out her ain bottle from the spence—a hollow square, and green as emerald. Bless the gurgle of its honest mouth! With prim lips mine hostess kisses the glass, previously letting fall a not inelegant curtsey—for she had, we now learned, been a lady's maid in her youth to one who is indeed a lady, all the time her lover was abroad in the army, in Egypt, Ireland, and the West Indies, and Malta, and Guernsey, Sicily, Portugal, Holland, and, we think she said, Corfu. One of the children has been sent to the field, where her husband is sowing barley, to tell him that there is fear lest dinner cool; and the mistress now draws herself up in pride of his noble appearance, as the stately Highlander salutes us with the respectful but bold air of one who has seen some service at home and abroad. Never knew we a man make other than a good bow, who had partaken freely in a charge of bayonets.

Shenstone's lines about always meeting the warmest welcome in an inn, are very natural and tender—as most of his compositions are, when he was at all in earnest. For our own part, we cannot complain of ever meeting any other welcome than a warm one, go where we may; for we are not obtrusive, and where we are not either liked, or loved, or esteemed, or admired, (that last is a strong word, yet we all have our admirers,) we are exceeding chary of the light of our countenance. But at an inn, the only kind of welcome that is indispensable, is a civil one. When that is not forthcoming, we shake the dust, or the dirt, off our feet, and pursue our journey, well assured that a few milestones will bring us to a humaner roof. Incivility and surliness have occasionally given us opportunities of beholding rare celestial phenomena—meteors—falling and shooting stars—the Aurora Borealis, in her shifting splendours—haloes round the moon, variously bright as the rainbow—electrical arches forming themselves on the sky in a manner so wondrously beautiful, that we should be sorry to hear them accounted for by philosophers—one half of the horizon blue, and without a cloud, and the other driving tempestuously like the sea-foam, with waves mountain-high—and divinest show of all for a solitary night-wandering man, who has any thing of a soul at all, far and wide, and high up into the gracious heavens, Planets and Stars all burning as if their urns were newly fed with light, not twinkling as they do in a dewy or a vapoury night, although then, too, are the softened or veiled luminaries beautiful—but large, full, and free over the whole firmament—a galaxy of shining and unanswerable arguments in proof of the Immortality of the Soul.

The whole world is improving; nor can there be a pleasanter proof of that than this very wayside inn—cycloped the SALUTATION. What a miserable pot-house it was long ago, with a rusty-hinged door, that would neither open nor shut—neither let you out nor in—immovable and intractable to foot or hand—or all at once, when you least expected it to yield, slamming to with a bang; a constant puddle in front during rainy weather, and heaped up dust in dry—roof partly thatched, partly slated, partly

tiled, and partly open to the elements, with its naked rafters. Broken windows repaired with an old petticoat, or a still older pair of breeches, and walls that had always been plastered and better plastered and worse plastered, in frosty weather—all labour in vain, as crumbling patches told, and variegated streaks, and stains of dismal ochre, meanest of all colours, and still symptomatic of want, mismanagement, bankruptcy, and perpetual flittings from a tenement that was never known to have paid any rent. Then what a pair of drunkards were old Saunders and his spouse! Yet never once were they seen drunk on a Sabbath, or a fast-day—regular kirk-goers, and attentive observers of ordinances. They had not very many children, yet, pass the door when you might, you were sure to hear a squall or a shriek, or the ban of the mother, or the smacking of the palm of the hand on the part of the enemy easiest of access; or you saw one of the ragged fiends pursued by a parent round the corner, and brought back by the hair of the head till its eyes were like those of a Chinese. Now, what decency—what neatness—what order—in this household—this private public! into which customers step like neighbours on a visit, and are served with a heartiness and good-will that deserve the name of hospitality, for they are gratuitous, and can only be repaid in kind. A limited prospect does that latticed-window command—and the small panes cut objects into too many parts—little more than the breadth of the turnpike road, and a hundred yards of the same, to the north and to the south, with a few budding hedgerows, half a dozen trees, and some green bráes. Yet could we sit and moralize, and intellectualize, for hours at this window, nor hear the striking clock.

There trips by a blooming maiden of middle degree all alone—the more's the pity—yet perfectly happy in her own society, and one we venture to say who never received a love-letter, valentines excepted, in all her innocent days. A fat man sitting by himself in a gig! somewhat red in the face, as if he had dined early, and not so sure of the road as his horse, who has drunk nothing but a single pailful of water, and is anxious to get to town that he may be rubbed down, and see oats once more. Scamper away, ye joyous schoolboys, and, for your sake, may that cloud breathe forth rain and breeze, before you reach the burn, which you seem to fear may run dry before you can see the Pool where the two-pounders lie. Methinks we know that old woman, and of the first novel we write she shall be the heroine. Ha! a brilliant bevy of mounted maidens, in riding-habits, and Spanish hats, with “swaling feathers”—sisters, it is easy to see, and daughters of one whom we either loved, or thought we loved; but now they say she is fat and vulgar, is the devil's own scold, and makes her servants and her husband lead the lives of slaves. All that we can say is, that once on a time it was *tout une autre chose*; for a smaller foot, and a slimmer ankle, a more delicate waist, arms more lovely, reposing in their gracefulness beneath her bosom, tresses of brighter and more varnished auburn—such

starlike eyes, thrilling without seeking to reach the soul—But phoo! phoo! phoo! she married a jolted-headed squire with two thousand acres, and, in self-defence, has grown fat, vulgar, and a scold. There is a Head for a painter! and what perfect peace and placidity all over the Blind Man's convenience! He is not a beggar, although he lives on alms—those sightless orbs ask not for charity, nor yet those withered hands, as, staff-supported, he stops at the kind voice of the traveller, and tells his story in a few words. On the ancient Dervise moves, with his long silvery hair, journeying contentedly in darkness towards the eternal light. A gang of gypsies! with their numerous assery laden with horn-spoons, pots, and pans, and black-eyed children. We should not be surprised to read some day in the newspapers, that the villain who leads the van had been executed for burglary, arson, and murder. That is the misfortune of having a bad physiognomy, a sidelong look, a scarred cheek, and a cruel grin about the muscles of the mouth; to say nothing about rusty hair protruding through the holes of a brown hat, not made for the wearer—long, sinewy arms, all of one thickness, terminating in huge, hairy, horny hands, chiefly knuckles and nails—a shambling gait, notwithstanding that his legs are finely proportioned, as if the night prowler were cautious not to be heard by the sleeping house, nor to awaken—so noiseless his stealthy advances—the unchained mastiff in his kennel.

But, hark! the spirit-stirring music of life and drum! A whole regiment of soldiers on their march to replace another whole regiment of soldiers—and that is as much as we can be expected to know about their movements. Food for the cannon's mouth; but the maw of war has been gorged and satiated, and the glittering soap-bubbles of reputation, blown by windy-cheeked Fame from the bowl of her pipe, have all burst as they have been clutched by the hands of tall fellows in red raiment, and with feathers on their heads, just before going to lie down on what is called the bed of honour. Melancholy indeed to think, that all these fine, fierce, ferocious, fire-eaters are doomed, but for some unlooked-for revolution in the affairs of Europe and the world, to die in their beds! Yet there is some comfort in thinking of the composition of a Company of brave defenders of their country. It is, we shall suppose, Seventy strong. Well, jot down three ploughmen, genuine clodhoppers, chaw-bacons *sans peur et sans reproche*, except that the overseers of the parish were upon them with orders of affiliation; and one shepherd, who made contradictory statements about the number of the spring lambs, and in whose house had been found during winter certain fleeces, for which no ingenuity could account; a laird's son, long known by the name of the Ne'er-dowel; a Man of tailors, forced to accept the bounty-money—during a protracted strike—not dungs they, but flints all the nine; a barber, like many a son of genius, ruined by his wit, and who, after being driven from pole to pole, found refuge in the army at last; a bankrupt butcher, once a bully, and now a

poltroon; two of the Seven Young Men—all that now survive—impatient of the drudgery of the comping-house, and the injustice of the age—but they, we believe, are in the band—the triangle and the serpent; twelve cotton-spinners at the least; six weavers of woollens; a couple of colliers from the bowels of the earth; and a score of miscellaneous rabble—flunkies long out of place, and unable to live on their liveries—felons acquitted, or that have freed their punishment—picked men from the shilling galleries of playhouses—and the élite of the refuse and sweepings of the jails. Look how all the rogues and reprobates march like one man! Alas! was it of such materials that our conquering army was made!—were such the heroes of Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo?

Why not, and what then? Heroes are but men after all. Men, as men go, are the materials of which heroes are made; and recruits in three years ripen into veterans. Cowardice in one campaign is disciplined into courage, fear into valour. In presence of the enemy, pickpockets become patriots—members of the swell mob volunteer on forlorn hopes, and step out from the ranks to head the storm! Lord bless you! have you not studied sympathy and *l'esprit de corps*? An army fifty thousand strong consists, we shall suppose, in equal portions of saints and sinners; and saints and sinners are all English, Irish, Scottish. What wonder, then, that they drive all resistance to the devil, and go on from victory to victory, keeping all the cathedrals and churches in England hard at work with all their organs, from Christmas to Christmas, blowing *Te Deum*? You must not be permitted too curiously to analyze the composition of the British army or the British navy. Look at them, think of them as Wholes, with Nelson or Wellington the head, and in one slump pray God to bless the defenders of the throne, the hearth, and the altar.

The baggage-wagons halt, and some refreshments are sent for to the women and children. Ay, creatures not far advanced in their teens are there—a year or two ago, at school or service, happy as the day was long, now mothers, with babies at their breasts—happy still perhaps; but that pretty face is wofully wan—that hair did not use to be so dishevelled—and bony, and clammy, and blue-veined is the hand that lay so white, and warm, and smooth, in the grasp of the seducer. Yet she thinks she is his wife; and, in truth, there is a ring on her marriage-finger. But, should the regiment embark, so many women, and no more, are suffered to go with a company; and, should one of the lots not fall on her, she may take of her husband an everlasting farewell.

The Highflier Coach! carrying six in, and twelve outsides—driver and guard excluded—rate of motion eleven miles an hour, with stoppages. Why, in the name of Heaven, are all people now-a-days in such haste and hurry? Is it absolutely necessary that one and all of this dozen and a half Protestants and Catholics—alike anxious for emancipation—should be at a particular place, at one particular moment of time out of the twenty-four hours given to

man for motion and for rest? Confident are we that that obese elderly gentleman beside the coachman—whose ample rotundity is en-
cased in that antique and almost obsolete invention, a spenser—needed not to have been so carried in a whirlwind to his comfortable home. Scarcely is there time for pity as we behold an honest man's wife, pale as putty in the face at a tremendous swing, or lounge, or lurch of the Highflier, holding like grim death to the balustrades. But umbrellas, parasols, plaids, shawls, bonnets, and great-coats with as many necks as Hydra—the Pile of Life has disappeared in a cloud of dust, and the faint bugle tells that already it has spun and reeled onwards a mile on its destination.

But here comes a vehicle at more rational pace. Mercy on us—a hearse and six horses returning leisurely from a funeral! Not improbable that the person who has just quitted it, had never, till he was a corpse, got higher than a single-horse Chay—yet no fewer than half-a-dozen hackneys must be hired for his dust. But clear the way! “Hurra! hurra! he rides a race, ’tis for a thousand pound!” Another, and another, and another—all working away with legs and knees, arms and shoulders, on cart-horses in the Brooze—the Brooze! The hearse-horses take no sort of notice of the cavalry of cart and plough, but each in turn keeps its snorting nostrils deep plunged in the pail of meal and water—for well may they be thirsty—the kirkyard being far among the hills, and the roads not yet civilized. “May I ask, friend,” addressing myself to the hearseman, “whom you have had inside?” “Only Dr. Sandilands, sir—if you are going my way, you may have a lift for a dram!” We had always thought there was a superstition in Scotland against marrying in the month of May; but it appears that people are wedded and bedded in that month too—some in warm sheets—and some in cold—cold—cold—dripping damp as the grave.

But we must up, and off. Not many gentlemen's houses in the parish—that is to say, old family seats; for of modern villas, or boxes, inhabited by persons imagining themselves gentlemen, and, for any thing we know to the contrary, not wholly deceived in that belief, there is rather too great an abundance. Four family seats, however, there certainly are, of sufficient antiquity to please a lover of the olden time; and of those four, the one which we used to love best to look at was—THE MAINS. No need to describe it in many words. A Hall on a river side, embosomed in woods—holms and meadows winding away in front, with their low thick hedgerows and stately single trees—on—on—on—as far as the eye can reach, a crowd of grove-tops—elms chiefly, or beeches—and a beautiful boundary of blue hills. “Good-day, Sergeant Stewart! farewell, Ma’am—farewell!” And in half an hour we are sitting in the moss-house at the edge of the outer garden, and gazing up at the many windowed gray walls of the MAINS, and its high steep-ridged roof, discoloured by the weather-stains of centuries. “The taxes on such a house,” quod Sergeant Stewart, “are of themselves enough to ruin a man of moderate for-

tune—so the Mains, sir, has been uninhabited for a good many years.” But he had been speaking to one who knew far more about the Mains than he could do—and who was not sorry that the Old Place was allowed to stand, undisturbed by any rich upstart, in the venerable silence of its own decay. And this is the moss-house that we helped to build with our own hands—at least to hang the lichen tapestry, and stud the cornice with shells! We were one of the paviors of that pebbled floor—and that bright scintillating piece of spar, the centre of the circle, came all the way from Derbyshire in the knapsack of a geologist, who died a Professor. It is strange the roof has not fallen in long ago; but what a slight ligature will often hold together a heap of ruins from tumbling into nothing! The old moss-house, though somewhat decrepit, is alive; and, if these swallows don't take care, they will be stunning themselves against our face, jerking out and in, through door and window, twenty times in a minute. Yet with all that twittering of swallows—and with all that frequent crowing of a cock—and all that cawing of rooks—and cooing of doves—and lowing of cattle along the holms—and bleating of lambs along the braes—it is nevertheless a pensive place; and here sit we like a hermit, world-sick, and to be revived only by hearkening in the solitude to the voices of other years.

What more mournful thought than that of a Decayed Family—a high-born race gradually worn out, and finally ceasing to be! The remote ancestors of this House were famous men of war—then some no less famous statesmen—then poets and historians—then minds still of fine, but of less energetic mould—and last of all, the mystery of madness breaking suddenly forth from spirits that seemed to have been especially formed for profoundest peace. There were three sons and two daughters, undegenerate from the ancient stateliness of the race—the oldest on his approach to manhood erect as the young cedar, that seems conscious of being destined one day to be the tallest tree in the woods. The twin-sisters were ladies indeed! Lovely as often are the low-born, no maiden ever stepped from her native cottage-door, even in a poet's dream, with such an air as that with which those fair beings walked along their saloons and lawns. Their beauty no one could at all describe—and no one beheld it who did not say that it transcended all that imagination had been able to picture of angelic and divine. As the sisters were, so were the brothers—distinguished above all their mates conspicuously, and beyond all possibility of mistake; so that strangers could single them out at once as the heirs of beauty, that, according to veritable pictures and true traditions, had been an unalienable gift from nature to that family ever since it bore the name. For the last three generations none of that house had ever reached even the meridian of life—and those of whom we now speak had from childhood been orphans. Yet how joyous and free were they one and all, and how often from this cell did evening hear their holy harmonies, as the Five united together

with voice, harp, and dulcimer, till the stars themselves rejoiced!—One morning, Louisa, who loved the dewy dawn, was met bewildered in her mind, and perfectly astray—with no symptom of having been suddenly alarmed or terrified—but with an unrecognising smile, and eyes scarcely changed in their expression, although they knew not—but rarely—on whom they looked. It was but a few months till she died—and Adelaide was laughing carelessly on her sister's funeral day—and asked why mourning should be worn at a marriage, and a plumed hearse sent to take away the bride. Fairest of God's creatures! can it be that thou art still alive? Not with cherubs smiling round thy knees—not walking in the free realms of earth and heaven with thy husband—the noble youth, who loved thee from thy childhood when himself a child; but oh! that such misery can be beneath the sun—shut up in some narrow cell perhaps—no one knows where—whether in this thy native kingdom, or in some foreign land—with those hands manacled—a demon-light in eyes once most angelical—and ringing through undistinguishable days and nights imaginary shriekings and yellings in thy poor distracted brain!—Down went the ship with all her crew in which Percy sailed;—the sabre must have been in the hand of a skilful swordsman that in one of the Spanish battles hewed Sholto down; and the gentle Richard, whose soul—while he possessed it clearly—was for ever among the

sacred books, although too long he was as a star vainly sought for in a cloudy region, yet did for a short time starlike reappear—and on his death-bed he knew us, and the other mortal creatures weeping beside him, and that there was One who died to save sinners.

Let us away—let us away from this overpowering place—and make our escape from such unendurable sadness. Is this fit celebration of merry May-day? Is this the spirit in which we ought to look over the bosom of the earth, all teeming with buds and flowers just as man's heart should be teeming—and why not ours—with hopes and joys? Yet beautiful as this May-day is—and all the country round which it so tenderly illumines, we came not hither, a solitary pilgrim from our distant home, to indulge ourself in a joyful happiness. No, hither came we purposely to mourn among the scenes which in boyhood we seldom beheld through tears. And therefore have we chosen the gayest day of all the year, when all life is rejoicing, from the grasshopper among our feet to the lark in the cloud. Melancholy, and not mirth, doth he hope to find, who after a life of wandering—and maybe not without sorrow—comes back to gaze on the banks and braes whereon, to his eyes, once grew the flowers of Paradise. Flowers of Paradise are ye still—for, praise be to Heaven! the sense of beauty is still strong within us—and methinks we could feel the beauty of this scene though our heart were broken

SACRED POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

WE have often exposed the narrowness and weakness of that dogma, so pertinaciously adhered to by persons of cold hearts and limited understandings, that Religion is not a fit theme for poetical genius, and that Sacred Poetry is beyond the powers of uninspired man. We do not know that the grounds on which that dogma stands have ever been formally stated by any writer but Samuel Johnson; and therefore with all respect, nay, veneration, for his memory, we shall now shortly examine his statement, which, though, as we think, altogether unsatisfactory and sophistical, is yet a splendid specimen of false reasoning, and therefore worthy of being exposed and overthrown. Dr. Johnson was not often utterly wrong in his mature and considerate judgments respecting any subject of paramount importance to the virtue and happiness of mankind. He was a good and wise being; but sometimes he did grievously err; and never more so than in his vain endeavour to exclude from the province of poetry its noblest, highest, and holiest domain. Shut the gates of heaven against Poetry, and her flights along this earth will be feebler and lower—her wings clogged and heavy by the attraction of matter and her voice—like that of the caged lark,

so different from its hymning when lost to sight in the sky—will fail to call forth the deepest responses from the sanctuary of our spirit.

"Let no pious ear be offended," says Johnson, "if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse, will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of spring and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

"The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from

novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression. Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful in the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those that repel, the imagination; but religion must be shown as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.

"The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

"Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere."

Here Dr. Johnson confesses that sacred subjects are not unfit—that they are fit—for didactic and descriptive poetry. Now, this is a very wide and comprehensive admission; and being a right, and natural, and just admission, it cannot but strike the thoughtful reader at once as destructive of the great dogma by which Sacred Poetry is condemned. The doctrines of Religion may be defended, he allows, in a didactic poem—and, pray, how can they be defended unless they are also expounded? And how can they be expounded without being steeped, as it were, in religious feeling? Let such a poem be as didactic as can possibly be imagined, still it must be pervaded by the very spirit of religion—and that spirit, breathing throughout the whole, must also be frequently expressed, vividly, and passionately, and profoundly, in particular passages; and if so, must it not be, in the strictest sense, a Sacred poem?

"But," says Dr. Johnson, "the subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety." Why introduce the word "disputation," as if it characterized justly and entirely

all didactic poetry? And who ever heard of an essential distinction between piety, and motives to piety? Mr. James Montgomery, in a very excellent Essay prefixed to that most interesting collection, "The Christian Poet," well observes, that "motives to piety must be of the nature of piety, otherwise they could never incite to it—the precepts and sanctions of the Gospel might as well be denied to be any part of the Gospel." And for our own parts, we scarcely know what piety is, separated from its motives—or how, so separated, it could be expressed in words at all.

With regard, again, to descriptive poetry, the argument, if argument it may be called, is still more lame and impotent. "A poet," it is said, "may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside." Most true he may; but then we are told, "the subject of the description is not God, but the works of God!" Alas! what trifling—what miserable trifling is this! In the works of God, God is felt to be by us his creatures, whom he has spiritually endowed. We cannot look on them, even in our least elevated moods, without some shadow of love or awe; in our most elevated moods, we gaze on them with religion. By the very constitution of our intelligence, the effects speak of the cause. We are led by nature up to nature's God. The Bible is not the only revelation—there is another—dimmer but not less divine—for surely the works are as the words of God. No great poet, in describing the glories and beauties of the external world, is forgetful of the existence and attributes of the Most High. That thought, and that feeling, animate all his strains; and though he dare not to describe Him the Ineffable, he cannot prevent his poetry from being beautifully coloured by devotion, tinged by piety—in its essence it is religious.

It appears, then, that the qualifications or restrictions with which Dr. Johnson is willing to allow that there may be didactic and descriptive sacred poetry, are wholly unmeaning, and made to depend on distinctions which have no existence.

Of narrative poetry of a sacred kind, Mr. Montgomery well remarks, Johnson makes no mention, except it be implicated with the statement, that "the ideas of Christian Theology are too sacred for fiction—a sentiment more just than the admirers of Milton and Klopstock are willing to admit, without almost plenary indulgence in favour of these great, but not infallible authorities." Here Mr. Montgomery expresses himself very cautiously—perhaps rather too much so—for he leaves us in the dark about his own belief. But this we do not hesitate to say, that though there is great danger of wrong being done to the ideas of Christian theology by poetry—a wrong which must be most painful to the whole inner being of a Christian; yet that there seems no necessity of such a wrong, and that a great poet, guarded by awe, and fear, and love, may move his wings unblamed, and to the glory of God, even amongst the most awful sanctities of his

faith. These sanctities may be too awful for "fiction"—but fiction is not the word here, any more than disputation was the word there. Substitute for it the word poetry; and then, reflecting on that of Isaiah and of David, conversant with the Holy of Holies, we feel that it need not profane those other sanctities, if it be, like its subject, indeed divine. True, that those bards were inspired—with them

— the name
Of prophet and of poet was the same ;

but still, the power in the soul of a great poet, not in that highest of senses inspired, is, we may say it, of the same kind—inferior but in degree; for religion itself is always an inspiration. It is felt to be so in the prose of holy men—Why not in their poetry?

If these views be just, and we have expressed them "boldly, yet humbly"—all that remains to be set aside of Dr. Johnson's argument is, "that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and man, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer."

There is something very fine and true in the sentiment here; but the sentiment is only true in some cases, not in all. There are different degrees in the pious moods of the most pious spirit that ever sought communion with its God and its Saviour. Some of these are awe-struck and speechless. That line,

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise!"

denies the power of poetry to be adequate to adoration, while the line itself is most glorious poetry. The temper even of our fallen spirits may be too divine for any words. Then the creature kneels mute before its Maker. But are there not other states of mind in which we feel ourselves drawn near to God, when there is no such awful speechlessness laid upon us—but when, on the contrary, our tongues are loosened, and the heart that burns within will speak? Will speak, perhaps, in song—in the inspiration of our piety breathing forth hymns and psalms—poetry indeed—if there be poetry on this earth? Why may we not say that the spirits of just men made perfect—almost perfect, by such visitations from heaven—will break forth—"rapt, inspired," into poetry, which may be called holy, sacred, divine?

We feel as if treading on forbidden ground—and therefore speak reverently; but still we do not fear to say, that between that highest state of contemplative piety which must be mute, down to that lowest state of the same feeling which vanishes and blends into mere human emotion as between creature and creature, there are infinite degrees of emotion which may be all imbodied, without offence, in words—and if so imbodied, with sincerity and humility, will be poetry, and poetry too of the most beautiful and affecting kind.

"Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer." Most true, indeed. But, though poetry did not confer that higher state, poetry may nevertheless, in some measure and to

some degree, breathe audibly some of the emotions which constitutes its blessedness: poetry may even help the soul to ascend to those celestial heights; because poetry may prepare it, and dispose it to expand itself, and open itself out to the highest and holiest influences of religion; for poetry there may be inspired directly from the word of God, using the language and strong in the spirit of that word—unexistent but for the Old and New Testament.

We agree with Mr. Montgomery, that the sum of Dr. Johnson's argument amounts to this—that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, *cannot be poetical*. But here we at once ask ourselves, what does he mean by poetical? "The essence of poetry," he says, "is invention—such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights." Here, again, there is confusion and sophistry. There is much high and noble poetry of which invention, such invention as is here spoken of, is not the essence. Devotional poetry is of that character. Who would require something unexpected and surprising in a strain of thanksgiving, repentance, or supplication? Such feelings as these, if rightly expressed, may exalt or prostrate the soul, without much—with-out any aid from the imagination—except in as far as the imagination will work under the power of every great emotion that does not absolutely confound mortal beings, and humble them down even below the very dust. There may be "no grace from novelty of sentiment," and "very little from novelty of expression"—to use Dr. Johnson's words—for it is neither grace nor novelty that the spirit of the poet is seeking—"the strain we hear is of a higher mood;" and "few as the topics of devotion may be," (but are they few?) and "universally known," they are all commensurate—nay, far more than commensurate with the whole power of the soul—never can they become un-affecting while it is our lot to die; even from the lips of ordinary men, the words that flow on such topics flow effectually, if they are earnest, simple, and sincere; but from the lips of genius, inspired by religion, who shall dare to say that, on such topics, words have not flowed that are felt to be poetry almost worthy of the Celestial Ardours around the throne, and by their majesty to "link us to the radiant angels," than whom we were made but a little lower, and with whom we may, when time shall be no more, be equalled in heaven?

We do not hesitate to say, that Dr. Johnson's doctrine of the *effect* of poetry is wholly false. If it do indeed please, by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford, that is only because the things themselves are imperfect—more so than suits the aspirations of a spirit, always aspiring because immortal, to a higher sphere—a higher order of being. But when God himself is with all awe and reverence, made the subject of song—then it is the office—the sacred office of poetry—not to exalt the subject, but to exalt the soul that contemplates it. That poetry can do, else why does human nature glory in the "Paradise Lost?"

"Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted—Infinity cannot be amplified—Perfection cannot be improved." Should not this go to prohibit all speech—all discourse—all sermons concerning the divine attributes? Immersed as they are in matter, our souls wax dull, and the attributes of the Deity are but as mere-names. Those attributes cannot, indeed, be exalted by poetry. "The perfection of God cannot be improved"—nor was it worthy of so wise a man so to speak; but while the Creator abideth in his own incomprehensible Being, the creature, too willing to crawl blind and hoodwinked along the earth, like a worm, may be raised by the voice of the charmer, "some sweet singer of Israel," from his slimy track, and suddenly be made to soar on wings up into the ether.

Would Dr. Johnson have declared the uselessness of Natural Theology? On the same ground he must have done so, to preserve consistency in his doctrine. Do we, by exploring wisdom, and power, and goodness, in all animate and inanimate creation, exalt Omnipotence, amplify infinity, or improve perfection? We become ourselves exalted by such divine contemplations—by knowing the structure of a rose-leaf or of an insect's wing. We are reminded of what, alas! we too often forget, and exclaim, "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name!" And while science explores, may not poetry celebrate the glories and the mercies of our God?

The argument against which we contend gets weaker and weaker as it proceeds—the gross misconception of the nature of poetry on which it is founded becomes more and more glaring—the paradoxes, dealt out as confidently as if they were self-evident truths, more and more repulsive alike to our feelings and our understandings. "The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being superior to us, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication to men may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy." What a vain attempt authoritatively to impose upon the common sense of mankind! Faith is not invariably uniform. To preserve it unwavering—unquaking—to save it from lingering or from sudden death—is the most difficult service to which the frail spirit—frail even in its greatest strength—is called every day—every hour—of this troubled, perplexing, agitating, and often most unintelligible life! "Liberty of will," says Jeremy Taylor, "is like the motion of a magnetic needle towards the north, full of trembling and uncertainty till it be fixed in the beloved point: it wavers as long as it is free, and is at rest when it can choose no more. It is humility and truth to allow to man this liberty; and, therefore, for this we may lay our faces in the dust, and confess that our dignity

and excellence suppose misery, and are imperfection, but the instrument and capacity of all duty and all virtue." Happy he whose faith is finally "fixed in the beloved point!" But even of that faith, what hinders the poet whom it has blessed to sing? While, of its tremblings, and veerings, and variations, why may not the poet, whose faith has experienced, and still may experience them all, breathe many a melancholy and mournful lay, assuaged, ere the close, by the descent of peace?

Thanksgiving, it is here admitted, is the "most joyful of all holy effusions;" and the admission is sufficient to prove that it cannot be "confined to a few modes." "Out of the fulness of the heart the tongue speaketh;" and though at times the heart will be too full for speech, yet as often even the coldest lips prove eloquent in gratitude—yea, the very dumb do speak—nor, in excess of joy, know the miracle that has been wrought upon them by the power of their own mysterious and high enthusiasm.

That "repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, should not be at leisure for cadences and epithets," is in one respect true; but nobody supposes that during such moments—or hours—poetry is composed; and surely when they have passed away, which they must do, and the mind is left free to meditate upon them, and to recall them as shadows of the past, there is nothing to prevent them from being steadily and calmly contemplated, and depicted in somewhat softened and altogether endurable light, so as to become proper subjects even of poetry—that is, proper subjects of such expression as human nature is prompted to clothe with all its emotions, as soon as they have subsided, after a swell or a storm, into a calm, either placid altogether, or still bearing traces of the agitation that has ceased, and have left the whole being self-possessed, and both capable and desirous of indulging itself in an after-emotion at once melancholy and sublime. Then, repentance will not only be "at leisure for cadences and epithets," but cadences and epithets will of themselves move harmonious numbers, and give birth, if genius as well as piety be there, to religious poetry. Cadences and epithets are indeed often sought for with care, and pains, and ingenuity; but they often come forth unsought; and never more certainly and more easily than when the mind recovers itself from some oppressive mood, and, along with a certain sublime sadness, is restored to the full possession of powers that had for a short severe season been overwhelmed, but afterwards look back, in very inspiration, on the feelings that during their height were nearly unendurable, and then unfit for any outward and palpable form. The criminal trembling at the bar of an earthly tribunal, and with remorse and repentance receiving his doom, might, in like manner, be wholly unable to set his emotions to the measures of speech; but when recovered from the shock by pardon, or reprieve, or submission, is there any reason why he should not calmly recall the miseries and the prostration of spirit attendant on that hour, and give them touching and pathetic expression?

"Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy." And in that cry we say that there may be poetry; for the God of Mercy suffers his creatures to approach his throne in supplication, with words which they have learned when supplicating one another; and the feeling of being forgiven, which we are graciously permitted to believe may follow supplication, and spring from it, may vent itself in many various and most affecting forms of speech. Men will supplicate God in many other words besides those of doubt and of despair; hope will mingle with prayer; and hope, as it glows, and burns, and expands, will speak in poetry—else poetry there is none proceeding from any of our most sacred passions.

Dr. Johnson says, "Of sentiments purely religious, it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself." Here he had in his mind the most false notions of poetry, which he had evidently imagined to be an art despising simplicity—whereas simplicity is its very soul. Simple expression, he truly says, is in religion most sublime—and why should not poetry be simple in its expression? Is it not always so—when the mood of mind it expresses is simple, concise, and strong, and collected into one great emotion? But he uses—as we see—the terms "lustre" and "decoration"—as if poetry necessarily, by its very nature, was always ambitious and ornate; whereas we all know, that it is often in all its glory direct and simple as the language of very childhood, and for that reason sublime.

With such false notions of poetry, it is not to be wondered at that Dr. Johnson, enlightened man as he was, should have concluded his argument with this absurdity—"The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere." No. Simple as they are—on them have been bestowed, and by them awakened, the highest strains of eloquence—and here we hail the shade of Jeremy Taylor alone—one of the highest that ever soared from earth to heaven; sacred as they are, they have not been desecrated by the fictions—so to call them—of John Milton; majestic as are the heavens, their majesty has not been lowered by the ornaments that the rich genius of the old English divines has so profusely hung around them, like dewdrops glistening on the fruitage of the Tree of Life. Tropes and figures are nowhere more numerous and refulgent than in the Scriptures themselves, from Isaiah to St. John; and, magnificent as are the "sidereal heavens" when the eye looks aloft, they are not to our eyes less so, nor less lovely, when reflected in the bosom of a still lake or the slumbering ocean.

This statement of facts destroys at once all Dr. Johnson's splendid sophistry—splendid at first sight—but on closer inspection a mere haze, mist, or smoke, illuminated by an artifi-

cial lustre. How far more truly, and how far more sublimely, does Milton, "that mighty orb of song," speak of his own divine gift—the gift of Poetry! "These abilities are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, and are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections to a right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of Martyrs and Saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapse of kingdoms and states from virtue and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, and in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion, or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexions of men's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe—Teaching over the whole book of morality and virtue, through all instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself unless they see her elegantly dressed; that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life that appear now rugged and difficult, appear to all men easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

It is not easy to believe that no great broad lights have been thrown on the mysteries of men's minds since the days of the great poets, moralists, and metaphysicians of the ancient world. We seem to feel more profoundly than they—to see, as it were, into a new world. The things of that world are of such surpassing worth, that in certain awe-struck moods we regard them as almost above the province of Poetry. Since the revelation of Christianity, all moral thought has been sanctified by Religion. Religion has given it a purity, a solemnity, a sublimity, which, even among the nobility of the heathen, we shall look for in vain. The knowledge that shone but by fits and dimly on the eyes of Socrates and Plato, "that rolled in vain to find the light," has descended over many lands into "the huts where poor men lie"—and thoughts are familiar there, beneath the low and smoky roofs, higher far than ever flowed from the lips of Grecian sage meditating among the magnificence of his pillared temples. The whole condition and character of the Human Being, in Christian countries, has been raised up to a loftier elevation; and he may be looked at in the face without a sense of degradation, even when he wears the aspect of poverty and distress. Since that Religion was given us, and not before, has been felt the meaning of that sublime expression—The Brotherhood of Man.

Yet it is just as true, that there is as much misery and suffering in Christendom—nay, far more of them all—than troubled and tore men's hearts during the reign of all those superstitious and idolatries. But with what dif-

ferent feelings is it all thought of—spoken of—looked at—alleviated—repented—expiated—atoned for—now? In the olden time, such was the prostration of the “million,” that it was only when seen in high places that even Guilt and Sin were felt to be appalling;—Remorse was the privilege of Kings and Princes—and the Furies shook their scourges but before the eyes of the high-born, whose crimes had brought eclipse across the ancestral glories of some ancient line.

But we now know that there is but one origin from which flow all disastrous issues, alike to the king and the beggar. It is sin that does “with the lofty equalize the low;” and the same deep-felt community of guilt and groans which renders Religion awful, has given to poetry in a lower degree something of the same character—has made it far more profoundly tender, more overpoweringly pathetic, more humane and thoughtful far, more humble as well as more high, like Christian Charity more comprehensive; nay, we may say, like Christian Faith, felt by those to whom it is given to be from on high; and if not utterly destroyed, darkened and miserably weakened by a wicked or vicious life.

We may affirm, then, that as human nature has been so greatly purified and elevated by the Christian Religion, Poetry, which deals with human nature in all its dearest and most intimate concerns, must have partaken of that purity and that elevation—and that it may now be a far holier and more sacred inspiration, than when it was fabled to be the gift of Apollo and the Muses. We may not circumscribe its sphere. To what cerulean heights shall not the wing of Poetry soar? Into what dungeon-gloom shall she not descend? If such be her powers and privileges, shall she not be the servant and minister of Religion?

If from moral fictions of life Religion be altogether excluded, then it would indeed be a waste of words to show that they must be worse than worthless. They must be, not imperfect merely, but false, and not false merely, but calumnious against human nature. The agonies of passion fling men down to the dust on their knees, or smite them motionless as stone statues, sitting alone in their darkened chambers of despair. But sooner or later, all eyes, all hearts look for comfort to God. The coldest metaphysical analyst could not avoid that, in his sage enumeration of “each particular hair” that is twisted and untwisted by him into a sort of moral tie; and surely the impassioned and philosophical poet will not, dare not, for the spirit that is within him, exclude that from his elegies, his hymns, and his songs, which, whether mournful or exulting, are inspired by the life-long, life-deep conviction, that all the greatness of the present is but for the future—that the praises of this passing earth are worthy of his lyre, only because it is overshadowed by the eternal heavens.

But though the total exclusion of Religion from Poetry aspiring to be a picture of the life or soul of man, be manifestly destructive of its very essence—how, it may be asked, shall we set bounds to this spirit—how shall we limit it—measure it—and accustom it to the

curb of critical control? If Religion be indeed all-in-all, and there are few who openly deny it, must we, nevertheless, deal with it only in illusion—hint it as if we were half afraid of its spirit, half ashamed—and cunningly contrive to save our credit as Christians, without subjecting ourselves to the condemnation of critics, whose scorn, even in this enlightened age, has—the more is the pity—even by men conscious of their genius and virtue, been feared as more fatal than death?

No: let there be no compromise between false taste and true Religion. Better to be condemned by all the periodical publications in Great Britain than your own conscience. Let the dunce, with diseased spleen, who edits one obscure Review, revile and rail at you to his heart's discontent, in hollow league with his black-bfled brother, who, sickened by your success, has long laboured in vain to edit another, still more unpublishable—but do you hold the even tenor of your way, assured that the beauty which nature, and the Lord of nature, have revealed to your eyes and your heart, when sown abroad will not be suffered to perish, but will have everlasting life. Your books—humble and unpretending though they be—yet here and there a page, not uninspired by the spirit of Truth, and Faith, and Hope, and Charity—that is, by Religion—will be held up before the inglorious light, close to the eyes of the pious patriarch, sitting with his children's children round his knees—nor will any one sentiment, chastened by that fire that tempers the sacred links that bind together the brotherhood of man, escape the solemn search of a soul, simple and strong in its Bible-taught wisdom, and happy to feel and own communion of holy thought with one unknown—even perhaps by name—who although dead yet speaketh—and, without superstition, is numbered among the saints of that lowly household.

He who knows that he writes in the fear of God and in the love of man, will not arrest the thoughts that flow from his pen, because he knows that they may—will be—insulted and profaned by the name of cant, and he himself held up as a hypocrite. In some hands, ridicule is indeed a terrible weapon. It is terrible in the hands of indignant genius, branding the audacious forehead of falsehood or pollution. But ridicule in the hands either of cold-blooded or infuriated Malice, is harmless as a birch-rod in the palsied fingers of a superannuated beldam, who in her bleary-eyed dotage has lost her school. The Bird of Paradise might float in the sunshine unharmed all its beautiful life long, although all the sportsmen of Cockaigne were to keep from the star-like plumage during the Christmas holidays of a thousand years.

We never are disposed not to enjoy a religious spirit in metrical composition, but when induced to suspect that it is not sincere; and then we turn away from the hypocrite, just as we do from a pious pretender in the intercourse of life. Shocking it is indeed, to see “fools rush in where angels fear to tread;” nor have we words to express our disgust and horror at the sight of fools, not rushing in among those

awful sanctities before which angels veil their faces with their wings, but mincing in, with red slippers and flowered dressing-gowns—would-be fashionables, with crow-quills in hands like those of milliners, and rings on their fingers—afterwards extending their notes into Sacred Poems for the use of the public—penny-a-liners, reporting the judgments of Providence as they would the proceedings in a police court.

CHAPTER II.

THE distinctive character of poetry, it has been said, and credited almost universally, is *to please*. That they who have studied the laws of thought and passion should have suffered themselves to be deluded by an unmeaning word is mortifying enough; but it is more than mortifying—it perplexes and confounds—to think that poets themselves, and poets too of the highest order, have declared the same degrading belief of what is the scope and tendency, the end and aim of their own divine art—*forsooth, to please!* Pleasure is no more the end of poetry than it is the end of knowledge, or of virtue, or of religion, or of this world. The end of poetry is pleasure, delight, instruction, expansion, elevation, honour, glory, happiness here and hereafter, or it is nothing. Is the end of *Paradise Lost* to please? Is the end of Dante's *Divine Comedy* to please? Is the end of the *Psalms* of David to please? Or of the songs of Isaiah? Yet it is probable that poetry has often been injured or vitiated by having been written in the spirit of this creed. It relieved poets from the burden of their duty—from the responsibility of their endowments—from the conscience that is in genius. We suspect that this doctrine has borne especially hard on all sacred poetry, disinclined poets to devoting their genius to it—and consigned, if not to oblivion, to neglect, much of what is great in that magnificent walk. For if the masters of the Holy Harp are to strike it but to please—if their high inspirations are to be deadened and dragged down by the prevalent power of such a mean and unworthy aim—they will either be contented to awaken a few touching tones of “those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide”—unwilling to prolong and deepen them into the diapason of praise—or they will deposit their lyre within the gloom of the sanctuary, and leave unawakened “the soul of music sleeping on its strings.”

All arguments, or rather objections to sacred poetry, dissolve as you internally look at them, like unabiding mist-shapes, or rather like imagined mirage where no mirage is, but the mind itself makes ocular deceptions for its own amusement. By sacred poetry, is mostly meant Scriptural; but there are, and always have been conceited and callous critics, who would exclude all religious feelings from poetry, and indeed from prose too, compendiously calling them all cant. Had such criticsasters been right, all great nations would not have so gloried in their great bards. Poetry, it is clear, embraces all we can experience; and every high, impassioned, imaginative, intellectual, and moral state of being becomes religious

before it passes away, provided it be left free to seek the empyrean, and not adstricted to the glebe by some severe slavery of condition, which destroys the desire of ascent by the same inexorable laws that palsy the power, and reconcile the toilers to the doom of the dust. If all the states of being that poetry illustrates do thus tend, of their own accord, towards religious elevation, all high poetry must be religious; and so it is, for its whole language is breathing of a life “above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which men call earth;” and the feelings, impulses, motives, aspirations, obligations, duties, privileges, which it shadows forth or imbodifies, enveloping them in solemn shade or attractive light, are all, directly or indirectly, manifestly or secretly, allied with the sense of the immortality of the soul, and the belief of a future state of reward and retribution. Extinguish that sense and that belief in a poet's soul, and he may hang up his harp.

Among the great living poets Wordsworth is the one whose poetry is to us the most inexplicable—with all our reverence for his transcendent genius, we do not fear to say the most open to the most serious charges—on the score of its religion. From the first line of the *Lyrical Ballads* to the last of the “*Excursion*”—it is avowedly one system of thought and feeling, embracing his experiences of human life, and his meditations on the moral government of this world. The human heart—the human mind—the human soul—to use his own fine words—is “the haunt and main region of his song.” There are few, perhaps none of our affections—using that term in its largest sense—which have not been either slightly touched upon, or fully treated, by Wordsworth. In his poetry, therefore, we behold an image of what, to his eye, appears to be human life. Is there, or is there not, some great and lamentable defect in that image, marring both the truth and beauty of the representation? We think there is—and that it lies in his Religion.

In none of Wordsworth's poetry, previous to his “*Excursion*,” is there any allusion made, except of the most trivial and transient kind, to Revealed Religion. He certainly cannot be called a Christian poet. The hopes that lie beyond the grave—and the many holy and awful feelings in which on earth these hopes are enshrined and fed, are rarely if ever part of the character of any of the persons—male or female—old or young—brought before us in his beautiful Pastorals. Yet all the most interesting and affecting ongoing of his life are exquisitely delineated—and innumerable of course are the occasions on which, had the thoughts and feelings of revealed religion been in Wordsworth's heart during the hours of inspiration—and he often has written like a man inspired—they must have found expression in his strains; and the personages, humble or high, that figure in his representations, would have been, in their joys or their sorrows, their temptations and their trials, Christians. But most assuredly this is not the case; the religion of this great Poet—in all his poetry published previous to the “*Excursion*”—is but the “*Religion of the Woods*.”

In the "Excursion," his religion is brought forward—prominently and conspicuously—in many elaborate dialogues between Priest, Pedlar, Poet, and Solitary. And a very high religion it often is; but is it Christianity? No—it is not. There are glimpses given of some of the Christian doctrines; just as if the various philosophical disquisitions, in which the Poem abounds, would be imperfect without some allusion to the Christian creed. The interlocutors—eloquent as they all are—say but little on that theme; nor do they show—if we except the Priest—much interest in it—any solicitude; they may all, for any thing that appears to the contrary, be deists.

Now, perhaps, it may be said that Wordsworth was deterred from entering on such a theme by the awe of his spirit. But there is no appearance of this having been the case in any one single passage in the whole poem. Nor could it have been the case with such a man—a man privileged, by the power God has bestowed upon him, to speak unto all the nations of the earth, on all themes, however high and holy, which the children of men can feel and understand. Christianity, during almost all their disquisitions, lay in the way of all the speakers, as they kept journeying among the hills.

"On man, on nature, and on human life,
Musing in Solitude?"

But they, one and all, either did not perceive it, or, perceiving it, looked upon it with a cold and indifferent regard, and passed by into the poetry breathing from the dewy woods, or lowering from the cloudy skies. Their talk is of "Palmyra central, in the desert," rather than of Jerusalem. On the mythology of the Heathen much beautiful poetry is bestowed, but none on the theology of the Christian.

Yet there is no subject too high for Wordsworth's muse. In the preface to the "Excursion," he says daringly—we fear too daringly,—

"Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater muse, if such
Descend to earth, or dwell in highest heaven!
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep—and aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil,
All strength—all terror—single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form,
Jehovah with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting angels, and the empyreal thrones;
I pass them unalarm'd!"

Has the poet, who believes himself entitled to speak thus of the power and province given to him to put forth and to possess, spoken in consonance with such a strain, by avoiding, in part of the very work to which he so triumphantly appeals, the Christian Revelation? Nothing could have reconciled us to a burst of such—audacity—we use the word considerately—but the exhibition of a spirit divinely imbued with the Christian faith. For what else, we ask, but the truths beheld by the Christian Faith, can be beyond those "personal forms," "beyond Jehovah," "the choirs of shouting angels," and the "empyrean thrones?"

This omission is felt the more deeply—the more sadly—from such introduction as there is of Christianity; for one of the books of the "Excursion" begins with a very long,

and a very noble eulogy on the Church Establishment in England. How happened it that he who pronounced such eloquent panegyric—that they who so devoutly inclined their ear to imbibite it—should have been all contented with

"That basis laid, these principles of faith
Announced,"

and yet throughout the whole course of their discussions, before and after, have forgotten apparently that there was either Christianity or a Christian Church in the world?

We do not hesitate to say, that the thoughtful and sincere student of this great poet's works, must regard such omission—such inconsistency or contradiction—with more than the pain of regret; for there is no relief afforded to our defrauded hearts from any quarter to which we can look. A pledge has been given, that all the powers and privileges of a Christian poet shall be put forth and exercised for our behoof—for our delight and instruction; all other poetry is to sink away before the heavenly splendour; Urania, or a greater muse, is invoked; and after all this solemn, and more than solemn preparation made for our initiation into the mysteries, we are put off with a well-merited encomium on the Church of England, from Bishop to Curate inclusive; and though we have much fine poetry, and some high philosophy, it would puzzle the most ingenious to detect much, or any, Christian religion.

Should the opinion boldly avowed be challenged, we shall enter into further exposition and illustration of it; meanwhile, we confine ourselves to some remarks on one of the most elaborate tales of domestic suffering in the Excursion. In the story of Margaret, containing, we believe, more than four hundred lines—a tolerably long poem in itself—though the whole and entire state of a poor deserted wife and mother's heart, for year after year of "hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick," is described, or rather dissected, with an almost cruel anatomy—not one quivering fibre being left unexposed—all the fluctuating, and finally all the constant agitations laid bare and naked that carried her at last lingeringly to the grave—there is not—except one or two weak lines, that seem to have been afterwards purposely dropped in—one single syllable about Religion. Was Margaret a Christian?—Let the answer be yes—as good a Christian as ever kneeled in the small mountain chapel, in whose churchyard her body now waits for the resurrection. If she was—then the picture painted of her and her agonies, is a libel not only on her character, but on the character of all other poor Christian women in this Christian land. Placed as she was, for so many years, in the clutches of so many passions—she surely must have turned sometimes—ay, often, and often, and often, else had she sooner left the clay—towards her Lord and Saviour. But of such "comfort let no man speak," seems to have been the principle of Mr. Wordsworth; and the consequence is, that this, perhaps the most elaborate picture he ever painted of any conflict within any one human heart, is, with all its pathos, repulsive to very religious

mind—that being wanting without which the entire representation is vitiated, and necessarily false to nature—to virtue—to resignation—to life—and to death. These may seem strong words—but we are ready to defend them in the face of all who may venture to impugn their truth.

This utter absence of Revealed Religion, where it ought to have been all-in-all—for in such trials in real life it is all-in-all, or we regard the existence of sin or sorrow with repugnance—shocks far deeper feelings within us than those of taste, and throws over the whole poem to which the tale of Margaret belongs, an unhappy suspicion of hollowness and insincerity in that poetical religion, which at the best is a sorry substitute indeed for the light that is from heaven. Above all, it flings, as indeed we have intimated; an air of absurdity over the orthodox Church-of-Englandism—for once to quote a not inexpressive barbarism of Bentham—which every now and then breaks out either in passing compliment—amounting to but a bow—or in eloquent laudation, during which the poet appears to be prostrate on his knees. He speaks nobly of cathedrals, and minsters, and so forth, reverently adorning all the land; but in none—no, not one of the houses of the humble, the hovels of the poor into which he takes us—is the religion preached in those cathedrals and minsters, and chanted in prayer to the pealing organ, represented as the power that in peace supports the roof-tree, lightens the hearth, and is the guardian, the tutelary spirit of the lowly dwelling. Can this be right? Impossible. And when we find the Christian religion thus excluded from Poetry, otherwise as good as ever was produced by human genius, what are we to think of the Poet, and of the world of thought and feeling, fancy and imagination, in which he breathes, nor fears to declare to all men that he believes himself to be one of the order of the High Priests of nature?

Shall it be said, in justification of the poet, that he presents a very interesting state of mind, sometimes found actually existing, and does not pretend to present a model of virtue?—that there are miseries which shut some hearts against religion, sensibilities which, being too severely tried, are disinclined, at least at certain stages of their suffering, to look to that source for comfort?—that this is human nature, and the description only follows it?—that when “in peace and comfort” her best hopes were directed to “the God in heaven,” and that her habit in that respect was only broken up by the stroke of her calamity, causing such a derangement of her mental power as should deeply interest the sympathies?—in short, that the poet is an artist, and that the privation of all comfort from religion completes the picture of her desolation?

Would that such defence were of avail! But of whom does the poet so pathetically speak?

“Of one whose stock

Of virtues bloom'd beneath this lowly roof.

She was a woman of a steady mind,

Tender and deep in her excess of love;

Not speaking much—pleased rather with the joy

Of her own thoughts—By some especial care

Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being who, by adding love to fear,
Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded partner lack'd not on his side
The humble worth that satisfied her heart—
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell
That he was often seated at his loom
In summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass—in early spring,
Ere the last star had vanish'd. They who pass'd
At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply
After his daily work, until the light
Had fall'd, and every leaf and flower were lost
In the dark hedges. So their days were spent
In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope, next to the God in heaven.”

We are prepared by that character, so amply and beautifully drawn, to pity her to the utmost demand that may be made on our pity—to judge her leniently, even if in her desertion she finally give way to inordinate and incurable grief. But we are not prepared to see her sinking from depth to depth of despair, in wilful abandonment to her anguish, without oft-repeated and long-continued passionate prayers for support or deliverance from her trouble, to the throne of mercy. Alas! it is true that in our happiness our gratitude to God is too often more selfish than we think, and that in our misery it faints or dies. So is it even with the best of us—but surely not all life long—unless the heart has been utterly crushed—the brain itself distorted in its functions, by some calamity, under which nature's self gives way, and falls into ruins like a rent house when the last prop is withdrawn.

“Nine tedious years

From their first separation—nine long years

She linger'd in unquiet widowhood—

A wife and widow. Needs must it have been

A sore heart-wasting.”

It must indeed, and it is depicted by a master's hand. But even were it granted that sufferings, such as hers, might, in the course of nature, have extinguished all heavenly comfort—all reliance on God and her Saviour—the process and progress of such fatal relinquishment should have been shown, with all its struggles and all its agonies; if the religion of one so good was so unavailing, its weakness should have been exhibited and explained, that we might have known assuredly why, in the multitude of the thoughts within her, there was no solace for her sorrow, and how unpitying Heaven let her die of grief.

This tale, too, is the very first told by the Pedlar to the Poet, under circumstances of much solemnity, and with affecting note of preparation. It arises naturally from the sight of the ruined cottage near which they, by appointment, have met; the narrator puts his whole heart into it, and the listener is overcome by its pathos. No remark is made on Margaret's grief, except that

“I turned aside in weakness, nor had power

To thank him for the tale which he had told.

I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall,

Review'd that woman's sufferings; and it seem'd

To comfort me, while, with a brother's love,

I bless'd her in the impotence of grief.

Then towards the cottage I return'd, and traced

Fondly, though with an interest more mild,

The secret spirit of humanity,

Which, 'mid the calm, oblivious tendencies

Of nature—'mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,

And silent overgrowths, still unreviv'd.”

Such musings receive the Pedlar's approbation, and he says—

"My friend! enough to sorrow you have given.
The purposes of wisdom ask no more.
Be wise and cheerful, and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here."

As the Poet, then, was entirely satisfied with the tale, so ought to be all readers. No hint is dropped that there was anything to blame in the poor woman's nine years' passion—no regret breathed that she had sought not, by means offered to all, for that peace of mind which passeth all understanding—no question asked, how it was that she had not communed with her own afflicted heart, over the pages of that Book where it is written, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give ye rest!" The narrator had indeed said, that on revisiting her during her affliction—

"Her humble lot of books,
Which in her cottage window, heretofore,
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves,
Lay scatter'd here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall."

But he does not mention the Bible.

What follows has always seemed to us of a questionable character—

"I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
As once I pass'd, into my heart convey'd
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which fill'd my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the griefs
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appear'd an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was. I turn'd away,
And walk'd along my road in happiness."

These are fine lines; nor shall we dare, in face of them, to deny the power of the beauty and serenity of nature to assuage the sorrow of us mortal beings, who live for awhile on her breast. Assuredly, there is sorrow that may be so assuaged; and the sorrow here spoken of—for poor Margaret, many years dead—was of that kind. But does not the heart of a man beat painfully, as if violence were offered to its most sacred memories, to hear from the lips of wisdom, that "sorrow and despair from ruin and from change, and all the griefs" that we can suffer here below, appear an idle dream among plumes, and weeds, and speargrass, and mists, and rain-drops? "Where meditation is!" What meditation? Turn thou, O child of a day! to the New Testament, and therein thou mayest find comfort. It matters not whether a spring-bank be thy seat by Rydal Mere, "while heaven and earth do make one imagery," or thou sittest in the shadow of death, beside a tomb.

We said, that for the present we should confine our remarks on this subject to the story of Margaret; but they are, more or less, applicable to almost all the stories in the *Excursion*. In many of the eloquent disquisitions and harangues of the Three Friends, they carry along with them the sympathies of all mankind; and the wisest may be enlightened by their wisdom. But what we complain of, is, that neither in joy nor grief, happiness nor

misery, is religion the dominant principle of thought and feeling in the character of any one human being with whom we are made acquainted, living or dead. Of not a single one, man or woman, are we made to feel the beauty of holiness—the power and the glory of the Christian Faith. Beings are brought before us whom we pity, respect, admire, love. The great poet is high-souled and tender-hearted—his song is pure as the morning, bright as day, solemn as night. But his inspiration is not drawn from the Book of God, but from the Book of Nature. Therefore it fails to sustain his genius when venturing into the depths of tribulation and anguish. Therefore imperfect are his most truthful delineations of sins and sorrows; and not in his philosophy, lofty though it be, can be found alleviation or cure of the maladies that kill the soul. Therefore never will the *Excursion* become a bosom-book, endeared to all ranks and conditions of a Christian People, like "The Task" or the "Night Thoughts." Their religion is that of revelation—it acknowledges no other source but the word of God. To that word, in all difficulty, distress, and dismay, these poets appeal; and though they may sometimes, or often, misinterpret its judgment, that is an evil incident to finite intelligence; and the very consciousness that it is so, inspires a perpetual humility that is itself a virtue found to accompany only a Christian's Faith.

We have elsewhere vindicated the choice of a person of low degree as Chief of the "Excursion," and exult to think that a great poet should have delivered his highest doctrines through the lips of a Scottish Pedlar.

"Early had he learn'd
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery of life that cannot die."

Throughout the poem he shows that he does reverence it, and that his whole being has been purified and elevated by its spirit. But fond as he is of preaching, and excellent in the art or gift, a Christian Preacher he is not—at best a philosophical divine. Familiar by his parentage and nurture with all most hallowed round the poor man's hearth, and guarded by his noble nature from all offence to the sanctities there enshrined; yet the truth must be told, he speaks not, he expounds not the Word as the servant of the Lord, as the follower of Him Crucified. There is very much in his announcements to his equals wile of the mark set up in the New Testament. We seem to hear rather of a divine power and harmony in the universe than of the Living God. The spirit of Christianity as connected with the Incarnation of the Deity, the Human-God, the link between heaven and earth, between helplessness and omnipotence, ought to be everywhere visible in the religious effusions of a Christian Poet—wonder and awe for the greatness of God, gratitude and love for his goodness, humility and self-abasement for his own unworthiness. Passages may perhaps be found in the "Excursion" expressive of that spirit, but they are few and faint, and somewhat professional, falling not from the Pedlar but from the Pastor. If the mind, in

forming its conceptions of divine things, is prouder of its own power than humbled in the comparison of its personal inferiority; and in enunciating them in verse, more rejoices in the consciousness of the power of its own genius than in the contemplation of Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift—it has not attained Piety, and its worship is not an acceptable service. For it is self-worship—worship of the creature's own conceptions, and an overweening complacency with its own greatness, in being able to form and so to express them as to win or command the praise and adoration of his fellow mortals. Those lofty speculations, alternately declaimed among the mountains, with an accompaniment of waterfalls, by men full of fancies and eloquent of speech, elude the hold of the earnest spirit longing for truth; disappointment and impatience grow on the humblest and most reverent mind, and escaping from the multitude of vain words, the neophyte finds in one chapter of a Book forgotten in that babblement, a light to his way and a support to his steps, which, following and trusting, he knows will lead him to everlasting life.

Throughout the poem there is much talk of the light of nature, little of the light of revelation, and they all speak of the theological doctrines of which our human reason gives us assurance. Such expressions as these may easily lead to important error, and do, indeed, seem often to have been misconceived and misemployed. What those truths are which human reason, unassisted, would discover to us on these subjects, it is impossible for us to know, for we have never seen it left absolute, y to itself. Instruction, more or less, in wandering tradition, or in express, full, and recorded revelation, has always accompanied it; and we have never had other experience of the human mind than as exerting its powers under the light of imparted knowledge. In these circumstances, all that can be properly meant by those expressions which regard the power of the human mind to guide, to enlighten, or to satisfy itself in such great inquiries, is not that it can be the discoverer of truth, but that, with the doctrines of truth set before it, it is able to deduce arguments from its own independent sources which confirm it in their belief; or that, with truth and error proposed to its choice, it has means, to a certain extent, in its own power, of distinguishing one from the other. For ourselves, we may understand easily that it would be impossible for us so to shut out from our minds the knowledge which has been poured in upon them from our earliest years, in order to ascertain what self-left reason could find out. Yet this much we are able to do in the speculations of our philosophy. We can inquire, in this light, what are the grounds of evidence which nature and reason themselves offer for belief in the same truths. A like remark must be extended to the morality which we seem now to inculcate from the authority of human reason. We no longer possess any such independent morality. The spirit of a higher, purer, moral law than man could discover, has been breathed over the world, and we have grown up in the air and

the light of a system so congenial to the highest feelings of our human nature, that the wisest spirits amongst us have sometimes been tempted to forget that its origin is divine.

Had the Excursion been written in the poet's later life, it had not been so liable to such objections as these; for much of his poetry composed since that era is imbued with a religious spirit, answering the soul's desire of the devoutest Christian. His Ecclesiastical Sonnets are sacred poetry indeed. How comprehensive the sympathy of a truly pious heart! How religion reconciles different forms, and modes, and signs, and symbols of worship, provided only they are all imbued with the spirit of faith! This is the toleration Christianity sanctions—for it is inspired by its own universal love. No sectarian feeling here, that would exclude or debar from the holiest chamber in the poet's bosom one sincere worshipper of our Father which is in heaven. Christian brethren! By that mysterious bond our natures are brought into more endearing communion—now more than ever, brethren, because of the blood that was shed for us all from His blessed side! Even of that most awful mystery in some prayer-like strains the Poet tremblingly speaks, in many a strain, at once so affecting and so elevating—breathing so divinely of Christian charity to all whose trust is in the Cross! Who shall say what form of worship is most acceptable to the Almighty? All are holy in which the soul seeks to approach him—holy

"The chapel lurking among trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains;"

we feel as the poet felt when he breathed to the image of some old abbey—

"Once ye were holy, ye are holy still!"

And what heart partakes not the awe of his

"Beneath that branching roof
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die?"

Read the first of these sonnets with the last—and then once more the strains that come between—and you will be made to feel how various and how vast beneath the sky are the regions set apart by the soul for prayer and worship; and that all places become consecrated—the high and the humble—the mean and the magnificent—in which Faith and Piety have sought to hold communion with Heaven.

But they who duly worship God in temples made with hands, meet every hour of their lives "Devotional Excitements" as they walk among his works; and in the later poetry of Wordsworth these abound—age having solemnized the whole frame of his being, that was always alive to religious emotions—but more than ever now, as around his paths in the evening of life longer fall the mysterious shadows. More fervid lines have seldom flowed from his spirit in its devoutest mood, than some awakened by the sounds and sights of a happy day in May—to him—though no church-bell was heard—a Sabbath. His occasional poems are often felt by us to be linked together by the finest affinities, which perhaps

are but affinities between the feelings they inspire. Thus we turn from those lines to some on a subject seemingly very different, from a feeling of such fine affinities—which haply are but those subsisting between all things and thoughts that are pure and good. We hear in them how the Poet, as he gazes on a Family that holds not the Christian Faith, embraces them in the folds of Christian Love—and how religion as well as nature sanctifies the tenderness that is yearning at his heart towards them—"a Jewish Family"—who, though outcasts by Heaven's decree, are not by Heaven, still merciful to man, left forlorn on earth.

How exquisite the stanzas composed in one of the Catholic Chapels in Switzerland—

"Doom'd as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The Altar, to deride the Fane,
Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

"I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn Cell to gaze;
Hail to the firm unmoving Cross,
Aloft, where pine their branches toss!
And to the Chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

"Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine—or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champaign wide,
What'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity—to bid us think
And feel, if we would know."

How sweetly are interspersed among them some of humbler mood, most touching in their simple pathos—such as a Hymn for the boatmen as they approach the Rapids—Lines on hearing the song of the harvest damsels floating homeward on the lake of Brienz—the Italian Itinerant and the Swiss Goatherd—and the Three Cottage Girls, representatives of Italian, of Helvetian, and of Scottish beauty, brought together, as if by magic, into one picture, each breathing in her natural grace the peculiar spirit and distinctive character of her country's charms! Such gentle visions disappear, and we sit by the side of the Poet as he gazes from his boat floating on the Lake of Lugano, on the Church of San Salvador, which was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, while the altar and the image of the patron saint were untouched, and devoutly listen while he exclaims—

"Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times,
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And faith, so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs,
May hope to be forgiven."

We do not hesitate to pronounce "Eclipse of the Sun, 1820," one of the finest lyrical effusions of combined thought, passion, sentiment, and imagery, within the whole compass of poetry. If the beautiful be indeed essentially different from the sublime, we here feel that they may be made to coalesce so as to be in their united agencies one divine power. We called it lyrical, chiefly because of its transitions. Though not an ode, it is ode-like in its invocations; and it might be set and sung to music if Handel were yet alive, and St. Cecilia

to come down for an hour from heaven. How solemn the opening strain! and from the momentary vision of Science on her speculative Tower, how gently glides Imagination down, to take her place by the Poet's side, in his bark afloat beneath Italian skies—suddenly be-dimmed, lake, land, and all, with a something between day and night. In a moment we are conscious of Eclipse. Our slight surprise is lost in the sense of a strange beauty—solemn not sad—settling on the face of nature and the abodes of men. In a single stanza filled with beautiful names of the beautiful, we have a vision of the Lake, with all its noblest banks, and bays, and bowers, and mountains—when in an instant we are wafted away from a scene that might well have satisfied our imagination and our heart—if high emotions were not uncontrollable and omnipotent—wafted away by Fancy with the speed of Fire—lakes, groves, cliffs, mountains, all forgotten—and alight amid an aerial host of figures, human and divine, on a spire that seeks the sky. How still those imaged sanctities and purities, all white as snows of Apennine, stand in the heavenly region, circle above circle, and crowned as with a zone of stars! They are imbued with life. In their animation the figures of angels and saints, insensate stones no more, seem to feel the Eclipse that shadows them, and look awful in the portentous light. In his inspiration he transcends the grandeur even of that moment's vision—and beholds in the visages of that aerial host those of the sons of heaven darkening with celestial sorrow at the Fall of Man when

"Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared."

Never since the day on which the wondrous edifice, in its consummate glory, first saluted the sun, had it inspired in the soul of kneeling saint a thought so sad and so sublime—a thought beyond the reaches of the soul of him whose genius bade it bear up all its holy adornments so far from earth, that the silent company seem sometimes, as light and shadow move among them, to be in ascension to heaven. But the Sun begins again to look like the Sun, and the poet, relieved by the joyful light from that awful trance, delights to behold

"Town and Tower,
The Vineyard and the Olive Bower,
Their lustre re-assume;"

and "breathes there a man with soul so dead," that it burns not within him as he hears the heart of the husband and the father breathe forth its love and its fear, remembering on a sudden the far distant whom it has never forgotten—a love and a fear that saddens, but disturbs not, for the vision he saw had inspired him with a trust in the tender mercies of God? Commit to faithful memory, O Friend! who may some time or other be a traveller over the wide world, the sacred stanzas that brings the Poem to a close—and it will not fail to comfort thee when sitting all alone by the well in the wilderness, or walking along the strange streets of foreign cities, or lying in thy cot at midnight afloat on far-off seas.

"O ye, who guard and grace my Home
While in far-distant Lands we roam,
Was such a vision given to you?
Or, while we look'd with favour'd eyes,
Did dullen mist hide lake and skies
And mountains from your view?"

"Task in vain—and know far less,
If sickness, sorrow, or distress
Have spared my dwelling to this hour;
Sad blindness! but ordained to prove
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love,
And all-controlling power."

Let us fly from Rydal to Sheffield. James Montgomery is truly a religious poet. His popularity, which is great, has, by some scribes sitting in the armless chairs of the scornors, been attributed chiefly to the power of sectarianism. He is, we believe, a sectary; and, if all sects were, animated by the spirit that breathes throughout his poetry, we should have no fears for the safety and stability of the Established Church; for in that selfsame spirit was she built, and by that selfsame spirit were her foundations dug in a rock. Many are the lights—solemn and awful all—in which the eyes of us mortal creatures may see the Christian dispensation. Friends, looking down from the top of a high mountain on a city-sprinkled plain, have each his own vision of imagination—each his own sinking or swelling of heart. They urge no inquisition into the peculiar affections of each other's secret breasts—all assured, from what each knows of his brother, that every eye there may see God—that every tongue that has the gift of lofty utterance may sing his praises aloud—that the lips that remain silent may be mute in adoration—and that all the distinctions of habits, customs, professions, modes of life, even natural constitution and form of character, if not lost, may be blended together in mild amalgamation under the common atmosphere of emotion, even as the towers, domes, and temples, are all softly or brightly interfused with the huts, cots, and homesteads—the whole scene below harmonious, because inhabited by beings created by the same God—in his own image—and destined for the same immortality.

It is base therefore, and false, to attribute, in an invidious sense, any of Montgomery's fame to any such cause. No doubt many persons read his poetry on account of its religion, who, but for that, would not have read it; and no doubt, too, many of them neither feel nor understand it. But so, too, do many persons read Wordsworth's poetry on account of its religion—the religion of the woods—who, but for that, would not have read it; and so, too, many of them neither feel nor understand it. So is it with the common manners-painting poetry of Crabbe—the dark passion-painting poetry of Byron—the high-romance-painting poetry of Scott—and so on with Moore, Coleridge, Southey, and the rest. But it is to the *mens divinator*, however displayed, that they owe all their fame. Had Montgomery not been a true poet, all the Religious Magazines in the world could not have saved his name from forgetfulness and oblivion. He might have flouted his day like the melancholy Poppy—melancholy in all its ill-scented gaudiness; but as it is, he is like the Rose of Sharon, whose balm and beauty shall not

wither, planted on the bank of "that river whose streams make glad the city of the Lord.

Indeed, we see no reason why poetry, conceived in the spirit of a most exclusive sectarianism, may not be of a very high order, and powerfully impressive on minds whose religious tenets are most irreconcilable and hostile to those of the sect. Feelings, by being unduly concentrated, are not thereby necessarily enfeebled—on the contrary, often strengthened; and there is a grand austerity which the imagination more than admires—which the conscience scarcely condemns. The feeling, the conviction from which that austerity grows, is in itself right; for it is a feeling—a conviction of the perfect righteousness of God—the utter worthlessness of self-left man—the awful sanctity of duty—and the dreadfulness of the judgment-doom, from which no soul is safe till the seals have been broken, and the Archangel has blown his trumpet. A religion planted in such convictions as these, may become dark and disordered in its future growth within the spirit; and the tree, though of good seed and in a strong soil, may come to be laden with bitter fruit, and the very droppings of its leaves may be pernicious to all who rest within its shade. Still, such shelter is better in the blast than the trunk of a dead faith; and such food, unwholesome though it be, is not so miserable as famine to a hungry soul.

Grant, then, that there may be in Mr. Montgomery's poetry certain sentiments, which, in want of a better word, we call Sectarian. They are not necessarily false, although not perfectly reconcilable to our own creed, which, we shall suppose, is true. On the contrary, we may be made much the better and the wiser men by meditating upon them; for while they may, perhaps, (and we are merely making a supposition,) be too strongly felt by him, they may be too feebly felt by us—they may, perhaps, be rather blots on the beauty of his poetry than of his faith—and if, in some degree, offensive in the composition of a poem, far less so, or not at all, in that of a life.

All his shorter poems are stamped with the character of the man. Most of them are breathings of his own devout spirit, either delighted or awed by a sense of the Divine goodness and mercy towards itself, or tremblingly alive—not in mere sensibility to human virtues and joys, crimes and sorrows, for that often belongs to the diseased and depraved—but in solemn, moral, and religious thought, to all of good or evil befalling his brethren of mankind. "A sparrow cannot fall to the ground"—a flower of the field cannot wither immediately before his eyes—without awakening in his heart such thoughts as we may believe God intended should be awakened even by such sights as these; for the fall of a sparrow is a scriptural illustration of his providence, and his hand framed the lily, whose array is more royal than was that of Solomon in all his glory. Herein he resembles Wordsworth—less profound certainly—less lofty; for in its highest moods the genius of Wordsworth walks by itself—unapproachable—on the earth it beautifies. But Montgomery's poetical piety is far more prevalent over his whole character; it

belongs more essentially and permanently to the man. Perhaps, although we shall not say so, it may be more simple, natural, and true. More accordant it certainly is, with the sympathies of ordinary minds. The piety of his poetry is far more Christian than that of Wordsworth's. It is in all his feelings, all his thoughts, all his imagery; and at the close of most of his beautiful compositions, which are so often avowals, confessions, prayers, thanksgivings, we feel, not the moral, but the religion of his song. He "improves" all the "occasions" of this life, because he has an "eye that broods on its own heart;" and that heart is impressed by all lights and shadows, like a river or lake whose waters are pure—pure in their sources and in their course. He is, manifestly, a man of the kindest home-affections; and these, though it is to be hoped the commonest of all, preserved to him in unabated glow and freshness by innocence and piety, often give vent to themselves in little hymns and odelike strains, of which the rich and even novel imagery shows how close is the connection between a pure heart and a fine fancy, and that the flowers of poetry may be brought from afar, nor yet be felt to be exotics—to intertwine with the very simplest domestic feelings and thoughts—so simple, so perfectly human, that there is a touch of surprise on seeing them capable of such adornment, and more than a touch of pleasure on feeling how much that adornment becomes them—brightening without changing, and adding admiration to delight—wonder to love.

Montgomery, too, is almost as much of an egotist as Wordsworth; and thence, frequently, his power. The poet who keeps all the appearances of external nature, and even all the passions of humanity, at arm's length, that he may gaze on, inspect, study, and draw their portraits, either in the garb they ordinarily wear, or in a fancy dress, is likely to produce a strong likeness indeed; yet shall his pictures be wanting in ease and freedom—they shall be cold and stiff—and both passion and imagination shall desecrate something characteristic in nature, of the mountain or the man. But the poet who hugs to his bosom every thing he loves or admires—himself, or the thoughts that are their shadows—who is himself still the centre of the enchanted circle—who, in the delusion of a strong creative genius, absolutely believes that were he to die, all that he now sees and hears delighted would die with him—who not only sees

"Poetic visions swarm on every bough,"

but the history of all his own most secret emotions written on the very rocks—who gathers up the many beautiful things that in the prodigality of nature lie scattered over the earth, neglected or unheeded, and the more dearly, the more passionately loves them, because they are now appropriated to the uses of his own imagination, who will by her alchemy so further brighten them that the thousands of eyes that formerly passed them by unseen or scorned, will be dazzled by their rare and transcendent beauty—he is the "prevailing Poet!" Montgomery neither seeks nor shuns those dark thoughts that will come and

go, night and day, unbidden, forbidden across the minds of all men—fortified although the main entrances may be; but when they do invade his secret, solitary hours, he turns even such visitants to a happy account, and questions them, ghostlike as they are, concerning both the future and the past. Melancholy as often his views are, we should not suppose him a man of other than a cheerful mind; for whenever the theme allows or demands it, he is not averse to a sober glee, a composed gaiety that, although we cannot say it ever so far sparkles out as to deserve to be called absolutely brilliant, yet lends a charm to his lighter-toned compositions, which it is peculiarly pleasant now and then to feel in the writings of a man whose genius is naturally, and from the course of life, not gloomy indeed, but pensive, and less disposed to indulge itself in smiles than in tears.

CHAPTER III.

PEOPLE now-a-days will write, because they see so many writing; the impulse comes upon them from without, not from within; loud voices from streets and squares of cities call on them to join the throng, but the still small voice that speaketh in the penetralia of the spirit is mute; and what else can be the result, but, in place of the song of lark, or linnet, or nightingale, at the best a concert of mocking-birds, at the worst an oratorio of ganders and bubbleys?

At this particular juncture or crisis, the disease would fain assume the symptoms of religious inspiration. The poetasters are all pious—all smitten with sanctity—Christian all over—and crossing and jostling on the Course of Time—as they think, on the high-road to Heaven and Immortality. Never was seen before such a shameless set of hypocrites. Down on their knees they fall in booksellers' shops, and, crowned with foolscap, repeat to Blue-Stockings prayers addressed in doggerel to the Deity! They bandy about the Bible as if it were an Album. They forget that the poorest sinner has a soul to be saved, as well as a set of verses to be damned; they look forward to the First of the Month with more fear and trembling than to the Last Day; and beseech a critic to be merciful upon them with far more earnestness than they ever beseeched their Maker. They pray through the press—vainly striving to give some publicity to what must be private for evermore; and are seen wiping away, at tea-parties, the tears of contrition and repentance for capital crimes perpetrated but on paper, and perpetrated thereon so paltrily, that so far from being worthy of hell-fire, such delinquents, it is felt, would be more suitably punished by being singed like plucked fowls with their own unsaleable sheets. They are frequently so singed; yet singeing has not the effect upon them for which singeing is designed; and like chickens in a shower that have got the pip, they keep still gasping and shooting out their tongues, and walking on tip toe with their tails down, till finally they go to

roost, in some obscure corner, and are no more seen among bipeds.

Among those, however, who have been unfortunately beguiled by the spirit of imitation and sympathy into religious poetry, one or two—who for the present must be nameless—have shown feeling; and would they but obey their feeling, and prefer walking on the ground with their own free feet, to attempting to fly in the air with borrowed and bound wings, they might produce something really poetical, and acquire a creditable reputation. But they are too aspiring; and have taken into their hands the sacred lyre without due preparation. He who is so familiar with his Bible, that each chapter, open it where he will, teems with household words, may draw thence the theme of many a pleasant and pathetic song. For is not all human nature, and all human life, shadowed forth in those pages? But the heart, to sing well from the Bible, must be imbued with religious feelings, as a flower is alternately with dew and sunshine. The study of *THE BOOK* must have been begun in the simplicity of childhood, when it was felt to be indeed divine—and carried on through all those silent intervals in which the soul of manhood is restored, during the din of life, to the purity and peace of its early being. The Bible must be to such a poet even as the sky—with its sun, moon, and stars—its boundless blue with all its cloud-mysteries—its peace deeper than the grave, because of realms beyond the grave—its tumult louder than that of life, because heard altogether in all the elements. He who begins the study of the Bible late in life, must, indeed, devote himself to it—night and day—and with an humble and a contrite heart as well as an awakened and soaring spirit, ere he can hope to feel what he understands, or to understand what he feels—thoughts and feelings breathing in upon him, as if from a region hanging, in its mystery, between heaven and earth. Nor do we think that he will lightly venture on the composition of poetry drawn from such a source. The very thought of doing so, were it to occur to his mind, would seem irreverent; it would convince him that he was still the slave of vanity, and pride, and the world.

They alone, therefore, to whom God has given genius as well as faith, zeal, and benevolence—will, of their own accord, fix their Pindus either on Lebanon or Calvary—and of these but few. The genius must be high—the faith sure—and human love must coalesce with divine, that the strain may have power to reach the spirits of men, immersed as they are in matter, and with all their apprehensions and conceptions blended with material imagery, and the things of this moving earth and this restless life.

So gifted and so endowed, a great or good poet, having chosen his subject well within religion, is on the sure road to immortal fame. His work, when done, must secure sympathy for ever; a sympathy not dependent on creeds, but out of which creeds spring, all of them manifestly moulded by imaginative affections of religion. Christian Poetry will outlive every other; for the time will come when

Christian Poetry will be deeper and higher far than any that has ever yet been known among men. Indeed, the sovereign songs hitherto have been either religious or superstitious and as “the day-spring from on High that has visited us” spreads wider and wider over the earth, “the soul of the world, dreaming of things to come,” shall assuredly see more glorified visions than have yet been submitted to her ken. That Poetry has so seldom satisfied the utmost longings and aspirations of human nature, can only have been because Poetry has so seldom dealt in its power with the only mysteries worth knowing—the greater mysteries of religion, into which the Christian is initiated only through faith, an angel sent from heaven to spirits struggling by supplications and sacrifices to escape from sin and death.

These, and many other thoughts and feelings concerning the “Vision and the Faculty divine,” when employed on divine subjects, have arisen within us, on reading—which we have often done with delight—“*The Christian Year*,” so full of Christian poetry of the purest character. Mr. Keble is a poet whom Cowper himself would have loved—for in him piety inspires genius, and fancy and feeling are celestialized by religion. We peruse his book in a tone and temper of spirit similar to that which is breathed upon us by some calm day in spring, when all imagery is serene and still—cheerful in the main—yet with a touch and a tinge of melancholy, which makes all the blended bliss and beauty at once more endearing and more profound. We should no more think of criticising such poetry than of criticising the clear blue skies—the soft green earth—the “liquid lapse” of an unpolluted stream, that

“Doth make sweet music with the enamell’d stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every flower
It overtaketh on its pilgrimage.”

All is purity and peace; as we look and listen, we partake of the universal calm, and feel in nature the presence of Him from whom it emanated. Indeed, we do not remember any poetry nearly so beautiful as this, which reminds one so seldom of the poet’s art. We read it without ever thinking of the place which its author may hold among poets, just as we behold a “lily of the field” without comparing it with other flowers, but satisfied with its own pure and simple loveliness; or each separate poem may be likened, in its unostentatious—unambitious—unconscious beauty—to

“A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden to the eye.”

Of all the flowers that sweeten this fair earth, the violet is indeed the most delightful in itself—form, fragrance, and colour—nor less in the humility of its birthplace, and in its haunts in the “sunshiny shade.” Therefore, ’tis a meet emblem of those sacred songs that may be said to blossom on Mount Zion.

The most imaginative poetry inspired by Nature, and dedicated to her praise, is never perfectly and consummately beautiful till it ascends into the religious; but then religion breathes from, and around, and about it, only at last when the poet has been brought, by the

leading of his own aroused spirit, to the utmost pitch of his inspiration. He begins, and continues long, unblamed in mere emotions of beauty; and he often pauses unblamed, and brings his strain to a close, without having forsaken this earth, and the thoughts and feelings which belong alone to this earth. But poetry like that of the "Christian Year" springs at once, visibly and audibly, from religion as its fount. If it, indeed, issue from one of the many springs religion opens in the human heart, no fear of its ever being dried up. Small indeed may seem the silver line, when first the rill steals forth from its sacred source! But how soon it begins to sing with a clear loud voice in the solitude! Bank and brae—tree, shrub, and flower—grow greener at each successive waterfall—the rains no more disturb that limpid element than the dews—and never does it lose some reflection of the heavens.

In a few modest words, Mr. Keble states the aim and object of his volume. He says truly, that it is the peculiar happiness of the Church of England to possess in her authorized formularies an ample and secure provision, both for a sound rule of faith and a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion. The object of his publication will be attained, if any person find assistance from it in bringing his own thoughts and feelings into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer-Book. We add, that its object has been attained. In England, "The Christian Year" is already placed in a thousand homes among household books. People are neither blind nor deaf yet to lovely sights and sounds—and a true poet is as certain of recognition now as at any period of our literature. In Scotland we have no prayer-book printed on paper—perhaps it would be better if we had; but the prayer-book which has inspired Mr. Keble, is compiled and composed from another Book, which, we believe, is more read in Scotland than in any other country. Here the Sabbath reigns in power, that is felt to be a sovereign power over all the land. We have, it may be said, no prescribed holydays; but all the events recorded in the Bible, and which in England make certain days holy in outward as well as inward observances, are familiar to our knowledge and our feeling *here*; and therefore the poetry that seeks still more to hallow them to the heart, will find every good heart recipient of its inspiration—for the Christian creed is "wide and general as the casing air," and felt as profoundly in the Highland heather-glen, where no sound of psalms is heard but on the Sabbath, as in the cathedral towns and cities of England, where so often

"Through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

Poetry in our age has been made too much a thing to talk about—to show off upon—as if the writing and the reading of it were to be reckoned among what are commonly called accomplishments. Thus, poets have too often sacrificed the austere sanctity of the divine art to most unworthy purposes, of which, perhaps, the most unworthy—for it implies much voluntary self-degradation—is mere popularity.

Against all such low aims he is preserved, who, with Christian meekness, approaches the muse in the sanctuaries of religion. He seeks not to force his songs on the public ear; his heart is free from the fever of fame; his poetry is praise and prayer. It meets our ear like the sound of psalms from some unseen dwelling among the woods or hills, at which the wayfarer or wanderer stops on his journey, and feels at every pause a holier solemnity in the silence of nature. Such poetry is indeed *got by heart*; and memory is then tenacious to the death, for her hold on what she loves is strengthened as much by grief as by joy; and, when even hope itself is dead—if, indeed, hope ever dies—the trust is committed to despair. Words are often as unforgettable as voiceless thoughts; they become very thoughts themselves, and *are* what they represent. How are many of the simply, rudely, but fervently and beautifully rhymed Psalms of David, very part and parcel of the most spiritual treasures of the Scottish peasant's being!

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

These four lines sanctify to the thoughtful shepherd on the braes every stream that glides through the solitary places—they have often given colours to the greensward beyond the brightness of all herbage and of all flowers. Thrice hallowed is that poetry which makes us mortal creatures feel the union that subsists between the Book of Nature and the Book of Life!

Poetry has endeared childhood by a thousand pictures, in which fathers and mothers behold with deeper love the faces of their own offspring. Such poetry has almost always been the production of the strongest and wisest minds. Common intellects derive no power from earliest memories; the primal morn, to them never bright, has utterly faded in the smoky day; the present has swallowed up the past, as the future will swallow up the present, each season of life seems to stand by itself as a separate existence; and when old age comes, how helpless, melancholy, and forlorn! But he who lives in the spirit of another creed, sees far into the heart of Christianity. He hears a divine voice saying—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" Thus it is that poetry throws back upon the New Testament the light she has borrowed from it, and that man's mortal brother speaks in accordance with the Saviour of man. On a dead, insensible flower—a lily—a rose—a violet—a daisy, Poetry may pour out all its divinest power—just as the sun itself sometimes seems to look with all its light on some one especial blossom, all at once made transparently lustrous. And what if the flower be alive in all its leaves—and have in it an immortal spirit? Or what if its leaves be dead, and the immortal spirit gone away to heaven? Genius shall change death into sleep—till the grave, in itself so dark and dismal, shall seem a bed of bright and celestial repose. From poetry, in words or marble—both alike still and serene as water

upon grass—we turn to the New Testament, and read of the “Holy Innocents.” “They were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.” We look down into the depths of that text—and we then turn again to Keble’s lines, which from those depths have flowed over upon the uninspired page! Yet not uninspired—if that name may be given to strains which, like the airs that had touched the flowers of Paradise, “whisper whence they stole those balmy sweets.” Revelation has shown us that “we are greater than we know;” and who may neglect the Infancy of that Being for whom Godhead died!

They who read the lines on “the Holy Innocents” in a mood of mind worthy of them, will go on, with an equal delight, through those on “The Epiphany.” They are separated in the volume by some kindred and congenial strains; but when brought close together, they occupy the still region of thought as two large clear stars do of themselves seem to occupy the entire sky.

How far better than skilfully—how inspiringly does this Christian poet touch upon each successive holy theme—winging his way through the stainless ether like some dove gliding from tree to tree, and leaving one place of rest only for another equally happy, on the folding and unfolding of its peaceful flight! Of late many versifiers have attempted the theme; and some of them with shameful unsuccess. A bad poem on such a subject is a sin. He who is a Christian indeed, will, when the star of Bethlehem rises before his closed eyes, be mute beneath the image, or he will hail it in strains simple as were those of the shepherds watching their flocks by night when it appeared of old, high as were those of the sages who came from the East bearing incense to the Child in the Manger. Such are this Poet’s strains, evolving themselves out of the few words—“Behold, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young Child was: when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”

The transition from those affecting lines is natural and delightful to a strain further on in the volume, entitled “Catechism.” How soon the infant spirit is touched with love—another name for religion—none may dare to say who have watched the eyes of little children. Feeling and thought would seem to come upon them like very inspiration—so strong it often is, and sudden, and clear; yet, no doubt, all the work of natural processes going on within Immortality. The wisdom of age has often been seen in the simplicity of childhood—creatures but five or six years old—soon perhaps about to disappear—astonishing, and saddening, and subliming the souls of their parents and their parents’ friends, by a holy precocity of all pitiful and compassionate feelings, blended into a mysterious piety that has made them sing happy hymns on the brink of leath and the grave. Such affecting instances of almost infantine unfolding of the spirit beneath spiritual influence should not be rare—nor are they rare—in truly Christian house-

holds. Almost as soon as the heart is moved by filial affection, that affection grows reverent even to earthly parents—and, ere long, becomes piety towards the name of God and Saviour. Yet philosophers have said that the child must not be too soon spoken to about religion. Will they fix the time? No—let religion—a myriad-meaning word—be whispered and breathed round about them, as soon as intelligence smiles in their eyes and quickens their ears, while enjoying the sights and sounds of their own small yet multitudinous world.

Let us turn to another strain of the same mood, which will be read with tears by many a grateful heart—on the “Churching of Women.” What would become of us without the ceremonies of religion? How they strengthen the piety out of which they spring! How, by concentrating all that is holy and divine around their outward forms, do they purify and sanctify the affections! What a change on his infant’s face is wrought before a father’s eyes by Baptism! How the heart of the husband and the father yearns, as he sees the wife and mother kneeling in thanksgiving after childbirth!

“Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.” What is all the poetry that genius ever breathed over all the flowers of this earth, to that one divine sentence! It has inspired our Christian poet—and here is his heart-felt homily.

FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

“Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart’s fond view?
In childhood’s sports companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life’s downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

“Relics ye are of Eden’s bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown’d the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there,
Fall’n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain’d with fear and strife!
In Reason’s world what storms are rife,
What passions rage and glare!

“But cheerful and unchanged the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve’s matron smile
In the world’s opening glow.
The stars of Heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;—
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze we know.

“Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
And guilty man, where’er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

“Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes;
For ye could draw th’ admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

“Ye felt your Maker’s smile that hour,
As when he paused and own’d you good,
His blessing on earth’s primal bower,
Yet felt it all renew’d.

What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
Ye fear no vexing mood.

"Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness!
'Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight.
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

Such poetry as this must have a fine influence on all the best human affections. Sacred are such songs to sorrow—and sorrow is either a frequent visitor, or a domesticated inmate, in every household. Religion may thus be made to steal unawares, even during ordinary hours, into the commonest ongoing of life. Call not the mother unhappy who closes the eyes of her dead child, whether it has smiled lonely in the house, the sole delight of her eyes, or bloomed among other flowers, now all drooping for its sake—nor yet call the father unhappy who lays his sweet son below the earth, and returns to the home where his voice is to be heard never more. That affliction brings forth feelings unknown before in his heart; calming all turbulent thoughts by the settled peace of the grave. Then every page of the Bible is beautiful—and beautiful every verse of poetry that thence draws its inspiration. Thus in the pale and almost ghostlike countenance of decay, our hearts are not touched by the remembrance alone of beauty which is departed, and by the near extinction of loveliness which we behold fading before our eyes—but a beauty, fairer and deeper far, lies around the hollow eye and the sunken cheek, breathed from the calm air of the untroubled spirit that has heard resigned the voice that calls it away from the dim shades of mortality. Well may that beauty be said to be religious; for in it speaks the soul, conscious, in the undreaded dissolution of its earthly frame, of a being destined to everlasting bliss. With every deep emotion arising from our contemplation of such beauty as this—religious beauty beaming in the human countenance, whether in joy or sadness, health or decay—there is profoundly interfused a sense of the soul's spirituality, which silently sheds over the emotion something celestial and divine, rendering it not only different in degree, but altogether distinct in kind, from all the feelings that things merely perishable can inspire—so that the spirit is fully satisfied, and the feeling of beauty is but a vivid recognition of its own deathless being and ethereal essence. This is a feeling of beauty which was but faintly known to the human heart in those ages of the world when all other feelings of beauty were most perfect; and accordingly we find, in the most pathetic strains of their elegiac poetry, lamentations over the beauty intensely worshipped in the dust, which was to lie for ever over its now beamless head. But to the Christian who may have seen the living lustre leave the eye of some beloved friend, there must have shone a beauty in his latest smile, which spoke not alone of a brief scene closed, but of an endless scene unfolding; while its cessation, in-

stead of leaving him in utter darkness, seemed to be accompanied with a burst of light.

Much of our most fashionable Modern Poetry is at once ludicrously and lamentably unsuitable and unseasonable to the innocent and youthful creatures who shed tears "such as angels weep" over the shameful sins of shameless sinners, crimes which, when perpetrated out of Poetry, and by persons with vulgar surnames, elevate their respective heroes to that vulgar altitude—the gallows. The darker—the stronger passions, forsooth!—And what hast thou to do—my dove-eyed Margaret—with the darker and stronger passions? Nothing whatever in thy sweet, still, serene, and seemingly almost sinless world. Be the brighter and the weaker passions thine—brighter indeed—yet say not *weaker*, for they are strong as death;—Love and Pity, Awe and Reverence, Joy, Grief, and Sorrow, sunny smiles and showery tears—be these all thy own—and sometimes, too, on melancholy nights, let the heaven of thy imagination be spanned in its starriness by the most celestial Evanescence—a Lunar Rainbow.

There is such perfect sincerity in the "Christian Year," such perfect sincerity, and consequently such simplicity, that though the production of a fine and finished scholar, we cannot doubt that it will some day or other find its way into many of the dwellings of humble life. Such descent, if descent it be, must be of all receptions the most delightful to the heart of a Christian poet. As intelligence spreads more widely over the land, why fear that it will deaden religion? Let us believe that it will rather vivify and quicken it; and that in time true poetry, such as this, of a character some what higher than probably can be yet felt, understood, and appreciated by the people, will come to be easy and familiar, and blended with all the other benign influences breathed over their common existence by books. Meanwhile the "Christian Year" will be finding its way into many houses where the inmates read from the love of reading—not for mere amusement only, but for instruction and a deeper delight; and we shall be happy if our recommendation causes its pages to be illumined by the gleams of a few more peaceful hearths, and to be rehearsed by a few more happy voices in the "parlour twilight."

We cannot help expressing the pleasure it has given us to see so much true poetry coming from Oxford. It is delightful to see that classical literature, which sometimes, we know not how, certainly has a chilling effect on poetical feeling, there warming it as it ought to do, and causing it to produce itself in song. Oxford has produced many true poets; Collins, Warton, Bowles, Heber, Milman, and now Keble—are all her own—her inspired sons. Their strains are not steeped in "port and prejudice," but in the—Isis. Heaven bless Ifley and Godstow—and many another sweet old ruined place—secluded, but not far apart from her own inspiring Sanctities. And those who love her not, never may the Muses love!

CHAPTER IV.

IN his Poem, entitled "The Omnipresence of the Deity," Mr. Robert Montgomery writes thus :—

"Lo! there, in yonder fancy-haunted room,
What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom,
When pale, and shiv'ring, and bedew'd with fear,
The dying skeptic felt his hour drew near!
From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell,
No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell;
As the last throes of death convulsed his cheek,
He gnash'd, and scowl'd, and raised a hideous shriek.
Rounded his eyes into a ghastly glare,
Lock'd his white lips—and all was mute despair!
Go, child of darkness, see a Christian die;
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye;
No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors, start
The hope Religion pillows on his heart,
When with a dying hand he waves adieu
To all who love so well, and weep so true:
Meek, as an infant to the mother's breast
Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away."

First, as to the execution of this passage. "Fancy-haunted" may do, but it is not a sufficiently strong expression for the occasion. In every such picture as this, we demand appropriate vigour in every word intended to be vigorous, and which is important to the effect of the whole.

"From his parch'd tongue no sainted murmurs fell,
No bright hopes kindled at his faint farewell."

How could they?—The line but one before is,
"What mutter'd curses trembled through the gloom."

This, then, is purely ridiculous, and we cannot doubt that Mr. Montgomery will confess that it is so; but independently of that, he is describing the death-bed of a person who, *ex hypothesi*, could have no bright hopes, could breathe no sainted murmurs. He might as well, in a description of a negress, have told us that she had no long, smooth, shining, yellow locks—no light-blue eyes—no ruddy and rosy cheeks—nor yet a bosom white as snow. The execution of the picture of the Christian is not much better—it is too much to use, in the sense here given to them, no fewer than three verbs—"pales"—"rolls"—"starts," in four lines.

"The hope Religion pillows on the heart,"
is not a good line, and it is a borrowed one.

"When with a dying hand he waves adieu,"
conveys an unnatural image. Dying men do not act so. Not thus are taken eternal farewells. The motion in the sea-song was more natural—

"She waved adieu, and kiss'd her lily hand."

"Weeps so true," means nothing, nor is it English. The grammar is not good of,

"He pants for where congenial spirits"—

Neither is the word *pants* by any means the right one; and in such an awful crisis, admire who may the simile of the infant longing for its mother's breast, we never can in its present shape; while there is in the line,

"Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away,"

a prettiness we very much dislike—alter one word, and it would be voluptuous—nor do we hesitate to call the passage a puling one alto-

gether, and such as ought to be expunged from all paper.

But that is not all we have to say against it—it is radically and essentially bad, because it either proves nothing of what it is meant to prove—or what no human being on earth ever disputed. Be fair—be just in all that concerns religion. Take the best, the most moral, if the word can be used, the most enlightened Skeptic, and the true Christian, and compare their death-beds. That of the Skeptic will be disturbed or disconsolate—that of the Christian confiding or blessed. But to contrast the death-bed of an absolute maniac, muttering curses, gnashing and scowling, and "raising a hideous shriek," and "rounding his eyes with a ghastly glare," and convulsed, too, with severe bodily throes—with that of a convinced, confiding, and conscientious Christian, a calm, meek, undoubting believer, happy in the "hope religion pillows on his heart," and enduring no fleshly agonies, can serve no purpose under the sun. Men who have the misery of being unbelievers, are at all times to be pitied—most of all in their last hours; but though theirs be then dim melancholy, or dark despair, they express neither the one state nor the other by mutterings, curses, and hideous shrieks. Such a wretch there may sometimes be—like him "who died and made no sign;" but there is no more sense in seeking to brighten the character of the Christian by its contrast with that of such an Atheist, than by contrast with a fiend to brighten the beauty of an angel.

Finally, are the deathbeds of all good Christians so calm as this—and do they all thus meekly

"Pant for where congenial spirits stray,"

a line, besides its other vice, most unscriptural? Congenial spirit is not the language of the New Testament. Alas! for poor weak human nature at the dying hour! Not even can the Christian always then retain unquaking trust in his Saviour! "This is the blood that was shed for thee," are words whose mystery quells not always nature's terror. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is renewed in vain—and he remembers, in doubt and dismay, words that, if misunderstood, would appal all the Christian world—"My God—my God—why hast thou forsaken me?" Perhaps, before the Faith, that has waxed dim and died in his brain distracted by pain, and disease, and long sleeplessness, and a weight of woe—for he is a father who strove in vain to burst those silken ties, that winding all round and about his very soul and his very body, bound him to those dear little ones, who are of the same spirit and the same flesh,—we say, before that Faith could, by the prayers of holy men, be restored and revived, and the Christian, once more comforted by thinking on Him, who for all human beings did take upon him the rueful burden and agonies of the Cross—Death may have come for his prey, and left the chamber, of late so hushed and silent, at full liberty to weep! Enough to know, that though Christianity be divine, we are human,—that the vessel is weak in which that glorious light may be enshrined—weak as the pot-

ter's clay—and that though Christ died to save sinners, sinners who believe in Him, and therefore shall not perish, may yet lose hold of the belief when their understandings are darkened by the shadow of death, and, like Peter losing faith and sinking in the sea, feel themselves descending into some fearful void, and cease here to be, ere they find voice to call on the name of the Lord—"Help, or I perish!"

What may be the nature of the thoughts and feelings of an Atheist, either when in great joy or great sorrow, full of life and the spirit of life, or in mortal malady and envired with the toils of death, it passes the power of our imagination even dimly to conceive; nor are we convinced that there ever was an utter Atheist. The thought of a God will enter in, barred though the doors be, both of the understanding and the heart, and all the windows supposed to be blocked up against the light. The soul, blind and deaf as it may often be, cannot always resist the intimations all life long, day and night, forced upon it from the outer world; its very necessities, nobler far than those of the body, even when most degraded, importunate when denied their manna, are to it oftentimes a silent or a loud revelation. Then, not to feel and think as other beings do with "discourse of reason," is most hard and difficult indeed, even for a short time, and on occasions of very inferior moment. Being men, we are carried away, willing or unwilling, and often unconsciously, by the great common instinct; we keep sailing with the tide of humanity, whether in flow or ebb—fierce as demons and the sons of perdition, if that be the temper of the congregating hour—mild and meek as Pity, or the new-born babe, when the afflatus of some divine sympathy has breathed through the multitude, nor one creature escaped its influence, like a spring-day that steals through a murmuring forest, till not a single tree, even in the darkest nook, is without some touch of the season's sunshine. Think, then, of one who would fain be an Atheist, conversing with the "sound, healthy children of the God of heaven!" To this reason, which is his solitary pride, arguments might in vain be addressed, for he exults in being "an Intellectual All in All," and is a bold-browed sophist to daunt even the eyes of Truth—eyes which can indeed "outstare the eagle" when their ken is directed to heaven, but which are turned away in aversion from the human countenance that would dare to deny God. Appeal not to the intellect of such a man, but to his heart; and let not even that appeal be conveyed in any fixed form of words—but let it be an appeal of the smiles and tears of affectionate and loving lips and eyes—of common joys and common griefs, whose contagion is often felt, beyond prevention or cure, where two or three are gathered together—among families thinly sprinkled over the wilderness, where, on God's own day, they repair to God's own house, a lowly building on the braise, which the Creator of suns and systems despiseth not, nor yet the beatings of the few contrite hearts therein assembled to worship him—in the cathedral's "long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults"—in mighty multitudes all

crowded in silence, as beneath the shadow of a thunder-cloud, to see some one single human being die—or swaying and swinging backwards and forwards, and to and fro, to hail a victorious armament returning from the war of Liberty, with him who hath "taken the start of this majestic world" conspicuous from afar in front, encircled with music, and with the standard of his unconquered country afloat above his head. Thus, and by many thousand other potent influences for ever at work, and from which the human heart can never make its safe escape—let it flee to the uttermost parts of the earth, to the loneliest of the multitude of the isles of the sea—are men, who vainly dream that they are Atheists, forced to feel God. Nor happens this but rarely—nor are such "angel-visits few and far between." As the most cruel have often, very often, thoughts tender as dew, so have the most dark often, very often, thoughts bright as day. The sun's golden finger writes the name of God on the clouds, rising or setting, and the Atheist, falsely so called, starts in wonder and in delight, which his soul, because it is immortal, cannot resist, to behold that Bible suddenly opened before his eyes on the sky. Or some old, decrepit, grayhaired crone, holds out her shrivelled hand, with dim eyes patiently fixed on his, silently asking charity—silently, but in the holy name of God; and the Atheist, taken unawares, at the very core of his heart bids "God bless her," as he relieves her uncomplaining miseries.

If then Atheists do exist, and if their death-beds may be described for the awful or melancholy instruction of their fellow-men, let them be such Atheists as those whom, let us not hesitate to say it, we may blamelessly love with a troubled affection; for our Faith may not have preserved us from sins from which they are free—and we may give even to many of the qualities of their most imperfect and unhappy characters almost the name of virtues. No curses on their death-beds will they be heard to utter. No black scowlings—no horrid gnashing of teeth—no hideous shriekings will there appal the loving ones who watch and weep by the side of him who is dying disconsolate. He will hope, and he will fear, now that there is a God indeed everywhere present—visible now in the tears that fall, audible now in the sighs that breathe for his sake—in the still small voice. That Being forgets not those by whom he has been forgotten; least of all, the poor "Fool who has said in his heart there is no God," and who knows at last that a God there is, not always in terror and trembling, but as often perhaps in the assurance of forgiveness, which undeserved by the best of the good, may not be withheld even from the worst of the bad, if the thought of a God and a Saviour pass but for a moment through the darkness of the departing spirit—like a dove shooting swiftly, with its fair plumage, through the deep but calm darkness that follows the subsided storm.

So, too, with respect to Deists. Of unbelievers in Christianity there are many kinds—the reckless, the ignorant, the callous, the confirmed, the melancholy, the doubting, the de

spairing—the good. At their death-beds, too, may the Christian poet, in imagination, take his stand—and there may he even hear

"The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh nor grating, but of amplest power
To soften and subdue!"

Oftener all the sounds and sights there will be full of most rueful anguish; and that anguish will groan in the poet's lays when his human heart, relieved from its load of painful sympathies, shall long afterwards be inspired with the pity of poetry, and sing in elegies, sublime in their pathos, the sore sufferings and the dim distress that clouded and tore the dying spirit, longing, but all unable—profound though its longings be—as life's daylight is about to close upon that awful gloaming, and the night of death to descend in oblivion—to believe in the Redeemer.

Why then turn but to such death-bed, if indeed religion, and not superstition, described that scene—as that of Voltaire? Or even Rousseau, whose dying eyes sought, in the last passion, the sight of the green earth, and the blue skies, and the sun shining so brightly, when all within the brain of his worshipper was fast growing dimmer and more dim—when all the unsatisfied spirit, that scarcely hoped a future life, knew not how it could ever take farewell of the present with tenderness enough, and enough of yearning and craving after its disappearing beauty, and when as if the whole earth were at that moment beloved even as his small peculiar birthplace—

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."

The Christian poet, in his humane wisdom, will, for instruction's sake of his fellow-men, and for the discovery and the revelation of ever-sacred truth, keep aloof from such death-beds as these, or take his awful stand beside them to drop the perplexed and pensive tear. For we know not what it is that we either hear or see; and holy Conscience, hearing through a confused sound, and seeing through an obscure light, fears to condemn, when perhaps she ought only to pity—to judge another, when perhaps it is her duty but to use that inward eye for her own delinquencies. He, then, who designs to benefit his kind by strains of high instruction, will turn from the death-bed of the famous Wit, whose brilliant fancy hath waxed dim as that of the clown—whose malignant heart is quaking beneath the Power it had so long derided, with terrors over which his hated Christian triumphs—and whose intellect, once so perspicacious that it could see but too well the motives that are in the sun, the specks and stains that are on the flowing robe of nature herself—prone, in miserable contradiction to its better being, to turn them as proofs against the power and goodness of the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity—is now palsy-stricken as that of an idiot, and knows not even the sound of the name of its once vain and proud possessor—when crowded theatres had risen up with one rustle to honour, and then, with deafening acclamations,

"Raised a mortal to the skies!"

There he is—it matters not now whether on

down or straw—stretched, already a skeleton, and gnashing—may it be in senselessness, for otherwise what pangs are these!—gnashing his teeth, within lips once so eloquent, now white with foam and slaver; and the whole mouth, of yore so musical, grinning ghastly, like the fleshless face of fear-painted death! Is that Voltaire? He who, with wit, thought to wear the Son of God of all his beams—with wit, to loosen the dreadful fastenings of the Cross?—with wit, to scoff at Him who hung thereon, while the blood and water came from the wound in his blessed side!—with wit to drive away those Shadows of Angels, that were said to have rolled off the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre of the resurrection!—with wit, to deride the ineffable glory of transfigured God-head on the Mount, and the sweet and solemn semblance of the Man Jesus in the garden?—with wit, to darken all the decrees of Providence!—and with wit,

"To shut the gates of Mercy on mankind?"

Nor yet will the Christian poet long dwell in his religious strains, though awhile he may linger there, "and from his eyelids wipe the tears that sacred pity hath engendered," beside the dying couch of Jean Jacques Rousseau—a couch of turf beneath trees—for he was ever a lover of Nature, though he loved all things living or dead as madmen love. His soul, while most spiritual, was sensual still, and with tendrils of flesh and blood embraced—even as it did embrace the balm-breathing form of voluptuous woman—the very phantoms of his most etherealized imagination. Vice stained all his virtues—as roses are seen, in some certain soils, and beneath some certain skies, always to be blighted, and their fairest petals to bear on them something like blots of blood. Over the surface of the mirror of his mind, which reflected so much of the imagery of man and nature, there was still, here and there, on the centre or round the edges, rust-spots, that gave back no image, and marred the proportions of the beauty and the grandeur that yet shone over the rest of the circle set in the rich carved gold. His disturbed, and distracted, and defeated friendships, that all vanished in insane suspicions, and seemed to leave his soul as well satisfied in its fierce or gloomy void, as when it was filled with airy and glittering visions, are all gone for ever now. Those many thoughts and feelings—so melancholy, yet still fair, and lovely, and beautiful—which, like bright birds encaged, with ruffled and drooping wings, once so apt to soar, and their music mute, that used to make the wide woods to ring, were confined within the wires of his jealous heart—have now all flown away, and are at rest! Who sits beside the wild and wondrous genius, whose ravings entranced the world? who wipes the death-sweat from that capacious forehead, once filled with such a multitude of disordered but aspiring fancies? Who, that his beloved air of heaven may kiss and cool it for the last time, lays open the covering that hides the marble sallowness of Rousseau's sin-and-sorrow-haunted breast? One of Nature's least gifted children—to whose eyes nor earth nor heaven ever beamed with beauty—

to whose heart were known but the meanest charities of nature; yet mean as they were, how much better in such an hour, than all his imaginings most magnificent! For had he not suffered his own offspring to pass away from his eyes, even like the wood-shadows, only less beloved and less regretted? And in the very midst of the prodigality of love and passion, which he had poured out over the creations of his ever-distempred fancy, let his living children, his own flesh and blood, disappear as paupers in a chance-governed world?—A world in which neither parental nor filial love were more than the names of nonentities—Father, Son, Daughter, Child, but empty syllables, which philosophy heeded not—or rather loved them in their emptiness, but despised, hated, or feared them, when for a moment they seemed pregnant with a meaning from heaven, and each in its holy utterance signifying God!

No great moral or religious lesson can well be drawn, or say rather so well, from such anomalous death-beds, as from those of common unbelievers. To show, in all its divine power, the blessedness of the Christian's faith, it must be compared, rather than contrasted, with the faith of the best and wisest of Deists. The ascendancy of the heavenly over the earthly will then be apparent—as apparent as the superior lustre of a star to that of a lighted-up window in the night. For above all other things in which the Christian is happier than the Deist—with the latter, the life beyond the grave is but a dark hope—to the former, "immortality has been brought to light by the Gospel." That difference embraces the whole spirit. It may be less felt—less seen when life is quick and strong: for this earth alone has much and many things to embrace and enchain our being—but in death the difference is as between night and day.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS AVIARY.

FIRST CANTICLE.

THE present Age, which, after all, is a very pretty and pleasant one, is feelingly alive and widely awake to the manifold delights and advantages with which the study of Natural History swarms, and especially that branch of it which unfolds the character and habits, physical, moral, and intellectual, of those most interesting and admirable creatures—Birds. It is familiar not only with the shape and colour of beak, bill, claw, talon, and plume, but with the purposes for which they are designed, and with the instincts which guide their use in the beautiful economy of all-gracious Nature. We remember the time when the very word Ornithology would have required interpretation in mixed company; when a naturalist was looked on as a sort of out-of-the-way but amiable monster. Now, one seldom meets with man, woman, or child, who does not know a hawk from a handsaw, or even, to adopt the more learned reading, from a heron-shew; a black swan is no longer erroneously considered a *rara avis* any more than a black sheep; while the Glasgow Gander himself, no longer apocryphal, has taken his place in the national creed, belief in his existence being merely blended with wonder at his magnitude, and some surprise perhaps among the scientific, that he should be as yet the sole specimen of that enormous Anser.

The chief cause of this advancement of knowledge in one of its most delightful departments, has been the gradual extension of its study from stale books written by men, to that book ever fresh from the hand of God. And the second—another yet the same—has been the gradual change wrought by a philosophical spirit in the observation, delineation, and arrangement of the facts and laws with which the science is conversant, and which it exhibits

in the most perfect harmony and order. Neophytes now range for themselves, according to their capacities and opportunities, the fields, woods, rivers, lakes, and seas; and proficients, no longer confining themselves to mere nomenclature, enrich their works with anecdotes and traits of character, which, without departure from truth, have imbued bird-biography with the double charm of reality and romance.

Compare the intensity and truth of any natural knowledge insensibly acquired by observation in very early youth, with that corresponding to it picked up in later life from books! In fact, the habit of distinguishing between things as different, or of similar forms, colours, and characters, formed in infancy, and childhood, and boyhood, in a free intercourse and communion with Nature, while we are merely seeking and finding the divine joy of novelty and beauty, perpetually occurring before our eyes in all her haunts, may be made the foundation of an accuracy of judgment of inappreciable value as an intellectual endowment. So entirely is this true, that we know many observant persons, that is, observant in all things intimately related with their own pursuits, and with the experience of their own early education, who, with all the pains they could take in after-life, have never been able to distinguish by name, when they saw them, above half-a-dozen, if so many, of our British singing-birds; while as to knowing them by their song, that is wholly beyond the reach of their uninstructed ear, and a shilfa chants to them like a yellow yoldrin. On seeing a small bird peeping out of a hole in the eaves, and especially on hearing him chatter, they shrewdly suspect him to be a sparrow, though it does not by any means follow that their suspicions are always verified; and though, when sitting with her white breast so lovely out of the

"auld clay bigging" in the window-corner, he cannot mistake Mistress Swallow, yet when flitting in fly-search over the stream, and ever and anon dipping her wing-tips in the lucid coolness, 'tis an equal chance that he misnames her Miss Marten.

What constant caution is necessary during 'he naturalist's perusal even of the very best books! From the very best we can only obtain knowledge at second-hand, and this, like a story circulated among village gossips, is more apt to gain in falsehood than in truth, as it passes from one to another; but in field study we go at once to the fountain-head, and obtain our facts pure and unalloyed by the theories and opinions of previous observers. Hence it is that the utility of books becomes obvious. You witness with your own eyes some puzzling, perplexing, strange, and unaccountable—fact; twenty different statements of it have been given by twenty different ornithologists; you consult them all, and getting a hint from one, and a hint from another, here a glimmer of light to be followed, and there a gloom of darkness to be avoided—why, who knows but that in the end you do yourself solve the mystery, and absolutely become not only happy but illustrious! People sitting in their own parlour with their feet on the fender, or in the sanctum of some museum, staring at stuffed specimens, imagine themselves naturalists; and in their presumptuous and insolent ignorance, which is often total, scorn the wisdom of the wanderers of the woods, who have for many studious and solitary years been making themselves familiar with all the beautiful mysteries of instinctive life. Take two boys, and set them respectively to pursue the two plans of study. How puzzled and perplexed will be the one who pores over the "interminable terms" of a system in books, having meanwhile no access to, or communion with nature! The poor wretch is to be pitied—nor is he any thing else than a slave. But the young naturalist who takes his first lessons in the fields, observing the unrivalled scene which creation everywhere displays, is perpetually studying in the power of delight and wonder, and laying up knowledge which can be derived from no other source. The rich boy is to be envied, nor is he any thing else than a king. The one sits bewildered among words, the other walks enlightened among things; the one has not even the shadow, the other more than the substance—the very essence and life of knowledge; and at twelve years old he may be a better naturalist than ever the mere bookworm will be, were he to outlive old Tommy Balmer.

In education—late or early—for heaven's sake let us never separate things and words! They are married in nature; and what God hath put together let no man put asunder—'tis a fatal divorce. Without things, words accumulated by misery in the memory, had far better die than drag out an useless existence in the dark; without words, their stay and support, things unaccountably disappear out of the storehouse, and may be for ever lost. But bind a thing with a word, a strange link, stronger than any steel, and softer than any

silk, and the captive remains for ever happy in its bright prison-house. On this principle, it is indeed surprising at how early an age children can be instructed in the most interesting parts of natural history—ay, even a babe in arms. Remember Coleridge's beautiful line to the Nightingale:—

"That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
To make him Nature's child."

How we come to love the Birds of Bewick, and White, and the two Wilsons, and Montagu, and Mudie, and Knapp, and Selby, and Swainson, and Audubon, and many others familiar with their haunts and habits, their affections and their passions, till we feel that they are indeed our fellow-creatures, and part of one wise and wonderful system! If there be sermons in stones, what think ye of the hymns and psalms, matin and vesper, of the lark, who at heaven's gate sings—of the wren, who pipes her thanksgivings as the slant sunbeam shoots athwart the mossy portal of cave, in whose fretted roof she builds her nest above the waterfall! In cave-roof? Yea—we have seen it so—just beneath the cornice. But most frequently we have detected her procreant cradle on old mossy stump, mouldering walls or living rock—sometimes in cleft of yew-tree or hawthorn—for hang the globe with its imperceptible orifice in the sunshine or the storm, and St. Catharine sits within heedless of the outer world, counting her beads with her sensitive breast that broods in bliss over the priceless pearls.

Ay, the men we have named, and many other blameless idolaters of Nature, have worshipped her in a truly religious spirit, and have taught us their religion. All our great poets have loved the *Minnesingers* of the woods—Thomson, and Cowper, and Wordsworth, as dearly as Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Milton. From the inarticulate language of the groves, they have inhaled the enthusiasm that inspired some of the finest of their own immortal strains. "Lonely wanderer of Nature" must every poet be—and though often self-wrap his wanderings through a spiritual world of his own, yet as some fair flower silently asks his eye to look on it, some glad bird his ear solicits with a song, how intense is then his perception—his emotion how profound—while his spirit is thus appealed to, through all its human sensibilities, by the beauty and the joy perpetual even in the most solitary places!

Our moral being owes deep obligation to all who assist us to study nature aright; for believe us, it is high and rare knowledge to know and to have the true and full use of our eyes. Millions go to the grave in old age without ever having learned it; they were just beginning, perhaps, to acquire it, when they sighed to think that "they who look out of the windows were darkened;" and that while they had been instructed how to look, sad shadows had fallen on the whole face of Nature, and that the time for those intuitions was gone for ever. But the

science of seeing has now found favour in our eyes; and blessings be with them who can discover, discern, and describe the least as the greatest of nature's works—who can see as distinctly the finger of God in the lustre of the humming-bird murmuring round a rose-bush, as in that of the star of Jove shining sole in heaven.

Take up now almost any book you may on any branch of Natural History, and instead of the endless, dry details of imaginary systems and classifications, in which the ludicrous littleness of man's vain ingenuity used to be set up as a sort of symbolical scheme of revelation of the sublime varieties of the inferior—as we choose to call it—creation of God, you find high attempts in an humble spirit rather to illustrate tendencies and uses, and harmonies, and order, and design. With some glorious exceptions, indeed, the naturalists of the day gone by showed us a science that was but a skeleton—little but dry bones; with some inglorious exceptions, indeed, the naturalists of the day that is now, have been desirous to show us a living, breathing, and moving body—to explain, as far as they might, its mechanism and its spirit. Ere another century elapse, how familiar may men be with all the families of the flowers of the field, and the birds of the air, with all the interdependencies of their characters and their kindreds, perhaps even with the mystery of that instinct which is now seen working wonders, not only beyond the power of reason to comprehend, but of imagination to conceive!

How deeply enshrouded are felt to be the mysteries of nature, when, thousands of years after Aristotle, we hear Audubon confess his utter ignorance of what migrations and non-migrations mean—that 'tis hard to understand why such general laws as these should be—though their benign operation is beautifully seen in the happiness provided alike for all—whether they reside in their own comparatively small localities, nor ever wish to leave them—or at stated seasons instinctively fly away over thousands of miles, to drop down and settle for a while on some spot adapted to their necessities, of which they had prescience afar off, though seemingly wafted thither like leaves upon the wind! Verily, as great a mystery is that Natural Religion by the theist studied in woods and on mountains and by sea-shores, as that Revelation which philosophers will not believe because they do not understand—"the blinded bigot's scorn" deriding man's highest and holiest happiness—Faith!

We must not now go a bird-nesting, but the first time we do we shall put Bishop Mant's "Months" in our pocket. The good Bishop—who must have been an indefatigable bird-nester in his boyhood—though we answer for him that he never stole but one egg out of four, and left undisturbed the callow young—treats of those beauteous and wondrous structures in a style that might make Professor Rennie jealous, who has written like a Vitruvius on the architecture of birds. He expatiates with uncontrolled delight on the unwearied activity of the architects, who, without any apprenticeship to the trade, are journeymen, nay, master-

builders, the first spring of their full-fledged lives; with no other tools but a bill, unless we count their claws, which however seem, and that only in some kinds, to be used but in carrying materials. With their breasts and whole bodies, indeed, most of them round off the soft insides of their procreant cradles, till they fit each brooding bunch of feathers to a hair's-breadth, as it sits close and low on eggs or eyeless young, a *leelle* higher raised up above their gaping babies, as they wax from downy infancy into plumier childhood, which they do how swiftly, and how soon have they flown! You look some sunny morning into the bush, and the abode in which they seemed so cozy the day before is utterly forsaken by the joyous ingrates—now feebly fluttering in the narrow grove, to them a wide world filled with delight and wonder—to be thought of never more. With all the various materials used by them in building their different domiciles, the Bishop is as familiar as with the sole material of his own wig—though, by the by, last time we had the pleasure of seeing and sitting by him, he wore his own hair—"but that not much;" for, like our own, his sponce was bald, and, like it, showed the organ of constructiveness as fully developed as Christopher or a Chaffinch. He is perfectly well acquainted, too, with all the diversities of their modes of building—their orders of architecture—and eke with all those of situation chosen by the kinds—whether seemingly simple, in cunning that deceives by a show of carelessness and heedlessness of notice, or with craft of concealment that baffles the most searching eye—hanging their beloved secret in gloom not impervious to sun and air—or, trustful in man's love of his own home, affixing the nest beneath the eaves, or in the flowers of the lattice, kept shut for their sakes, or half-opened by fair hands of virgins whose eyes gladden with heartborn brightness as each morning they mark the growing beauty of the brood, till they smile to see one almost as large as its parents sitting on the rim of the nest, when all at once it hops over, and, as it flutters away like a leaf, seems surprised that it can fly!

Yet there are still a few wretched quacks among us whom we may some day perhaps drive down into the dirt. There are idiots who will not even suffer sheep, cows, horses, and dogs, to escape the disgusting perversions of their anile anecdotage—who, by all manner of drivelling lies, libel even the common domestic fowl, and impair the reputation of the bantam. Newspapers are sometimes so infested by the trivial trash, that in the nostrils of a naturalist they smell on the breakfast table like rotten eggs; and there are absolutely volumes of the slaver bound in linen, and lettered with the names of the expectorators on the outside, resembling annuals—we almost fear with prints. In such hands, the ass loses his natural attributes, and takes the character of his owner; and as the anecdote-monger is seen astride on his cuddy, you wonder what may be the meaning of the apparition, for we defy you to distinguish the one donk from the other, the rider from the ridden, except by the more inexpressive countenance of the one, and

the ears of the other in uncomputed longitude dangling or erect.

We can bear this libellous gossip least patiently of all with birds. If a ninny have some stories about a wonderful goose, let him out with them, and then waddle away with his fat friend into the stackyard—where they may take sweet counsel together in the “fause-house.” Let him, with open mouth and grozet eyes, say what he chooses of “Pretty Poll,” as she clings in her cage, by beak or claws, to stick or wire, and in her naughty vocabulary let him hear the impassioned eloquence of an Aspasia inspiring a Pericles. But, unless his crown itch for the Crutch, let him spare the linnets on the briery bush among the broom—the laverock on the dewy braird or in the rosy cloud—the swan on her shadow—the eagle in his eyrie, in the sun, or at sea.

The great ornithologists and the true are the authorities that are constantly correcting those errors of popular opinion about the fowls of the air, which in every country, contrary to the evidence of the senses, and in spite of observations that may be familiar to all, gain credence with the weak and ignorant, and in process of time compose even a sort of system of the vilest superstition. It would be a very curious inquiry to trace the operation of the causes that, in different lands, have produced with respect to birds national prejudices of admiration or contempt, love or even hatred; and in doing so, we should have to open up some strange views of the influence of imagination on the head and heart. It may be remarked that an excuse will be generally found for such fallacies in the very sources from which they spring; but no excuse can be found—on the contrary, in every sentence the fool scribbles, a glaring argument is shown in favour of his being put to a lingering and cruel death—the fool who keeps gossiping every week in the year, penny-a-line-wise, with a gawky face and a mawkish mind, about God’s creatures to whom reason has been denied, but instinct given, in order that they may be happy on moor and mountain, in the hedge-roots and on the tops of heaven-kissing trees—by the side of rills whose sweet low voice gives no echo in the wild, and on the hollow thunder of seas on which they sit in safety around the sinking ship, or from all her shrieks flee away to some island and are at rest.

Turn to the true Ornithologist, and how beautiful, each in the adaptation of its own structure to its own life, every bird that walks the land, wades the water, or skims the air! In his pages, pictured by pen or pencil, all is wondrous—as nature ever is to

“The quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on its own heart,”

even while gazing on the inferior creatures of that creation to which we belong, and are linked in being’s mysterious chain—till our breath, like theirs, expire. All is wondrous—but nothing monstrous in his delineations—for the more we know of nature in her infinite varieties, her laws reveal themselves to us in more majestic simplicity, and we are inspired

with awe, solemn but sweet, by the incomprehensible, yet in part comprehended, magnificence of Truth. The writings of such men are the gospel of nature—and if the apocrypha be bound up along with it—’tis well; for in it, too, there is felt to be inspiration—and when, in good time, purified from error, the leaves all make but one Bible.

Hark to the loud, clear, mellow, bold song of the BLACKBIRD. There he flits along upon a strong wing, with his yellow bill visible in distance, and disappears in the silent wood. Not long silent. It is a spring-day in our imagination—his clay-wall nest holds his mate at the foot of the Silver-fir, and he is now perched on its pinnacle. That thrilling hymn will go vibrating down the stem till it reaches her brooding breast. The whole vernal air is filled with the murmur and the glitter of insects; but the blackbird’s song is over all other symptoms of love and life, and seems to call upon the leaves to unfold into happiness. It is on that one Tree-top, conspicuous among many thousands on the fine breast of wood—here and there, a pine mingling not unmeetly with the prevailing oak—that the forest-minstrel sits in his inspirations. The rock above is one which we have often climbed. There lies the glorious Loch and all its islands—one dearer than the rest to eye and imagination, with its old Religious House—year after year crumbling away unheeded into more entire ruin. Far away, a sea of mountains, with all their billowing summits distinct in the sky, and now uncertain and changeful as the clouds. Yonder Castle stands well on the peninsula among the trees which the herons inhabit. Those coppice-woods on the other shore, stealing up to the heathery rocks and sprinkled birches, are the haunts of the roe. That great glen, that stretches sullenly away into the distant darkness, has been for ages the birth and the death-place of the red-deer. The cry of an Eagle! There he hangs poised in the sunlight, and now he flies off towards the sea. But again the song of our BLACKBIRD rises like “a steam of rich distilled perfumes,” and our heart comes back to him upon the pinnacle of his own Home-tree. The source of song is yet in the happy creature’s heart—but the song itself has subsided, like a rivulet that has been rejoicing in a sudden shower among the hills; the bird drops down among the balmy branches, and the other faint songs which that bold anthem had drowned, are heard at a distance, and seem to encroach every moment on the silence.

You say you greatly prefer the song of the THRUSH. Pray, why set such delightful singers by the ears? We dislike the habit that very many people have of trying every thing by a scale. Nothing seems to them to be good positively—only relatively. Now, it is true wisdom to be charmed with what is charming, to live in it for the time being, and compare the emotion with no former emotion whatever—unless it be unconsciously in the working of an imagination set agoing by delight. Although, therefore, we cannot say that we prefer the Thrush to the Blackbird, yet we agree with you in thinking him a most delightful

bird. Where a Thrush is, we defy you to anticipate his song in the morning. He is indeed an early riser. By the way, Chanticleer is far from being so. You hear him crowing away from shortly after midnight, and, in your simplicity, may suppose him to be up and strutting about the premises. Far from it;—he is at that very moment perched in his polygamy, between two of his fattest wives. The sultan will perhaps not stir a foot for several hours to come; while all the time the Thrush, having long ago rubbed his eyes, is on his topmast twig, broad awake, and charming the ear of dawn with his beautiful vociferation. During mid-day he disappears, and is mute; but again, at dewy even, as at dewy morn, he pours his pipe like a prodigal, nor ceases sometimes when night has brought the moon and stars.

Best beloved, and most beautiful of all Thrushes that ever broke from the blue-spotted shell!—thou who, for five springs, hast “hung thy procreant cradle” among the roses and honeysuckles, and ivy, and clematis that embower in bloom the lattice of our Cottage-study—how farest thou now in the snow? Consider the whole place as your own, my dear bird; and remember, that when the gardener’s children sprinkle food for you and yours all along your favourite haunts, that it is done by our orders. And when all the earth is green again, and all the sky blue, you will welcome us to our rural domicile, with light feet running before us among the winter leaves, and then skim away to your new nest in the old spot, then about to be somewhat more cheerful in the undisturbing din of the human life within the flowery walls.

Nay—how can we forget what is for ever before our eyes! Blessed be Thou—on thy shadowy bed, belonging equally to earth and heaven—O Isle! who art called the Beautiful! and who of thyself canst make all the Lake one floating Paradise—even were her shore-hills silvan no more—groveless the bases of all her remoter mountains—effaced that loveliest splendour, sun-painted on their sky-piercing cliffs. And can it be that we have forsaken Thee! Fairy-land and Love-land of our youth! Hath imagination left our brain, and passion our heart, so that we can bear banishment from Thee and yet endure life! Such loss not yet is ours—witness these gushing tears. But Duty, “stern daughter of the voice of God,” dooms us to breathe our morning and evening orisons far from hearing and sight of Thee, whose music and whose light continue gladdening other ears and other eyes—as if ours had there never listened—and never gazed. As if thy worshipper—and sun! moon! and stars! he asks ye if he loved not you and your images—as if thy worshipper—O Windermere! were—dead! And does duty dispense no reward to them who sacrifice at her bidding what was once the very soul of life? Yes! an exceeding great reward—ample as the heart’s desire—for contentment is born of obedience—where no repinings are, the wings of thought are impeded beyond the power of the eagle’s plumes; and happy are we now—with the human smiles and voices we love even more than

thine, thou fairest region of nature! happier than when we rippled in our pinnace through the billowy moonlight—than when we sat alone on the mountain within the thunder-cloud.

Why do the songs of the Blackbird and Thrush make us think of the songless STARLING? It matters not. We do think of him, and see him too—a loveable bird, and his abode is majestic. What an object of wonder and awe is an old Castle to a boyish imagination! Its height how dreadful! up to whose mouldering edges his fear carries him, and hangs him over the battlements! What beauty in those unapproachable wall-flowers, that cast a brightness on the old brown stones of the edifice, and make the horror pleasing? That sound so far below, is the sound of a stream the eye cannot reach—of a waterfall echoing for ever among the black rocks and pools. The school-boy knows but little of the history of the old Castle—but that little is of war, and witchcraft, and imprisonment, and bloodshed. The ghostly glimmer of antiquity appals him—he visits the ruin only with a companion, and at mid-day. There and then it was that we first saw a Starling. We heard something wild and wonderful in their harsh scream, as they sat upon the edge of the battlements, or flew out of the chinks and crannies. There were Martens too, so different in their looks from the pretty House-Swallows—Jack-daws clamouring afresh at every time we waved our caps, or vainly slung a pebble towards their nests—and one grove of elms, to whose top, much lower than the castle, came, ever and anon, some noiseless Heron from the Muirs.

Ruins! Among all the external objects of imagination, surely they are most affecting! Some sumptuous edifice of a former age, still standing in its undecayed strength, has undoubtedly a great command over us, from the ages that have flowed over it; but the mouldering edifice which Nature has begun to win to herself, and to dissolve into her own bosom, is far more touching to the heart, and more awakening to the spirit. It is beautiful in its decay—not merely because green leaves, and wild flowers, and creeping mosses soften its rugged frowns, but because they have sown themselves on the decay of greatness; they are monitors to our fancy, like the flowers on a grave, of the untroubled rest of the dead. Battlements riven by the hand of time, and cloistered arches reft and rent, speak to us of the warfare and of the piety of our ancestors, of the pride of their might, and the consolations of their sorrow: they revive dim shadows of departed life, evoked from the land of forgetfulness; but they touch us more deeply when the brightness which the sun flings on the broken arches, and the warbling of birds that are nestled in the chambers of princes, and the moaning of winds through the crevices of towers, round which the surges of war were shattered and driven back, lay those phantoms again to rest in their silent bed, and show us, in the monuments of human life and power, the visible footsteps of Time and Oblivion coming on in their everlasting and irresistible career, to sweep down our perishable race, and to reduce all the forms of our momentary

being into the undistinguishable elements of their original nothing.

What is there below the skies like the place of mighty and departed cities? the vanishing or vanished capitals of renowned empires? There is no other such desolation. The solitudes of nature may be wild and drear, but they are not like the solitude from which human glory is swept away. The overthrow or decay of mighty human power is, of all thoughts that can enter the mind, the most overwhelming. The whole imagination is at once stirred by the prostration of that, round which so many high associations have been collected for so many ages. Beauty seems born but to perish, and its fragility is seen and felt to be inherent in it by a law of its being. But power gives stability, as it were, to human thought, and we forget our own perishable nature in the spectacle of some abiding and enduring greatness. Our own little span of years—our own confined region of space—are lost in the endurance and far-spread dominion of some mighty state, and we feel as if we partook of its deep-set and triumphant strength. When, therefore, a great and ancient empire falls into pieces, or when fragments of its power are heard rent asunder, like column after column disparting from some noble edifice, in sad conviction, we feel as if all the cities of men were built on foundations beneath which the earthquake sleeps. The same doom seems to be imminent over all the other kingdoms that still stand; and in the midst of such changes, and decays, and overthrows—or as we read of them of old—we look, under such emotions, on all power as foundationless, and in our wide imagination embrace empires covered only with the ruins of their desolation. Yet such is the pride of the human spirit, that it often unconsciously, under the influence of such imagination, strives to hide from itself the utter nothingness of its mightiest works. And when all its glories are visibly crumbling into dust, it creates some imaginary power to overthrow the fabrics of human greatness—and thus attempts to derive a kind of mournful triumph even in its very fall. Thus, when nations have faded away in their sins and vices, rotten at the heart and palsied in all their limbs, we strive not to think of that sad internal decay, but imagine some mighty power smiting empires and cutting short the records of mortal magnificence. Thus, Faith and Destiny are said in our imagination to lay our glories low. Thus, even the calm and silent air of Oblivion has been thought of as an unsparring Power. Time, too, though in moral sadness wisely called a shadow, has been clothed with terrific attributes, and the sweep of his scythe has shorn the tovery diadem of cities. Thus the mere sigh in which we expire, has been changed into active power—and all the nations have with one voice called out "Death!" And while mankind have sunk, and fallen, and disappeared in the helplessness of their own mortal being, we have still spoken of powers arrayed against them—powers that are in good truth only another name for their own weaknesses. Thus imagination is for ever fighting against truth—and even when humbled, her

visions are sublime—conscious even amongst the saddest ruin of her own immortality.

Higher and higher than ever rose the tower of Belus, uplifted by ecstasy, soars the Lark, the lyrical poet of the sky. Listen, listen! and the more remote the bird the louder seems his hymn in heaven. He seems, in such altitude, to have left the earth for ever, and to have forgotten his lowly nest. The primroses and the daisies, and all the sweet hill-flowers, must be unremembered in that lofty region of light. But just as the Lark is lost—he and his song together—as if his orisons had been accepted—both are seen and heard fondly wavering earthwards, and in a little while he is walking with his graceful crest contented along the furrows of the braided corn, or on the clover lea that in man's memory has not felt the ploughshare; or after a pause, in which he seems dallying with a home-sick passion, dropping down like one dead, beside his mate in her shallow nest.

Of all birds to whom is given dominion over the air, the Lark alone lets loose the power that is in his wings only for the expression of love and gratitude. The eagle sweeps in passion of hunger—poised in the sky his ken is searching for prey on sea or sward—his flight is ever animated by destruction. The dove seems still to be escaping from something that pursues—afraid of enemies even in the dangerless solitudes where the old forests repose in primeval peace. The heron, high over houseless moors, seems at dusk fearful in her laborious flight, and wearily gathers her long wings on the tree-top, as if thankful that day is done, and night again ready with its rest. "The blackening trains o' craws to their repose" is an image that affects the heart of "mortal man who liveth here by toil," through sympathy with creatures partaking with him a common lot. The swallow, for ever on the wing, and wheeling fitfully before fancy's eyes in element adapted for perpetual pastime, is flying but to feed—for lack of insects prepares to forsake the land of its nativity, and yearns for the blast to bear it across the sea. Thou alone, O Lark! hast wings given thee that thou mayest be perfectly happy—none other bird but thou can at once soar and sing—and heavenward thou seemest to be borne, not more by those twinkling pinions than by the ever-varying, ever-deepening melody effusing from thy heart.

How imagination unifies! then most intensive when working with and in the heart. Who thinks, when profoundly listening with his eyes shut to the warbling air, that there is another lark in creation? The lark—sole as the season—or the rainbow. We can fancy he sings to charm our own particular ear—to please us descends into silence—for our sakes erects his crest as he walks confidently near our feet. Not till the dream-circle, of which ourselves are the centre, dissolves or subsides, do the fairest sights and sweetest sounds in nature lose their relationship to us the beholder and hearer, and relapse into the common property of all our kind. To self appertains the whole sensuous as well as the whole spiritual world. Egoism is the creator of all beauty

and all bliss, of all hope and of all faith. Even thus doth imagination unify Sabbath worship. All our beloved Scotland is to the devout breast on that day one House of God. Each congregation—however far apart—hears but one hymn—sympathy with all is an all-comprehensive self—and Christian love of our brethren is evolved from the conviction that we have ourselves a soul to be saved or lost.

Yet, methinks, imagination loveth just as well to pursue an opposite process, and to furnish food to the heart in separate picture after separate picture, one and all imbued not with the same but congenial sentiment, and therefore succeeding one another at her will, be her will intimated by mild bidding or imperial command. In such mood imagination, in still series, visions a thousand parish-kirks, each with its own characteristic localities, Sabbath-sanctified; distributes the beauty of that hallowed day in allotments all over the happy land—so that in one Sabbath there are a thousand Sabbaths.

Keep caroling, then, altogether, ye countless Larks, till heaven is one hymn! Imagination thinks she sees each particular field that sends up its own singer to the sky—that the spot of each particular nest. And of the many hearts all over loveliest Scotland in the sweet vernal season a-listening your lays, she is with the quiet beatings of the happy, with the tumult in them that would wish to break! The little maiden by the well in the brae-side above the cottage, with the Bible on her knees, left in tendance of an infant—the palsied crone placed safely in the sunshine till after service—the sickly student meditating in the shade, and somewhat sadly thinking that these spring flowers are the last his eyes may see—lovers walking together on the Sabbath before their marriage to the house of God—life-wearied wanderers without a home—remorseful men touched by the innocent happiness they cannot help hearing in heaven—the skeptic—the unbeliever—the atheist to whom “hope comes not that comes to all.” What different meanings to such different auditors hath the same music at the same moment filling the same sky!

Does the Lark ever sing in winter? Ay, sometimes January is visited with a May-day hour; and in the genial glimpse, though the earth be yet barer than the sky, the Lark, mute for months, feels called on by the sun to sing, not so near to heaven's gate, and a shorter than vernal lyric, or during that sweetest season when neither he nor you can say whether it is summer or but spring. Unmated yet, nor of mate solicitous, in pure joy of heart he cannot refrain from ascent and song; but the snow-clouds look cold, and ere he has mounted as high again as the church-spire, the aimless impulse dies, and he comes wavering down silently to the yet unprimrosed brae.

In our boyish days, we never felt that the Spring had really come till the clear-singing Lark went careering before our gladdened eyes away up to heaven. Then all the earth wore a vernal look, and the ringing sky said, “winter is over and gone.” As we roamed, on a holiday, over the wide pastoral moors, to angle in the lochs and pools, unless the day were

very cloudy the song of some lark or other was still warbling aloft, and made a part of our happiness. The creature could not have been more joyful in the skies than we were on the greensward. We, too, had our wings, and flew through our holiday. Thou soul of glee! who still leddest our flight in all our pastimes—representative child of Erin!—wildest of the wild—brightest of the bright—boldest of the bold!—the lark-loved vales in their stillness were no home for thee. The green glens of ocean, created by swelling and subsiding storms, or by calms around thy ship transformed into immeasurable plains, they filled thy fancy with images dominant over the memories of the steadfast earth. The pettrel and the halcyon were the birds the sailor loved, and he forgot the songs of the inland woods in the moanings that haunt the very heart of the tumultuous sea. Of that ship nothing was ever known but that she perished. He, too, the grave and thoughtful English boy, whose exquisite scholarship we all so enthusiastically admired, without one single particle of hopeless envy—and who accompanied us on all our wildest expeditions, rather from affection to his playmates than any love of their sports—he who, timid and unadventurous as he seemed to be, yet rescued little Marian of the Brae from a drowning death when so many grown-up men stood aloof in selfish fear—gone, too, for ever art thou, our beloved Edward Harrington! and, after a few brilliant years in the oriental clime,

—“on Hoogley's banks afar,
Looks down on thy lone tomb the Evening Star.”

How genius shone o'er thy fine features, yet how pale thou ever wast! thou who sat'st then by the Sailor's side, and listened to his sallies with a mournful smile—friend! dearest to our soul! loving us far better than we deserved; for though faultless thou, yet tolerant of all our frailties—and in those days of hope from thy lips how elevating was praise! Yet how seldom do we think of thee! For months—years—not at all—not once—sometimes not even when by some chance we hear your name! It meets our eyes written on books that once belonged to you and that you gave us—and yet of yourself it recalls no image. Yet we sank down to the floor on hearing thou wast dead—ungrateful to thy memory for many years we were not—but it faded away till we forgot thee utterly, except when sleep showed thy grave!

Methinks we hear the song of the GRAY LINTIE, the darling bird of Scotland. None other is more tenderly sung of in our old ballads. When the simple and fervent love-poets of our pastoral times first applied to the maiden the words, “my bonnie burdie,” they must have been thinking of the Gray Lintie—its plumage ungauzy and soberly pure—its shape elegant yet unobtrusive—and its song various without any effort—now rich, gay, sprightly, but never rude nor riotous—now tender, almost mournful, but never gloomy or desponding. So, too, are all its habits, endearing and delightful. It is social, yet not averse to solitude, singing often in groups, and as often by itself in the

furze brake, or on the briery knoll. You often find the lintie's nest in the most solitary places—in some small self-sown clump of trees by the brink of a wild hill-stream, or on the tangled edge of a forest; and just as often you find it in the hedgerow of the cottage garden or in a bower within, or even in an old gooseberry bush that has grown into a sort of tree.

One wild and beautiful place we well remember—ay, the very bush in which we first found a gray lintie's nest—for in our parish, from some cause or other, it was rather a rarish bird. That far-away day is as distinct as the present now. Imagine, friend, first, a little well surrounded with wild cresses on the moor; something like a rivulet flows from it, or rather you see a deep tinge of verdure, the line of which, you believe, must be produced by the oozing moisture—you follow it, and by and by there is a descent palpable to your feet—then you find yourself between low broomy knolls, that, heightening every step, become erelong banks, and braes, and hills. You are surprised now to see a stream, and look round for its source—and there seem now to be a hundred small sources in fissures and spring on every side—you hear the murmurs of its course over beds of sand and gravel—and hark, a waterfall! A tree or two begins to shake its tresses on the horizon—a birch or a rowan. You get ready your angle—and by the time you have panniered three dozen, you are at a wooden bridge—you fish the pool above it with the delicate dexterity of a Boaz, capture the monarch of the flood, and on lifting your eyes from his starry side as he gasps his last on the silvery shore, you behold a Cottage, at one gable-end an ash, at the other a sycamore, and standing perhaps at the lonely door, a maiden like a fairy or an angel.

This is the Age of Confessions; and why, therefore, may we not make a confession of first-love? We had finished our sixteenth year—and we were almost as tall as we are now; for our figure was then straight as an arrow, and almost like an arrow in its flight. We had given over bird-nesting—but we had not ceased to visit the dell where first we found the Gray Lintie's brood. Tale-writers are told by critics to remember that the young shepherdesses of Scotland are not beautiful as the fiction of a poet's dream. But she was beautiful beyond poetry. She was so then, when passion and imagination were young—and her image, her undying, unfading image, is so now, when passion and imagination are old, and when from eye and soul have disappeared much of the beauty and glory both of nature and life. We loved her from the first moment that our eyes met—and we see their light at this moment—the same soft, burning light, that set body and soul on fire. She was but a poor shepherd's daughter; but what was that to us, when we heard her voice singing one of her old plaintive ballads among the braes?—When we sat down beside her—when the same plaid was drawn over our shoulders in the rain-storm—when we asked her for a kiss, and was not refused—for what had she to fear in her beauty, and her innocence, and her filial piety?—and were we not a mere boy, in the bliss of passion,

ignorant of deceit or dishonour, and with a heart open to the eyes of all as to the gates of heaven? What music was in that stream! Could "Sabeian odours from the spicy shores of Araby the Blest" so penetrate our soul, as that breath, balmy than the broom on which we sat, forgetful of all other human life! Father, mother, brothers, sisters, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, and all the tribe of friends that would throw us off—if we should be so base and mad as to marry a low-born, low-bread, ignorant, uneducated, crafty, ay, crafty and designing beggar—were all forgotten in our delirium—if indeed it were delirium—and not an everlastingly-sacred devotion to nature and to truth. For in what were we deluded? A voice—a faint and dewy voice—deadened by the earth that fills up her grave, and by the turf that, at this very hour, is expanding its primroses to the dew of heaven—answers, "In nothing!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaims some reader in derision. "Here's an attempt at the pathetic!—a miserable attempt indeed; for who cares about the death of a mean hut girl?—we are sick of low life." Why, as to that matter, who cares for the death of any one mortal being? Who weeps for the death of the late Emperor of all the Russias? Who wept over Napoleon the Great? When Chatham or Burke, Pitt or Fox died—don't pretend to tell lies about a nation's tears. And if yourself, who, perhaps, are not in low life, were to die in half an hour, (don't be alarmed,) all who knew you—except two or three of your bosom friends, who, partly from being somewhat dull, and partly from wishing to be decent, might whine—would walk along George's Street, at the fashionable hour of three, the very day after your funeral. Nor would it ever enter their heads to abstain from a dinner at the Club, ordered perhaps by yourself a fortnight ago, at which time you were in rude health, merely because you had foolishly allowed a cold to fasten upon your lungs, and carry you off in the prime and promise of your professional life. In spite of all your critical slang, therefore, Mr. Editor, or Master Contributor to some Literary Journal, she, though a poor *Scottish Herd*, was most beautiful; and when, but a week after taking farewell of her, we went, according to our tryst, to fold her in our arms, and was told by her father that she was dead,—ay, dead—that she had no existence—that she was in a coffin,—when we awoke from the dead-fit in which we had lain on the floor of that cottage, and saw her in her grave-clothes within an hour to be buried—when we stood at her burial—and knew that never more were we or the day to behold her presence—we learned then how immeasurably misery can surpass happiness—that the soul is ignorant of its own being, till all at once a thunder-stone plunges down its depths, and groans gurgle upwards upbraiding Heaven.

How easily can the heart change its mood from the awful to the solemn—from the solemn to the sweet—and from the sweet to the gay—while the mirth of this careless moment is unconsciously tempered by the influence of that holy hour that has subsided but not died, and

continues to colour the most ordinary emotion, as the common things of earth look all lovelier in imbibed light, even after the serene moon that had yielded it is no more visible in her place! Most gentle are such transitions in the calm of nature and of the heart; all true poetry is full of them; and in music how pleasant are they or how affecting! Those alternations of tears and smiles, of fervent aspirations and of quiet thoughts! The organ and the Æolian harp! As the one has ceased pealing praise, we can list the other whispering it—nor feels the soul any loss of emotion in the change—still true to itself and its wondrous nature—just as it is so when from the sunset clouds it turns its eyes to admire the beauty of a dew-drop or an insect's wing.

Now, we hear many of our readers crying out against the barbarity of confining the free denizens of the air in wire or wicker Cages. Gentle readers, do, we pray, keep your compassion for other objects. Or, if you are disposed to be argumentative with us, let us just walk down-stairs to the larder, and tell the public truly what we there behold—three brace of partridges, two ditto of moorfowl, a cock pheasant, poor fellow,—a man and his wife of the aquatic or duck kind, and a woodcock, vainly presenting his long Christmas bill—

"Some sleeping kill'd—
All murder'd."

Why, you are indeed a most logical reasoner, and a most considerate Christian, when you launch out into an invective against the cruelty exhibited in our Cages. Let us leave this den of murder, and have a glass of our home-made frontignac in our own Sanctum. Come, come, sir—look on this newly-married couple of CANARIES.—The architecture of their nest is certainly not of the florid order, but my Lady Yellowlees sits on it a well-satisfied bride. Come back in a day or two, and you will see her nursing triplets. Meanwhile, hear the ear-piercing fife of the bridegroom!—Where will you find a set of happier people, unless perhaps it be in our parlour, or our library, or our nursery? For, to tell you the truth, there is a cage or two in almost every room of the house. Where is the cruelty—here, or in your blood-stained larder? But you must eat, you reply. We answer—not necessarily birds. The question is about birds—cruelty to birds; and were that sagacious old wild-geese, whom one single moment of heedlessness brought last Wednesday to your hospitable board, at this moment alive, to bear a part in our conversation, can you dream that, with all your ingenuity and eloquence, you could persuade him—the now defunct and dissected—that you had been under the painful necessity of eating him with stuffing and apple-sauce?

It is not in nature that an ornithologist should be cruel—he is most humane. Mere skin-stuffers are not ornithologists—and we have known more than one of that tribe who would have had no scruple in strangling their own mothers, or reputed fathers. Yet if your true ornithologist cannot catch a poor dear bird alive, he must kill it—and leave you to weep for its death. There must be a few victims out of myriads of millions—and thousands

and tens of thousands are few; but the ornithologist knows the seasons when death is least afflictive—he is merciful in his wisdom—for the spirit of knowledge is gentle—and "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," reconcile him to the fluttering and ruffled plumage blood-stained by death. 'Tis hard, for example, to be obliged to shoot a Zenaida dove! Yet a Zenaida dove must die for Audubon's Illustrations. How many has he loved in life, and tenderly preserved! And how many more pigeons of all sorts, cooked in all styles, have you devoured—ay twenty for his one—you being a glutton and epicure in the same inhuman form, and he being contented at all times with the plainest fare—a salad perhaps of water-cresses plucked from a spring in the forest glade, or a bit of pemmican, or a wafer of portable soup melted in the pot of some squatter—and shared with the admiring children before a drop has been permitted to touch his own abstemious lips.

The intelligent author of the "Treatise on British Birds" does not condescend to justify the right we claim to encage them; but he shows his genuine humanity in instructing us how to render happy and healthful their imprisonment. He says very prettily, "What are town gardens and shrubberies in squares, but an attempt to ruralize the city? So strong is the desire in man to participate in country pleasures, that he tries to bring some of them even to his room. Plants and birds are sought after with avidity, and cherished with delight. With flowers he endeavours to make his apartments resemble a garden; and thinks of groves and fields, as he listens to the wild sweet melody of his little captives. Those who keep and take an interest in song-birds, are often at a loss how to treat their little warblers during illness, or to prepare the proper food best suited to their various constitutions; but that knowledge is absolutely necessary to preserve these little creatures in health; for want of it, young amateurs and bird-fanciers have often seen, with regret, many of their favourite birds perish."

Now, here we confess is a good physician. In Edinburgh we understand there are about five hundred medical practitioners on the human race—and we have dog-doctors and horse-doctors, who come out in numbers—but we have no bird-doctors. Yet often, too often, when the whole house rings, from garret to cellar, with the cries of children teething, or in the hooping-cough, the little linnet sits silent on his perch, a moping bunch of feathers, and then falls down dead, when his lifting life might have been saved by the simplest medicinal food skillfully administered. Surely if we have physicians to attend our treadmills, and regulate the diet and day's work of merciless ruffians, we should not suffer our innocent and useful prisoners thus to die unattended. Why do not the Ladies of Edinburgh form themselves into a Society for this purpose?

Not one of all the philosophers in the world has been able to tell us what is happiness. Sterne's Starling is weakly supposed to have been miserable. Probably he was one of the most contented birds in the universe. Does

confinement—the closest, most unaccompanied confinement—make one of ourselves unhappy? Is the shoemaker, sitting with his head on his knees, in a hole in the wall from morning to night, in any respect to be pitied? Is the solitary orphan, that sits all day sewing in a garret, while the old woman for whom she works is out washing, an object of compassion? or the widow of fourscore, hunkling over the embers, with a stump of a pipe in her toothless mouth? Is it so sad a thing indeed to be alone? or to have one's motions circumscribed within the narrowest imaginable limits? Nonsense all!

Then, gentle reader, were you ever in a Highland shieling? Often since you read our Recreations. It is built of turf, and is literally alive; for the beautiful heather is blooming, wild-flowers and walls and roof are one sound of bees. The industrious little creatures must have come several long miles for their balmy spoil. There is but one human creature in that shieling, but he is not at all solitary. He no more wearies of that lonesome place than do the sunbeams or the shadows. To himself alone he chaunts his old Gaelic songs, or frames wild ditties of his own to the raven or the red-deer. Months thus pass on; and he descends again to the lower country. Perhaps he goes to the wars—fights—bleeds—and returns to Badenoch or Lochaber; and once more, blending in his imagination the battles of his own regiment, in Egypt, Spain, or Flanders, with the deeds done of yore by Ossian sung, sits contented by the door of the same shieling, restored and beautified, in which he had dreamt away the summers of his youth.

What has become—we wonder—of Dartmoor Prison? During that long war its huge and hideous bulk was filled with Frenchmen—

—ay—

“Men of all climes—attach'd to none—were there;”

—a desperate race—robbers and reavers, and ruffians and rapers, and pirates and murderers mingled with the heroes who, fired by freedom, had fought for the land of lilies, with its vine-vales and “hills of sweet myrtle”—doomed to die in captivity, immured in that doleful mansion on the sullen moor. There thousands pined and wore away and wasted—and when not another groan remained within the bones of their breasts, they gave up the ghost. Young heroes prematurely old in baffled passions—life's best and strongest passions, that scorned to go to sleep but in the sleep of death. These died in their golden prime. With them went down into unpitied and unhonoured graves—for pity and honour dwell not in houses so haunted—veterans in their iron age—some self-smitten with ghastly wounds that let life finally bubble out of sinewy neck or shaggy bosom—or the poison-bowl convulsed their giant limbs unto unquivering rest. Yet there you saw a wild strange tumult of troubled happiness—which, as you looked into his heart, was transfigured into misery. Their volatile spirits fluttered in their cage, like birds that seem not to hate nor to be happy in confinement, but, hanging by beak or claws, to be often playing with the glittering wires—to be amus-

ing themselves, so it seems, with drawing up, by small enginery, their food and drink, which soon sickens, however, on their stomachs, till, with ruffled plumage, they are often found in the morning lying on their backs, with clenched feet, and neck bent as if twisted, on the scribbled sand, stone-dead. There you saw pale youths—boys almost like girls, so delicate looked they in that hot infected air which ventilate it as you will, is never felt to breathe on the face like the fresh air of liberty—once bold and bright midshipmen in frigate or first-rater, and saved by being picked up by the boats of the ship that had sunk her by one double-shotted broadside, or sent her in one explosion splintering into the sky, and splashing into the sea, in less than a minute the thunder silent, and the fiery shower over and gone—there you saw such lads as these, who used almost to weep if they got not duly the dear-desired letter from sister or sweetheart, and when they did duly get it, opened it with trembling fingers, and even then let drop some natural tears—there we saw them leaping and dancing, with gross gesticulations and horrid oaths obscene, with grim outcasts from nature, whose mustached mouths were rank with sin and pollution—monsters for whom hell was yawning—their mortal mire already possessed with a demon. There, wretched, wo-begone, and wearied out with recklessness and desperation, many wooed Chance and Fortune, who they hoped might yet listen to their prayers—and kept rattling the dice—cursing them that gave the indulgence—even in their cells of punishment for disobedience or mutiny. There you saw some, who in the crowded courts “sat apart retired,”—bringing the practised skill that once supported, or the native genius that once adorned life, to bear on beautiful contrivances and fancies elaborately executed with meanest instruments, till they rivalled or outdid the work of art assisted by all the ministries of science. And thus won they a poor pittance wherewithal to purchase some little comfort or luxury, or ornament to their persons; for vanity had not forsaken some in their rusty squalor, and they sought to please her, their mistress or their bride. There you saw accomplished men conjuring before their eyes, on the paper or the canvas, to feed the longings of their souls, the lights and the shadows of the dear days that far away were beautifying some sacred spot of “*la belle France*”—perhaps some festal scene, for love in sorrow is still true to remembered joy—where once with youths and maidens

“They led the dance beside the murmuring Loire.”

There you heard—and hushed then was all the hubbub—some clear silver voice, sweet almost as woman's, yet full of manhood in its depths, singing to the gay guitar, touched, though the musician was of the best and noblest blood of France, with a master's hand, “*La belle Gabrielle!*” And there might be seen, in the solitude of their own abstractions, men with minds that had sounded the profound of science, and, seemingly undisturbed by all that clamour, pursuing the mysteries of lines and numbers—conversing with the harmonious

and lofty stars of heaven, deaf to all the discord and despair of earth. Or religious still ever more than they—for those were mental, these spiritual—you beheld there men, whose heads before their time were becoming gray, meditating on their own souls, and in holy hope and humble trust in their Redeemer, if not yet prepared, perpetually preparing themselves for the world to come!

To return to Birds in Cages;—they are, when well, uniformly as happy as the day is long. What else could oblige them, whether they will or no, to burst out into song—to hop about so pleased and pert—to play such fantastic tricks, like so many whirligigs—to sleep so soundly, and to awake into a small, shrill, compressed twitter of joy at the dawn of light! So utterly mistaken was Sterne, and all the other sentimentalists, that his Starling, who he absurdly opined was wishing to get out, would not have stirred a peg had the door of his cage been flung wide open, but would have pecked like a very game-cock at the hand inserted to give him his liberty. Depend upon it that Starling had not the slightest idea of what he was saying; and had he been up to the meaning of his words, would have been shocked at his ungrateful folly. Look at Canaries, and Chaffinches, and Bullfinches, and “the rest,” how they amuse themselves for a while flitting about the room, and then, finding how dull a thing it is to be citizens of the world, bounce up to their cages, and shut the door from the inside, glad to be once more at home. Begin to whistle or sing yourself, and forthwith you have a duet or a trio. We can imagine no more perfectly tranquil and cheerful life than that of a Goldfinch in a cage in spring, with his wife and his children. All his social affections are cultivated to the utmost. He possesses many accomplishments unknown to his brethren among the trees—he has never known what it is to want a meal in times of the greatest scarcity; and he admires the beautiful frost-work on the windows, when thousands of his feathered friends are buried in the snow, or, what is almost as bad, baked up into pies, and devoured by a large supper-party of both sexes, who fortify their flummery and flirtation by such viands, and, remorseless, swallow dozens upon dozens of the warblers of the woods.

Ay, ay, Mr. Goldy! you are wondering what we are now doing, and speculating upon the scribbler with arch eyes and elevated crest, as if you would know the subject of his lucubrations. What the wiser or better wouldst thou be of human knowledge! Sometimes that little heart of thine goes pit-a-pat, when a great ugly, staring contributor thrusts his inquisitive nose within the wires—or when a strange cat glides round and round the room, fascinating thee with the glare of his fierce fixed eyes; but what is all that to the woes of an Editor!—Yes, sweet simpleton! do you not know that we are the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine—Christopher North! Yes, indeed, we are that very man—that selfsame much-calumniated man-monster and Ogre. There, there!—perch on our shoulder, and let us laugh together at the whole world.

SECOND CANTICLE.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE leads the van of our Birds of Prey—and there she sits in her usual carriage when in a state of rest. Her hunger and her thirst have been appeased—her wings are folded up in a dignified tranquillity—her talons, grasping a leafless branch, are almost hidden by the feathers of her breast—her sleepless eye has lost something of its ferocity—and the Royal Bird is almost serene in her solitary state on the cliff. The gorcock unalarmed crows among the moors and mosses—the blackbird whistles in the birken shaw—and the cony erects his ears at the mouth of his burrow, and whisks away frolicsome among the whins or heather.

There is no index to the hour—neither light nor shadow—no cloud. But from the composed aspect of the Bird, we may suppose it to be the hush of evening after a day of successful foray. The imps in the eyrie have been fed, and their hungry cry will not be heard till the dawn. The mother has there taken up her watchful rest, till in darkness she may glide up to her brood—the sire is somewhere sitting within her view among the rocks—a sentinel whose eye, and ear, and nostril are true, in exquisite fineness of sense, to their trust, and on whom rarely, and as if by a miracle, can steal the adventurous shepherd or huntsman, to wreak vengeance with his rifle on the spoiler of sheep-walk and forest-chase.

Yet sometimes it chanceth that the yellow lustre of her keen, wild, fierce eye is veiled, even in daylight, by the film of sleep. Perhaps sickness has been at the heart of the dejected bird, or fever wasted her wing. The sun may have smitten her, or the storm driven her against a rock. Then hunger and thirst—which, in pride of plumage she scorned, and which only made her fiercer on the edge of her unfed eyrie, as she whetted her beak on the flint-stone, and clutched the strong heather-stalks in her talons, as if she were anticipating prey—quell her courage, and in famine she eyes afar off the fowls she is unable to pursue, and with one stroke strike to earth. Her flight is heavier and heavier each succeeding day—she ventures not to cross the great glens with or without lochs—but flaps her way from rock to rock, lower and lower down along the same mountain-side—and finally, drawn by her weakness into dangerous descent, she is discovered at gray dawn far below the region of snow, assailed and insulted by the meanest carrion; till a bullet whizzing through her heart, down she topples, and soon is despatched by blows from the rifle-butt, the shepherd stretching out his foe's carcass on the sward, eight feet from wing tip to wing tip, with leg thick as his own wrist, and foot broad as his own hand.

But behold the Golden Eagle, as she has pounced, and is exulting over her prey! With her head drawn back between the crescent of her uplifted wings, which she will not fold till that prey be devoured, eye glaring cruel joy, neck-plumage bristling, tail-feathers fan-spread, and talons driven through the victim's entrails

and heart—there she is new-lighted on the ledge of a precipice, and fancy hears her yell and its echo. Beak and talons, all her life long, have had a stain of blood, for the murderess observes no Sabbath, and seldom dips them in loch or sea, except when dashing down suddenly among the terrified water-fowl from her watch-tower in the sky. The week-old fawn had left the doe's side but for a momentary race along the edge of the coppice; a rustle and a shadow—and the burden is borne off to the cliffs of Benevis. In an instant the small animal is dead—after a short exultation torn into pieces, and by eagles and eaglets devoured, its unswallowed or undigested bones mingle with those of many other creatures, encumbering the eyrie, and strewed around it over the bloody platform on which the young demons crawl forth to enjoy the sunshine.

Oh for the Life of an Eagle written by himself! It would outsell the Confessions even of the English Opium-Eater. Proudly would he, or she, write of birth and parentage. On the rock of ages he first opened his eyes to the sun, in noble instinct affronting and outstaring the light. The Great Glen of Scotland—hath it not been the inheritance of his ancestors for many thousand years? No polluting mixture of ignoble blood, from intermarriages of necessity or convenience with kite, buzzard, hawk, or falcon. No, the Golden Eagle of Glen-Fal-loch, surnamed the Sun-starers, have formed alliances with the Golden Eagles of Cruachan, Benlawers, Shehallion, and Lochnagair—the Lightning-Glints, the Flood-fallers, the Storm-wheelers, the Cloud-cleavers, ever since the deluge. The education of the autobiographer had not been intrusted to a private tutor. Parental eyes, beaks, and talons, provided sustenance for his infant frame; and in that capacious eyrie, year after year repaired by dry branches from the desert, parental advice was yelled into him, meet for the expansion of his instinct, as wide and wonderful as the reason of earth-crawling man. What a noble naturalist did he, in a single session at the College of the Cliff, become! Of the customs, and habits, and haunts of all inferior creatures, he speedily made himself master—ours included. Nor was his knowledge confined to theory, but reduced to daily practice. He kept himself in constant training—taking a flight of a couple of hundred miles before breakfast—paying a forenoon visit to the farthest of the Hebride Isles, and returning to dinner in Glenco. In one day he has flown to Norway on a visit to his uncle by the mother's side, and returned the next to comfort his paternal uncle, lying sick, at the Head of the Cambrian Dee. He soon learned to despise himself for having once yelled for food, when food was none; and to sit or sail, on rock or through ether, athirst and an hungered, but mute. The virtues of patience, endurance, and fortitude, have become with him, in strict accordance with the Aristotelian Moral Philosophy—habits. A Peripatetic Philosopher he could hardly be called—properly speaking, he belongs to the Solar School—an airy sect, who take very high ground, indulge in lofty flights, and are often lost in the clouds. Now and then a light

chapter might be introduced, setting forth how he and other youngsters of the Blood Royal were wont to take an occasional game at High Jinks, or tourney in air lists, the champions on opposite sides flying from the Perthshire and from the Argyleshire mountains, and encountering with a clash in the azure common, six thousand feet high. But the fever of love burned in his blood, and flying to the mountains of another continent, in obedience to the yell of an old oral tradition, he wooed and won his virgin bride—a monstrous beauty, wider-winged than himself, to kill or caress, and bearing the proof of her noble nativity in the radiant Iris that belongs in perfection of fierceness but to the Sun-starers, and in them is found, unimpaired by cloudiest clime, over the uttermost parts of the earth. The bridegroom and his bride, during the honey-moon, slept on the naked rock—till they had built their eyrie beneath its cliff-canopy on the mountain-brow. When the bride was “as Eagles wish to be who love their lords”—devoted unto her was the bridegroom, even as the cushat murmuring to his brooding mate in the central pine-grove of a forest. Tenderly did he drop from his talons, close beside her beak, the delicate spring lamb, or the too early leveret, owing to the hurried and imprudent marriage of its parents before March, buried in a living tomb on April's closing day. Through all thy glens, Albin! hadst thou reason to mourn, at the bursting of the shells that Queen-bird had been cherishing beneath her bosom. Aloft in heaven wheeled the Royal Pair, from rising to setting sun. Among the bright-blooming heather they espied the tartan'd shepherd, or hunter creeping like a lizard, and from behind the vain shadow of a rock watching with his rifle the flight he would fain see shorn of its beams. The flocks were thinned—and the bleating of desolate dams among the woolly people heard from many a brae. Poison was strewn over the glens for their destruction, but the Eagle, like the lion, preys not on carcasses; and the shepherd dogs howled in agony over the carrion in which they devoured death. Ha! was not that a day of triumph to the Sun-starers of Cruachan, when sky-hunting in couples, far down on the greensward before the ruined gateway of Kilchurn Castle, they saw, left all to himself in the sunshine, the infant heir of the Campbell of Breadalbane, the child of the Lord of Glenorchy and all its streams! Four talons in an instant were in his heart. Too late were the outcries from all the turrets; for ere the castle-gates were flung open, the golden head of the royal babe was lying in gore, in the Eyrie on the iron ramparts of Ben Slarive—his blue eyes dug out—his rosy cheeks torn—and his brains dropping from beaks that revelled yelling within the skull!—Such are a few hints for “Some Passages in the Life of the Golden Eagle, written by Himself,”—in one volume crown octavo—Blackwoods, Edinburgh and London.

O heavens and earth!—forests and barnyards! what a difference with a distinction between a GOLDEN EAGLE and a GREEN GOOSE! There, all neck and bottom, splay-footed, and hissing in miserable imitation of a serpent,

lolling from side to side, up and down like an ill-trimmed punt, the downy gosling waddles through the green mire, and, imagining that King George the Fourth is meditating mischief against him, cackles angrily as he plunges into the pond. No swan that "on still St. Mary's lake floats double, swan and shadow," so proud as he! He prides himself on being a gander, and never forgets the lesson instilled into him by his parents, soon as he chipt the shell in the nest among the nettles, that his ancestors saved the Roman Capitol. In process of time, in company with swine, he grazes on the common, and insults the Egyptians in their roving camp. Then comes the season of plucking—and this very pen bears testimony to his tortures. Out into the houseless winter is he driven—and, if he escapes being frozen into a lump of fat ice, he is crammed till his liver swells into a four-pounder—his cerebellum is cut by the cruel knife of a phrenological cook, and his remains buried with a cerement of apple sauce in the paunches of apoplectic aldermen, eating against each other at a civic feast! Such are a few hints for "Some Passages in the Life of a Green Goose," written by himself—in foolscap octavo—published by Quack and Co., Ludgate Lane, and sold by all booksellers in town and country.

Poor poets must not meddle with eagles. In the *Fall of Nineveh*, Mr. Atherstone describes a grand review of his army by Sardanapalus. Two million men are put into motion by the moving of the Assyrian flag-staff in the hand of the king, who takes his station on a mount conspicuous to all the army. This flag-staff, though "tall as a mast"—Mr. Atherstone does not venture to go on to say with Milton, "hewn on Norwegian hills," or "of some tall ammiral," though the readers' minds supply the deficiency—this mast was, we are told, for "two strong men a task;" but it must have been so for twenty. To have had the least chance of being all at once seen by two million of men, it could not have been less than fifty feet high—and if Sardanapalus waved the royal standard of Assyria round his head, Samson or O'Doherty must have been a joke to him. However, we shall suppose he did; and what was the result? Such shouts arose that the solid walls of Nineveh were shook, "and the firm ground made tremble." But this was not all.

"At his height,

A speck scarce visible, the eagle heard,
And felt his strong wing falter: terror-struck,
Fluttering and wildly screaming, down he sank—
Down through the quivering air: another shout,—
His talons droop—his sunny eye grows dark—
His strengthless pennons fail—plump down he falls,
Even like a stone. Amid the far-off hills,
With eye of fire, and shaggy mane uprear'd,
The sleeping lion in his den sprang up;
Listened awhile—then laid his monstrous mouth
Close to the floor, and breath'd hot roarings out
In fierce reply."

What think ye of that, John Audubon, Charles Bonaparte, J. Prideaux Selby, James Wilson, Sir William Jardine, and ye other European and American ornithologists? Pray, Mr. Atherstone, did you ever see an eagle—a speck in the sky? Never again suffer yourself, oh, dear sir! to believe old women's tales

of men on earth shooting eagles with their mouths; because the thing is impossible, ever had their mouthpieces had percussion-locks—had they been crammed with ammunition to the muzzle. Had a stray sparrow been fluttering in the air, he would certainly have got a fright, and probably a fall—nor would there have been any hope for a tom-tit. But an eagle—an eagle ever so many thousand feet aloft—poo, poo!—he would merely have muted on the roaring multitude, and given Sardanapalus an additional epaulette. Why, had a string of wild-geese at the time been warping their way on the wind, they would merely have shot the wedge firmer and sharper into the air, and answered the earth-born shout with an air-born gabble—clangour to clangour. Where were Mr. Atherstone's powers of ratiocination, and all his acoustics! Two shouts slew an eagle. What became of all the other denizens of air—especially crows, ravens, and vultures, who, seeing two millions of men, must have come flocking against a day of battle? Every mother's son of them must have gone to pot. Then what scrambling among the allied troops! And what was one eagle doing by himself "up-by yonder?" Was he the only eagle in Assyria—the secular bird of ages? Who was looking at him, first a speck—then faltering—then fluttering and wildly screaming—then plump down like a stone? Mr. Atherstone talks as if he saw it. In the circumstances he had no business with his "sunny eye growing dark." That is entering too much into the medical, or rather anatomical symptoms of his apoplexy, and would be better for a medical journal than an epic poem. But to be done with it—two shouts that slew an eagle a mile up the sky, must have cracked all the tympana of the two million shouters. The entire army must have become as deaf as a post. Nay, Sardanapalus himself, on the mount, must have been blown into the air as by the explosion of a range of gunpowder-mills; the campaign taken a new turn; and a revolution been brought about, of which, at this distance of place and time, it is not easy for us to conjecture what might have been the fundamental features on which it would have hinged—and thus an entirely new aspect given to all the histories of the world.

What is said about the lion, is to our minds equally picturesque and absurd. He was among the "far-off hills." How far, pray! Twenty miles! If so then, without a silver ear-trumpet he could not have heard the huzzas. If the far-off hills were so near Nineveh as to allow the lion to hear the huzzas even in his sleep, the epithet "far-off" should be altered, and the lion himself brought from the interior: But we cannot believe that lions were permitted to live in dens within ear-shot of Nineveh. Nimrod had taught them "never to come there no more"—and Semiramis looked sharp after the suburbs. But, not to insist unduly upon a mere matter of police, is it the nature of lions, lying in their dens among far-off hills, to start up from their sleep, and "breathe hot roarings out" in fierce reply to the shouts of armies! All stuff! Mr. Atherstone shows off his knowledge of natural his-

tory, in telling us that the said lion, in roaring, "laid his monstrous mouth close to the floor." We believe he does so; but did Mr. Atherstone learn the fact from Cuvier or from Wombwell? It is always dangerous to a poet to be too picturesque; and in this case, you are made, whether you will or no, to see an old, red, lean, mangy monster, called a lion, in his unhappy den in a menagerie, bathing his beard in the raw-dust, and from his toothless jaws "breathing hot roarings out," to the terror of servants-girls and children, in fierce reply to a man in a hairy cap and full suit of velveteen, stirring him up with a long pole, and denominating him by the sacred name of the great asserter of Scottish independence.

Sir Humphry Davy—in his own science the first man of his age—does not shine in his "Salmonia"—pleasant volume though it be—as an ornithologist. Let us see.

"POET.—The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake. The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a bold craggy outline; and the birch-wood below it, and the pines above, make a scene somewhat Alpine in character. But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!

"HAL.—You are right; it is an eagle, and of a rare and peculiar species—the gray or silver eagle, a noble bird! From the size of the animal, it must be the female; and her eyrie is that high rock. I dare say the male is not far off."

Sir Humphry speaks in his introductory pages of Mr. Wordsworth as a lover of fishing and fishermen; and we cannot help thinking and feeling that he intends Poietes as an image of that great Poet. What! William Wordsworth, the very high-priest of nature, represented to have seen an eagle for the first time in his life only then, and to have boldly ventured on a conjecture that such was the name and nature of the bird! "But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!" "Yes, you are right—it is an eagle." Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha! Sir Humphry—Sir Humphry—that guffaw was not ours—it came from the Bard of Rydal—albeit unused to the laughing mood—in the haunted twilight of that beautiful—that solemn Terrace.

Poietes having been confirmed, by the authority of Halieus, in his belief that the bird is an eagle, exclaims, agreeably to the part he plays, "Look at the bird! She dashes into the water, *falling like a rock* and raising a column of spray—she has fallen from a great height. And now she rises again into the air—*what an extraordinary sight!*" Nothing is so annoying as to be ordered to look at a sight which, unless you shut your eyes, it is impossible for you not to see. A person behaving in a boat like Poietes, deserved being flung overboard. "Look at the bird!" Why, every eye was already upon her; and if Poietes had had a single spark of poetry in his composition, he would have been struck mute by such a sight, instead of bawling out, open-mouthed and goggle-eyed, like a Cockney to a rocket at

Vauxhall. Besides, an eagle does not, when descending on her prey, fall like a rock. There is nothing like the "*vis inertia*" in her precipitation. You still see the self-willed energy of the ravenous bird, as the mass of plumes flashes in the spray—of which, by the by, there never was, nor will be, a column so raised. She is as much the queen of birds as she sinks as when she soars—her trust and her power are still seen and felt to be in her pinions, whether she shoots to or from the zenith—to a falling star she might be likened—just as any other devil—either by Milton or Wordsworth—for such a star seems to our eye and our imagination ever instinct with spirit, not to be impelled by exterior force, but to be self-shot from heaven.

Upon our word, we begin to believe that we ourselves deserve the name of Poietes much better than the gentleman who at threescore had never seen an eagle. "She has fallen from a great height," quoth the gentleman—"What an extraordinary sight!" he continueth—while we are mute as the oar suspended by the up-gazing Celt, whose quiet eye brightens as it pursues the Bird to her eyrie in the cliff over the cove where the red-deer feed.

Poietes having given vent to his emotions in such sublime exclamations—"Look at the bird!" "What an extraordinary sight!" might have thenceforth held his tongue, and said no more about eagles. But Halieus cries, "There! you see her rise with a fish in her talons"—and Poietes, very simply, or rather like a simpleton, returns for answer, "She gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found in this scene. Pray, are there many of these animals in this country?" A poet hardly expecting to find interest in such a scene as a great Highland loch—Loch Maree! "Pray, are there many of these animals in this country?" Loud cries of Oh! oh! oh! No doubt an eagle is an animal; like Mr. Cobbett or Mr. O'Connell "a very fine animal;" but we particularly, and earnestly, and anxiously, request Sir Humphry Davy not to call her so again—but to use the term bird, or any other term he chooses, except animal. Animal, a living creature, is too general, too vague by far; and somehow or other it offends our ear shockingly when applied to an eagle. We may be wrong, but in a trifling matter of this kind Sir Humphry surely will not refuse our supplication. Let him call a horse an animal, if he chooses—or an ass—or a cow—but not an eagle—as he loves us, not an eagle;—let him call it a bird—the Bird of Jove—the Queen or King of the Sky—or any thing else he chooses—but not an animal—no—no—no—not an animal, as he hopes to prosper, to be praised in Maga, embalmed and immortalized.

Neither ought Poietes to have asked if there were "*many of these animals*" in this country. He ought to have known that there are not many of these animals in any country. Eagles are proud—apt to hold their heads very high—and to make themselves scarce. A great many eagles all flying about together would look most absurd. They are aware of that, and fly in "ones and twos"—a couple perhaps to a county. Poietes might as well have asked

Mungo Park if there were a great many lions in Africa. Mungo, we think, saw but one; and that was one too much. There were probably a few more between Sego and Timbuctoo—but there are not a “great many of those animals in that country”—though quite sufficient for the purpose. How the Romans contrived to get at hundreds for a single show, perplexes our power of conjecture.

Haliæus says—with a smile on his lip surely—in answer to the query of Poietes—“Of this species I have seen but these two; and, I believe, the young ones migrate as soon as they can provide for themselves; for this solitary bird requires a large space to move and feed in, and does not allow its offspring to partake its reign, or to live near it.” This is all pretty true, and known to every child rising or risen six, except poor Poietes. He had imagined that there were “many of these animals in this country,” that they all went a-fishing together as amicably as five hundred sail of Manksmen among a shoal of herrings.

Throughout these Dialogues we have observed that Ornithier rarely opens his mouth. Why so taciturn? On the subject of birds he ought, from his name, to be well informed; and how could he let slip an opportunity, such as will probably never be afforded him again in this life, of being eloquent on the Silver Eagle? Ornithology is surely the department of Ornithier. Yet there is evidently something odd and peculiar in his idiosyncrasy; for we observe that he never once alludes to “these animals,” birds, during the whole excursion. He has not taken his gun with him into the Highlands, a sad oversight indeed in a gentleman who “is to be regarded as generally fond of the sports of the field.” Flappers are plentiful over all the moors about the middle of July; and hoodies, owls, hawks, ravens, make all first-rate shooting to sportsmen not over anxious about the pot. It is to be presumed, too, that he can stuff birds. What noble specimens might he not have shot for Mr. Selby! On one occasion, “the SILVER EAGLE” is preying in a pool within slug range, and there is some talk of shooting him—we suppose with an oar, or the butt of a fishing-rod, for the party have no fire-arms—but Poietes insists on sparing his life, because “these animals” are a picturesque accompaniment to the scenery, and “give it an interest which he had not expected to find” in mere rivers, lochs, moors, and mountains. Genus *Falco* must all the while have been laughing in his sleeve at the whole party—particularly at Ornithier—who, to judge from his general demeanour, may be a fair shot with number five at an old newspaper expanded on a barn-door twenty yards off, but never could have had the audacity to think in his most ambitious mood of letting off his gun at an Eagle.

But further, Haliæus, before he took upon him to speak so authoritatively about eagles, should have made himself master of their names and natures. He is manifestly no scientific ornithologist. We are. The general question concerning Eagles in Scotland may now be squeezed into very small compass. Exclusive of the true Osprey, (*Falco Haliæ-*

tus,) which is rather a large fishing-hawk than an eagle, there are two kinds, viz.—the GOLDEN EAGLE, (*F. Chrysaëtos*;) and the WHITE-TAILED or CYNEROUS EAGLE, (*F. Albicilla*.) The other two nominal species are disposed of in the following manner:—First, the RING-TAILED EAGLE (*F. Fulvus*) is the young of the Golden Eagle, being distinguished in early life by having the basal and central portion of the tail white, which colour disappears as the bird attains the adult state. Second, the SEA EAGLE, (*F. Ossifragus*;) commonly so called, is the young of the White-tailed Eagle above named, from which it differs in having a brown tail; for in this species the white of the tail becomes every year more apparent as the bird increases in age, whereas, in the Golden Eagle, the white altogether disappears in the adult.

It is to the RING-TAILED EAGLE, and, by consequence, to the GOLDEN EAGLE, that the name of BLACK EAGLE is applied in the Highlands.

The White-tailed or Sea Eagle, as it becomes old, attains, in addition to the pure tail, a pale or bleached appearance, from which it may merit and obtain the name of Gray or SILVER EAGLE, as Sir Humphry Davy chooses to call it; but it is not known among naturalists by that name. There is no other species, however, to which the name can apply; and, therefore, Sir Humphry has committed the very gross mistake of calling the Gray or Silver Eagle (to use his own nomenclature) a very rare Eagle, since it is the most common of all the Scots, and also—a *fortiori*—of all the English Eagles—being in fact the SEA EAGLE of the Highlands.

It preys often on fish dead or alive; but not exclusively, as it also attacks young lambs, and drives off the ravens from carrion prey, being less fastidious in its diet than the GOLDEN EAGLE, which probably kills its own meat—and has been known to carry off children; for a striking account of one of which hay-field robberies you have but a few minutes to wait.

As to its driving off its young, its habits are probably similar in this respect to other birds of prey, none of which appear to keep together in families after the young can shift for themselves; but we have never met with any one who has seen them in the act of driving. It is stated vaguely, in all books, of all eagles.

As to its requiring a large range to feed in—we have only to remark that, from the powerful flight of these birds, and the wild and barren nature of the countries which they inhabit, there can be no doubt that they fly far, and “prey in distant isles”—as Thomson has it; but Haliæus needed not have stated this circumstance as a character of this peculiar eagle—for an eagle with a small range does not exist; and therefore it is to be presumed that they require a large one.

Further, all this being the case, there seems to be no necessity for the old eagles giving themselves the trouble to drive off the young ones, who by natural instinct will fly off of their own accord, as soon as their wings can bear them over the sea. If an eagle were so partial to his native vale, as never on any account, hungry or thirsty, drunk or sober, to

venture into the next parish, why then the old people would be forced, on the old principle of self-preservation, to pack off their progeny to bed and board beyond Benevis. But an eagle is a Citizen of the World. He is friendly to the views of Mr. Huskisson on the Wool Trade, the Fisheries, and the Colonies—and acts upon the old adage,

“Every bird for himself, and God for us all!”

To conclude, for the present, this branch of our subject, we beg leave humbly to express our belief, that Sir Humphry Davy never saw the Eagle, by him called the Gray or Silver, hunting for fish in the style described in *Salmonia*. It does not dislike fish—but it is not its nature to keep hunting for them so, not in the Highlands at least, whatever it may do on American continent or isles. Sir Humphry talks of the bird dashing down repeatedly upon a pool within shot of the anglers. We have angled fifty times in the Highlands for Sir Humphry’s once, but never saw nor heard of such a sight. He has read of such things, and introduced them into this dialogue for the sake of effect—all quite right to do—had his reading lain among trustworthy Ornithologists. The common Eagle—which he ignorantly, as we have seen, calls so rare—is a shy bird, as all shepherds know—and is seldom within range of the rifle. Gorged with blood, they are sometimes run in upon and felled with a staff or club. So perished, in the flower of his age, that Eagle whose feet now form handles to the bell-ropes of our Sanctum at Buchanan Lodge—and are the subject of a clever copy of verses by Mullion, entitled “All the Talons.”

We said in “The Moors,” that we envied not the eagle or any other bird his wings, and showed cause why we preferred our own feet. Had Puck wings? If he had, we retract, and would sport Puck.

Oberon.

“Fetch me this herb—and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.”

Puck.

“I’ll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.”

How infinitely more poetical are wings like these than seven-league boots! We declare, on our conscience, that we would not accept the present of a pair of seven-league boots to-morrow—or, if we did, it would be out of mere politeness to the genie who might press them on us, and the wisest thing we could do would be to lock them up in a drawer out of the reach of the servants. Suppose that we wished to walk from Clovenford to Innerleithen—why, with seven-league boots on, one single step would take us up to Posso, seven miles above Peebles! That would never do. By mincing one’s steps, indeed, one might contrive to stop at Innerleithen; but suppose a gad-fly were to sting one’s hip at the Pirn—one unintentional stride would deposit Christopher at Drummelzier, and another over the Cruik, and far away down Annan water! Therefore, there is nothing like wings. On wings you can flutter—and glide—and float and soar—now like a humming-bird among the flowers—now like a

swan, half rowing, half sailing, and half flying adown a river—now like an eagle aloft in the blue ocean of heaven, or shooting sunwards, invisible in excess of light—and bidding farewell to earth and its humble shadows. “O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!” Who hath not, in some heavy hour or other, from the depth of his very soul, devoutly—passionately—hopelessly—breathed that wish to escape beyond the limits of wo and sin—not into the world of dreamless death; for weary though the immortal pilgrim may have been, never desired he the doom of annihilation, untroubled although it be, shorn of all the attributes of being—but he has prayed for the wings of the dove, because that fair creature, as she wheeled herself away from the sight of human dwellings, has seemed to disappear to his imagination among old glimmering forests, wherein she foldeth her wing and falleth gladly asleep—and therefore, in those agitated times when the spirits of men acknowledge kindred with the inferior creatures, and would fain interchange with them powers and qualities, they are willing even to lay down their intelligence, their reason, their conscience itself, so that they could but be blessed with the faculty of escaping from all the agonies that intelligence, and reason, and conscience alone can know, and beyond the reach of this world’s horizon to flee away and be at rest!

Puck says he will put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. At what rate is that per second, taking the circumference of the earth at 27,000 miles, more or less? There is a question for the mechanics, somewhat about as difficult of solution as Lord Brougham’s celebrated one of the Smuggler and the Revenue Cutter—for the solution of which he recommended the aid of algebra. It is not so quick as you would imagine. We forget the usual rate of a cannon-ball in good condition, when he is in training—and before he is at all blown. So do we forget, we are sorry to confess, the number of centuries that it would take a good, stout, well-made, able-bodied cannon-ball, to accomplish a journey to our planet from one of the fixed stars. The great difficulty, we confess, would be to get him safely conveyed thither. If that could be done, we should have no fear of his finding his way back, if not in our time, in that of our posterity. However red-hot he might have been on starting, he would be cool enough, no doubt, on his arrival at the goal; yet we should have no objection to back him against Time for a trifle—Time, we observe, in almost all matches being beat, often indeed by the most miserable hacks, that can with difficulty raise a gallop. Time, however, possibly runs booty; for when he does make play, it must be confessed that he is a spanker, and that nothing has been seen with such a stride since Eclipse.

O beautiful and beloved Highland Parish! in whose dashing glens our beating heart first felt the awe of solitude, and learned to commune (alas! to what purpose?) with the tumult of its own thoughts! The circuit of thy skies was indeed a glorious arena spread over the mountain-tops for the combats of the great

birds of prey! One wild cry or another was in the lift—of the hawk, or the glead, or the raven, or the eagle—or when those fiends slept, of the peaceful heron, and sea-bird by wandering boys pursued in its easy flight, till the snow-white child of ocean wavered away far inland, as if in search of a steadfast happiness unknown on the restless waves. Seldom did the eagle stoop to the challenge of the inferior fowl; but when he did, it was like a mailed knight treading down unknown men in battle. The hawks, and the gleads, and the ravens, and the carrion-crows, and the hooded-crows, and the rooks, and the magpies, and all the rest of the rural militia, forgetting their own feuds, sometimes came sallying from all quarters, with even a few facetious jackdaws from the old castle, to show fight with the monarch of the air. Amidst all that multitude of wings winnowing the wind, was heard the sough and whizz of those mighty vans, as the Royal Bird, himself an army, performed his majestic evolutions with all the calm confidence of a master in the art of aerial war, now shooting up half-a-thousand feet perpendicular, and now suddenly plumb-down into the rear of the croaking, cawing, and chattering battalions, cutting off their retreat to the earth. Then the rout became general, the missing, however, far outnumbering the dead. Keeping possession of the field of battle, hung the eagle for a short while motionless—till with one fierce yell of triumph he seemed to seek the sun, and disappear like a speck in the light, surveying half of Scotland at a glance, and a thousand of her isles.

Some people have a trick of describing incidents as having happened within their own observation, when in fact they were at the time lying asleep in bed, and disturbing the whole house with the snore of their dormitory. Such is too often the character of the eye-witnesses of the present age. Now, we would not claim personal acquaintance with an incident we had not seen—no, not for a hundred guineas per sheet; and, therefore, we warn the reader not to believe the following little story about an eagle and child (by the way, that is the Derby crest, and a favourite sign of inns in the north of England) on our authority. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by the schoolmaster of Naemanslaws, in the shire of Ayr; and if the incident never occurred, then must he have been one of the greatest liars that ever taught the young idea how to shoot. For our single selves, we are by nature credulous. Many extraordinary things happen in this life, and though "seeing is believing," so likewise "believing is seeing," as every one must allow who reads these our Recreations.

Almost all the people in the parish were leading in their meadow-hay (there were not in all its ten miles square twenty acres of ryegrass) on the same day of midsummer, so drying was the sunshine and the wind,—and huge heaped-up wains, that almost hid from view the horses that drew them along the sward, beginning to get green with second growth, were moving in all directions towards the snug farmyards. Never had the parish seemed before so populous. Jocund was the balmy air

with laughter, whistle, and song. But the Tree-gnomons threw the shadow of "one o'clock" on the green dial-face of the earth—the horses were unyoked, and took instantly to grazing—groups of men, women, lads, lasses, and children collected under grove, and bush, and hedge-row—graces were pronounced, some of them rather too tedious in presence of the mantling milk-cans, bullion-bars of butter, and crackling cakes; and the great Being who gave them that day their daily bread, looked down from his Eternal Throne, well-pleased with the piety of his thankful creatures.

The great Golden Eagle, the pride and the pest of the parish, stooped down, and away with something in his talons. One single sudden female shriek—and then shouts and outcries as if a church spire had tumbled down on a congregation at a sacrament. "Hannah Lamond's bairn! Hannah Lamond's bairn!" was the loud fast-spreading cry. "The Eagle's ta'en aff Hannah Lamond's bairn!" and many hundred feet were in another instant hurrying towards the mountain. Two miles of hill and dale, and copse and shingle, and many intersecting brooks, lay between; but in an incredibly short time the foot of the mountain was alive with people. The eyrie was well known, and both old birds were visible on the rockledge. But who shall scale that dizzy cliff, which Mark Stuart the sailor, who had been at the storming of many a fort, once attempted in vain? All kept gazing, or weeping, or wringing of hands, rooted to the ground, or running back and forwards, like so many ants essaying their new wings, in discomfiture. "What's the use—what's the use o' your puir human means! We have nae power but in prayer!" And many knelt down—fathers and mothers thinking of their own babies—as if they would force the deaf heavens to hear.

Hannah Lamond had all this while been sitting on a stone, with a face perfectly white, and eyes like those of a mad person, fixed on the eyrie. Nobody noticed her; for strong as all sympathies with her had been at the swoop of the Eagle, they were now swallowed up in the agony of eyesight. "Only last Sabbath was my sweet wee wean baptized in the name o' the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" and on uttering these words, she flew off through the brakes and over the huge stones, up—up—up—faster than ever huntsman ran in to the death—fearless as a goat playing among the precipices. No one doubted, no one could doubt, that she would soon be dashed to pieces. But have not people who walk in their sleep, obedient to the mysterious guidance of dreams, clomb the walls of old ruins, and found footing, even in decrepitude, along the edge of unguarded battlements, and down dilapidated stair-cases deep as draw wells or coal-pits, and returned with open, fixed, and unseeing eyes, unharmed to their beds at midnight? It is all the work of the soul, to whom the body is a slave; and shall not the agony of a mother's passion—who sees her baby, whose warm mouth had just left her breast, hurried off by a demon to a hideous death—bear her limbs aloft wherever there is dust to dust, till she reach that devouring den,

and fiercer and more furious than any bird of prey that ever bathed its beak in blood, throttle the fiends that with their heavy wing would fain flap her down the cliffs, and hold up her child in deliverance?

No stop—no stay—she knew not that she drew her breath. Beneath her feet Providence fastened every loose stone, and to her hands strengthened every root. How was she ever to descend? That fear, then, but once crossed her heart, as up—up—up—to the little image made of her own flesh and blood. "The God who holds me now from perishing—will not the same God save me when my child is at my breast?" Down came the fierce rushing of the Eagles' wings—each savage bird dashing close to her head, so that she saw the yellow of their wrathful eyes. All at once they quailed, and were cowed. Yelling, they flew off to the stump of an ash jutting out of a cliff, a thousand feet above the cataract; and the Christian mother, falling across the eyrie, in the midst of bones and blood, clasped her child—dead—dead—no doubt—but unmangled and untorn—and swaddled up just as it was when she laid it down asleep among the fresh hay in a nook of the harvest-field. Oh! what pang of perfect blessedness transfixed her heart from that faint, feeble cry—"It lives! it lives! it lives!" and baring her bosom, with loud laughter, and eyes dry as stones, she felt the lips of the unconscious innocent once more murmuring at the fount of life and love. "O, thou great and thou dreadful God! whither hast thou brought me—one of the most sinful of thy creatures! Oh! save me lest I perish, even for thy own name's sake! O Thou, who died to save sinners, have mercy upon me!" Cliffs, chasms, blocks of stone, and the skeletons of old trees—far—far down—and dwindled into specks a thousand creatures of her own kind, stationary or running to and fro! Was that the sound of the waterfall, or the faint roar of voices? Is that her native strath?—and that tuft of trees, does it contain the hut in which stands the cradle of her child? Never more shall it be rocked by her foot! Here must she die—and when her breast is exhausted—her baby too. And those horrid beaks, and eyes, and talons, and wings will return, and her child will be devoured at last, even within the dead arms that can protect it no more.

Where, all this while, was Mark Steuart, the sailor? Halfway up the cliffs. But his eyes had got dim, and his head dizzy, and his heart sick—and he who had so often reefed the top-gallant sail, when at midnight the coming of the gale was heard afar, covered his face with his hands, and dared look no longer on the swimming heights. "And who will take care of my poor bedridden mother?" thought Hannah, who, through exhaustion of so many passions, could no more retain in her grasp the hope she had clutched in despair. A voice whispered "God." She looked round expecting to see a spirit; but nothing moved except a rotten branch, that, under its own weight, broke off from the crumbling rock. Her eye—by some secret sympathy with the inanimate object—watched its fall—and it seemed to stop,

not far off, on a small platform. Her child was bound upon her shoulders—she knew not how or when—but it was safe—and scarcely daring to open her eyes, she slid down the shelving rocks, and found herself on a small piece of firm root-bound soil, with the tops of bushes appearing below. With fingers suddenly strengthened into the power of iron, she swung herself down by brier, and broom, and heather, and dwarf-birch. There, a loosened stone leapt over a ledge, and no sound was heard, so profound was its fall. There, the shingle rattled down the scree, and she hesitated not to follow. Her feet bounded against the huge stone that stopped them; but she felt no pain. Her body was callous as the cliff. Steep as the wall of a house was now the side of the precipice. But it was matted with ivy centuries old—long ago dead, and without a single green leaf—but with thousands of arm-thick stems petrified into the rock, and covering it as with a trellice. She felt her baby on her neck, and with hands and feet clung to that fearful ladder. Turning round her head, and looking down, she saw the whole population of the parish—so great was the multitude—on their knees. She heard the voice of psalms—a hymn breathing the spirit of one united prayer. Sad and solemn was the strain—but nothing dirge-like—sounding not of death, but deliverance. Often had she sung that tune—perhaps the very words—but them she heard not—in her own hut, she and her mother—or in the kirk, along with all the congregation. An unseen hand seemed fastening her fingers to the ribs of ivy, and in sudden inspiration, believing that her life was to be saved, she became almost as fearless as if she had been changed into a winged creature. Again her feet touched stones and earth—the psalm was hushed—but a tremulous sobbing voice was close beside her, and a she-goat with two little kids at her feet. "Wild heights," thought she, "do these creatures climb—but the dam will lead down her kids by the easiest paths; for in the brute creatures holy is the power of a mother's love!" and turning round her head, she kissed her sleeping baby, and for the first time she wept.

Overhead frowned the front of the precipice, never touched before by human hand or foot. No one had ever dreamt of scaling it, and the Golden Eagles knew that well in their instinct, as, before they built their eyrie, they had brushed it with their wings. But the downwards part of the mountain-side, though scared, and seamed, and chasmed, was yet accessible—and more than one person in the parish had reached the bottom of the Glead's Cliff. Many were now attempting it—and ere the cautious mother had followed her dumb guides a hundred yards, through among dangers that, although enough to terrify the stoutest heart, were traversed by her without a shudder, the head of one man appeared, and then the head of another, and she knew that God had delivered her and her child into the care of their fellow-creatures. Not a word was spoken—she hushed her friends with her hands—and with uplifted eyes pointed to the guides sent to her by Heaven. Small green plats, where

those creatures nibble the wild-flowers, became now more frequent—trodden lines, almost as plain as sheep-paths, showed that the dam had not led her young into danger; and now the brushwood dwindled away into straggling shrubs, and the party stood on a little eminence above the stream, and forming part of the strath.

There had been trouble and agitation, much sobbing and many tears, among the multitude, while the mother was scaling the cliffs—sublime was the shout that echoed afar the moment she reached the eyrie—then had succeeded a silence deep as death—in a little while arose that hymning prayer, succeeded by mute supplication—the wildness of thankful and congratulatory joy had next its sway—and now that her salvation was sure, the great crowd rustled like a wind-swept wood. And for whose sake was all this alternation of agony? A poor humble creature, unknown to many even by name—one who had had but few friends, nor wished for more—contented to work all day, here—there—anywhere—that she might be able to support her aged mother and her child—and who on Sabbath took her seat in an obscure pew, set apart for paupers, in the kirk.

“Fall back, and give her fresh air,” said the old minister of the parish; and the ring of close faces widened round her lying as in death. “Gie me the bonny bit bairn into my arms,” cried first one mother and then another, and it was tenderly handed round the circle of kisses, many of the snooded maidens bathing its face in tears. “There’s no a single scratch about the puir innocent, for the Eagle, you see, maun hae struck its talons into the lang claes and the shawl. Blin’, blin’ maun they be who see not the finger o’ God in this thing!”

Hannah started up from her swoon—and, looking wildly round cried, “Oh! the Bird—the Bird!—the Eagle—the Eagle!—The Eagle has carried off my bonny wee Walter—is there nane to pursue?” A neighbour put her baby into her breast; and shutting her eyes, and smiting her forehead, the sorely bewildered creature said in a low voice, “Am I wauken—oh! tell me if I’m wauken—or if a’ this be but the wark o’ a fever?”

Hannah Lamond was not yet twenty years old, and although she was a mother—and you may guess what a mother—yet—frown not, fair and gentle reader—frown not, pure and stainless as thou art—to her belonged not the sacred name of wife—and that baby was the child of sin and shame—yes—“the child of misery, baptized in tears!” She had loved—trusted—been betrayed—and deserted. In sorrow and solitude—uncomforted and despised—she bore her burden. Dismal had been the hour of travail—and she feared her mother’s heart would have broken, even when her own was cleft in twain. But how healing is forgiveness—alike to the wounds of the forgiving and the forgiven! And then Hannah knew that, although guilty before God, her guilt was not such as her fellow-creatures deemed it—for there were dreadful secrets which should never pass her lips against the father of her child. So she bowed down her young head,

and soiled it with the ashes of repentance—walking with her eyes on the ground as she again entered the kirk—yet not fearing to lift them up to heaven during the prayer. Her sadness inspired a general pity—she was excluded from no house she had heart to visit—no coarse comment, no ribald jest accompanied the notice people took of her baby—no licentious rustic presumed on her frailty; for the pale, melancholy face of the nursing mother, weeping as she sung the lullaby, forbade all such approach—and an universal sentiment of indignation drove from the parish the heartless and unprincipled seducer—if al. had been known, too weak word for his crime—who left thus to pine in sorrow, and in shame far worse than sorrow, one who till her unhappy fall had been held up by every mother as an example to her daughters.

Never had she striven to cease to love her betrayer—but she had striven—and an appeased conscience had enabled her to do so—to think not of him now that he had deserted her for ever. Sometimes his image, as well in love as in wrath, passed before the eye of her heart—but she closed it in tears of blood, and the phantom disappeared. Thus all the love towards him that slept—but was not dead—arose in yearnings of still more exceeding love towards her child. Round its head was gathered all hope of comfort—of peace—of reward of her repentance. One of its smiles was enough to brighten up the darkness of a whole day. In her breast—on her knee—in its cradle, she regarded it with a perpetual prayer. And this feeling it was, with all the overwhelming tenderness of affection, all the invigorating power of passion, that, under the hand of God, bore her up and down that fearful mountain’s brow, and after the hour of rescue and deliverance, stretched her on the greensward like a corpse.

The rumour of the miracle circled the mountain’s base, and a strange story without names had been told to the Wood-ranger of the Cairn-Forest, by a wayfaring man. Anxious to know what truth there was in it, he crossed the hill, and making his way through the sul len crowd, went up to the eminence, and beheld her whom he had so wickedly ruined, and so basely deserted. Hisses, and groans, and hootings, and fierce eyes, and clenched hands assailed and threatened him on every side.

His heart died within him, not in fear, but in remorse. What a worm he felt himself to be! And fain would he have become a worm that, to escape all that united human scorn, he might have wriggled away in slime into some hole of the earth. But the meek eye of Hannah met his in forgiveness—an un-upbraiding tear—a faint smile of love. All his better nature rose within him, all his worse nature was quelled. “Yes, good people, you do right to cover me with your scorn. But what is your scorn to the wrath of God? The Evil One has often been with me in the woods; the same voice that once whispered me to murder her—but here I am—not to offer retribution—for that may not—will not—must not be—guilt must not mate with innocence. But here I

proclaim that innocence. I deserve death, and I am willing here, on this spot, to deliver myself into the hands of justice. Allan Calder—I call on you to seize your prisoner.”

The moral sense of the people, when instructed by knowledge and enlightened by religion, what else is it but the voice of God! Their anger subsided into a stern satisfaction—and that soon softened, in sight of her who, alone aggrieved, alone felt nothing but forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad as he had been, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his unaccompanied misery into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all revered, put the contrite man's hand in hers, whom he swore to love and cherish all his days. And, ere summer was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, in a house not much inferior to a Manse. Her mother, now that not only her daughter's reputation was freed from stain, but her innocence also proved, renewed her youth. And although the worthy schoolmaster, who told us the tale so much better than we have been able to repeat it, confessed that the wood-ranger never became altogether a saint—nor acquired the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the whites of his eyes—yet he assured us, that he never afterwards heard any thing very seriously to his prejudice—that he became in due time an elder of the kirk—gave his children a religious education—erring only in making rather too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Eaglet.

THIRD CANTICLE.

THE RAVEN! In a solitary glen sits down on a stone the roaming pedestrian, beneath the hush and gloom of a thundery sky that has not yet begun to growl, and hears no sounds but that of an occasional big rain-drop plashing on the bare bent; the crag high overhead sometimes utters a sullen groan—the pilgrim, starting, listens, and the noise is repeated, but instead of a groan, a croak—croak—croak! manifestly from a thing with life. A pause of silence! and hollower and hoarser the croak is heard from the opposite side of the glen. Eyeing the black sultry heaven, he feels the warm plash on his face, but sees no bird on the wing. By and by, something black lifts itself slowly and heavily up from a precipice, in deep shadow; and before it has cleared the rock-range, and entered the upper region of air, he knows it to be a Raven. The creature seems wroth to be disturbed in his solitude, and in his strong straight-forward flight aims at the head of another glen; but he wheels round at the iron barrier, and, alighting among the heather, folds his huge massy wings, and leaps about as if in anger, with the same savage croak—croak—croak! No other bird so like a demon—and should you chance to break a leg in the desert, and be unable to crawl to a hut, your life is not worth

twenty-four hours' purchase. Never was there a single hound in all Lord Darlington's packs since his lordship became a mighty hunter with nostrils so fine as those of that feathered fiend, covered though they be with strong hairs or bristles, that grimly adorn a bill of formidable dimensions, and apt for digging out eye-socket and splitting skull-suture of dying man or beast. That bill cannot tear in pieces like the eagle's beak, nor are its talons so powerful to smite as to compress—but a better bill for cut-and-thrust—push, carte, and tierce—the dig dismal and the plunge profound—belongs to no other bird. It inflicts great gashes; nor needs the wound to be repeated on the same spot. Feeder foul and obscene! to thy nostril upturned “into the murky air, sagacious of thy quarry from afar,” sweeter is the scent of carrion, than to the panting lover's sense and soul the fragrance of his own virgin's breath and bosom, when, lying in her innocence in his arms, her dishevelled tresses seem laden with something more ethereally pure than “Sabeian odours from the spicy shores of Araby the Blest.”

The Raven dislikes all animal food that has not a deathly smack. It cannot be thought that he has any reverence or awe of the mystery of life. Neither is he a coward; at least, not such a coward as to fear the dying kick of a lamb or sheep. Yet so long as his victim can stand, or sit, or lie in a strong struggle, the raven keeps aloof—hopping in a circle that narrows and narrows as the sick animal's nostrils keep dilating in convulsions, and its eyes grow dimmer and more dim. When the prey is in the last agonies, croaking, he leaps upon the breathing carcass, and whets his bill upon his own blue-ringed legs, steadied by claws in the fleece, yet not so fiercely inserted as to get entangled and fast. With his large level-crowned head bobbing up and down, and turned a little first to one side and then to another, all the while a self-congratulatory leer in his eye, he unfolds his wings, and then folds them again, twenty or thirty times, as if dubious how to begin to gratify his lust of blood; and frequently, when just on the brink of consummation, jumps off side, back, or throat, and goes dallying about, round and round, and off to a small safe distance, scenting, almost snorting, the smell of the blood running cold, colder, and more cold. At last the poor wretch is still; and then, without waiting till it is stiff, he goes to work earnestly and passionately, and taught by horrid instinct how to reach the entrails, revels in obscene gluttony, and preserves, it may be, eye, lip, palate, and brain, for the last course of his meal, gorged to the throat, incapacitated to return thanks, and with difficulty able either to croak or to fly.

The Raven, it is thought, is in the habit of living upwards of a hundred years, perhaps a couple of centuries. Children grow into girls, girls into maidens, maidens into wives, wives into widows, widows into old decrepit crones, and crones into dust; and the Raven who wons at the head of the glen, is aware of all the births, baptisms, marriages, death-beds, and funerals. Certain it is—at least so men

say—that he is aware of the death-beds and the funerals. Often does he flap his wings against door and window of hut, when the wretch within is in extremity, or, sitting on the heather-roof, croaks horror into the dying dream. As the funeral winds its way towards the mountain cemetery he hovers aloft in the air—or, swooping down nearer to the bier, precedes the corpse like a sable, sauley. While the party of friends are carousing in the house of death, he, too, scorning funeral-baked meats, croaks hoarse hymns and dismal dirges as he is devouring the pet-lamb of the little grandchild of the deceased. The shepherds maintain that the Raven is sometimes heard to laugh. Why not, as well as the hyena? Then it is that he is most diabolical, for he knows that his laughter is prophetic of human death. True it is, and it would be injustice to conceal the fact, much more to deny it, that Ravens of old fed Elijah; but that was the punishment of some old sin committed by Two who before the Flood bore the human shape, and who, soon as the ark rested on Mount Ararat, flew off to the desolation of swamped forests and the disfigured solitude of the drowned glens. Dying Ravens hide themselves from daylight in burial-places among the rocks, and are seen hobbling into their tombs, as if driven thither by a flock of fears, and crouching under a remorse that disturbs instinct, even as if it were conscience. So sings and says the Celtic superstition—muttered to us in a dream—adding that there are Raven ghosts, great black bundles of feathers, for ever in the forest, night-hunting in famine for prey, emitting a last feeble croak at the blush of dawn, and then all at once invisible.

There can be no doubt that that foolish Quaker, who some twenty years ago perished at the foot of a crag near Red Tarn, "far in the bosom of Helvyllyn," was devoured by ravens. We call him foolish, because no adherent of that sect was ever qualified to find his way among mountains when the day was shortish, and the snow, if not very deep, yet wreathed and pit-falled. In such season and weather, no place so fit for a Quaker as the fireside. Not to insist, however, on that point, with what glee the few hungry and thirsty old Ravens belonging to the Red Tarn Club must have flocked to the Ordinary! Without asking each other to which part this, that, or the other croaker chose to be helped, the maxim which regulated their behaviour at table was doubtless, "First come, first served." Forthwith each bill was busy, and the scene became animated in the extreme. There must have been great difficulty to the most accomplished of the carrion in stripping the Quaker of his drab. The broad-brim had probably escaped with the first intention, and after going before the wind half across the unfrozen Tarn, cap-sized, filled, and sunk. Picture to yourself so many devils, in glossy black feather coats and dark breeches, with waistcoats inclining to blue, pully-hawling away at the unresisting figure of the follower of Fox, and getting first vexed and then irritated with the pieces of choking soft armour in which, five or six ply thick, his inviting carcass was so provokingly

insheathed! First a drab duffle cloak—then a drab wrappascal—then a drab broad-cloth coat, made in the oldest fashion—then a drab waistcoat of the same—then a drab under-waistcoat of thinner mould—then a linen-shirt, somewhat drabbish—then a flannel-shirt, entirely so, and most odorous to the nostrils of the members of the Red Tarn Club. All this must have taken a couple of days at the least so, supposing the majority of members assembled about eight A. M. on the Sabbath morning, it must have been well on to twelve o'clock on Monday night before the club could have comfortably sat down to supper. During these two denuding days, we can well believe that the President must have been hard put to it to keep the secretary, treasurer, chaplain, and other office-bearers, ordinary and extraordinary members, from giving a sly dig at Obadiah's face, so tempting in the sallow hue and rank smell of first corruption. Dead bodies keep well in frost; but the subject had in this case probably fallen from a great height, had his bones broken to smash, his flesh bruised and mangled. The President, therefore, we repeat it, even though a raven of great age and authority, must have had inconceivable difficulty in controlling the Club. The croak of "Order!—order!—Chair!—chair!"—must have been frequent; and had the office not been hereditary, the old gentleman would no doubt have thrown it up, and declared the chair vacant. All obstacles and obstructions having been by indefatigable activity removed, no attempt, we may well believe, was made by the seneschal to place the guests according to their rank, above or below the salt, and the party sat promiscuously down to a late supper. Not a word was uttered during the first half hour, till a queer-looking mortal, who had spent several years of his prime of birdhood at old Calgarth, and picked up a tolerable command of the Westmoreland dialect by means of the Hamiltonian system, exclaimed, "I'se weel nee brussen—there be's Mister Wudsworth—Ho, ho, ho!" It was indeed the bard, benighted in the Excursion from Patterdale to Jobson's Cherry-Tree; and the Red Tarn Club, afraid of having their orgies put into blank verse, sailed away in floating fragments beneath the moon and stars.

But over the doom of one true Lover of Nature let us shed a flood of rueful tears; for at what tale shall mortal man weep, if not at the tale of youthful genius and virtue shrouded suddenly in a winding-sheet wreathed of snow by the pitiless tempest! Elate in the joy of solitude, he hurried like a fast travelling shadow into the silence of the frozen mountains, all beautifully encrusted with pearls, and jewels, and diamonds, beneath the resplendent night-heavens. The din of populous cities had long stunned his brain, and his soul had sickened in the presence of the money-hunting eyes of selfish men, all madly pursuing their multifarious machinations in the great mart of commerce. The very sheeted masts of ships, bearing the flags of foreign countries, in all their pomp and beauty sailing homeward or outward-bound, had become hateful to his spirit—for what were they but the floating enginery of Mammon? Truth, integrity honour,

were all recklessly sacrificed to gain by the friends he loved and had respected most—sacrificed without shame and without remorse—repentance being with them a repentance only over ill-laid schemes of villany—plans for the ruination of widows and orphans, blasted in the bud of their iniquity. The brother of his bosom made him a bankrupt—and for a year the jointure of his widow-mother was unpaid. But she died before the second Christmas—and he was left alone in the world. Poor indeed he was, but not a beggar. A legacy came to him from a distant relation—almost the only one of his name—who died abroad. Small as it was, it was enough to live on—and his enthusiastic spirit gathering joy from distress, vowed to dedicate itself in some profound solitude to the love of Nature, and the study of her Great Laws. He bade an eternal farewell to cities at the dead of midnight, beside his mother's grave, scarcely distinguishable among the thousand flat stones, sunk, or sinking into the wide churchyard, along which a great thoroughfare of life roared like the sea. And now, for the first time, his sorrow flung from him like a useless garment, he found himself alone among the Cumbrian mountains, and impelled in strong idolatry almost to kneel down and worship the divine beauty of the moon, and "stars that are the poetry of heaven."

Not uninstructed was the wanderer in the lore that links the human heart to the gracious form and aspects of the Mighty Mother. In early youth he had been intended for the Church, and subsequent years of ungrateful and ungenial toils had not extinguished the fine scholarship that native aptitude for learning had acquired in the humble school of the village in which he was born. He had been ripe for College when the sudden death of his father, who had long been at the head of a great mercantile concern, imposed it upon him, as a sacred duty owed to his mother and sisters, to embark in trade. Not otherwise could he hope ever to retrieve their fortunes—and for ten years for their sake he was a slave, till ruin set him free. Now he was master of his own destiny—and sought some humble hut in that magnificent scenery, where he might pass a blameless life, and among earth's purest joys prepare his soul for heaven. Many such humble huts had he seen during that one bold, bright, beautiful spring-winter day. Each wreath of smoke from the breathing chimneys, while the huts themselves seemed hardly awakened from sleep in the morning-calm, led his imagination up into the profound peace of the sky. In any one of those dwellings, peeping from sheltered dells, or perched on wind-swept eminences, could he have taken up his abode, and sat down contented at the board of their simple inmates. But in the very delirium of a new bliss, the day faded before him—twilight looked lovelier than dream-land in the reflected glimmer of the snow—and thus had midnight found him, in a place so utterly lonesome in its remoteness from all habitations, that even in summer no stranger sought it without the guidance of some shepherd familiar with the many bewildering passes that

stretched away in all directions through among the mountains to distant vales. No more fear or thought had he of being lost in the wilderness, than the ring-dove that flies from forest to forest in the winter season, and, without the aid even of vision, trusts to the instinctive wafting of her wings through the paths of ether.

As he continued gazing on the heavens, the moon all at once lost something of her brightness—the stars seemed fewer in number—and the lustre of the rest as by mist obscured. The blue ethereal frame grew discoloured with streaks of red and yellow—and a sort of dim darkness deepened and deepened on the air, while the mountains appeared higher, and at the same time further off, as if he had been transported in a dream to another region of the earth. A sound was heard, made up of farmustering winds, echoes from caves, swinging of trees, and the murmur as of a great lake or sea beginning to break on the shore. A few flakes of snow touched his face, and the air grew cold. A clear tarn had a few minutes before glittered with moonbeams, but now it had disappeared. Sleet came thicker and faster, and ere long it was a storm of snow. "O God! my last hour is come!" and scarcely did he hear his own voice in the roaring tempest.

Men have died in dungeons—and their skeletons been found long years afterwards lying on the stone floor, in postures that told through what hideous agonies they had passed into the world of spirits. But no eye saw, nor ear heard, and the prison-visitor gathers up, as he shudders, but a dim conviction of some long horror from the bones. One day in spring, long after the snows were melted—except here and there a patch like a flock of sheep on some sunless exposure—a huge Raven rose heavily, as if gorged with prey, before the feet of a shepherd, who, going forward to the spot where the bird had been feeding, beheld a rotting corpse! A dog, itself almost a skeleton, was lying near, and began to whine at his approach. On its collar was the name of its master—a name unknown in that part of the country—and weeks elapsed before any person could be heard of that could tell the history of the sufferer. A stranger came and went—taking the faithful creature with him that had so long watched by the dead—but long before his arrival the remains had been interred; and you may see the grave, a little way on from the south gate, on your right hand as you enter, not many yards from the Great Yew-Tree in the churchyard of ———, not far from the foot of Ullswater.

Gentle reader! we have given you two versions of the same story—and pray, which do you like the best! The first is the most funny, the second the most affecting. We have observed that the critics are not decided on the question of our merits as a writer; some maintaining that we are strongest in humour—others, that our power is in pathos. The judicious declare that our forte lies in both—in the two united, or alternating with each other. "But is it not quite shocking," exclaims some scribbler who has been knouted in *Ebony*, "to hear so very serious an affair as the death of a Quaker in the snow among mountains, treated

with such heartless levity? The man who wrote that description, sir, of the Ordinary of the Red Tarn Club, would not scruple to commit murder!" Why, if killing a scribbler be murder, the writer of that—this—article confesses that he has more than once committed that capital crime. But no intelligent jury, taking into consideration the law as well as the fact—and it is often their duty to do so, let high authorities say what they will—would for a moment hesitate, in any of the cases alluded to, to bring in a verdict of "Justifiable homicide." The gentleman or lady who has honoured us so far with perusal, knows enough of human life, and of their own hearts, to know also that there is no other subject which men of genius—and who ever denied that we are men of genius?—have been accustomed to view in so many ludicrous lights as this same subject of death; and the reason is at once obvious—yet *recherche*—videlicet, Death is, in itself and all that belongs to it, such a sad, cold, wild, dreary, dismal, distracting, and dreadful thing, that at times men talking about it cannot choose but laugh!

Too-hoo—too-hoo—too-whit-too-hoo!—we have got among the OWLS. Venerable personages, in truth, they are—perfect Solomons! The spectator, as in most cases of very solemn characters, feels himself at first strongly disposed to commit the gross indecorum of bursting out a-laughing in their face. One does not see the absolute necessity either of man or bird looking at all times so unaccountably wise. Why will an Owl persist in his stare? Why will a Bishop never lay aside his wig?

People ignorant of Ornithology will stare like the Bird of Wisdom himself on being told that an OWL is an Eagle. Yet, bating a little inaccuracy, it is so. Eagles, kites, hawks, and owls, all belong to the genus *Falco*. We hear a great deal too much in poetry of the moping Owl, the melancholy Owl, the boding Owl, whereas he neither mopes nor bodes, and is no more melancholy than becomes a gentleman. We also hear of the Owl being addicted to spirituous liquors; and hence the expression, as drunk as an Owl. All this is mere Whig personality, the Owl being a Tory of the old school, and a friend of the ancient establishments of church and state. Nay, the same political party, although certainly the most short-sighted of God's creatures, taunt the Owl with being blind. As blind as an Owl is a libel in frequent use out of ornithological society. Shut up Lord Jeffrey himself in a hay-barn with a well-built mow, and ask him in the darkness to catch you a few mice, and he will tell you whether or not the Owl be blind. This would be just as fair as to expect the Owl to see, like Lord Jeffrey, through a case in the Parliament House during daylight. Nay, we once heard a writer in Taylor and Hessey call the Owl stupid, he himself having longer ears than any species of Owl extant. What is the positive character of the Owl may perhaps appear by and by; but we have seen that, describing his character by negations, we may say that, he resembles Napoleon Bonaparte much more than Joseph Hume or Alderman Wood. He is not moping—not boding—not

melancholy—not a drunkard—not blind—not stupid; as much as it would be prudent to say of any man, whether editor or contributor, in her Majesty's dominions.

We really have no patience with people who persist in all manner of misconceptions regarding the character of birds. Birds often appear to such persons, judging from, of, and by themselves, to be in mind and manners the reverse of their real character. They judge the inner bird by outward circumstances inaccurately observed. There is the owl. How little do the people of England know of him—even of him the barn-door and domestic owl—yea, even at this day—we had almost said the Poets! Shakspeare, of course, and his freres, knew him to be a merry fellow—quite a mad-cap—and so do now all the Lakers. But Cowper had his doubts about it; and Gray, as every schoolboy knows, speaks of him like an old wife. The force of folly can go no further, than to imagine an owl complaining to the moon of being disturbed by people walking in a country churchyard. And among all our present bardlings, the owl is supposed to be constantly on the eve of suicide. If it were really so, he ought in a Christian country to be pitied, not pelted, as he is sure to be when accidentally seen in sunlight—for melancholy is a misfortune, especially when hereditary and constitutional, as it is popularly believed to be in the Black-billed *Bubo*, and certainly was in Dr. Johnson. In young masters and misses we can pardon any childishness; but we cannot pardon the antipathy to the owl entertained by the many minds of grown-up English clodhoppers, ploughmen, and threshers. They keep terriers to kill rats and mice in barns, and they shoot the owls, any one of whom we would cheerfully back against the famous Billy. "The very commonest observation teaches us," says the author of the "Gardens of the Menagerie," "that they are in reality the best and most efficient protectors of our cornfields and granaries from the devastating pillage of the swarms of mice and other small *rodents*." Nay, by their constant destruction of these petty but dangerous enemies, the owls, he says, "earn an unquestionable title to be regarded as among the *most active of the friends of man*; a title which only one or two among them occasionally forfeit by their aggressions on the defenceless poultry." Roger or Dolly beholds him in the act of murdering a duckling, and, like other light-headed, giddy, unthinking creatures, they forget all the service he has done the farm, the parish, and the state; he is shot in the act, and nailed, wide-extended in cruel spread-eagle, on the barn-door. Others again call him dull and short-sighted—nay, go the length of asserting that he is stupid—as stupid as an owl. Why, our excellent fellow, when you have the tithe of the talent of the common owl, and know half as well how to use it, you may claim the medal.

The eagles, kites, and hawks, hunt by day. The Owl is the Nimrod of the Night. Then, like one who shall be nameless, he sails about seeking those whom he may devour. To do him justice, he has a truly ghost-like head and shoulders of his own. What horror to the

"small birds rejoicing in spring's leafy bowers," fast-locked we were going to say in each other's arms, but sitting side by side in the same cozy nuptial nest, to be startled out of their love-dreams by the great lamp-eyed, beaked face of a horrible monster with horns, picked out of feathered bed, and wafted off in one bunch, within talons, to pacify a set of hissing, and snappish, and shapeless powder-puffs, in the loophole of a barn! In a house where a cat is kept, mice are much to be pitted. They are so infatuated with the smell of a respectable larder, that to leave the premises, they confess, is impossible. Yet every hour—nay, every minute of their lives—must they be in the fear of being leaped out upon by four velvet paws, and devoured with kisses from a whiskered mouth, and a throat full of that incomprehensible music—a purr. Life, on such terms, seems to us any thing but desirable. But the truth is, that mice in the fields are not a whit better off. Owls are cats with wings. Skimming along the grass tops, they stop in a momentary hover, let drop a talon, and away with Mus, his wife, and small family of blind children. It is the white, or yellow, or barn, or church, or Screech-Owl, or Gilley-Howlet, that behaves in this way; and he makes no bones of a mouse, uniformly swallowing him alive. Our friend, we suspect, though no drunkard, is somewhat of a glutton. In one thing we agree with him, that there is no sort of harm in a heavy supper. There, however, we are guilty of some confusion of ideas; for what to us, who rise in the morning, seems a supper, is to him who gets up at evening twilight, a breakfast. We therefore agree with him in thinking that there is no sort of harm in a heavy breakfast. After having passed a pleasant night in eating and flirting, he goes to bed betimes, about four o'clock in the morning; and, as Bewick observes, makes a blowing, hissing noise, resembling the snoring of a man. Indeed, nothing can be more diverting to a person annoyed by blue devils, than to look at a White Owl and his wife asleep. With their heads gently inclined towards each other, there they keep snoring away like any Christian couple. Should the one make a pause, the other that instant awakes, and, fearing something may be wrong with his spouse, opens a pair of glimmering winking eyes, and inspects the adjacent physiognomy with the scrutinizing stare of a village apothecary. If all be right, the concert is resumed, the snore sometimes degenerating into a snort of snivel, and the snivel into a blowing hiss. First time we heard this noise was in a churchyard when we were mere boys, having ventured in after dark to catch the minister's colt for a gallop over to the parish-capital, where there was a dancing-school ball. There had been a nest of Owls in some hole in the spire; but we never doubted for a moment that the noise of snoring, blowing, hissing, and snapping proceeded from a testy old gentleman that had been buried that forenoon, and had come alive again a day after the fair. Had we reasoned the matter a little, we must soon have convinced ourselves that there was no ground for alarm to us at least, for the noise was like that of some one

half stifled, and little likely to heave up from above him a six-feet-deep load of earth—to say nothing of the improbability of his being able to unscrew the coffin from the inside. Be that as it may, we cleared about a dozen of decent tombstones at three jumps—the fourth took us over a wall five feet high within and about fifteen without, and landed us, with a squash, in a cabbage-garden inclosed on the other three sides by a house and a holly-hedge. The house was the sexton's, who, apprehending the stramash to proceed from a resurrectionary surgeon mistaken in his latitude, thrust out a long duck-gun from a window in the thatch, and swore to blow out our brains if we did not instantly surrender ourselves, and deliver up the corpse. It was in vain to cry out our name, which he knew as well as his own. He was deaf to reason, and would not withdraw his paterero till we had laid down the corpse. He swore that he saw the sack in the moonlight. This was a horse-cloth with which we had intended to saddle the "cowte," and that had remained, during the supernatural agency under which we laboured, clutched unconsciously and convulsively in our grasp. Long was it ere Davie Donald would see us in our true light—but at length he drew on his Kilmar-nock nightcap, and, coming out with a bouet, let us through the trance and out of the front door, thoroughly convinced, till we read Bewick, that old Southfield was not dead, although in a very bad way indeed. Let this be a lesson to schoolboys not to neglect the science of natural history, and to study the character of the White Owl.

Owls—both White and common Brown, are not only useful in a mountainous country, but highly ornamental. How serenely beautiful their noiseless flight; a flake of snow is not winnowed through the air more softly-silent! Gliding along the dark shadows of a wood, how spiritual the motion—how like the thought of a dream! And then, during the hushed midnight hours, how jocund the whoop and hollo from the heart of sycamore—gray rock, or ivied Tower! How the Owls of Windermere must laugh at the silly Lakers, that under the garish eye of day, enveloped in clouds of dust, whirl along in rattling post-shays in pursuit of the picturesque! Why, the least imaginative Owl that ever hunted mice by moonlight on the banks of Windermere, must know the character of its scenery better than any poetaster that ever dined on char at Bowness or Lowood. The long quivering lines of light illumining some silvan isle—the evening-star shining from the water to its counterpart in the sky—the glorious phenomenon of the double moon—the night-colours of the woods—and, once in the three years perhaps, that loveliest and most lustrous of celestial forms, the lunar rainbow—all these and many more beauteous and magnificent sights are familiar to the Owls of Windermere. And who know half so well as they do the echoes of Furness, and Applethwaite, and Loughrigg, and Langdale, all the way on to Dungeon-Gill and Pavey-Ark, Scawfell and the Great Gable, and that sea of mountains, of which every wave has a name? Midnight—when asleep so still and silent—seems

inspired with the joyous spirit of the Owls in their revelry—and answers to their mirth and merriment through all her clouds. The Moping Owl, indeed!—the Boding Owl, forsooth!—the Melancholy Owl, you blockhead!—why, they are the most cheerful—joy-portending—and exulting of God's creatures! Their flow of animal spirits is incessant—crowing-cocks are a joke to them—blue devils are to them unknown—not one hypochondriac in a thousand barns—and the Man-in-the-Moon acknowledges that he never heard one of them utter a complaint.

But what say ye to an Owl, not only like an eagle in plumage, but equal to the largest eagle in size—and therefore named, from the King of Birds, the *EAGLE OWL*. Mr. Selby! you have done justice to the monarch of the Bubos. We hold ourselves to be persons of tolerable courage, as the world goes—but we could not answer for ourselves showing fight with such a customer, were he to waylay us by night in a wood. In comparison, Jack Thurtell looked harmless. No—that bold, bright-eyed murderer, with Horns on his head like those on Michael Angelo's statue of Moses, would never have had the cruel cowardice to cut the weasand, and smash out the brains of such a miserable wretch as Weare! True he is fond of blood—and where's the harm in that? It is his nature. But if there be any truth in the science of Physiognomy—and be that of Phrenology what it will, most assuredly there is truth in it—the original of that Owl, for whose portrait the world is indebted to Mr. Selby, and Sir Thomas Lawrence never painted a finer one of Prince or Potentate of any Holy or Unholy Alliance, must have despised Probert from the very bottom of his heart. No prudent Eagle but would be exceedingly desirous of keeping on good terms with him—devilish shy, if faith, of giving him any offence by the least hauteur of manner, or the slightest violation of etiquette. An Owl of this character and calibre, is not afraid to show his horns at mid-day on the mountain. The Fox is not over and above fond of him—and his claws can kill a cub at a blow. The Doe sees the monster sitting on the back of her fawn, and maternal instinct overcome by horror, bounds into the brake, and leaves the pretty creature to its fate. Thank Heaven, he is, in Great Britain, a rare bird! Tempest-driven across the Northern Ocean from his native forests in Russia, an occasional visitant he “frightens this Isle from its propriety,” and causes a hideous screaming through every wood he haunts. Some years ago, one was killed on the upland moors in the county of Durham—and, of course, paid a visit to Mr. Bullock's Museum. Eagle-like in all its habits, it builds its nest on high rocks—sometimes on the loftiest trees—and seldom lays more than two eggs. One is one more than enough—and we who fly by night trust never to fall in with a live specimen of the *Strix-Bubo* of Linnæus.

But largest and loveliest of all the silent night-gliders—the *SNOWY OWL*! Gentle reader—if you long to see his picture, we have told you where it may be found;—and in the College Museum, within a glass vase on the cen-

tral table in the Palace of Stuffed Birds, you may admire his outward very self—the semblance of the Owl he was when he used to eye the moon shining over the Northern Sea:—but if you would see the noble and beautiful Creature himself, in all his living glory, you must seek him through the long summer twilight among the Orkney or the Shetland Isles. The Snowy Owl dearly loves the snow—and there is, we believe, a tradition among them, that their first ancestor and ancestress rose up together from a melting snow-wreath on the very last day of a Greenland winter, when all at once the bright fields re-appear. The race still inhabits that frozen coast—being common, indeed, through all the regions of the Arctic Circle. It is numerous on the shores of Hudson's Bay, in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland—but in the temperate parts of Europe and America, “*rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cygno*.”

We defy all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe; and what countless cross-legged fractional parts of men—who, like the beings of whom they are constituents, are thought to double their numbers every thirty years—must not the four quarters of the earth, in their present advanced state of civilization, contain!—we defy, we say, all the tailors on the face of the habitable globe to construct such a surtout as that of the Snowy Owl, covering him, with equal luxury and comfort, in summer's heat and winter's cold. The elements, in all their freezing fury, cannot reach the body of the bird through that beautiful down-mail. Well guarded are the openings of those great eyes. Neither the driving dust, nor the searching sleet, nor the sharp frozen snow-stoure, give him the ophthalmia. Gutta Serena is to him unknown—no snowy Owl was ever couched for cataract—no need has he for an oculist, should he live an hundred years; and were they to attempt any operation on his lens or iris, how he would hoot at Alexander and Wardrobe!

Night, doubtless, is the usual season of his prey; but he does not shun the day, and is sometimes seen hovering unhurt in the sunshine. The red or black grouse flies as if pursued by a ghost; but the Snowy Owl, little slower than the eagle, in dreadful silence overtakes his flight, and then death is sudden and sure. Hawking is, or was, a noble pastime—and we have now prevented our eyes from glancing at Jer-falcon, Peregrine, or Goshawk—but Owling, we do not doubt, would be no ways inferior sport; and were it to become prevalent in modern times, as Hawking was in times of old, why, each lady, as Venus already fair, with an Owl on her wrist, would look as wise as Minerva.

But our soul sickens at all those dreams of blood! and fain would turn away from fierce eye, cruel beak, and tearing talon—war-weapons of them that delight in wounds and death—to the contemplation of creatures whose characteristics are the love of solitude—shy gentleness of manner—the tender devotion of mutual attachment—and, in field or forest, a lifelong passion for peace.

FOURTH CANTICLE.

WELCOME then the RING-DOVE—the QUEST—OR CUSHAT, for that is the very bird we have had in our imagination. There is his full-length portrait, stealthily sketched as the Solitary was sitting on a tree. You must catch him napping, indeed, before he will allow you an opportunity of colouring him on the spot from nature. It is not that he is more jealous or suspicious of man's approach than other bird; for never shall we suffer ourselves to believe that any tribe of the descendants of the Dove that brought to the Ark the olive tidings of re-appearing earth, can in their hearts hate or fear the race of the children of man. But Nature has made the Cushat a lover of the still forest-gloom; and therefore, when his lonesome haunts are disturbed or intruded on, he flies to some yet profounder, some more central solitude, and folds his wing in the hermitage of a Yew, sown in the time of the ancient Britons.

It is the Stock-Dove, we believe, not the Ring-Dove, from whom are descended all the varieties of the races of Doves. What tenderer praise can we give them all, than that the Dove is the emblem of Innocence, and that the name of innocence—not of frailty—is Woman? When Hamlet said the reverse, he was thinking, you know, of the Queen—not of Ophelia. Is not woman by nature chaste as the Dove—as the Dove faithful? Sitting all alone with her babe in her bosom, is she not as a Dove devoted to her own nest? Murmureth she not a pleasant welcome to her wearied home-returned husband, even like the Dove among the woodlands when her mate re-aliases on the pine? Should her spouse be taken from her and disappear, doth not her heart sometimes break, as they say it happens to the Dove? But oftener far, findeth not the widow that her orphans are still fed by her own hand, that is filled with good things by Providence; till grown up, and able to shift for themselves, away they go—just as the poor Dove lamenteth for her mate in the snare of the fowler, yet feedeth her young continually through the whole day, till away too go they—alas, in neither case, perhaps, ever more to return!

We dislike all favouritism, all foolish and capricious partiality for particular bird or beast; but dear, old, sacred associations, will tell upon all one thinks or feels towards any place or person in this world of ours, near or remote. God forbid we should criticise the Cushat! We desire to speak of him as tenderly as of a friend buried in our early youth. Too true it is, that often and oft, when school-boys, have we striven to steal upon him in his solitude, and to shoot him to death. In morals, and in religion, it would be heterodox to deny that the will is as the deed. Yet in cases of high and low-way robbery and murder, there does seem, treating the subject not in philosophical—but popular style, to be some little difference between the two; at least we hope so, for otherwise we can with difficulty imagine one person not deserving to be ordered for execution, on Wednesday next, between the hours

of eight and nine ante-meridian. Happily, however, for our future peace of mind, and not improbably for the whole conformation of our character, our Guardian Genius—(every boy has one constantly at his side, both during school and play hours, though it must be confessed sometimes a little remiss in his duty, for the nature even of angelical beings is imperfect)—always so contrived it, that with all our cunning we never could kill a Cushat. Many a long hour—indeed whole Saturdays—have we lain perdue among broom and whins, the beautiful green and yellow skirting of sweet Scotia's woods, watching his egress or ingress, our gun ready cocked, and finger on trigger, that on the flapping of his wings not a moment might be lost in bringing him to the ground. But couch where we might, no Cushat ever came near our insidious lair. Now and then a Magpie—birds who, by the by, when they suspect you of any intention of shooting them, are as distant in their manners as Cushats themselves, otherwise as impudent as Cockneys—would come, hopping in continual tail-jerks, with his really beautiful plumage, if one could bring one's-self to think it so, and then sport the pensive within twenty yards of the muzzle of Brown-Bess, impatient to let fly. But our soul burned, our heart panted for a Cushat; and in that strong fever-fit of passion, could we seek to slake our thirst for that wild blood with the murder of a thievish eavesdropper of a Pye? The Blackbird, too, often dropt out of the thicket into an open glade in the hazel-shaws, and the distinctness of his yellow bill showed he was far within shot-range. Yet, let us do ourselves justice, we never in all our born days dreamt of shooting a Blackbird—him that scares away sadness from the woodland twilight gloom, at morn or eve; whose anthem, even in those dim days when Nature herself it might be well thought were melancholy, fortheth the firmament to ring with joy. Once “the snow-white cony sought its evening meal,” unconscious of our dangerous vicinity, issuing with erected ears from the wood edge. That last was, we confess, such a temptation to touch the trigger, that had we resisted it we must have been either more or less than boy. We fired; and kicking up his heels, doubtless in fright, but as it then seemed to us, during our disappointment, much rather in frolic—nay, absolute derision—away bounced Master Rabbit to his burrow, without one particle of soft silvery wool on sward or bush, to bear witness to our unerring aim. As if the branch on which he had been sitting were broken, away then went the crashing Cushat through the intermingling sprays. The free flapping of his wings was soon heard in the air above the tree-tops, and ere we could recover from our almost bitter amazement, the creature was murmuring to his mate on her shallow nest—a far-off murmur, solitary and profound—to reach unto which, through the tangled mazes of the forest would have required a separate sense, instinct, or faculty, which we did not possess. So, skulking out of our hiding-place, we made no comment on the remark of a homeward-plodding labourer, who had heard the report, and

now smelt the powder—"Cushats are gayan' kittle birds to kill"—but returned, with our shooting-bag as empty as our stomach, to the Manse.

"Why do the birds sing on Sunday?" said once a little boy to us—and we answered him in a lyrical ballad, which we have lost. But although the birds certainly do sing on Sunday—behaviour that with our small gentle Calvinist, who dearly loved them, caused some doubts of their being so innocent as during the weekdays they appeared to be—we cannot set down their fault to the score of ignorance. Is it in the holy superstition of the world-weary heart that man believes the inferior creatures to be conscious of the calm of the Sabbath, and that they know it to be the day of our rest? Or is it that we transfer the feeling of our inward calm to all the goings-on of Nature, and thus imbue them with a character of reposing sanctity, existing only in our own spirits? Both solutions are true. The instincts of those creatures we know only in their symptoms and their effects, in the wonderful range of action over which they reign. Of the instincts themselves—as feelings or ideas—we know not any thing, nor ever can know; for an impassable gulf separates the nature of those that may be to perish, from ours that are to live for ever. But their power of memory, we must believe is not only capable of minutest retention, but also stretches back to afar—and some power or other they do possess, that gathers up the past experience into rules of conduct that guide them in their solitary or gregarious life. Why, therefore, should not the birds of Scotland know the Sabbath-day? On that day the Water-Ouzel is never disturbed by angler among the murmurs of his own water-fall; and as he flits down the banks and braes of the burn, he sees no motion, he hears no sound about the cottage that is the boundary of his furthest flight—for "the dizzying mill-wheel rests." The merry-nodding rooks, that in spring-time keep following the very heels of the ploughman—may they not know it to be Sabbath, when all the horses are standing idle in the field, or taking a gallop by themselves round the head-rigg? Quick of hearing are birds—one and all—and in every action of their lives are obedient to sounds. May they not, then—do they not connect a feeling of perfect safety with the tinkle of the small kirkbell? The very jay himself is not shy of people on their way to worship. The magpie, that never sits more than a minute at a time in the same place on a Saturday, will on the Sabbath remain on the kirkyard wall with all the composure of a dove. The whole feathered creation know our hours of sleep. They awake before us; and ere the earliest labourer has said his prayers, have not the woods and valleys been ringing with their hymns? Why, therefore, may not they, who know, each weekday, the hour of our lying down and our rising up, know also the day of our general rest? The animals whose lot is labour, shall they not know it? Yes; the horse on that day sleeps in shade or sunshine without fear of being disturbed—his neck forgets the galling collar, "and there are forty feeding like one,"

all well knowing that their fresh meal on the tender herbage will not be broken in upon before the dews of next morning, ushering in a new day to them of toil or travel.

So much for our belief in the knowledge, instinctive or from a sort of reason, possessed, by the creatures of the inferior creation, of the heaven-appointed Sabbath to man and beast. But it is also true that we transfer our inward feelings to their outward condition, and with our religious spirit imbue all the ongoings of animated and even inanimated life. There is always a shade of melancholy, a tinge of pensiveness, a touch of pathos, in all profound rest. Perhaps because it is so much in contrast with the turmoil of our ordinary being. Perhaps because the soul, when undisturbed, will, from the impulse of its own divine nature, have high, solemn, and awful thoughts. In such state it transmutes all things into a show of sympathy with itself. The church-spire, rising high above the smoke and stir of a town, when struck by the sun-fire, seems, on market-day, a tall building in the air, that may serve as a guide to people from a distance flocking into bazaars. The same church-spire, were its loud-tongued bell to call from aloft on the gathering multitude below, to celebrate the anniversary of some great victory, Waterloo or Trafalgar, would appear to stretch up its stature triumphantly into the sky—so much the more triumphantly, if the standard of England were floating from its upper battlements. But to the devout eye of faith, doth it not seem to express its own character, when on the Sabbath it performs no other office than to point to heaven?

So much for the second solution. But in dependently of both, no wonder that all nature seems to rest on the Sabbath; for it doth rest—all of it, at least, that appertains to man and his condition. If the Fourth Commandment be kept—at rest is all the household—and all the fields round it are at rest. Calm flows the current of human life, on that gracious day, throughout all the glens and valleys of Scotland, as a stream that wimples in the morning sunshine, freshened but not flooded with the soft-falling rain of a summer-night. The spiral smoke-wreath above the cottage is not calmer than the motion within. True, that the wood-warblers do not cease their songs; but the louder they sing, the deeper is the stillness. And what perfect blessedness, when it is only joy that is astir in rest!

Loud-flapping Cushat! it was thou that inspiredst these solemn fancies; and we have only to wish thee, for thy part contributed to our Recreations, now that the acorns of autumn must be wellnigh consumed, many a plentiful repast, amid the multitude of thy now congregated comrades in the cleared stubble lands—as severe weather advances, and the ground becomes covered with snow, regales undisturbed by fowler, on the tops of turnip, rape, and other cruciform plants, which all of thy race affect so passionately—and soft blow the sea-breezes on thy unruffled plumage, when thou takest thy winter's walk with kindred myriads on the shelly shore, and for a season minglest with gull and seamew—apart every

tribe, one from the other, in the province of its own peculiar instinct—yet all mysteriously taught to feed or sleep together within the roar or margin of the main.

Sole-sitting Cushat! We see thee through the yew-tree's shade, on some day of the olden time, but when or where we remember not—for what has place or time to do with the vision of a dream? That we see thee is all we know, and that serenely beautiful thou art! Most pleasant is it to dream, and to know we dream! By sweet volition we keep ourselves half asleep and half awake; and all our visions of thought, as they go swimming along, partake at once of reality and imagination. Fiction and truth—clouds, shadows, phantoms and phantasms—ether, sunshine, substantial forms and sounds that have a being, blending together in a scene created by us, and partly impressed upon us, and which one motion of the head on the pillow may dissolve, or deepen into more oppressive delight! In some such dreaming state of mind are we now; and, gentle reader, if thou art awake, lay aside the visionary volume, or read a little longer, and likely enough is it that thou too mayest fall half asleep. If so, let thy drowsy eyes still pursue the glimmering paragraphs—and wafted away wilt thou feel thyself to be into the heart of a Highland forest, that knows no bounds but those of the uncertain sky.

Away from our remembrance fades the noisy world of men into a silent glimmer—and now it is all no more than a mere faint thought. On—on—on! through briery brake—matted thicket—grassy glade—On—on—on! further into the Forest! What a confusion of huge stones, rocks, knolls, all tumbled together into a chaos—not without its stern and sterile beauty! Still are there, above, blue glimpses of the sky—deep though the umbrage be, and wide-flung the arms of the oaks, and of pines in their native wilderness gigantic as oaks, and extending as broad a shadow. Now the firmament has vanished—and all is twilight. Immense stems, “in number without number numberless,”—bewildering eye and soul—all still—silent—steadfast—and so would they be in a storm. For what storm—let it range aloft as it might, till the surface of the forest toss and roar like the sea—could force its path through these many million trunks? The thunder-stone might split that giant there—how vast! how magnificent!—but the brother by his side would not tremble; and the sound—in the awful width of the silence—what more would it be than that of the woodpecker alarming the insects of one particular tree!

Poor wretch that we are!—to us the unaccompanied silence of the solitude hath become terrible. More dreadful is it than the silence of the tomb; for there, often arise responses to the unuttered soliloquies of the pensive heart. But this is as the silence, not of Time, but of Eternity. No burial heaps—no mounds—no cairns! It is not as if man had perished here, and been forgotten; but as if this were a world in which there had been neither living nor dying. Too utter is the solitariness even for the ghosts of the dead! For they are thought to haunt the burial-places of what once was their

bodies—the chamber where the spirit breathed its final farewell—the spot of its transitory love and delight, or of its sin and sorrow—to gaze with troubled tenderness on the eyes that once they worshipped—with cold ear to drink the music of the voices long ago adored; and in all their permitted visitations, to express, if but by the beckoning of the shadow of a hand, some unextinguishable longing after the converse of the upper world, even within the gates of the grave.

A change comes over us. Deep and still as is the solitude, we are relieved of our awe, and out of the forest-gloom arise images of beauty that come and go, gliding as on wings, or statue-like, stand in the glades, like the sylvan deities to whom of old belonged, by birthright, all the regions of the woods. On—on—on!—further into the Forest!—and let the awe of imagination be still further tempered by the delight breathed even from any one of the lovely names sweet-sounding through the famous fables of antiquity. Dryad, Hamadryad! Faunus! Sylvanus!—Now, alas! ye are but names, and no more! Great Pan himself is dead, or here he would set up his reign. But what right has such a dreamer to dream of the dethroned deities of Greece? The language they spoke is not his language; yet the words of the great poets who sang of gods and demigods, are beautiful in their silent meanings as they meet his adoring eyes; and, mighty Lyrists! has he not often floated down the temple-crowned and altar-shaded rivers of your great Choral Odes?

On—on—on!—further into the Forest!—unless, indeed, thou dreatest that the limbs that bear on thy fleshly tabernacle may fail, and the body, left to itself, sink down and die. Ha! such fears thou laughest to scorn; for from youth upwards thou hast dallied with the wild and perilous: and what but the chill delight in which thou hast so often shivered in threatening solitude brought thee here! These dens are not dungeons, nor are we a thrall. Yet if dungeons they must be called—and they are deep, and dark, and grim—ten thousand gates hath this great prison-house, and wide open are they all. So on—on—on!—further into the Forest! But who shall ascend to its summit? Eagles and dreams. Round its base we go, rejoicing in the new-found day, and once more cheered and charmed with the music of birds. Say whence came, ye scientific world-makers, these vast blocks of granite? Was it fire or water, think ye, that hung in the air the semblance of yon Gothic cathedral, without nave, or chancel, or aisle—a mass of solid rock? Yet it looks like the abode of Echoes; and haply when there is thunder, rolls out its lengthening shadow of sound to the ear of the solitary shepherd afar off on Cairngorm.

On—on—on!—further into the Forest! Now on all sides leagues of ancient trees surround us, and we are safe as in the grave from the persecuting love or hatred of friends or foes. The sun shall not find us by day, nor the moon by night. Were our life forfeited to what are called the laws, how could the laws discover the criminal? How could they drag us from

the impenetrable gloom of this silvan sanctuary! And if here we chose to perish by suicide or natural death—and famine is a natural death—what eye would ever look on our bones? Raving all; but so it often is with us in severest solitude—our dreams will be hideous with sin and death.

Hideous, said we, with sin and death? Thoughts that came flying against us like vultures, like vultures have disappeared, disappointed of their prey, and afraid to fix their talons in a thing alive. Hither—by some secret and sacred impulse within the soul, that often knoweth not the sovereign virtue of its own great desires—have we been led as into a penitentiary, where, before the altar of nature, we may lay down the burden of guilt or remorse, and walk out of the Forest a heaven-pardoned man. What guilt?—O my soul! canst thou think of Him who inhabiteth eternity, and ask what guilt? What remorse?—For the dereliction of duty every day since thou receivest from Heaven the understanding of good and of evil. All our past existence gathers up into one dread conviction, that every man that is born of woman is a sinner, and worthy of everlasting death. Yet with the same dread conviction is interfused a knowledge, clear as the consciousness of present being, that the soul will live for ever. What was the meaning, O my soul! of all those transitory joys and griefs—of all those fears, hopes, loves, that so shook, each in its own fleeting season, the very foundations on which thy being in this life is laid? Anger, wrath, hatred, pride, and ambition—what are they all but so many shapes of sin coeval with thy birth? That sudden entrance of heaven's light into the Forest, was like the opening of the eye of God! And our spirit stands ashamed of its nakedness, because of the foulness and pollution of sin. But the awful thoughts that have travelled through its chambers have ventilated, swept, and cleansed them—and let us break away from beneath the weight of confession.

Conscience! Speak not of weak and fantastic fears—of abject superstitions—and of all that wild brood of dreams that have for ages been laws to whole nations; though we might speak of them—and, without violation of the spirit of true philosophy, call upon them to bear testimony to the truth. But think of the calm, purified, enlightened, and elevated conscience of the highest natures—from which objectless fear has been excluded—and which hears, in its stillness, the eternal voice of God. What calm celestial joy fills all the being of a good man, when conscience tells him he is obeying God's law! What dismal fear and sudden remorse assail him, whenever he swerves but one single step out of the right path that is shining before his feet! It is not a mere selfish terror—it is not the dread of punishment only that appals him—for, on the contrary, he can calmly look on the punishment which he knows his guilt has incurred, and almost desires that it should be inflicted, that the incensed power may be appeased. It is the consciousness of offence that is unendurable—not the fear of consequent suffering; it is

the degradation of sin that his soul deplores—it is the guilt which he would expiate, if possible, in tortments; it is the united sense of wrong, sin, guilt, degradation, shame, and remorse, that renders a moment's pang of the conscience more terrible to the good than years of any other punishment—and it thus is the power of the human soul to render its whole life miserable by its very love of that virtue which it has fatally violated. This is a passion which the soul could not suffer—unless it were immortal. Reason, so powerful in the highest minds, would escape from the vain delusion; but it is in the highest minds where reason is most subjected to this awful power—they would seek reconciliation with offended Heaven by the loss of all the happiness that earth ever yielded—and would rejoice to pour out their heart's blood if it could wipe away from the conscience the stain of one deep transgression! These are not the high-wrought and delusive states of mind of religious enthusiasts, passing away with the bodily agitation of the dreamer; but they are the feelings of the loftiest of men's sons—and when the troubled spirit has escaped from their burden, or found strength to support it, the conviction of their reasonableness and of their awful reality remains; nor can it be removed from the minds of the wise and virtuous, without the obliteration from the tablets of memory of all the moral judgments which conscience has there recorded.

It is melancholy to think that even in our own day, a philosopher, and one of high name too, should have spoken slightly of the universal desire of immortality, as no argument at all in proof of it, because arising inevitably from the regret with which all men must regard the relinquishment of this life. By thus speaking of the desire as a delusion necessarily accompanying the constitution of mind which it has pleased the Deity to bestow on us, such reasoners but darken the mystery both of man and of Providence. But this desire of immortality is not of the kind they say it is, nor does it partake, in any degree, of the character of a blind and weak feeling of regret at merely leaving this present life. "I would not live away," is a feeling which all men understand—but who can endure the momentary thought of annihilation? Thousands, and tens of thousands—awful a thing as it is to die—are willing to do so—"passing through nature to eternity"—nay, when the last hour comes, death almost always finds his victim ready, if not resigned. To leave earth, and all the light both of the sun and of the soul, is a sad thought to us all—transient as are human smiles, we cannot bear to see them no more—and there is a beauty that binds us to life in the tears of tenderness that the dying man sees gushing for his sake. But between that regret for departing loves and affections, and all the gorgeous or beautiful shows of this earth—between that love and the dread of annihilation, there is no connection. The soul can bear to part with all it loves—the soft voice—the kindling smile—the starting tear—and the profoundest sighs of all by whom it is beloved but it cannot bear to part with its existence

It cannot even believe the possibility of that which yet it may darkly dread. Its loves—its passions—its joys—its agonies are *not itself*. They may perish, but it is imperishable. Strip it of all it has seen, touched, enjoyed, or suffered—still it seems to survive—bury all it knew, or could know in the grave—but itself cannot be trodden down into the corruption. It sees nothing like itself in what perishes, except in dim analogies that vanish before its last profound self-meditation—and though it parts with its mortal weeds at last, as with a garment, its life is felt at last to be something not even in contrast with the death of the body, but to flow on like a flood, that we believe continues still to flow after it has entered into the unseen solitude of some boundless desert.

"Behind the cloud of death,
Once, I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold.
How the grave's altered! fathomless as hell!
A real hell to those who dream'd of heaven,
ANNIHILATION! How it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
The privilege of angels and of worms,
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
For ever is *extinguish'd*."

If intellect be, indeed, doomed utterly to perish, why may not we ask God, in that deep despair which, in that case, must inevitably flow from the consciousness of those powers with which he has at once blessed and cursed us—why that intellect, whose final doom is death, and that final doom within a moment, finds no thought that can satisfy it but that of Life, and no idea in which its flight can be lost but that of Eternity? If this earth were at once the soul's cradle and her tomb, why should that cradle have been hung amid the stars, and that tomb illumined by their eternal light? If, indeed, a child of the clay, was not this earth, with all its plains, forests, mountains, and seas, capacious enough for the dreams of that creature whose course was finally to be extinguished in the darkness of its bosom? What had we to do with planets, and suns, and spheres, "and all the dread magnificence of heaven?" Were we framed merely that we might for a few years rejoice in the beauty of the stars, as in that of the flowers beneath our feet? And ought we to be grateful for those transitory glimpses of the heavens, as for the fading splendour of the earth? But the heavens are not an idle show, hung out for the gaze of that idle dreamer Man. They are the work of the Eternal God, and he has given us power therein to read and to understand his glory. It is not our eyes only that are dazzled by the face of heaven—our souls can comprehend the laws by which that face is overspread by its celestial smiles. The dwelling-place of our spirits is already in the heavens. Well are we entitled to give names unto the stars; for we know the moment of their rising and their setting, and can be with them at every part of their shining journey through the boundless ether. While generations of men have lived, died, and are buried, the astronomer thinks of the golden orb that shone centuries ago within the

vision of man, and lifts up his eye undoubting at the very moment when it again comes glorious on its predicted return. Were the Eternal Being to slacken the course of a planet, or increase even the distance of the fixed stars, the decree would be soon known on earth. Our ignorance is great, because so is our knowledge; for it is from the mightiness and vastness of what we do know that we imagine the illimitable unknown creation. And to whom has God made these revelations? To a worm that next moment is to be in darkness? To a piece of earth momentarily raised into breathing existence? To a soul perishable as the telescope through which it looks into the gates of heaven?

"Oh! star-eyed science, hast thou wander'd there
To waft us home—the message of despair?"

No; there is no despair in the gracious light of heaven. As we travel through those orbs, we feel indeed that we have no power, but we feel that we have mighty knowledge. We can create nothing, but we can dimly understand all. It belongs to God only to *create*, but it is given to man to *know*—and that knowledge is itself an assurance of immortality.

"Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere rapt by miracle, by reason wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is freethinking, unconfined to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought:
To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man;
Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of space and time, at home;
Familiar with their wonders: diving deep;
And like a prince of boundless interests there,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths;
By truths enlighten'd and sustain'd, afford
An archlike, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction: here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most examine, most believe.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound: the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood,
Who not in fragments writes to human race.
Read his whole volume, skeptic! then reply."

Renounce St. Evremont! Ay, and many a Deistical writer of higher repute now in the world. But how came they by the truths they did know? Not by the work of their own unassisted faculties—for they lived in a Christian country; they had already been imbued with many high and holy beliefs, of which—had they willed it—they could never have got rid; and to the very last the light which they, in their pride, believed to have emanated from the inner shrine—the penetralia of Philosophy—came from the temples of the living God. They walked all their lives long—though they knew it not, or strived to forget it—in the light of revelation, which, though often darkened to men's eyes by clouds from earth, was still shining strong in heaven. Had the New Testament never been—think ye that men in their pride, though

"Poor sons of a day,"

could have discerned the necessity of framing for themselves a *religion of humility*? No. As by pride, we are told the angels fell—so by pride man, after his miserable fall, strove to lift up his helpless being from the dust; and though trailing himself, soul and body, along

the soiling earth, and glorying in his own corruption, sought to eternize here his very sins by naming the stars of heaven after heroes, conquerors, murderers, violators of the mandates of the Maker whom they had forgotten, or whose attributes they had debased by their own foul imaginations. They believed themselves, in the delusion of their own idolatries, to be "Lords of the world and Demigods of Fame," while they were the slaves of their own sins and their own sinful Deities. Should we have been wiser in our generation than they, but for the Bible? If in moral speculation we hear but little—too little—of the confession of what it owes to the Christian religion—in all the Philosophy, nevertheless, that is pure and of good report, we see that "the day-spring from on high has visited it." In all philosophic inquiry there is, perhaps, a tendency to the soul's exaltation of itself—which the spirit and genius of Christianity subdues. It is not sufficient to say that a natural sense of our own infirmities will do so—for seldom indeed have Deists been lowly-minded. They have talked proudly of humility. Compare their moral meditations with those of our great divines. Their thoughts and feelings are of the "earth earthy;" but when we listen to those others, we feel that their lore has been God-given.

"It is as if an angel shook his wings."

Thus has Christianity glorified Philosophy; its celestial purity is now the air in which intellect breathes. In the liberty and equality of that religion, the soul of the highest Philosopher dare not offend that of the humblest peasant. Nay, it sometimes stands rebuked before it—and the lowly dweller in the hut, or the shieling on the mountain side, or in the forest, could abash the proudest son of Science, by pointing to the Sermon of our Saviour on the Mount—and saying, "I see my duties to man and God *here!*" The religious establishments of Christianity, therefore, have done more not only to support the life of virtue, but to show all its springs and sources, than all the works of all the Philosophers who have ever expounded its principles or its practice.

Ha! what has brought thee hither, thou wide-antlered king of the red-deer of Braemar, from the spacious desert of thy hills of storm? Ere now we have beheld thee, or one stately as thee, gazing abroad, from a rock over the heather, to all the points of heaven; and soon as our figure was seen far below, leading the van of the flight thou went'st haughtily away into the wilderness. But now thou glidest softly and slowly through the gloom—no watchfulness, no anxiety in thy large beaming eyes; and, kneeling among the hoary mosses, layest thyself down in unknown fellowship with one of those human creatures, a glance of whose eye, a murmur of whose voice, would send thee belling through the forest, terrified by the flash or sound that bespoke a hostile nature wont to pursue thy race unto death.—The hunter is upon thee—away—away! Sudden as a shooting-star up springs the red-deer, and in the gloom as suddenly is lost.

On—on—on! further into the Forest!—and

now a noise as of "thunder heard remote." Waterfalls—hundreds of waterfalls sounding for ever—here—there—everywhere—among the remoter woods. Northwards one fierce torrent dashes through the centre—but no villages—only a few woodmen's shielings will appear on its banks; for it is a torrent of precipices, where the shrubs that hang midway from the cleft are out of the reach of the spray of its cataracts, even when the red Garroch is in flood.

Many hours have we been in the wilderness, and our heart yearns again for the cheerful dwellings of men. Sweet infant streamlet, that flows by our feet without a murmur, so shallow are yet thy waters—wilt thou—short as hitherto has been thy journeying—wilt thou be our guide out into the green valleys and the blue heaven, and the sight once more of the bright sunshine and the fair fleecy clouds? No other clue to the labyrinth do we seek but that small, thin, pure, transparent thread of silver, which neither bush nor brier will break, and which will wind without entanglement round the roots of the old trees, and the bases of the shaggy rocks. As if glad to escape from its savage birthplace, the small rivulet now gives utterance to a song; and sliding down shelving rocks, so low in their mossy verdure as hardly to deserve that name, glides along the almost level lawns, here and there disclosing a little hermit flower. No danger now of its being imbibed wholly by the thirsty earth; for it has a channel and banks of its own—and there is a waterfall! Thence-forwards the rivulet never loses its merry voice—and in an hour it is a torrent. What beautiful symptoms now of its approach to the edge of the Forest! Wandering lights and whispering airs are here visitants—and there the blue eye of a wild violet looking up from the ground! The glades are more frequent—more frequent open spaces cleared by the woodman's axe—and the antique Oak-Tree all alone by itself, itself a grove. The torrent may be called noble now; and that deep blue atmosphere—or say rather, that glimmer of purple air—lies over the Strath in which a great River rolls along to the Sea.

Nothing in all nature more beautiful than the boundary of a great Highland Forest. Masses of rocks thrown together in magnificent confusion, many of them lichened and weather-stained with colours gorgeous as the eyed plumage of the peacock, the lustre of the rainbow, or the barred and clouded glories of setting suns—some towering aloft with trees sown in the crevices by bird or breeze, and checkering the blue sky—others bare, black, abrupt, grim as volcanoes, and shattered as if by the lightning-stroke. Yet interspersed, places of perfect peace—circles among the tall heather, or taller lady-fern, smoothed into velvet, it is there easy to believe, by Fairies' feet—rocks where the undisturbed linnet hangs her nest among the blooming briars, all floating with dew draperies of honeysuckle alive with bees—glades green as emerald, where lie the lambs in tempered sunshine, or haply a lovely doe reposes with her fawn; and further down, where the fields half belong to the moun-

tain and half to the strath, the smoke of hidden huts—a log-bridge flung across the torrent—a hanging garden, and a little broomy knoll, with a few laughing children at play, almost as wild-looking as the wanderers of the woods!

Turn your eyes, if you can, from that lovely wilderness, and behold down along a mile-broad Strath, fed by a thousand torrents, floweth the noblest of Scotia's rivers, the strong-sweeping Spey! Let Imagination launch her canoe, and be thou a solitary steersman—for need is none of oar or sail; keep the middle course while all the groves go by, and ere the sun has sunk behind yon golden mountains—nay, mountains they are not, but a transitory pomp of clouds—thou mayest list the roaring, and behold the foaming of the Sea.

Was there ever such a descriptive dream of a coloured engraving of the Cushat, Quest, or Ring-Dove, dreamt before? Poor worn-out and glimmering candle!—whose wick of light and life in a few more flickerings will be no more—what a contrast dost thou present with thyself of eight hours ago! Then, truly, wert thou a shining light, and high aloft in the room-gloaming burned thy clear crest like a star—during its midnight silence, a *memento mori* of which our spirit was not afraid. Now thou art dying—dying—dead! Our cell is in darkness. But methinks we see another—a purer—a clearer light—one more directly from Heaven. We touch but a spring in a wooden shutter—and lo! the full blaze of day. Oh! why should we mortal beings dread that night-prison—the Grave?

DR. KITCHINER.

FIRST COURSE.

It greatly grieved us to think that Dr. Kitchiner should have died before our numerous avocations had allowed us an opportunity of dining with him, and subjecting to the test-act of our experienced palate his claims to immortality as a Cook and a Christian. The Doctor had, we know, a dread of Us—not altogether unallayed by delight; and on the dinner to Us, which he had meditated for nearly a quarter of a century, he knew and felt must have hung his reputation with posterity—his posthumous fame. We understand that there is an unfinished sketch of that Dinner among the Doctor's papers, and that the design is magnificent. Yet, perhaps, it is better for his glory that Kitchiner should have died without attempting to embody in forms the Idea of that Dinner. It might have been a failure. How liable to imperfection the *matériel* on which he would have had to work! How defective the instruments! Yes—yes!—happier far was it for the good old man that he should have fallen asleep with the undimmed idea of that unattempted Dinner in his imagination, than, vainly contending with the physical evil inherent in matter, have detected the Bishop's foot in the first course, and died of a broken heart!

"Travelling," it is remarked by our poor dear dead Doctor in his Traveller's Oracle, "is a recreation to be recommended, especially to those whose employments are sedentary—who are engaged in abstract studies—whose minds have been sunk in a state of morbid melancholy by hypochondriasis, or, by what is worst of all, a lack of domestic felicity. Nature, however, will not suffer any sudden transition; and therefore it is improper for people accustomed to a sedentary life to undertake suddenly a journey, during which they will be exposed to long and violent jolting. The case

here is the same as if one accustomed to drink water, should, all at once, begin to drink wine."

Had the Doctor been alive, we should have asked him what he meant by "long and violent jolting?" Jolting is now absolutely unknown in England, and it is of England the Doctor speaks. No doubt, some occasional jolting might still be discovered among the lanes and cross-roads; but, though violent, it could not be long: and we defy the most sedentary gentleman living to be more so, when sitting in an easy chair by his parlour fireside, than in a cushioned carriage spinning along the turnpike. But for the trees and hedge-rows all galloping by, he would never know that he was himself in motion. The truth is, that no gentleman can be said, now-a-days, to lead a sedentary life, who is not constantly travelling before the insensible touch of M'Adam. Look at the first twenty people that come towering by on the roof of a Highflier or a Defiance. What can be more sedentary? Only look at that elderly gentleman with the wig, evidently a parson, jammed in between a brace of buxom virgins on their way down to Doncaster races. Could he be more sedentary, during the psalm, in his own pulpit?

We must object, too, to the illustration of wine and water. Let no man who has been so unfortunate as to be accustomed to drink water, be afraid all at once to begin to drink wine. Let him, without fear or trembling, boldly fill bumpers to the Throne—the Navy—and the Army. These three bumpers will have made him a new man. We have no objection whatever to his drinking, in animated succession, the Apotheosis of the Whigs—the Angler's delight—the Cause of Liberty all over the World—Christopher North—Maga the Immortal. "Nature will not suffer any sudden transition!" Will she not? Look at our water drinker now! His very own mother

could not know him—he has lost all resemblance to his twin-brother, from whom, two short hours ago, you could not have distinguished him but for a slight scar on his brow—so completely is his apparent personal identity lost, that it would be impossible for him to establish an *alibi*. He sees a figure in the mirror above the chimney-piece, but has not the slightest suspicion that the rosy-faced Bacchanal is himself, the water-drinker; but then he takes care to imitate the manual exercise of the phantom—lifting his glass to his lips at the very same moment, as if they were both moved by one soul.

The Doctor then wisely remarks, that it is “impossible to lay down any rule by which to regulate the number of miles a man may journey in a day, or to prescribe the precise number of ounces he ought to eat; but that nature has given us a very excellent guide in a sense of lassitude, which is as unerring in exercise as the sense of satiety is in eating.”

We say the Doctor wisely remarks, yet not altogether wisely; for the rule does not seem to hold always good either in exercise or in eating. What more common than to feel one'sself very much fatigued—quite done up as it were, and unwilling to stir hand or foot. Up goes a lark in heaven—tira-lira—or suddenly the breezes blow among the clouds, who forthwith all begin campaigning in the sky—or, quick as lightning, the sunshine in a moment resuscitates a drowned day—or tripping along, all by her happy self, to the sweet accompaniment of her joy-varied songs, the woodman's daughter passes by on her way, with a basket in her hand, to her father in the forest, who has already laid down his axe on the meridian shadow darkening one side of the straight stem of an oak, beneath whose grove might be drawn up five score of plumed chivalry! Where is your “sense of lassitude now, nature's unerring guide in exercise?” You spring up from the mossy wayside bank, and renewed both in mind and body, “rejoicing in Nature's joy,” you continue to pass over houseless moors, by small, single, solitary, straw-roofed huts, through villages gathered round Stone Cross, Elm Grove, or old Monastic Tower, till, unwearied in lith and limb, you see sunset beautifying all the west, and drop in, perhaps, among the hush of the Cottar's Saturday Night—for it is in sweet Scotland we are walking in our dream—and know not, till we have stretched ourselves on a bed of rushes or of heather, that “kind Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” is yet among the number of our bosom friends—alas! daily diminishing beneath fate's stroke, the sweeping scythe-stroke of death, or the whisper of some one poor, puny, idle, and unmeaning word!

Then, as to “the sense of satiety in eating,” it is produced in us by three platefuls of hotch-potch—and, to the eyes of an ordinary observer, our dinner would seem to be at an end. But no—strictly speaking, it is just going to begin. About an hour ago did we, standing on the very beautiful bridge of Perth, see that identical salmon, with his back-fin just visible above the translucent tide, arrowing up the Tay, bold as a bridegroom, and nothing doubt-

ing that he should spend his honeymoon among the gravel beds of Kinnaird or Moulenearn, or the rocky sofas of the Tummel, or the green marble couches of the Tilt. What has become now of “the sense of satiety in eating?” John—the castors!—mustard—vinegar—cayenne—catchup—peas and potatoes, with a very little butter—the biscuit called “rusk”—and the memory of the hotch-potch is as that of Babylon the Great. That any gigot of mutton, exquisite though much of the five-year-old blackfaced must assuredly be, can, with any rational hopes of success, contend against a haunch of venison, will be asserted by no devout lover of truth. Try the two by alternate platefuls, and you will uniformly find that you leave off after the venison. That “sense of satiety in eating,” of which Dr. Kitchiner speaks, was produced by the Tay salmon devoured above—but of all the transitory feelings of us transitory creatures on our transit through this transitory world, in which the Doctor asserts nature will not suffer any sudden transitions, the most transitory ever experienced by us is “the sense of satiety in eating.” Therefore, we have now seen it for a moment existing on the disappearance of the hotch-potch—dying on the appearance of the Tay salmon—once more noticeable as the last plate of the noble fish melted away—extinguished suddenly by the vision of the venison—again felt for an instant, and but for an instant—for a brace and a half of as fine grouse as ever expanded their voluptuous bosoms to be devoured by hungry love! Sense of satiety in eating, indeed! If you please, my dear friend, one of the backs—pungent with the most palate-piercing, stomach-stirring, heart-warming, soul-exalting of all tastes—the wild bitter-sweet.

But the Doctor returns to the subject of travelling—and fatigue. “When one begins,” he says, “to be low-spirited and dejected, to yawn often and be drowsy, when the appetite is impaired, when the smallest movement occasions a fluttering of the pulse, when the mouth becomes dry, and is sensible of a bitter taste, seek refreshment and repose, if you wish to prevent illness, already beginning to take place.” Why, our dear Doctor, illness in such a deplorable case as this, is just about to end, and death is beginning to take place. Thank Heaven, it is a condition to which we do not remember having very nearly approximated! Who ever saw us yawn? or drowsy? or with our appetite impaired, except on the withdrawal of the table-cloth? or low-spirited, but when the Glenlivet was at ebb? Who dare declare that he ever saw our mouth dry? or sensible of a bitter taste, since we gave over munching rowans? Put your finger on our wrist, at any moment you choose, from June to January, from January to June, and by its pulsation you may rectify Harrison's or Kendal's chronometer.

But the Doctor proceeds—“By raising the temperature of my room to about 65°, a broth diet, and taking a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in half a pint of warm water, and repeating it every half hour till it moves the bowels twice or thrice, and retiring to rest an hour or two

sooner than usual, I have often very speedily got rid of colds, &c."

Why, there may be no great harm in acting as above; although we should far rather recommend a screed of the Epsoms. A tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in half a pint of warm water, reminds one, somehow or other, of Tims. A small matter works a Cockney. It is not so easy—and that the Cockneys well know—to move the bowels of old Christopher North. We do not believe that a tea-spoonful of any thing in this world would have any serious effect on old "Ironsides." We should have no hesitation in backing him against so much corrosive sublimate. He would dine out on the day he had bolted that quantity of arsenic;—and would, we verily believe, rise triumphant from a tea-spoonful of Prussic acid.

We could mention a thousand cures for "colds, et cetera," more efficacious than a broth diet, a warm room, a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts, or early roosting. What say you, our dear Dean, to half a dozen tumbler of hot toddy? Your share of a brown jug to the same amount? Or an equal quantity, in its gradual decrease revealing deeper and deeper still the romantic Welsh scenery of the Devil's Punch-Bowl? *Adde tot* small-bearded oysters, all redolent of the salt-sea foam, and worthy, as they stud the Ambrosial brodd, to be licked off all at once by the lambent tongue of Neptune. That antiquated calumny against the character of toasted cheese—that, forsooth, it is indigestible—has been trampled under the march of mind; and, therefore, you may tuck in a pound of double Gloucester. Other patients, labouring under catarrh, may, very possibly, prefer the roasted how-towdy—or the green goose from his first stubble-field—or why not, by way of a little variety, a roasted mawkin, midway between hare and leveret, tempting as maiden between woman and girl, or, as the Eastern poet says, between a frock and a gown? Go to bed—no need of warming pans—about a quarter before one;—you will not hear that small hour strike—you will sleep sound till sunrise, sound as the Black Stone at Scone, on which the Kings of Scotland were crowned of old. And if you contrive to carry a cold about you next day, you deserve to be sent to Coventry by all sensible people—and may, if you choose, begin taking, with Tims, a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in a half-pint of warm water every half hour, till it moves your bowels twice or thrice; but if you do, be your sex, politics, or religion what they may, never shall ye be suffered to contribute even a bit of Balaam to the Magazine.

The Doctor then treats of the best Season for travelling, and very judiciously observes that 'tis during these months when there is no occasion for a fire—that is, just before and after he extreme heat. In winter, Dr. Kitchiner, who was a man of extraordinary powers of observation, observed, "that the ways are generally bad, and often dangerous, especially in hilly countries, by reason of the snow and ice. The days are short—a traveller comes late to his lodging, and is often forced to rise before the sun in the morning—besides, the

country looks dismal—nature is, as it were, half dead. The summer corrects all these inconveniences." Paradoxical as this doctrine may at first sight appear—yet we have verified it by experience—having for many years found, without meeting with one single exception, that the fine, long, warm days of summer are an agreeable and infallible corrective of the inconveniences attending the foul, short, cold days of winter—a season which is surly without being sincere, blustering rather than bold—an intolerable bore—always pretending to be taking his leave, yet domiciliating himself in another man's house for weeks together—and, to be plain, a season so regardless of truth, that nobody believes him till frost has hung an ice-padlock on his mouth, and his many-river'd voice is dumb under the wreathed snows.

"Cleanliness when travelling," observes the Doctor, "is doubly necessary; to sponge the body every morning with tepid water, and then rub it dry with a rough towel, will greatly contribute to preserve health. To put the feet into warm water for a couple of minutes just before going to bed, is very refreshing, and inviting to sleep; for promoting tranquillity, both mental and corporeal, a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clear conscience."

Far be it from us to seek to impugn such doctrine. A dirty dog is a nuisance not to be borne. But here the question arises—who—what—is a dirty dog? Now there are men (no women) naturally—necessarily—dirty. They are not dirty by chance—or accident—say twice or thrice per diem; but they are always dirty—at all times and in all places—and never and nowhere more disgustingly so than when figged out for going to church. It is in the skin, in the blood—in the flesh, and in the bone—that with such the disease of dirt more especially lies. We beg pardon, no less in the hair. Now, such persons do not know that they are dirty—that they are unclean beasts. On the contrary, they often think themselves pinks of purity—incarnations of incarnations—impersonations of moss-roses—the spiritual essences of lilies, "imparadised in form of that sweet flesh." Now, were such persons to change their linen every half hour, night and day, that is, were they to put on forty-eight clean shirts in the twenty-four hours—and it might not be reasonable, perhaps, to demand more of them under a government somewhat too whiggish—yet though we cheerfully grant that one and all of the shirts would be dirty, we as sulkily deny that at any given moment from sunrise to sunset, and over again, the wearer would be clean. He would be just every whit and bit as dirty as if he had known but one single shirt all his life—and firmly believed his to be the only shirt in the universe.

Men again, on the other hand, there are—and thank God, in great numbers—who are naturally so clean, that we defy you to make them *bonâ fide* dirty. You may as well drive down a duck into a dirty puddle, and expect lasting stains on its pretty plumage. Pope says the same thing of swans—that is, Poets—when speaking of Aaron Hill diving into the ditch—

"He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
But soars far off among the swans of Thames."

Pleasant people of this kind of constitution you see going about of a morning rather in dishabille—hair uncombed haply—face and hands even unwashed—and shirt with a somewhat day-before-yesterdayish hue. Yet are they, so far from being dirty, at once felt, seen, and smelt, to be among the very cleanest of her Majesty's subjects. The moment you shake hands with them, you feel in the firm flesh of palm and finger that their heart's-blood circulates purely and freely from the point of the highest hair on the apex of the pericranium, to the edge of the nail on the large toe of the right foot. Their eyes are as clear as unclouded skies—the apples on their cheeks are like those on the tree—what need, in either case, of rubbing off dust or dew with a towel? What though, from sleeping without a night-cap, their hair may be a little toosey? It is not dim—dull—oily—like half-withered seaweeds! It will soon comb itself with the fingers of the west wind—that tent-like tree its toilette—its mirror that pool of the clear-flowing Tweed.

Some streams, just like some men, are always dirty—you cannot possibly tell why—unproducible to good pic-nic society either in dry or wet weather. In dry, the oozy wretches are weeping among the slippery weeds, infested with eels and powheads. In wet, they are like so many common sewers, strewn with dead cats and broken crockery, and threatening with their fierce fulzie to pollute the sea. The sweet, soft, pure rains, soon as they touch the flood are changed into filth. The sun sees his face in one of the pools, and is terrified out of his senses. He shines no more that day. The clouds have no notion of being caricatured, and the trees keep cautiously away from the brink of such streams—save, perchance, now and then, here and there, a weak, well-meaning willow—a thing of shreds and patches—its leafless wands covered with bits of old worsted stockings, crowns of hats, a bauchle, (see Dr. Jamieson,) and the remains of a pair of corduroy breeches, long hereditary in the family of the Blood-Royal of the Yetholm Gipsies.

Some streams, just like some men, are always clean—you cannot well tell why—producible to good pic-nic society either in dry or wet weather. In dry, the pearly waters are singing among the freshened flowers—so that the trout, if he chooses, may breakfast upon bees. In wet, they grow, it is true, dark and drummy—and at midnight, when heaven's candles are put out, loud and oft the angry spirit of the water shrieks. But Aurora beholds her face in the clarified pools and shallows—far and wide glittering with silver or with gold. All the banks and braes re-appear green as emerald from the subsiding current—into which look with the eye of an angler, and you behold a Fish—a twenty pounder—steadying himself—like an uncertain shadow; and oh! for George Scougal's leister to strike him through the spine! Yes, these are the images of trees, far down as if in another world; and whether you look up or look down, alike in all its blue,

braided, and unbounded beauty, is the morning sky!

Irishmen are generally men of the kind thus illustrated—generally sweet—at least in their own green Isle; and that was the best argument in favour of Catholic Emancipation.—So are Scotsmen. Whereas, blindfolded, take a London, Edinburgh, or Glasgow Cockney's hand, immediately after it has been washed and scented, and put it to your nose—and you will begin to be apprehensive that some practical wit has substituted in lieu of the sonnet-scribbling bunch of little fetid fives, the body of some chicken-butcher of a weasel, that died of the plague. We have seen as much of what is most ignorantly and malignantly denominated dirt—one week's earth—washed off the feet of a pretty young girl on a Saturday night, at a single sitting in the little rivulet that runs almost round about her father's hut, as would have served him to raise his mignonette in, or his crop of cresses. How beautifully glowed the crimson snow of the singing creature's new washed feet! First as they shone almost motionless beneath the lucid waters—and then, fearless of the hard bent and rough roots of the heather, bore the almost alarming Fairy dancing away from the eyes of the stranger; till the courteous spirit that reigns over all the Highland wilds arrested her steps knee-deep in bloom, and bade her bow her auburn head, as blushing, she faltered forth, in her sweet Gaelic accents, a welcome that thrilled like a blessing through the heart of the Sassenach, nearly benighted, and wearied sore with the fifty glorious mountain-miles that intermit at times their frowning forests from the corrieis of Cruachan to the cliffs of Cairngorm.

It will be seen from these hurried remarks, that there is more truth than, perhaps, Dr. Kitchiner was aware of, in his apothegm—"that a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clear conscience." But the Doctor had but a very imperfect notion of the meaning of the words "clean skin"—his observation being not even skin-deep. A wash-hand basin, a bit of soap, and a coarse towel, he thought would give a Cockney on Ludgate-hill a clean skin—just as many good people think that a Bible, a prayer-book, and a long sermon, can give a clear conscience to a criminal in Newgate. The cause of the evil, in both cases, lies too deep for tears. Millions of men and women pass through nature to eternity clean-skinned and pious—with slight expense either in soap or sermons; while millions more, with much weekday bodily scrubbing, and much Sabbath spiritual sanctification, are held in bad odour here, while they live, by those who happen to sit near them, and finally go out like the stink of a candle.

Never stir, quoth the Doctor, "without paper, pen, and ink, and a note-book in your pocket. Notes made by pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of travelling. Commit to paper whatever you see, hear, or read, that is remarkable, with your sensations on observing it—do this upon the spot, if possible, at the moment it first strikes you—at all events do not delay it beyond the first convenient opportunity."

Suppose all people behaved in this way—and what an absurd world we should have of it—every man, woman, and child who could write, jotting away at their note-books! This committing to paper of whatever you see, hear, or read, has, among many other bad effects, this one especially—in a few years it reduces you to a state of idiocy. The memory of all men who commit to paper becomes regularly extinct, we have observed, about the age of thirty. Now, although the Memory does not bear a very brilliant reputation among the faculties, a man finds himself very much at a stand who is unprovided with one; for the Imagination, the Judgment, and the Reason walk off in search of the Memory—each in opposite directions; and the Mind, left at home by itself, is in a very awkward predicament—gets comatose—snores loudly, and expires. For our own part, we would much rather lose our Imagination and our Judgment—nay, our very Reason itself—than our Memory—provided we were suffered to retain a little Feeling and a little Fancy. Committers to paper forget that the Memory is a tablet, or they carelessly fling that mysterious tablet away, soft as wax to receive impressions, and harder than adamant to retain and put their trust in a bit of calf-skin, or a bundle of old rags.

The observer who instantly jots down every object he sees, never, properly speaking, saw an object in his life. There has always been in the creature's mind a feeling alien to that which the object would, of its pure self, have excited. The very preservation of a sort of style in the creature's remarks, costs him an effort which disables him from understanding what is before him, by dividing the small attention of which he might have been capable, between the jotting, the jotter, and the thing jotted. Then your committer to paper of whatever he sees, hears, or reads, forgets or has never known that all real knowledge, either of men or things, must be gathered up by operations which are in their very being spontaneous and free—the mind being even unconscious of them as they are going on—while the edifice has all the time been silently rising up under the unintermitting labours of those silent workers—Thoughts; and is finally seen, not without wonder, by the Mind or Soul itself, which, gentle reader, was all along Architect and Foreman—had not only originally planned, but had even daily superintended the building of the Temple.

Were Dr. Kitchiner not dead, we should just put to him this simple question—Could you, Doctor, not recollect all the dishes of the most various dinner at which you ever assisted, down to the obscurest kidney, without committing every item to your note-book? Yes, Doctor, you could. Well, then, all the universe is but one great dinner. Heaven and earth, what a show of dishes! From a sun to a salad—a moon to a mutton-chop—a comet to a curry—a planet to a pâté! What gross ingratitude to the Giver of the feast, not to be able, with the memory he has given us, to remember his bounties! It is true, what the Doctor says, that notes made with pencils

are easily obliterated by the motion of travelling; but, then, Doctor, notes made by the Mind herself, with the Ruby Pen Nature gives all her children who have also discourse of Reason, are with the slightest touch, easier far than glass by the diamond, traced on the tablets that disease alone seems to deface, death alone to break, but which, ineffaceable, and not to be broken, shall with all their miscellaneous inscriptions endure for ever—yea, even to the great Day of Judgment.

If men will but look and listen, and feel and think—they will never forget any thing worth being remembered. Do we forget “our children, that to our eyes are dearer than the sun?” Do we forget our wives—unreasonable and almost downright disagreeable as they sometimes will be? Do we forget our triumphs—our defeats—our ecstasies, our agonies—the face of a dear friend, or “dearest foe”—the ghostlike voice of conscience at midnight arraigning us of crimes—or her seraph hymn, at which the gates of heaven seem to expand for us that we may enter in among the white-robed spirits, and

“Summer high in bliss upon the hills of God?”

What are all the jottings that ever were jotted down on his jot-book, by the most inveterate jotter that ever reached a raven age, in comparison with the Library of Useful Knowledge, that every man—who is a man—carries within the Ratcliffe—the Bodleian of his own breast?

What are you grinning at in the corner there, you little ugly Beelzebub of a Printer's Devil? and have you dropped through a seam in the ceiling? More copy do you want? There, you imp—vanished like a thought!

SECOND COURSE.

ABOVE all things, continues Dr. Kitchiner, “avoid travelling through the night, which, by interrupting sleep, and exposing the body to the night air, is always prejudicial, even in the mildest weather, and to the strongest constitutions.” Pray, Doctor, what ails you at the night air? If the night air be, even in the mildest weather, prejudicial to the strongest constitutions, what do you think becomes of the cattle on a thousand hills? Why don't all the bulls in Bashan die of the asthma—or look interesting by moonlight in a galloping consumption? Nay, if the night air be so very fatal, how do you account for the longevity of owls? Have you never read of the Chaldean shepherds watching the courses of the stars? Or, to come nearer our own times, do you not know that every blessed night throughout the year, thousands of young lads and lassies meet, either beneath the milk-white thorn—or on the lea-rig, although the night be ne'er sae wet, and they be ne'er sae weary—or under a rock on the hill—or—no uncommon case—beneath a frozen stack—not of chimneys, but of corn-sheaves—or on a couch of snow—and that they are all as warm as so many pies while, instead of feeling what you call “the

lack of vigour attendant on the loss of sleep, which is as enfeebling and as distressing as the languor that attends the want of food," they are, to use a homely Scotch expression, "neither to haud nor bind;" the eyes of the young lads being all as brisk, bold, and bright as the stars in Charles's Wain, while those of the young lasses shine with a soft, faint, obscure, but beautiful lustre, like the dewy Pleiades, over which nature has insensibly been breathing a mist almost waving and wavering into a veil of clouds!

Have you, our dear Doctor, no compassion for those unfortunate blades, who, *volentes-volentes*, must remain out perennially all night—we mean the blades of grass, and also the flowers? Their constitutions seem often far from strong; and shut your eyes on a frosty night, and you will hear them—we have done so many million times—shivering, ay, absolutely shivering under their coat of hoar-frost! If the night air be indeed what Dr. Kitchiner has declared it to be—Lord have mercy on the vegetable world! What agonies in that field of turnips! Alas, poor Swedes! The imagination recoils from the condition of that club of winter cabbages—and of what materials, pray, must the heart of that man be made, who could think but for a moment on the case of those carrots, without bursting into a flood of tears!

The Doctor avers that the firm health and fine spirits of persons who live in the country, are not more from breathing a purer air, than from enjoying plenty of sound sleep; and the most distressing misery of "this Elysium of bricks and mortar," is the rareness with which we enjoy "the sweets of a slumber unbroke."

Doctor—in the first place, it is somewhat doubtful whether or not persons who live in the country have firmer health and finer spirits than persons who live in towns—even in London. What kind of persons do you mean? You must not be allowed to select some dozen or two of the hairiest among the curates—a few chosen rectors whose faces have been but lately elevated to the purple—a team of prebends issuing sleek from their golden stalls—a picked bishop—a sacred band the élite of the squirearchy—with a corresponding sprinkling of superior noblemen from lords to dukes—and then to compare them, cheek by jowl, with an equal number of external objects taken from the common run of Cockneys. This, Doctor, is manifestly what you are etting at—but you must clap your hand, Doctor, without discrimination, on the great body of the rural population of England, male and female, and take whatever comes first—be it a poor, wrinkled, toothless, blear-eyed, palsied hag, tottering horizontally on a staff, under the load of a premature old age, (for she is not yet fifty,) brought on by annual rheumatism and perennial poverty;—Be it a young, ugly, unmarried woman, far advanced in pregnancy, and sullenly trooping to the alehouse, to meet the overseer of the parish poor, who, enraged with the unborn bastard, is about to force the parish bully to marry the parish prostitute;—Be it a landlord of a rural inn, with pig eyes peering over his ruby cheeks, the whole machinery of

his mouth so deranged by tipping that he simultaneously snorts, stutters, slavers and snores—pot-bellied—shanked like a spindle—stræ—and bidding fair to be buried on or before Saturday week;—Be it a half-drunk horse-cowper, swinging to and fro in a wraprascal on a bit of broken-down blood that once won a fifty, every sentence, however short, having but two intelligible words, an oath and a lie—his heart rotten with falsehood, and his bowels burned up with brandy, so that sudden death may pull him from his saddle before he put spurs to his sporting filly that she may bilk the turnpike man, and carry him more speedily home to beat or murder his poor, pale, industrious char-woman of a wife;—Be it—not a beggar, for beggars are prohibited from this parish—but a pauper in the sulks, dying on her pittance from the poor-rates, which altogether amount in merry England but to about the paltry sum of, more or less, six millions a year—her son, all the while, being in a thriving way as a general merchant in the capital of the parish, and with clear profits from his business of £300 per annum, yet suffering the mother that bore him, and suckled him, and washed his childish hands, and combed the bumpkin's hair, and gave him Epsoms in a cup when her dear Johnny-raw had the belly-ache, to go down, step by step, as surely and as obviously as one is seen going down a stair with a feeble hold of the banisters, and stumbling every footfall, down that other flight of steps that consist of flags that are mortal damp and mortal cold, and lead to nothing but a parcel of rotten planks, and overhead a vault dripping with perpetual moisture, green and slobbery, such as toads delight in crawling heavily through with now and then a bloated leap, and hideous things more worm-like, that go wriggling briskly in and out among the refuse of the coffins, and are heard, by imagination at least, to emit faint angry sounds, because the light of day has hurt their eyes, and the air from the upper world weakened the rank savoury smell of corruption, clothing, as with a pall, all the inside walls of the tombs;—Be it a man yet in the prime of life as to years, six feet and an inch high, and measuring round the chest forty-eight inches, (which is more, reader, than thou dost by six, we bet a sovereign, member although thou even be'st of the Edinburgh Six Feet Club,) to whom Washington Irving's Jack Tibbuts was but a Tims—but then ever so many game-keepers met him all alone in my lord's pheasant preserve, and though two of them died within the month, two within the year, and two are now in the workhouse—one a mere idiot, and the other a madman—both shadows—so terribly were their bodies mauled, and so sorely were their skulls fractured;—yet the poacher was taken, tried, hulked; and there he sits now, sunning himself on a bank by the edge of a wood whose haunts he must thread no more—for the keepers were grim bone-breakers enough in their way—and when they had gotten him on his back, one gouged him like a Yankee, and the other bit off his nose like a Bolton Trotter—and one smashed his *os frontis* with the nailed heel of a two-pound

wooden clog, a Preston Purrer;—so that Master Allonby is now far from being a beauty, with a face of that description attached to a head wagging from side to side under a powerful palsy, while the Mandarin drinks damnation to the Lord of the Manor in a horn of eleemosynary ale, handed to him by the village blacksmith, in days of old not the worst of the gang, and who, but for a stupid jury, a merciful judge, and something like prevarication in the circumstantial evidence, would have been hanged for a murderer—as he was—dissected, and hung in chains;—Be it a red-haired woman, with a pug nose, small fiery eyes, high cheekbones, bulging lips, and teeth like swine-tusks,—bearded—flat-breasted as a man—tall, scrambling in her gait, but swift, and full of wild motions in her weather-withered arms, all starting with sinews like whipcord—the Pedestrian Post to and fro the market town twelve miles off—and so powerful a pugilist that she hit Grace Maddox senseless in seven minutes—tried before she was eighteen for child-murder, but not hanged, although the man-child, of which the drab was self-delivered in a ditch, was found with blue finger-marks on its wind-pipe, bloody mouth, and eyes forced out of their sockets, buried in the dunghill behind her father's hut—not hanged, because a surgeon, originally bred a sow-gelder, swore that he believed the mother had unconsciously destroyed her offspring in the throes of travail, if indeed it had ever breathed, for the lungs would not swim, he swore, in a basin of water—so the incestuous murderess was let loose; her brother got hanged in due time after the mutiny at the Nore—and her father, the fishmonger—why, he went red raving mad as if a dog had bitten him—and died, as the same surgeon and sow-gelder averred, of the hydrophobia, foaming at the mouth, gnashing his teeth, and some said cursing, but that was a calumny, for something seemed to be the matter with his tongue, and he could not speak, only splutter—nobody venturing, except his amiable daughter—and in that particular act of filial affection she was amiable—to hold in the article of death the old man's head;—Be it that moping idiot that would sit, were she suffered, on, on, on—night and day for ever, on the selfsame spot, whatever that spot might be on which she happened to squat at morning, mound, wall, or stone—motionless, dumb, and, as a stranger would think, also blind, for the eyelids are still shut—never opened in sun or storm;—yet that figure—that which is now, and has for years been, an utter and hopeless idiot, was once a gay, laughing, dancing, singing girl, whose blue eyes seemed full of light, whether they looked on earth or heaven, the flowers or the stars—her sweet-heart—a rational young man, it would appear—having leapt out upon her suddenly, as she was passing through the churchyard at night, from behind a tomb-stone in a sack which she, having little time for consideration, and being naturally superstitious, supposed to be a shroud, and the wearer thereof, who was an active stripling of sound flesh and blood, to be a ghost or skeleton, all one horrid rattle of bones; so that the trick succeeded far beyond the most sanguine ex-

pectation of the Tailor who played the principal part—and sense, feeling, memory, imagination, and reason, were all felled by one blow of fear—as butcher felleth ox—while by one of those mysteries, which neither we, nor you, nor anybody else, can understand, life remained not only unimpaired, but even invigorated; and there she sits, like a clock wound up to go a certain time, the machinery of which being good, has not been altogether deranged by the shock that sorely cracked the case, and will work till the chain is run down, and then it will tick no more;—Be it that tall, fair, lovely girl, so thin and attenuated that all wonder she can walk by herself—that she is not blown away even by the gentle summer breeze that woos the hectic of her cheek—dying all see—and none better than her poor old mother—and yet herself thoughtless of the coming doom, and cheerful as a nest-building bird—while her lover, too deep in despair to be betrayed into tears, as he carries her to her couch, each successive day feels the dear and dreadful burden lighter and lighter in his arms. Small strength will it need to support her bier! The coffin, as if empty, will be lowered unfelt by the hands that hold those rueful cords!

In mercy to our readers and ourselves, we shall endeavour to prevent ourselves from pursuing this argument any further—and perhaps quite enough has been said to show that Dr. Kitchiner's assertion, that persons who live in the country have firmer health and finer spirits than the inhabitants of towns—is exceedingly problematical. But even admitting the fact to be as the Doctor has stated it, we do not think he has attributed the phenomenon to the right cause. He attributes it to "their enjoying plenty of sound sleep." The worthy Doctor is entirely out in his conjecture. The working classes in the country enjoy, we don't doubt it, sound sleep—but not plenty of it. They have but a short allowance of sleep—and whether it be sound or not, depends chiefly on themselves; while as to the noises in towns and cities, they are nothing to what one hears in the country—unless, indeed, you perversely prefer private lodgings at a pewterer's. Did we wish to be personal, we could name a single waterfall who, even in dry weather, keeps all the visitors from town awake within a circle of four miles diameter; and in wet weather, not only keeps them all awake, but impresses them with a constantly recurring conviction during the hours of night, that there is something seriously amiss about the foundation of the river, and that the whole parish is about to be overflowed, up to the battlements of the old castle that overlooks the linn. Then, on another point, we are certain—namely, that rural thunder is many hundred times more powerful than villatic. London porter is above admiration—but London thunder below contempt. An ordinary hackney-coach beats it hollow. But, my faith! a thunder-storm in the country—especially if it be mountainous, with a few fine Woods and Forests, makes you inevitably think of that land from whose bourne no traveller returns; and even our town readers will acknowledge that country thunder much more frequently proves mortal than the

thunder you meet with in cities. In the country, few thunder-storms are contented to pass over without killing at least one horse, some milch-kine, half-a-dozen sucking pigs or turkeys, an old woman or two, perhaps the Minister of the parish, a man about forty, name unknown, and a nursing mother at the ingle, the child escaping with singed eye-brows, and a singular black mark on one of its great toes. We say nothing of the numbers stupefied, who awake the day after, as from a dream, with strange pains in their heads, and not altogether sure about the names or countenances of the somewhat unaccountable people whom they see variously employed about the premises, and making themselves pretty much at home. In towns, not one thunder-storm in fifty that performs an exploit more magnanimous than knocking down an old wife from a chimney-top—singing a pair of worsted stockings that, knit in an ill-star'd hour, when the sun had entered Aries, had been hung out to dry on a line in the back-yard, or garden as it is called—or cutting a few inches off the tail of an old whig weathercock that for years had been pecking the eyes out of all the airs the wind can blow, greedy of some still higher preference.

Our dear deceased author proceeds to tell his Traveller how to eat and drink; and remarks, "that people are apt to imagine that they may indulge a little more in high living when on a journey. Travelling itself, however, acts as a stimulus; therefore less nourishment is required than in a state of rest. What you might not consider intemperate at home, may occasion violent irritation, fatal inflammations, &c., in situations where you are least able to obtain medical assistance."

All this is very loosely stated, and must be set to rights. If you shut yourself up for some fifty hours or so in a mail-coach, that keeps wheeling along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and changes horses in half a minute, certainly for obvious reasons the less you eat and drink the better; and perhaps an hourly hundred drops of laudanum, or equivalent grain of opium, would be advisable, so that the transit from London to Edinburgh might be performed in a phantasma. But the free agent ought to live well on his travels—some degrees better, without doubt, than when at home. People seldom live very well at home. There is always something requiring to be eaten up, that it may not be lost, which destroys the soothing and satisfactory symmetry of an unexceptionable dinner. We have detected the same duck through many unprincipled disguises, playing a different part in the farce of domestic economy, with a versatility hardly to have been expected in one of the most generally despised of the web-footed tribe. When travelling at one's own sweet will, one feeds at a different inn every meal; and, except when the coincidence of circumstances is against you, there is an agreeable variety both in the natural and artificial disposition of the dishes. True that travelling may act as a stimulus—but false that therefore less nourishment is required. Would Dr. Kitchiner, if now alive, presume to say that it was right for

him, who had sat all day with his feet on the fender, to gobble up, at six o'clock of the afternoon, as enormous a dinner as we who had walked since sunrise forty or fifty miles? Because our stimulus had been greater, was our nourishment to be less? We don't care a curse about stimulus. What we want, in such a case, is lots of fresh food; and we hold that, under such circumstances, a man with a sound Tory Church-and-King stomach and constitution cannot over-eat himself—no, not for his immortal soul.

We had almost forgot to take the deceased Doctor to task for one of the most free-and-easy suggestions ever made to the ill-disposed, how to disturb and destroy the domestic happiness of eminent literary characters. "An introduction to eminent authors may be obtained," quoth he slyly, "from the booksellers who publish their works."

The booksellers who publish the works of eminent authors have rather more common sense and feeling, it is to be hoped, than this comes to—and know better what is the province of their profession. Any one man may, if he chooses, give any other man an introduction to any third man in this world. Thus the tailor of any eminent author—or his bookseller—or his parish minister—or his butcher—or his baker—or his "man of business"—or his house-builder—may, one and all, give such travellers as Dr. Kitchiner and others, letters of introduction to the said eminent author in prose or verse. This, we have heard, is sometimes done—but fortunately we cannot speak from experience, not being ourselves an eminent author. The more general the intercourse between men of taste, feeling, cultivation, learning, genius, the better; but that intercourse should be brought about freely and of its own accord, as fortunate circumstances permit, and there should be no impertinent interference of selfish or benevolent go-betweens. It would seem that Dr. Kitchiner thought the commonest traveller, one who was almost, as it were, bordering on a Bagman, had nothing to do but call on the publisher of any great writer, and get a free admission into his house. Had the Doctor not been dead, we should have given him a severe rowing and blowing-up for this vulgar folly; but as he is dead, we have only to hope that the readers of the Oracle who intend to travel will not degrade themselves, and disgust "authors of eminence," by thrusting their ugly or comely faces—both are equally odious—into the privacy of gentlemen who have done nothing to exclude themselves from the protection of the laws of civilized society—or subject their firesides to be infested by two-half of the curious men of the country, two-thirds of the clever, and all the blockheads.

THIRD COURSE.

HAVING thus briefly instructed travellers how to get a look at Lions, the Doctor suddenly exclaims—"IMPRIMIS, BEWARE OF DOGS!" "There have," he says, "been many arguments, pro-

and *con*, on the dreadful disease their bite produces—it is enough to prove that multitudes of men, women, and children have died in consequence of having been bitten by dogs. What does it matter whether they were the victims of bodily disease or mental irritation? The life of the most humble human being is of more value than all the dogs in the world—dare the most brutal cynic say otherwise?"

Dr. Kitchiner always travelled, it appears, in chaises; and a chaise of one kind or other he recommends to all his brethren of mankind. Why, then, this intense fear of the canine species? Who ever saw a mad dog leap into the mail-coach, or even a gig? The creature, when so afflicted, hangs his head, and goes snapping right and left at pedestrians. Poor people like us, who must walk, may well fear hydrophobia—though, thank Heaven, we have never, during the course of a tolerably long and well-spent life, been so much as once bitten by "the rabid animal!" But what have rich authors, who loll in carriages, to dread from dogs, who always go on foot? We cannot credit the very sweeping assertion, that multitudes of men, women, and children have died in consequence of being bitten by dogs. Even the newspapers do not run up the amount above a dozen per annum, from which you may safely deduct two-thirds. Now, four men, women and children, are not "a multitude." Of those four, we may set down two as problematical—having died, it is true, *in*, but not of hydrophobia—states of mind and body wide as the poles asunder. He who drinks two bottles of pure spirit every day he buttons and unbuttons his breeches, generally dies *in* a state of hydrophobia—for he abhorred water, and knew instinctively the jug containing that insipid element. But he never dies at all of hydrophobia, there being evidence to prove that for twenty years he had drunk nothing but brandy. Suppose we are driven to confess the other two—why, one of them was an old woman of eighty, who was dying as fast as she could hobble, at the very time she thought herself bitten—and the other a nine-year-old brat, in hooping-cough and measles, who, had there not been such a quadruped as a dog created, would have worried itself to death before evening, so lamentably had its education been neglected, and so dangerous an accomplishment is an impish temper. The twelve cases for the year of that most horrible disease, hydrophobia, have, we flatter ourselves, been satisfactorily disposed of—eight of the alleged deceased being at this moment engaged at various handicrafts, on low wages indeed, but still such as enable the industrious to live—two having died of drinking—one of extreme old age, and one of a complication of complaints incident to childhood, their violence having, in this particular instance, been aggravated by neglect and a devilish temper. Where now the "multitude" of men, women, and children, who have died in consequence of being bitten by mad dogs?

Gentle reader—a mad dog is a bugbear; we have walked many hundred times the diameter and the circumference of this our habitable globe—along all roads, public and private—

with stiles or turnpikes—metropolitan streets and suburban paths—and at all seasons of the revolving year and day; but never, as we padded the hoof along, met we nor were overtaken by greyhound, mastiff, or cur, in a state of hydrophobia. We have many million times seen them with their tongues lolling out about a yard—their sides pating—flag struck—and the whole dog showing symptoms of severe distress. That such travellers were not mad, we do not assert—they may have been mad—but they certainly were fatigued; and the difference, we hope, is often considerable between weariness and insanity. Dr. Kitchiner, had he seen such dogs as we have seen, would have fainted on the spot. He would have raised the country against the harmless jog-trotter. Pitchforks would have gleamed in the setting sun, and the flower of the agricultural youth of a midland country, forming a levy *en masse*, would have offered battle to a turnspit. The Doctor, sitting in his coach—like Napoleon at Waterloo—would have cried "*Tout est perdu—sauve qui peut!*"—and re-galloping to a provincial town, would have found refuge under the gateway of the Hen and Chickens.

"The life of the most humble human being," quoth the Doctor, "is of more value than all the dogs in the world—dare the most brutal cynic say otherwise?"

This question is not put to us; for so far from being the most brutal Cynic, we do not belong to the Cynic school at all—being an Eclectic, and our philosophy composed chiefly of Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Peripateticism—with a fine, pure, clear, bold dash of Platonism. The most brutal Cynic, if now alive and snarling, must therefore answer for himself—while we tell the Doctor, that so far from holding, with him, that the life of the most humble human being is of more value than all the dogs in the world, we, on the contrary, verily believe that there is many an humble dog whose life far transcends in value the lives of many men, women, and children. Whether or not dogs have souls, is a question in philosophy never yet solved; although we have our selves no doubt on the subject, and firmly believe that they have souls. But the question, as put by the Doctor, is not about souls, but about lives; and as the human soul does not die when the human body does, the death of an old woman, middle-aged man, or young child, is no such very great calamity, either to themselves or to the world. Better, perhaps, that all the dogs now alive should be massacred, to prevent hydrophobia, than that a human soul should be lost;—but not a single human soul is going to be lost, although the whole canine species should become insane to-morrow. Now, would the Doctor have laid one hand on his heart and the other on his Bible, and taken a solemn oath that rather than that one old woman of a century and a quarter should suddenly be cut off by the bite of a mad dog, he would have signed the warrant of execution of all the packs of harriers and fox-hounds, all the pointers, spaniels, setters, and cockers, all the stag-hounds, greyhounds, and lurchers, all the Newfoundlanders, shepherd-dogs, mastiffs, bull-dogs, and terriers, the

infinite generation of mongrels and crosses included, in Great Britain and Ireland—to say nothing of the sledge-drawers in Kamschatka, and in the realms slow-moving near the Pole! To clench the argument at once—What are all the old women in Europe, one-half of the men, and one-third of the children, when compared, in value, with any one of Christopher North's Newfoundland dogs—Fro—Bronte—or O'Bronte? Finally, does he include in his sweeping condemnation the whole brute creation, lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, camelopardales, zebras, quaggas, cattle, horses, asses, mules, cats, the ichneumon, cranes, storks, cocks-of-the-wood, geese, and how-towdies?

“Semi-drowning in the sea”—he continues—“and all the pretended specifics, are mere delusions—there is no real remedy but cutting the part out immediately. If the bite be near a bloodvessel, that cannot always be done, nor when done, however well done, will it always prevent the miserable victim from dying the most dreadful of deaths. Well might St. Paul tell us to ‘beware of dogs.’ First Epistle to Philippians, chap. iii. v. 2.”

Semi-drowning in the sea is, we grant, a bad specific, and difficult to be administered. It is not possible to tell, *a priori*, how much drowning any particular patient can bear. What is mere semi-drowning to James, is total drowning to John.—Tom is easy of resuscitation—Bob will not stir a muscle for all the Humane Societies in the United Kingdoms. To cut a pound of flesh from the rump of a fat dowager, who turns sixteen stone, is within the practical skill of the veriest bungler in the anatomy of the human frame—to scarify the fleshless spindle-shank of an antiquated spinstress, who lives on a small annuity, might be beyond the scalpel of an Abernethy or a Liston. A large bloodvessel, as the Doctor well remarks, is an awkward neighbour to the wound made by the bite of a mad dog, “when a new excision has to be attempted”—but will any Doctor living inform us how, in a thousand other cases besides hydrophobia, “the miserable victim may always be prevented from dying?” There are, probably, more dogs in Britain than horses; yet a hundred men, women, and children are killed by kicks of sane horses, for one by bites of insane dogs. Is the British army, therefore, to be deprived of its left arm, the cavalry? Is there to be no flying artillery? What is to become of the horse-marines?

Still the Doctor, though too dogmatical, and rather puppyish above, is, at times, sensible on dogs.

“Therefore,” quoth he, “never travel without a good tough Black Thorn in your Fist, not less than three feet in length, on which may be marked the Inches, and so it may serve for a measure.

“Pampered Dogs, that are permitted to prance about as they please, when they hear a knock, scamper to the door, and not seldom snap at unwary visitors. Whenever *Counselor Cautious* went to a house, &c., where he was not quite certain that there was no Dog, after he had rapped at the door, he retired three or four yards from it, and prepared against the

Enemy: when the door was opened, he desired, if there was any Dog, that it might be shut up till he was gone, and would not enter the House till it was.

“*Sword and Tuck Sticks*, as commonly made are hardly so good a weapon as a stout Stick—the Blades are often inserted into the Handles in such a slight manner, that one smart blow will break them out;—if you wish for a *Sword-Cane*, you must have one made with a good Regulation Blade, which alone will cost more than is usually charged for the entire Stick.—I have seen a Cane made by Mr. PRICE, of the *Stick and Umbrella Warehouse*, 221, in the Strand, near Temple Bar, which was excellently put together.

“A powerful weapon, and a very smart and light-looking thing, is an *Iron Stick* of about four-tenths of an inch in diameter, with a Hook next the Hand, and terminating at the other end in a Spike about five inches in length, which is covered by a Ferrule, the whole painted the colour of a common walking-stick; it has a light natty appearance, while it is in fact a most formidable Instrument.”

We cannot charge our memory with this instrument, yet had we seen one once, we hardly think we could have forgot it. But Colonel de Berenger in his *Helps and Hints* prefers the umbrella. Umbrellas are usually carried, we believe, in wet weather, and dogs run mad, if ever, in dry. So the safe plan is to carry one all the year through, like the Duke.

“I found it a valuable weapon, although by mere chance; for walking alone in the rain a large mad dog, pursued by men, suddenly turned upon me, out of a street which I had just approached; by instinct more than by judgment, I gave point at him severely, opened as the umbrella was, which, screening me at the same time, *was an article from which he did not expect thrusts*; but which, although made at guess, for I could not see him, turned him over and over, and before he could recover himself, his pursuers had come up immediately to despatch him; the whole being the work of even few seconds; but for the umbrella the horrors of hydrophobia might have fallen to my lot.”

There is another mode, which, with the omission or alteration of a word or two, looks feasible, supposing we had to deal not with a bull-dog, but a young lady of our own species. “If,” says the Colonel, “you can seize a dog's front paw neatly, and immediately squeeze it sharply, he cannot bite you till you cease to squeeze it; therefore, by keeping him thus well pinched, you may lead him wherever you like—or you may, with the other hand, seize him by the skin of the neck, to hold him thus without danger, provided your strength is equal to his efforts at extrication.” But here comes the Colonel's infallible *vade-mecum*.

“Look at them with your face from between your open legs, holding the skirts away, and running at them thus backwards, of course head below, stern exposed and above, and growling angrily, most dogs, seeing so strange an animal, the head at the heels, the eyes below the mouth, &c., are so dismayed, that, with their tails between their legs, they are glad to scamper away, some even howling with af

fright. I have never tried it with a thoroughbred bull-dog, nor do I advise it with them; though I have practised it, and successfully, with most of the other kinds; it might fail with these, still I cannot say it will."

Thus armed against the canine species, the Traveller, according to our Oracle, must also provide himself with a portable case of instruments for drawing—a sketch and note book—paper—ink—and **PIXS—NEEDLES—AND THREAD!** A ruby or Rhodium pen, made by Doughty, No. 10, Great Ormond Street—pencils from Langdon's of Great Russell Street—a folding one-foot rule, divided into eighths, tenths, and twelfths of inches—a hunting watch with seconds, with a detached lever or Duplex's escapement, in good strong silver cases—Dollond's achromatic opera-glass—a night-lamp—a tinder-box—two pair of spectacles, with strong silver frames—an eye-glass in a silver ring slung round the neck—a traveller's knife, containing a large and small blade, a saw, hook for taking a stone out of a horse's shoe, turnscrew, gunpicker, tweezers, and long corkscrew—galoches or paralooses—your own knife and fork, and spoon—a Welsh wig—a spare hat—umbrella—two great-coats, one for cool and fair weather, (*i. e.* between 45° and 55° of Fahrenheit,) and another for cold and foul weather, of broadcloth, lined with fur, and denominated a "dreadnought."

Such are a few of the articles with which every sensible traveller will provide himself before leaving *Dulce Domum* to brave the perils of a Tour through the Hop-districts.

"If circumstances compel you," continues the Doctor, "to ride on the outside of a coach, put on two shirts and two pair of stockings, turn up the collar of your great-coat, and tie a handkerchief round it, and have plenty of dry straw to set your feet on."

In our younger days we used to ride a pretty considerable deal on the outside of coaches, and much hardship did we endure before we hit on the discovery above promulgated. We once rode outside from Edinburgh to London, in winter without a great-coat, in nankeen trousers *sans* drawers, and all other articles of our dress thin and light in proportion. That we are alive at this day, is no less singular than true—no more true than singular. We have known ourselves so firmly frozen to the leather ceiling of the mail-coach, that it required the united strength of coachman, guard, and the other three outsides, to separate us from the vehicle, to which we adhered as part and parcel. All at once the device of the double shirt flashed upon us—and it underwent signal improvements before we reduced the theory to practice. For, first, we endued ourselves with a leather shirt—then with a flannel one—and then, in regular succession, with three linen shirts. This concluded the Series of Shirts. Then commenced the waistcoats. A plain woollen waistcoat without buttons—with hooks and eyes—took the lead, and kept it; it was closely pressed by what is, in common parlance, called an under-waistcoat—the body being flannel, the breast-edges bearing a pretty pattern of stripes or bars—then came a natty red waistcoat, of which we were particularly

proud, and of which the effect on landlady bar-maid, and chamber-maid, we remember, was irresistible—and, fourthly and finally, to complete that department of our investiture, shone with soft yet sprightly lustre—the double-breasted bright-buttoned Buff. Five and four are nine—so that between our carcass and our coat, it might have been classically said of our dress—"Novies interfusa coercent." At this juncture of affairs began the coats, which, as it is a great mistake to wear too many coats—never exceeded six. The first used generally to be a pretty old coat that had lived to moralize over the mutability of human affairs—threadbare—napless—and what ignorant people might have called shabby-genteel. It was followed by a plain, sensible, honest, unpretending, common-place, every day sort of a coat—and not, perhaps, of the very best merino. Over it was drawn, with some little difficulty, what had, in its prime of life, attracted universal admiration in Prince's Street, as a blue surtout. Then came your regular olive-coloured great-coat—not braided and embroidered *à la militaire*—for we scorned to sham travelling-captain—but *simplex munditiis*, plain in its neatness; not wanting then was your shag-hued wrappascal, betokening that its wearer was up to snuff—and to close this strange eventful history, the seven-caped Dreadnought, that loved to dally with the sleets and snows—held in calm contempt Boreas, Notus, Auster, Eurus, and "the rest"—and drove baffled Winter howling behind the Pole.

The same principle of accumulation was made applicable to the neck. No stock. Neckcloth above neckcloth—beginning with singles—and then getting into the full uncut squares—the amount of the whole being somewhere about a dozen. The concluding neckcloth worn cravat-fashion, and flowing down the breast in a cascade, like that of an attorney-general. Round our cheek and ear, leaving the lips at liberty to breathe and imbibe, was wreathed, in undying remembrance of the bravest of the brave, a Jem Belcher fogle—and beneath the cravat-cascade a comforter netted by the fair hands of her who had kissed us at our departure, and was sighing for our return. One hat we always found sufficient—and that a black beaver—for a lily castor suits not the knowledge-box of a friend to "a limited constitutional and hereditary monarchy."

As to our lower extremities—One pair only of roomy shoes—one pair of stockings of the finest lamb's-wool—another of common close worsted, knit by the hand of a Lancashire witch—thirdly, Shetland hose. All three pair reaching well up towards the fork—each about an inch-and-a-half longer than its predecessor. Flannel drawers—one pair only—within the lamb's-wool, and touching the instep—then one pair of elderly cassimeres, of yore worn at balls—one pair of Manchester white cords—ditto of strong black quilted trousers, "capacious and serene"—and at or beneath the freezing point, overalls of the same stuff as "Johnny's gray breeks"—neat but not gaudy—mud-repelers—themselves a host—never in all their lives "thoroughly wet through"—frost-proof—and often mistaken by the shepherd on the

would, as the *Telegraph* hung for a moment on the misty upland, for the philibeg of Phœbus in his dawn-dress, hastily slept on as he bade farewell to some star-paramour, and, like a giant about to run a race, devoured the cerulean course of day, as if impatient to reach the goal set in the Western Sea.

FOURTH COURSE.

PRAY, reader, do you know what line of conduct you ought to pursue if you are to sleep on the road? "The earlier you arrive," says the Doctor, "and the earlier after your arrival you apply, the better the chance of getting a good bed—this done, order your luggage to your room. A travelling-bag, or a 'sac de nuit,' in addition to your trunk, is very necessary; it should be large enough to contain one or two changes of linen—a night-shirt—shaving apparatus—comb, clothes, tooth and hair brushes, &c. Take care, too, to see your sheets well aired, and that you can fasten your room at night. Carry fire-arms also, and take the first unostentatious opportunity of showing your pistols to the landlord. However well-made your pistols, however carefully you have chosen your flint, and however dry your powder, look to the priming and touch-hole every night. Let your pistols be double-barrelled, and with spring bayonets."

Now, really, it appears to us, that in lieu of double-barrelled pistols with spring bayonets, it would be advisable to substitute a brace of black-puddings for daylight, and a brace of Oxford or Bologna sausages for the dark hours. They will be equally formidable to the robber, and far safer to yourself. Indeed we should like to see duelling black-puddings, or sausages, introduced at Chalk-Farm;—and, that etiquette might not be violated, each party might take his antagonist's weapon, and the seconds, as usual, see them loaded. Surgeons will have to attend as usual. Far more blood, indeed, would be thus spilt, than according to the present fashion.

The Doctor, as might be expected, makes a mighty rout—a prodigious fuss—all through the Oracle, about damp sheets;—he must immediately see the chamber-maid, and overlook the airing with his own hands and eyes. He is also an advocate of the warming-pan—and for the adoption, indeed, of every imaginable scheme for excluding death from his chamber. He goes on the basis of every thing being as it should not be in inns—and often reminds us of our old friend Death-in-the-Pot. Nay, as Travellers never can be sure that those who have slept in the beds before them were not afflicted with some contagious disease, whenever they can they should carry their own sheets with them—namely, a "light eider-down quilt, and two dressed hart skins, to be put on the mattresses, to hinder the disagreeable contact. These are to be covered with the traveller's own sheets—and if an eider-down quilt be not sufficient to keep him warm, his coat put upon it will increase the heat sufficiently. If the traveller is not provided with these

accommodations, it will sometimes be prudent not to undress entirely; however, the neck cloth, gaiters, shirt, and every thing which checks the circulation, must be loosened."

Clean sheets, the Doctor thinks, are rare in inns; and he believes that it is the practice to "take them from the bed, sprinkle them with water, fold them down, and put them into a press. When they are wanted again, they are, literally speaking, shown to the fire, and in a reeking state, laid on the bed. The traveller is tired and sleepy, dreams of that pleasure or business which brought him from home, and the remotest thing from his mind is, that from the very repose which he fancies has refreshed him, he has received the rheumatism. The receipt, therefore, to sleep comfortably at inns, is to take your own sheets, to have plenty of flannel gowns, and to promise, and take care to pay, a handsome consideration for the liberty of choosing your bed."

Now, Doctor, suppose all travellers behaved at inns upon such principles, what a perpetual commotion there would be in the house! The kitchens, back-kitchens, laundries, drying rooms, would at all times be crammed choke full of a miscellaneous rabble of Editors, Authors, Lords, Baronets, Squires, Doctors of Divinity, Fellows of Colleges, Half-pay Officers, and Bagmen, oppressing the chambermaids to death, and in the headlong gratification of their passion for well-aired sheets, setting fire so incessantly to public premises as to raise the rate of insurance to a ruinous height, and thus bring bankruptcy on all the principal establishments in Great Britain. But shutting our eyes, for a moment, to such general conflagration and bankruptcy, and indulging ourselves in the violent supposition that some inns might still continue to exist, think, O think, worthy Doctor, to what other fatal results this system, if universally acted upon, would, in a very few years of the transitory life of man, inevitably lead! In the first place, in a country where all travellers carried with them their own sheets, none would be kept in inns except for the use of the establishment's own members. This would be inflicting a vital blow, indeed, on the inns of a country. For mark, in the second place, that the blankets would not be long of following the sheets. The blankets would soon fly after the sheets on the wings of love and despair. Thirdly, are you so ignorant, Doctor, of this world and its ways, as not to see that the bedsteads would, in the twinkling of an eye, follow the blankets? What a wild, desolate wintry appearance would a bed-room then exhibit!

The foresight of such consequences as these may well make a man shudder. We have no objections, however, to suffer the Doctor himself, and a few other occasional damp-dreading old quizzes, "to see the bed-clothes put to the fire in their presence," merely at the expense of subjugating themselves to the derision of all the chambermaids, cooks, scullions, boots, ostlers, and painters. (The painter is the artist who is employed in inns to paint the buttered toast. He always works in oils. As the Director General would say—he deals in but

tery touches.) Their feverish and restless anxiety about sheets, and their agitated discourse on damps and deaths, hold them up to vulgar eyes in the light of lunatics. They become the groundwork of practical jokes—perhaps are bitten to death by fleas; for a chambermaid, of a disposition naturally witty and cruel, has a dangerous power put into her hands, in the charge of blankets. The Doctor's whole soul and body are wrapt up in well-aired sheets; but the insidious Abigail, tormented by his flustering, becomes in turn the tormentor—and selecting the yellowest, dingiest, and dirtiest pair of blankets to be found throughout the whole gallery of garrets, (those for years past used by long-bearded old-clothesmen Jews,) with a wicked leer that would lull all suspicion asleep in a man of a far less inflammable temperament, she literally envelopes him in vermin, and after a night of one of the plagues of Egypt, the Doctor rises in the morning, from top to bottom absolutely tattooed!

The Doctor, of course, is one of those travellers who believe, that unless they use the most ingenious precautions, they will be uniformly robbed and murdered in inns. The villains steal upon you during the midnight hour, when all the world is asleep. They leave their shoes down stairs, and leopard-like, ascend with velvet, or—what is almost as noiseless—worsted steps, the wooden stairs. True, that your breeches are beneath your bolster—but that trick of travellers has long been “as notorious as the sun at noonday;” and although you are aware of your breeches, with all the ready money perhaps that you are worth in this world, eloping from beneath your parental eye, you in vain try to cry out—for a long, broad, iron hand, with ever so many iron fingers, is on your mouth; another, with still more numerous digits, compresses your windpipe, while a low hoarse voice, in a whisper to which Sarah Siddons's was empty air, on pain of instant death enforces silence from a man unable for his life to utter a single word; and after pulling off all the bed-clothes, and then clothing you with curses, the ruffians, whose accent betrays them to be Irishmen, inflict upon you divers wanton wounds with a blunt instrument, probably a crow-bar—swearing by Satan and all his saints, that if you stir an inch of your body before daybreak, they will instantly return, cut your throat, knock out your brains, sack you, and carry you off for sale to a surgeon. Therefore you must use pocket door-bolts, which are applicable to almost all sorts of doors, and on many occasions save the property and life of the traveller. The corkscrew door-fastening the Doctor recommends as the simplest. This is screwed in between the door and the door-post, and unites them so firmly, that great power is required to force a door so fastened. They are as portable as common corkscrews, and their weight does not exceed an ounce and a half. The safety of your bed-room should always be carefully examined; and in case of bolts not being at hand, it will be useful to hinder entrance into the room by putting a table and a chair upon it against the door. Take a peep below the bed, and into the closets, and every place

where concealment is possible—of course, although the Doctor forgets to suggest it, into the chimney. A friend of the Doctor's used to place a bureau against the door, and “thereon he set a basin and ewer in such a position as easily to rattle, so that, on being shook, they instantly became *mollo agitato*.” Upon one alarming occasion this device frightened away one of the chambermaids, or some other Paulina Pry, who attempted to steal on the virgin sleep of the travelling Joseph, who all the time was hiding his head beneath the bolster. Joseph, however, believed it was a horrible midnight assassin, with mustaches and a dagger. “The chattering of the crockery gave the alarm, and the attempt, after many attempts, was abandoned.”

With all these fearful apprehensions in his mind, Dr. Kitchiner must have been a man of great natural personal courage and intrepidity, to have slept even once in his whole lifetime from home. What dangers must we have passed, who used to plump in, without a thought of damp in the bed, or scamp below it—closet and chimney uninspected, door unbolted and unscrewed, exposed to rape, robbery, and murder! It is mortifying to think that we should be alive at this day. Nobody, male or female, thought it worth their while to rob, ravish, or murder us! There we lay, forgotten by the whole world—till the crowing of cocks, or the ringing of bells, or blundering Boots insisting on it that we were a Manchester Bagman, who had taken an inside in the Heavy at five, broke our repose, and Sol laughing in at the unshuttered and uncurtained window showed us the floor of our dormitory, not streaming with a gore of blood. We really know not whether to be most proud of having been the favourite child of Fortune, or the neglected brat of Fate. One only precaution did we ever use to take against assassination, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to, sleep where one may, and that was to say inwardly a short fervent prayer, humbly thanking our Maker for all the happiness—let us trust it was innocent—of the day; and humbly imploring his blessing on all the hopes of to-morrow. For, at the time we speak of we were young—and every morning, whatever the atmosphere might be, rose bright and beautiful with hopes that, far as the eyes of the soul could reach, glittered on earth's, and heaven's, and life's horizon!

But suppose that after all this trouble to get himself bolted and screwed into a paradisaical tabernacle of a dormitory, there had suddenly rung through the house the cry of FIRE—FIRE—FIRE! how was Dr. Kitchiner to get out? Tables, bureaux, benches, chairs, blocked up the only door—all laden with wash-hand basins and other utensils, the whole crockery shepherdesses of the chimney-piece, double-barrelled pistols with spring bayonets ready to shoot and stab, without distinction of persons, as their proprietor was madly seeking to escape the roaring flames! Both windows are iron-bound, with all their shutters, and over and above tightly fastened with “the corkscrew-fastening, the simplest that we have seen.” The wind-board is in like manner, and by the same unhappy contrivance, firmly jammed into the

jaws of the chimney, so egress to the Doctor up the vent is wholly denied—no fire-engine in the town—but one under repair. There has not been a drop of rain for a month, and the river is not only distant but dry. The element is growling along the galleries like a lion, and the room is filling with something more deadly than back-smoke. A shrill voice is heard crying—"Number 5 will be burned alive! Number 5 will be burned alive! Is there n. possibility of saving the life of Number 5?" The Doctor falls down before the barricado, and is stretched all his hapless length fainting on the floor. At last the door is burst open, and landlord, landlady, chambermaid, and boots—each in a different key—from manly bass to childish treble, demand of Number 5 if he be a murderer or a madman—for, gentle reader, it has been a—Dream.

We must hurry to a close, and shall perform the short remainder of our journey on foot. The first volume of the Oracle concludes with "Observations on Pedestrians." Here we are at home—and could, we imagine, have given the Doctor a mile in the hour in a year-mach. The strength of man, we are given distinctly to understand by the Doctor, is "in the ratio of the performance of the restorative process, which is as the quantity and quality of what he puts into his stomach, the energy of that organ, and the quantity of exercise he takes." This statement of the strength of man may be unexceptionably true, and most philosophical to those who are up to it—but to us it resembles a definition we have heard of thunder, "the conjection of the sulphur congeals the matter." It appears to us that a strong stomach is not the sole constituent of a strong man—but that it is not much amiss to be provided with a strong back, a strong breast, strong thighs, strong legs, and strong feet. With a strong stomach alone—yea, even the stomach of a horse—a man will make but a sorry Pedestrian. The Doctor, however, speedily redeems himself by saying admirably well, "that nutrition does not depend more on the state of the stomach, or of what we put into it, than it does on the stimulus given to the system by exercise, which alone can produce that perfect circulation of the blood which is required to throw off superfluous secretions, and give the absorbents an appetite to suck up fresh materials. This requires the action of every petty artery, and of the minutest ramifications of every nerve and fibre in our body." Thus, he remarks, a little further on, by way of illustration, "that a man suffering under a fit of the vapours, after half an hour's brisk ambulation, will often find that he has walked it off, and that the action of the body has exonerated the mind."

The Doctor warms as he walks—and is very near leaping over the fence of Political Economy. "Providence, he remarks, furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up for ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced to produce its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than unactive persons out of twenty, and as for

those who are, by the condition in which they are born, exempted from work, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they daily and duly employ themselves in that VOLUNTARY LABOUR WHICH GOES BY THE NAME OF EXERCISE." Inflexible justice, however, forces us to say, that although the Doctor throws a fine philosophical light over the most general principles of walking, as they are involved in "that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise," yet he falls into frequent and fatal error when he descends into the particulars of the practice of pedestrianism. Thus, he says that no person should sit down to a hearty meal immediately after any great exertion, either of mind or body—that is, one might say, after a few miles of Plinlimmon, or a few pages of the Principia. Let the man, quoth he, "who comes home fatigued by bodily exertion, especially if he feel heated by it, throw his legs upon a chair, and remain quite tranquil and composed, that the energy which has been dispersed to the extremities may have time to return to the stomach, when it is required." To all this we say—Fudge! The sooner you get hold of a leg of roasted mutton the better; but meanwhile, off rapidly with a pot of porter—then leisurely on with a clean shirt—wash your face and hands in gelid—none of your tepid water. There is no harm done if you should shave—then keep walking up and down the parlour rather impatiently, for such conduct is natural, and in all things act agreeably to nature—stir up the waiter with some original jest by way of stimulant, and to give the knave's face a well-pleased stare—and never doubting "that the energy which has been dispersed to the extremities" has had ample time to return to the stomach, in God's name fall to! and take care that the second course shall not appear till there is no vestige left of the first—a second course being looked on by the judicious moralist and pedestrian very much in the light in which the poet has made a celebrated character consider it—

"Nor fame I slight—nor for her favours call—
She comes unlook'd for—if she comes at all."

To prove how astonishingly our strength may be diminished by indolence, the Doctor tells us, that meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to his inquiry after his health he replied, "Why, better—better, thank ye—I think I begin to feel some symptoms of the return of a little English energy. Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, I actually put on one of my stockings myself?"

The Doctor then asserts, that it "has been repeatedly proved that a man can travel further for a week or a month than a horse." On reading this sentence to Will Whipcord—"Yes, sir," replied that renowned Professor of the Newmarket Philosophy, "that's all right, sir—a man can beat a horse!"

Now, Will Whipcord may be right in his opinion, and a man may beat a horse. But it never has been tried: There is no match of pedestrianism on record between a first-rate man and a first-rate horse; and as soon as there is, we shall lay our money on the horse—only mind, the horse carries no weight, and

he must be allowed to do his work on turf. We know that Arab horses will carry their rider, provision and provender, arms and accoutrements, (no light weight,) across the desert, eighty miles a-day, for many days—and that for four days they have gone a hundred miles a-day. That would have puzzled Captain Barclay in his prime, the Prince of Pedestrians. However, be that as it may, the comparative pedestrian powers of man and horse have never yet been ascertained by any accredited match in England.

The Doctor then quotes an extract from a Pedestrian Tour in Wales by a Mr. Shepherd, who, we are afraid, is no great headpiece, though we shall be happy to find ourselves in error. Mr. Shepherd, speaking of the inconveniencies and difficulties attending a pedestrian excursion, says, "that at one time the roads are rendered so muddy by the rain, that it is almost impossible to proceed;"—"at other times you are exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and by wasting time under a tree or a hedge are benighted in your journey, and again reduced to an uncomfortable dilemma." "Another disadvantage is, that your track is necessarily more confined—a deviation of ten or twelve miles makes an important difference, which, if you were on horseback, would be considered as trivial." "Under all these circumstances," he says, "it may appear rather remarkable that we should have chosen a pedestrian excursion—in answer to which, it may be observed, that we were not apprized of these things till we had experienced them." What! Mr. Shepherd, were you, who we presume have reached the age of puberty, not apprized, before you penetrated as a pedestrian into the Principality, that "roads are rendered muddy by the rain?" Had you never met, either in your experience of life, or in the course of your reading, proof positive that pedestrians "are exposed to the inclemency of the weather?" That, if a man will linger too long under a tree or a hedge when the sun is going down, "he will be benighted?" Under what serene atmosphere, in what happy clime, have you pursued your preparatory studies *sub dio*? But, our dear Mr. Shepherd, why waste time under the shelter of a tree or a hedge? Waste time nowhere, our young and unknown friend. What the worse would you have been of being soaked to the skin? Besides, consider the danger you ran of being killed by lightning, had there been a few flashes, under a tree! Further, what will become of you, if you addict yourself on every small emergency to trees and hedges, when the country you walk through happens to be as bare as the palm of your hand? But—turn your jacket, good sir—scorn an umbrella—emerge boldly from the silvan shade, snap your fingers at the pitiful pelting of the pitiless storm—poor spite indeed in *Densissimus Imber*—and we will insure your life for a presentation copy of your Tour against all the diseases that leapt out of Pandora's box, not only till you have reached the Inn at Capel-Cerig, but your own home in England, (we forget the county,)—ay, till your marriage, and the baptism of your first-born.

Dr. Kitchiner seems to have been much

frightened by Mr. Shepherd's picture of a storm in a puddle, and proposes a plan of alleviation of one great inconvenience of pedestrianizing "Persons," quoth he, "who take a pedestrian excursion, and intend to subject themselves to the uncertainties of accommodation, by going across the country and visiting unfrequented paths, will act wisely to carry with them a piece of oil-skin to sit upon while taking refreshments out of doors, which they will often find needful during such excursions." To save trouble, the breach of the pedestrian's breeches should be a patch of oil-skin. Here a question of great difficulty and importance arises—Breeches or trousers? Dr. Kitchiner is decidedly for breeches. "The garter," says he, "should be below the knee, and breeches are much better than trowsers. The general adoption of those which, till our late wars, were exclusively used by 'the Lords of the Ocean,' has often excited my astonishment. However convenient trousers may be to the sailor who has to cling to slippery shrouds, for the landsman nothing can be more inconvenient. They are heating in summer, and in winter they are collectors of mud. Moreover, they occasion a necessity for wearing garters. Breeches are, in all respects, much more convenient. These should have the knee-band three quarters of an inch wide, lined on the upper side with a piece of plush, and fastened with a buckle, which is much easier than even double strings, and, by observing the strap, you always know the exact degree of tightness that is required to keep up the stocking; any pressure beyond that is prejudicial, especially to those who walk long distances."

We are strongly inclined to agree with the Doctor in his panegyric on breeches. True, that in the forenoons, especially if of a dark colour, such as black, and worn with white, or even gray or bluish, stockings, they are apt, in the present state of public taste, to stamp you a schoolmaster, or a small grocer in full dress, or an exciseman going to a ball. We could dispense too with the knee-buckles and plush lining—though we allow the one might be ornamental, and the other useful. But what think you, gentle reader, of walking with a Pedometer? A Pedometer is an instrument cunningly devised to tell you how far and how fast you walk, and is, quoth the Doctor, a "perambulator in miniature." The box containing the wheels is made of the size of a watch-case, and goes into the breeches-pocket, and by means of a string and hook, fastened at the waistband or at the knee, the number of steps a man takes, in his regular paces, are registered from the action of the string upon the internal wheelwork at every step, to the amount of 30,000. It is necessary to ascertain the distance walked, that the average length of one pace be precisely known, and that multiplied by the number of steps registered on the dial-plate.

All this is very ingenious; and we know one tolerable pedestrian who is also a Pedometrist. But no Pedometristian will ever make a fortune in a mountainous island, like Great Britain, where pedestrianism is indigenous to the soil. A good walker is as regular in his

going as clock-work. He has his different paces—three, three and a half—four, four and a half—five, five and a half—six miles an hour toe and heel. A common watch, therefore, is to him, in the absence of milestones, as good as a Pedometer—with this great and indisputable advantage, that a common watch continues to go even after you have yourself stopped, whereas, the moment you sit down on your oil-skin patch, why, your Pedometer (which indeed, from its name and construction, is not unreasonable) immediately stands still. Neither, we believe, can you accurately note the pulse of a friend in a fever by a Pedometer.

What pleasure on this earth transcends a breakfast after a twelve-mile walk? Or is there in this subliminary scene a delight superior to the gradual, dying-away, dreamy drowsiness that, at the close of a long summer day's journey up hill and down dale, seals up the

glimmering eyes with honey-dew, and stretches out, under the loving hands of nourrice Nature, the whole elongated animal economy, steeped in rest divine from the organ of veneration to the point of the great toe, be it on a bed of down, chaff, straw, or heather, in palace, hall, hotel, or hut? If in an inn, nobody interferes with you in meddling officiousness; neither landlord, bagman, waiter, chambermaid, boots—you are left to yourself without being neglected. Your bell may not be emulously answered by all the menials on the establishment, but a smug or shock-headed drawer appears in good time; and if mine host may not always dignify your dinner by the deposition of the first dish, yet, influenced by the rumour that soon spreads through the premises, he bows farewell at your departure, with a shrewd suspicion that you are a nobleman in disguise.

SOLILOQUY ON THE SEASONS.

FIRST RHAPSODY.

No weather more pleasant than that of a mild WINTER day. So gracious the season, that Hyems is like Ver—Januarius like Christopher North. Art thou the Sun of whom Milton said,

“Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams,”

an image of disconsolate obscurity? Bright art thou as at meridian on a June Sabbath; but effusing a more temperate lustre, not unfelt by the sleeping, though not insensate earth. She stirs in her sleep, and murmurs—the mighty mother; and quiet as herself, though broad awake, her old ally the ship-bearing sea. What though the woods be leafless—they look as alive as when laden with umbrage; and who can tell what is going on now within the heart of that calm oak grove? The fields laugh not now—but here and there they smile. If we see no flowers we think of them—and less of the perished than of the unborn; for regret is vain, and hope is blest; in peace there is the promise of joy—and therefore in the silent pastures a perfect beauty how restorative to man's troubled heart!

The Shortest Day in all the year—yet is it lovelier than the Longest. Can that be the voice of birds? With the laverock's lyric our fancy filled the sky—with the throstle's roundelay it awoke the wood. In the air life is audible—circling unseen. Such serenity must be inhabited by happiness. Ha! there thou art, our Familiar—the selfsame Robin Redbreast that pecked at our nursery window, and used to warble from the gable of the school-house his sweet winter song!

In company we are silent—in solitude we soliloquize. So dearly do we love our own voice that we cannot bear to hear it mixed with that of others—perhaps drowned; and then our bashfulness tongue-ties us in the hush

expectant of our “golden opinions,” when all eyes are turned to the speechless “old man eloquent,” and you might hear a tangle dishevelled itself in Neera's hair. But all alone by ourselves, in the country, among trees, standing still among untrodden leaves—as now—how we do speak! All thoughts—all feelings—desire utterance; left to themselves they are not happy till they have evolved into words—winged words that sometimes settle on the ground, like moths on flowers—sometimes seek the sky, like eagles above the clouds.

No such soliloquies in written poetry as these of ours—the act of composition is fatal as frost to their flow; yet composition there is at such solitary times going on among the moods of the mind, as among the clouds on a still but not airless sky, perpetual but imperceptible transformations of the beautiful, obedient to the bidding of the spirit of beauty.

Who but Him who made it knoweth aught of the Laws of Spirit? All of us may know much of what is “wisest, virtuous, discreet, best,” in obedience to them; but leaving the open day, we enter at once into thickest night. Why at this moment do we see a spot once only visited by us—unremembered for ever so many flights of black or bright winged years—see it in fancy as it then was in nature, with the same dew-drops on that wondrous myrtle beheld but on that morning—such a myrtle as no other eyes beheld ever on this earth but ours, and the eyes of one now in heaven?

Another year is about to die—and how wags the world? “What great events are on the gale?” Go ask our statesmen. But their rule—their guidance is but over the outer world, and almost powerless their folly or their wisdom over the inner region in which we mortals live, and move, and have our being, where the fall of a throne makes no more noise than that of a leaf!

Thank Heaven! Summer and Autumn are both dead and buried at last, and white lies the snow on their graves! Youth is the season of all sorts of insolence, and therefore we can forgive and forget almost any thing in *Spring*. He has always been a privileged personage; and we have no doubt that he played his pranks even in Paradise. To-day, he meets you unexpectedly on the hill-side; and was there ever a face in this world so celestialized by smiles! All the features are framed of light. Gaze into his eyes, and you feel that in the untroubled lustre there is something more sublime than in the heights of the cloudless heavens, or in the depths of the waveless seas. More sublime, because essentially spiritual. There stands the young Angel, entranced in the conscious mystery of his own beautiful and blessed being; and the earth becomes all at once fit region for the sojourn of the Son of the Morning. So might some great painter image the First-born of the Year, till nations adored the picture.—To-morrow you repair, with hermit steps, to the Mount of the Vision, and,

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,"

Spring clutches you by the hair with the fingers of frost; slashes a storm of sleet in your face, and finishes, perhaps, by folding you in a winding-sheet of snow, in which you would infallibly perish but for a pocket-pistol of Glenlivet.—The day after to-morrow, you behold him—Spring—walking along the firmament, sad, but not sullen—mournful, but not miserable—disturbed, but not despairing—now coming out towards you in a burst of light—and now fading away from you in a gathering of gloom—even as one might figure in his imagination a fallen Angel. On Thursday, confound you if you know what the deuse to make of his Springship. There he is, stripped to the buff—playing at hide-and-seek, hare-and-hound, with a queer crazy crony of his in a fur cap, swandown waistcoat, and hairy breeches, Lod-brog or Winter. You turn up the whites of your eyes, and the browns of your hands in amazement, till the Two, by way of change of pastime, cease their mutual vagaries, and like a couple of hawks diverting themselves with an owl, in conclusion buffet you off the premises. You insert the occurrence, with suitable reflections, in your Meteorological Diary, under the head—Spring. On Friday, nothing is seen of you but the blue tip of your nose, for you are confined to bed by rheumatism, and nobody admitted to your sleepless sanctum but your condoling Mawsey. 'Tis a pity. For never since the flood-greened earth on her first resurrection morn laughed around Ararat, spanned was she by such a Rainbow! By all that is various and vanishing, the arch seems many miles broad, and many miles high, and all creation to be gladly and gloriously gathered together without being crowded—plains, woods, villages, towns, hills, and clouds, beneath the pathway of Spring, once more an Angel—an unfallen Angel! While the tinge that trembles into transcendent hues fading and fluctuating—deepening and dying—now gone, as if for ever—and now back again in an instant, as if breathing and alive—is felt,

during all that wavering visitation, to be of all sights the most evanescent, and yet inspirational of a beauty-born belief, bright as the sun that flung the image on the cloud—profound as the gloom it illumines—that it shone and is shining there at the bidding of Him who inhabiteth eternity.—The grim noon of Saturday, after a moaning morning, and one silent intermediate hour of grave-like stillness, begins a gleam fitfully with lightning like a maniac's eye; and is not that

"The sound
Of thunder heard remote!"

On earth wind there is none—not so much as a breath. But there is a strong wind in heaven—for see how that huge cloud-city, a night within a day, comes moving on along the hidden mountain-tops, and hangs over the loch all at once black as pitch, except that here and there a sort of sullen purple heaves upon the long slow swell, and here and there along the shores—how caused we know not—are seen, but heard not, the white melancholy breakers! Is no one smitten blind? No! Thank God! But ere the thanksgiving has been worded, an airquake has split asunder the cloud-city, the night within the day, and all its towers and temples are disordered along the firmament, to a sound that might waken the dead. Where are ye, ye echo-hunters, that grudge not to purchase gunpowder explosions on Lowood bowling-green at four shillings the blast? See! there are our artillerymen stalking from battery to battery—all hung up aloft facing the west—or "each standing by his gun" with lighted match, moving or motionless Shadow-figures, and all clothed in black-blue uniform, with blood-red facings portentously glancing in the sun, as he strives to struggle into heaven. The Generalissimo of all the forces, who is he but—Spring?—Hand in hand with Spring, Sabbath descends from heaven unto earth; and are not their feet beautiful on the mountains! Small as is the voice of that tinkling bell from that humble spire, overtopped by its coeval trees, yet is it heard in the heart of infinitude. So is the bleating of these silly sheep on the braes—and so is that voice of psalms, all at once rising so spirit-like, as if the very kirk were animated, and singing a joyous song in the wilderness to the ear of the Most High. For all things are under his care—those that, as we dream, have no life—the flowers, and the herbs, and the trees—those that some dim scripture seems to say, when they die, utterly perish—and those that all bright scripture, whether written in the book of God, or the book of Nature, declares will live for ever!

If such be the character and conduct of Spring during one week, wilt thou not forget and forgive—with us—much occasional conduct on his part that appears not only inexplicable, but incomprehensible? But we cannot extend the same indulgence to Summer and to Autumn. *SUMMER* is a season come to the years of discretion, and ought to conduct himself like a staid, sober, sensible, middle-aged man, not past, but passing, his prime. Now, Summer, we are sorry to say it, often behaves in a way to make his best friends

ashamed of him—in a way absolutely disgraceful to a person of his time of life. Having picked a quarrel with the Sun—his benefactor, nay, his father—what else could he expect but that that enlightened Christian would altogether withhold his countenance from so undutiful and ungrateful a child, and leave him to travel along the mire and beneath the clouds? For some weeks Summer was sulky—and sullenly scorned to shed a tear. His eyes were like ice. By and by, like a great school-boy, he began to whine and whimper—and when he found that would not do, he blubbered like the booby of the lowest form. Still the Sun would not look on him—or if he did, 'twas with a sudden and short half-scowl that froze the ingrate's blood. At last the Summer grew contrite, and the Sun forgiving; the one burst out into a flood of tears, the other into a flood of light. In simple words, the Summer wept and the Sun smiled—and for one broken month there was a perpetual alternation of rain and radiance! How beautiful is penitence! How beautiful forgiveness! For one week the Summer was restored to his pristine peace and old luxuriance, and the desert blossomed like the rose.

Therefore ask we the Summer's pardon for thanking Heaven that he was dead. Would that he were alive again, and buried not for ever beneath the yellow forest leaves! O thou first, faint, fair, finest tinge of dawning Light that streaks the still-sleeping yet just-waking face of the morn, Light and no-Light, a shadowy Something, that as we gaze is felt to be growing into an emotion that must be either Innocence or Beauty, or both blending together into devotion before Deity, once more duly visible in the divine colouring that forebodes another day to mortal life—before Thee what holy bliss to kneel upon the greensward in some forest glade, while every leaf is a-tremble with dewdrops, and the happy little birds are beginning to twitter, yet motionless among the boughs—before Thee to kneel as at a shrine, and breathe deeper and deeper—as the lustre waxeth purer and purer, brighter and more bright, till range after range arise of crimson clouds in altitude sublime, and breast above breast expands of yellow woods softly glittering in their far-spread magnificence—then what holy bliss to breathe deeper and deeper unto Him who holds in the hollow of his hand the heavens and the earth, our high but most humble orisons! But now it is Day, and broad awake seems the whole joyful world. The clouds—lustrous no more—are all anchored on the sky, white as fleets waiting for the wind. Time is not felt—and one might dream that the Day was to endure for ever. Yet the great river rolls on in the light—and why will he leave those lovely inland woods for the naked shores? Why—responds some voice—hurry we on our lives—impetuous and passionate far more than he with all his cataclysms—as if anxious to forsake the regions of the upper day for the dim place from which we yet recoil in fear—the dim place which imagination sometimes seems to see even through the sunshine, beyond the bourne of this our unintelligible being, stretching sea-

like it, to a still more mysterious night! Long as a Midsummer Day is, it has gone by like a Heron's flight. The sun is setting!—and let him set without being scribbled upon by Christopher North. We took a pen-and-ink sketch of him in a "Day on Windermere." Poor nature is much to be pitied among painters and poets. They are perpetually falling into

"Such perusal of her face
As they would draw it."

And often must she be sick of the Curious Impertinents. But a Curious Impertinent are not we—if ever there was one beneath the skies, a devout worshipper of Nature; and though we often seem to heed not her shrine—it stands in our imagination, like a temple in a perpetual Sabbath.

It was poetically and piously said by the Ettrick Shepherd, at a Noctes, that there is no such thing in nature as bad weather. Take Summer, which early in our soliloquy we abused in good set terms. Its weather was broken, but not bad; and much various beauty and sublimity is involved in the epithet "broken," when applied to the "season of the year." Common-place people, especially town-dwellers, who *fit* into the country for a few months, have a silly and absurd idea of Summer, which all the atmospherical phenomena fail to drive out of their foolish fancies. They insist on its remaining with us for half a year at least, and on its being dressed in its Sunday's best every day in the week as long as they continue in country quarters. The Sun must rise, like a labourer, at the very earliest hour, shine all day, and go to bed late, else they treat him contumeliously, and declare that he is not worth his meat. Should he retire occasionally behind a cloud, which it seems most natural and reasonable for one to do who lives so much in the public eye, why a whole watering-place, uplifting a face of dissatisfied expostulation to heaven, exclaims, "Where is the Sun? Are we never to have any Sun?" They also insist that there shall be no rain of more than an hour's duration in the daytime, but that it shall all fall by night. Yet when the Sun does exert himself, as if at their bidding, and is shining, as he supposes, to their heart's content, up go a hundred green parasols in his face, enough to startle the celestial steeds in his chariot. A *broken* summer for us. Now and then a few continuous days—perhaps a whole week—but, if that be denied, now and then,

"Like angel visits, few and far between,"

one single Day—blue-spread over heaven, green-spread over earth—no cloud above, no shade below, save that dove-coloured marile lying motionless like the mansions of peace, and that pensive gloom that falls from some old castle or venerable wood—the stillness of a sleeping joy, to our heart profounder than that of death, in the air, in the sky, and resting on our mighty mother's undisturbed breast—no lowing on the hills, no bleating on the braes—the rivers almost silent as lochs, and the lochs, just visible in their ærean purity, floating dream-like between earth and sky, imbued with the beauty of both, and seeming to belong

to either, as the heart melts to human tenderness, or beyond all mortal loves the imagination soars! Such days seem now to us—as memory and imagination half restore and half create the past into such weather as may have shone over the bridal morn of our first parents in Paradise—to have been frequent—nay, to have lasted all the Summer long—when our boyhood was bright from the hands of God. Each of those days was in itself a life! Yet all those sunny lives melted into one Summer—and all those Summers formed one continuous bliss. Storms and snows vanished out of our ideal year; and then morning, noon, and night, wherever we breathed, we *felt*, what now we but *know*, the inmost meaning of that profound verse of Virgil the Divine—

“Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.
Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo: solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.”

Few—no such days as those seem now ever to be born. Sometimes we indeed gaze through the face into the heart of the sky, and for a moment feel that the ancient glory of the heavens has returned on our dream of life. But to the perfect beatitude of the skies there comes from the soul within us a mournful response, that betokens some wide and deep—some everlasting change. Joy is not now what joy was of yore; like a fine diamond with a flaw is now Imagination's eye; other motes than those that float through ether cross between its orb and the sun; the “fine gold has become dim,” with which morning and evening of old embossed the skies; the dewdrops are not now the pearls once they were, left on

“Flowers, and weeds as beautiful as flowers,”

by angels' and by fairies' wings; knowledge, custom, experience, fate, fortune, error, vice, and sin, have dulled, and darkened, and deadened all things; and the soul, unable to bring over the Present the ineffable bliss and beauty of the Past, almost swoons to think what a ghastly thunder-gloom may by Providence be reserved for the Future!

Nay—nay—things are not altogether so bad with us as this strain—sincere though it be as a stream from the sacred mountains—might seem to declare. We can yet enjoy a *broken* Summer. It would do your heart good to see us hobbling with our crutch along the Highland hills, sans great-coat or umbrella, in a summer-shower, aiblins cap in hand that our hair may grow, up to the knees in the bonny blooming heather, or clambering, like an old goat, among the cliffs. Nothing so good for gout or rheumatism as to get wet through, while the thermometer keeps ranging between 60° and 70°, three times a-day. What refreshment in the very sound—Soaking! Old bones wax dry—nerves numb—sinews stiff—flesh frail—and there is a sad drawback on the Whole Duty of Man. But a sweet, soft, sou'-wester blows “caller” on our craziness, and all our pores instinctively open their mouths at the approach of rain. Look but at those dozen downward showers, all denizens of heaven, how black, and blue, and bright they in their glee are streaming, and gleaming

athwart the sunny mountain gloom, while even as they descend on earth, lift up the streams along the wilderness louder and louder a choral song. Look now at the heather—and smile whenever henceforth you hear people talk of *purple*. You have been wont to call a gold guinea or a sovereign *yellow*—but if you have got one in your pocket, place it on your palm, and in the light of that broom is it not a *dirty brown*? You have an emerald ring on your finger—but how gray it looks beside the *green* of those brackens, that pasture, that wood! Purple, yellow, and green, you have now seen, sir, for the first time in your life. Widening and widening over your head, all the while you have been gazing on the heather, the broom, the bracken, the pastures, and the woods, have the eternal heavens been preparing for you a vision of the sacred *Blue*. Is not that an Indigo Divine? Or, if you scorn that mercantile and manufacturing image, steal that blue from the sky, and let the lady of your love tinge but her eyelids with one touch, and a saintlier beauty will be in her upward looks as she beseeches Heaven to bless thee in her prayers! Set slowly—slowly—slowly—O Sun of Suns! as may be allowed by the laws of Nature. For not long after Thou hast sunk behind those mountains into the sea, will that celestial ROSE-RED be tabernacled in the heavens!

Meanwhile, three of the dozen showers have so soaked and steeped our old crazy carcass in refreshment, and restoration, and renewal of youth, that we should not be surprised were we to outlive that raven croaking in pure *gaieté du cœur* on the cliff. Threescore and ten years! Poo—'tis a pitiful span! At a hundred we shall cut capers—for twenty years more keep to the Highland fling—and at the close of other twenty, jig it into the grave to that matchless strathspey, the Reel of Tullochgorum!

Having thus made our peace with last Summer, can we allow the Sun to go down on our wrath towards the AUTUMN, whose back we yet see on the horizon, before he turn about to bow adieu to our hemisphere? Hello! meet us half way in yonder immense field of potatoes, our worthy season, and among these peacemakers, the Mealies and the Waxies, shall we two smoke together the calumet or cigar of reconciliation. The floods fell, and the folk feared famine. The people whined over the smut in wheat, and pored pale on the Monthly Agricultural Report. Grain grew greener and greener—reapers stood at the crosses of villages, towns, and cities, passing from one to another comfortless quechs of sma' yill, with their straw-bound sickles hanging idle across their shoulders, and with unhiired-looking faces, as ragged as if you were to dream of a Symposium of Scarecrows. Alarmed imagination beheld harvest treading on the heels of Christmas,

And Britain sadden'd at the long delay!”

when, whew! to dash the dismal predictions of foolish and false prophets, came rustling from all the airts, far, far and wide over the rain-drenched kingdom, the great armament of the Autumnal Winds! Groaned the grain,

as in sudden resurrection it lifted up its head, and knew that again the Sun was in Heaven. Death became Life; and the hearts of the husbandmen sang aloud for joy. Like Turks, the reapers brandished their sickles in the breezy light, and every field glittered with Christian crescents. Auld wives and bits o' weans mingled on the rig—kilted to the knees, like the comely cummers, and the handsome hizzies, and the lusome lassies wi' their silken snoods—among the heather-legged Highlandmen, and the bandy Irishers, brawny all, and with hook, scythe, or flail, inferior to none of the children of men. The scene lies in Scotland—but now, too, is England "Merry England" indeed, and outside passengers on a thousand coaches see stooks rising like stacks, and far and wide, over the tree-speckled champaign, rejoice in the sun-given promise of a glorious harvest-home. Intervenes the rest of two sunny Sabbaths sent to dry the brows of labour, and give the last ripeness to the overlaid stalks that, top-heavy with aliment, fall over in their yellow whiteness into the fast reaper's hands. Few fields now—but here and there one thin and greenish, of cold, unclean, or stony soil—are waving in the shadowy winds; for all are cleared, but some stooked stubbles from which the stooks are fast disappearing, as the huge wains seem to halt for a moment, impeded by the gates they hide, and then, crested perhaps with laughing boys and girls,

"Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings,"

no—not rings—for Beattie, in that admirable line, lets us hear a cart going out empty in the morning—but with a cheerful dull sound, ploughing along the black soil, the clean dirt almost up to the axletree, and then, as the wheels, rimmed you might always think with silver, reach the road, macadamized till it acts like a railway, how glides along downhill the moving mountain! And see now, the growing Stack glittering with a charge of pitchforks! The trams fly up from Dobbin's back, and a shoal of sheaves overflows the mire. Up they go, tossed from sinewy arms like feathers, and the Stack grows before your eyes, fairly proportioned as a beehive, without line or measure, but shaped by the look and the feel, true almost as the spring instinct of the nest-building bird. And are we not heartily ashamed of ourselves, amidst this general din of working mirthfulness, for having, but an hour ago, abused the jovial and generous Autumn, and thanked Heaven that he was dead? Let us retire into the barn with Shoosy, and hide our blushes.

Comparisons are odoriferous, and therefore for one paragraph let us compare Autumn with Spring. Suppose ourselves sitting beneath THE SYCAMORE of Windermere! Poets call Spring Green-Mantle—and true it is that the groundwork of his garbis green—even like that of the proud peacock's changeful neck, when the creature treads in the circle of his own splendour, and the scholar who may have forgotten his classics, has yet a dream of Juno and of her watchful Argus with his hundred, his thousand eyes. But the coat of Spring,

like that of Joseph, is a coat of many colours. Call it patchwork if you choose,

"And be yourself the great sublime you draw."

Some people look on nature with a milliner's or a mantua-maker's eye—arraying her in furbelows and flounces. But use your own eyes and ours, and from beneath THE SYCAMORE let us two, sitting together in amity, look lovingly on the Spring. Felt ever your heart before, with such an emotion of harmonious beauty, the exquisitely delicate distinctions of character among the lovely tribes of trees! That is BELLE ISLE. Earliest to salute the vernal rainbow, with a glow of green gentle as its own, is the lake-loving ALDER, whose home, too, is by the flowings of all the streams. Just one degree fainter in its hue—or shall we rather say brighter—for we feel the difference without knowing in what it lies—stands, by the Alder's rounded softness, the spiral LARCH, all hung over its limber sprays, were you near enough to admire them, with cones of the Tyrian dye. The stem, white as silver, and smooth as silk, seen so straight in the green silvan light, and there airily overarching the coppice with lambent tresses, such as fancy might picture for the mermaid's hair, pleasant as is her life on that Fortunate Isle, is yet said by us, who vainly attribute our own sadness to un sorrowing things—to belong to a Tree that weeps;—though a weight of joy it is, and of exceeding gladness, that thus depresses the Birch's pendent beauty, till it droops—as we think—like that of a being overcome with grief! Seen standing all along by themselves, with something of a foreign air and an exotic expression, yet not unwelcome or obtrusive among our indigenous fair forest-trees, twinkling to the touch of every wandering wind, and restless even amidst what seemeth now to be everlasting rest, we cannot choose but admire that somewhat darker grove of columnar Lombardy POPLARS. How comes it that some SYCAMORES so much sooner than others salute the spring? Yonder are some but budding, as if yet the frost lay on the honey-dew that protects the beamy germs. There are others warming into expansion, half-budded and half-leaved, with a various light of colour visible in that sun-glint distinctly from afar. And in that nook of the still sunnier south, trending eastward, a few are almost in their full summer foliage, and soon will the bees be swarming among their flowers. A HORSE CHESTNUT has a grand oriental air, and like a satrap uplifts his green banner yellowing in the light—that shows he belongs to the line of the Prophet. ELMS are then most magnificent—witness Christ-Church walk—when they hang overhead in heaven like the chancel of a cathedral. Yet here, too, are they august—and methinks "a dim religious light" is in that vault of branches just vivifying to the Spring, and though almost bare, tinged with a coming hue that ere long will be majestic brightness. Those old OAKS seem sulen in the sunshine, and slow to put forth their power, like the Spirit of the Land they emblem. But they, too, are relaxing from their wonted sternness—soon will that faint green be a glo

rious yellow; and while the gold-laden boughs stoop boldly to the storms with which they love to dally, bounds not the heart of every Briton to the music of his national anthem,

"Rule, Britannia,
Britannia, rule the waves!"

The Ash is a manly tree, but "dreigh and dour" in the leafing; and yonder stands an Ash-grove like a forest of ships with bare poles like the docks of Liverpool. Yet like the town of Kilkenney

"It shines well where it stands;"

and the bare gray-blue of the branches, apart but not repulsive, like some cunning discord in music deepens the harmony of the Isle of Groves. Contrast is one of the finest of all the laws of association, as every philosopher, poet, and peasant kens. At this moment it brings, by the bonds of beauty, though many glades intervene, close beside that pale gray-blue, leafless Ash Clump, that bright black-green PINE CLAN, whose "leaf fadeth never," a glorious Scottish tartan triumphing in the English woods. Though many glades intervene, we said; for thou seest that BELLE ISLE is not all one various flush of wood, but bedropt all over—bedropt and besprinkled with grass-gems, some cloud-shadowed, some tree-shaded, some mist-bedimmed, and some luminous as small soil-suns, on which as the eye alights, it feels soothed and strengthened, and gifted with a profounder power to see into the mystery of the beauty of nature. But what are those living Hills of snow, or of some substance purer in its brightness even than any snow that fades in one night on the mountain-top! Trees are they—fruit-trees—The WILD CHERRY, that grows stately and wide spreading even as the monarch of the wood—and can that be a load of blossoms! Fairer never grew before poet's eye of old in the fabled Hesperides. See how what we call snow brightens into pink—yet still the whole glory is white, and fadeth not away the purity of the balmy snow-blush. Ay, balmy as the bliss breathing from virgin lips, when, moving in the beauty left by her morning prayers, a glad fond daughter steals towards him on the feet of light, and as his arms open to receive and return the blessing, lays her innocence with smiles that are almost tears, within her father's bosom.

"As when to those who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabon odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a
league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles."

Shut your eyes—suppose five months gone—and lo! BELLE ISLE in Autumn, like a scene in another hemisphere of our globe. There is a slight frost in the air, in the sky, on the lake, and midday is as still as midnight. But, though still, it is cheerful; for close at hand Robin Redbreast—God bless him!—is warbling on the copestone of that old barn gable; and though Millar-Ground Bay is half a mile off, how distinct the clank of the two oars like

one, accompanying that large wood-boat on its slow voyage from Ambleside to Bowness, the metropolitan port of the Queen of the Lakes. The water has lost, you see, its summer sunniness, yet it is as transparent as ever it was in summer; and how close together seem, with their almost meeting shadows, the two opposite shores! But we wish you to look at BELLE ISLE, though we ourselves are almost afraid to do so, so transcendently glorious is the sight that we know will disturb us with an emotion too deep to be endured. Could you not think that a splendid sunset had fallen down in fragments on the Isle called Beautiful, and set it all a-blaze! The woods are on fire, yet they burn not; beauty subdues while it fosters the flame; and there, as in a many-tented tabernacle, has Colour pitched his royal residence, and reigns in glory beyond that of any Oriental king. What are all the canopies, and balconies, and galleries of human state, all hung with the richest drapery that ever the skill of Art, that Wizard, drew forth in gorgeous folds from his enchanted loom, if ideally suspended in the air of imagination beside the sun-and-storm-stained furniture of these Palaces of Autumn, framed by the Spirit of the Season, of living and dying umbrage, for his latest delight, ere he move in annual migration, with all his Court, to some foreign clime far beyond the seas! No names of trees are remembered—a glorious confusion comprehends in one the whole leafy race—orange, and purple, and scarlet, and crimson, are all seen to be there, and interfused through the silent splendour is aye felt the presence of that terrestrial green, native and unextinguishable in earth's bosom, as that celestial blue is that of the sky. That trance goes by, and the spirit, gradually filled with a stiller delight, takes down all those tents into pieces, and contemplates the encampment with less of imagination, and with more of love. It knows and blesses each one of those many glorious groves, each becoming, as it gazes, less and less glorious, more and more beautiful; till memory revives all the happiest and holiest hours of the Summer and the Spring, and re-people the melancholy umbrage with a thousand visions of joy, that may return never more! Images, it may be, of forms and faces now mouldering in the dust! For as human hearts have felt, and all human lips have declared—melancholy making poets of us all, ay, even prophets—till the pensive air of Autumn has been filled with the music of elegiac and foreboding hymns—as is the Race of Leaves—now old Homer speaks—so is the Race of Men! Nor till time shall have an end, insensate will be any creature endowed "with discourse of reason" to those mysterious misgivings, alternating with triumphant aspirations more mysterious still, when the Religion of nature leans in awe on the Religion of God, and we hear the voice of both in such strains as these—the earthly, in its sadness, momentarily deadening the divine:—

"But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?"

SECOND RHAPSODY.

HAVE we not been speaking of all the Seasons as belonging to the masculine gender? They are generally, we believe, in this country, painted in petticoats, apparently by bagmen, as may be daily seen in the pretty prints that bedeck the paper-walls of the parlours of inns. Spring is always there represented as a spanker in a blue symar, very pertly exposing her budding breast, and her limbs from feet to fork, in a style that must be very offensive to the mealy-mouthed members of that shamefaced corporation, the Society for the Suppression of Vice. She holds a flower between her finger and her thumb, crocus, violet, or primrose; and though we verily believe she means no harm, she no doubt does look rather leeringly upon you, like one of the frail sisterhood of the Come-atables. Summer again is an enormous and monstrous mawsey, in *puris naturalibus*, meant to image Musidora, or the Medicean, or rather the Hot-tentid Venus.

"So stands the statue that enchants the world!"

She seems, at the very lightest, a good round half hundred heavier than Spring; and, when you imagine her plunging into the pool, you think you hear a porpus. May no Damon run away with her clothes, leaving behind in exchange his heart! Gaddies are rife in the dog-days, and should one "imparadise himself in form of that sweet flesh," there will be a cry in the woods that will speedily bring to her assistance Pan and all his Satyrs. Autumn is a motherly matron, evidently *enceinte*, and, like Love and Charity, who probably are smiling on the opposite wall, she has a brace of bouncing babies at her breast—in her right hand a formidable sickle, like a Turkish scymitar—in her left an extraordinary utensil, bearing, we believe, the heathenish appellation of cornucopia—on her back a sheaf of wheat—and on her head a diadem—planted there by John Barleycorn. She is a fearsome dear; as ugly a customer as a lonely man would wish to encounter beneath the light of a September moon. On her feet are bauchies—on her legs huggers—and the breadth of her soles, and the thickness of her ankles, we leave to your own conjectures. Her fine bust is conspicuous in an open laced boddice—and her huge hips are set off to the biggest advantage, by a jacket that she seems to have picked up by the wayside, after some jolly tar, on his return from a long voyage, had there been performing his toilet, and, by getting rid of certain incumbances, enabled to pursue his inland journey with less resemblance than before to a walking scarecrow. Winter is a withered old beldam, too poor to keep a cat, hunking on her hunkers over a feeble fire of sticks, extinguished fast as it is beeted, with a fizz in the melted snow which all around that unhoused wretchedness is indurated with frost; while a blue pool close at hand is chained in iciness, and an old stump, half buried in the drift. Poor old, miserable, cowering crone! One cannot look at her without unconsciously putting one's hand in her pocket, and fumbling for a tester. Yes, there is pathos in the picture,

especially while, on turning round your head, you behold a big blockhead o! a vulgar bag man, with his coat-tails over his arms, warming his loathsome hideousness at a fire that would roast an ox.

Such are the Seasons! And though we have spoken of them, as mere critics on art, somewhat superciliously, yet there is almost always no inconsiderable merit in all prints, pictures, paintings, poems, or prose-works, that—pardon our tautology—are popular with the people. The emblematical figments now alluded to, have been the creations of persons of genius, who had never had access to the works of the old masters; so that, though the conception is good, the execution is, in general, far from perfect. Yet many a time, when lying at our ease in a Wayside Inn, stretched on three wooden chairs, with a little round deal-table before us, well laden with oat-meal cakes and cheese and butter, nor, you may be sure, without its "tappit hen"—have we after a long day's journey—perhaps the longest day—

"Through moors and mosses many, O,"

regarded with no imaginative spirit—when Joseph and his brethren were wanting—even such symbols of the Seasons as these—while arose to gladden us many as fair an image as ever nature sent from her woods and wildernesses to cheer the heart of her worshipper who, on his pilgrimage to her loftiest shrines, and most majestic temples, spared not to stoop his head below the lowest lintel, and held all men his equal who earned by honest industry the scanty fare which they never ate without those holy words of supplication and thanksgiving, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

Our memory is a treasure-house of written and unwritten poetry—the ingots, the gifts of the great bards, and the bars of bullion—much of the coin our own—some of it borrowed mayhap, but always on good security, and repaid with interest—a legal transaction, of which even a not unwealthy man has no need to be ashamed—none of it stolen, nor yet found where the Highlandman found the tongs. But our riches are like those that encumbered the floor of the Sanctum of the Dey of Algiers, not very tidily arranged; and we are frequently foiled in our efforts to lay our hand, for immediate use or ornament, on a ducat or a diamond, a pistole or a pearl, a sovereign, or only his crown. We feel ourselves at this moment in that predicament, when trying to recollect the genders of Thomson's "Seasons"—

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

That picture is indistinctly and obscurely beautiful to the imagination, and there is not a syllable about sex—though "ethereal mildness," which is an Impersonation, and hardly an Impersonation, must be, it is felt, a Virgin Goddess, whom all the divinities that dwell between heaven and earth must love. Never to our taste—but our taste is inferior to our feeling and our genius—though you will seldom go far wrong even in trusting it—never had a poem a more beautiful beginning. It is not simple—nor ought it to be—it is rich, and even

gorgeous—for the Bard came to his subject full of inspiration; and as it was the inspiration, here, not of profound thought, but of passionate emotion, it was right that music at the very first moment should overflow the page, and that it should be literally strewn with roses. An imperfect Impersonation is often proof positive of the highest state of poetical enthusiasm. The forms of nature undergo a half humanizing process under the intensity of our love, yet still retain the character of the insensate creation, thus affecting us with a sweet, strange, almost bewildering, blended emotion that scarcely belongs to either separately, but to both together clings as to a phenomenon that only the eye of genius sees, because only the soul of genius can give it a presence—though afterwards all eyes dimly recognise it, on its being shown to them, as something more vivid than their own faint experience, yet either kindred to it, or virtually one and the same. Almost all human nature can, in some measure, understand and feel the most exquisite and recondite image which only the rarest genius could produce. Were it not so, great poets might break their harps, and go down themselves in Helicon.

"From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face, and earth, and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves."

Here the Impersonation is stronger—and perhaps the superior strength lies in the words "child of the Sun." And here in the words describing Spring, she too is more of an Impersonation than in the other passage—averting her blushful face from the Summer's ardent look. The poet having made Summer masculine, very properly makes Spring feminine; and 'tis a jewel of a picture—for ladies should always avert their blushful faces from the ardent looks of gentlemen. Thomson, indeed, elsewhere says of an enamoured youth overpowered by the loving looks of his mistress,—

From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment."

This, we have heard, from experienced persons of both sexes, is as delicate as it is natural; but for our own simple and single selves, we never remember having got sick on any such occasion. Much agitated, we cannot deny—if we did, the most credulous would not credit us—much agitated we have been—when our lady-love, not contented with fixing upon us her dove-eyes, began billing and cooing in a style from which the cushat might have taken a lesson with advantage, that she might the better perform her innocent part on her first assignation with her affianced in the pine-grove on St. Valentine's day; but never in all our long lives got we absolutely sick—*never even squeamish*—never were we obliged to turn away from our hand to our mouth—but, on the contrary, we were commonly as brisk as a bee at a pot of honey; or, if that be too luscious a simile, as brisk as that same wonderful insect murmuring for a few moments

round and round a rose-bush, and then settling himself down seriously to work, as mute as a mouse, among the half-blown petals. However, we are not now writing our Confessions—and what we wished to say about this passage is, that in it the one sex is represented as turning away the face from that of the other, which may be all natural enough, though polite on the gentleman's part we can never call it; and, had the female virgin done so, we cannot help thinking it would have read better in poetry. But for Spring to avert *his* blushful face from the ardent looks of Summer, has on us the effect of making both Seasons seem simpletons. Spring, in the character of "ethereal mildness," was unquestionably a female; but here she is "unsexed from the crown to the toe," and changed into an awkward hobblethoy, who, having passed his boyhood in the country, is a booby who blushes black at the gaze of his own brother, and if brought into the company of the lasses, would not fail to faint away in a fit, nor revive till his face felt a pitcherful of cold water.

"Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on," &c.,

is, we think, bad. The Impersonation here is complete, and though the sex of Autumn is not mentioned, it is manifestly meant to be male. So far, there is nothing amiss either one way or another. But "nodding o'er the yellow plain" is a mere statement of a fact in nature—and descriptive of the growing and ripening or ripened harvest—whereas it is applied here to Autumn, as a figure who "comes jovial on." This is not obscurity—or indistinctness—which, as we have said before, is often a great beauty in Impersonation; but it is an inconsistency and a contradiction—and therefore indefensible on any ground either of conception or expression.

There are no such essential vices as this in the "Castle of Indolence"—for by that time Thomson had subjected his inspiration to thought—and his poetry, guided and guarded by philosophy, became celestial as an angel's song.

"See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrents burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smiled!"

Divine inspiration indeed! Poetry, that if read by the bedside of a dying lover of nature, might

"Create a soul
Under the ribs of death!"

What in the name of goodness makes us suppose that a mean and miserable November day, even while we are thus Rhapsodizing, is drizzling all Edinburgh with the worst of all imaginable Scottish mists—an Easterly Harr!

We know that he infests all the year, but shows his poor spite in its bleakest bitterness in March and in November. Earth and heaven are not only not worth looking at in an Easterly Harr, but the Visible is absolute wretchedness, and people wonder why they were born. The visitation begins with a sort of characterless haze, waxing more and more wetly obscure, till you know not whether it be rain, snow, or sleet, that drenches your clothes in dampness, till you feel it in your skin, then in your flesh, then in your bones, then in your marrow, and then in your mind. Your blinking eyes have it too—and so, shut it as you will, has your moping mouth. Yet the streets, though looking blue, are not puddled, and the dead cat lies dry in the gutter. There is no eaves-dropping—no gushing of water-spouts. To say it rained would be no breach of veracity, but a mere misstatement of a melancholy fact. The truth is, that the *weather cannot rain*, but keeps spit, spit, spitting, in a style sufficient to irritate Socrates—or even Moses himself; and yet true, veritable, sincere, genuine, and authentic Rain could not—or if he could would not—so thoroughly soak you and your whole wardrobe, were you to allow him a day to do it, as that shabby imitation of a tenth-rate shower, in about the time of an usual sized sermon. So much cold and so much wet, with so little to show for it, is a disgrace to the atmosphere, which it will take weeks of the sunniest the weather can afford to wipe off. But the stores of sunniness which it is in the power of Winter in this northern latitude to accumulate, cannot be immense; and therefore we verily believe that it would be too much to expect that it ever can make amends for the hideous horrors of this Easterly Harr. The Cut-throat!

On such days suicides rush to judgment. That sin is mysterious as insanity—their graves are unintelligible as the cells in Bedlam. Oh! the brain and the heart of man! Therein is the only Hell. Small these regions in space, and of narrow room—but haunted may they be with all the Fiends and all the Furies. A few nerves transmit to the soul despair or bliss. At the touch of something—whence and wherefore sent, who can say—something that serenues or troubles, soothes or jars—she soars up into life and light, just as you may have seen a dove suddenly cleave the sunshine—or down she dives into death and darkness, like a shot eagle tumbling into the sea!

Materialism! Immaterialism! Why should mortals, whom conscience tells that they are immortals, bewildered and bewildering ponder upon the dust! Do your duty to God and man, and fear not that, when that dust dies, the spirit that breathed by it will live for ever. Feels not that spirit its immortality in each sacred thought? When did ever religious soul fear annihilation? Or shudder to think that, having once known, it could ever forget God? Such forgetfulness is in the idea of eternal death. Therefore is eternal death impossible to us who can hold communion with our Maker. Our knowledge of Him—dim and remote though it be—is a God-given pledge that he will redeem us from the doom of the grave.

Let us then, and all our friends, believe, with Coleridge, in his beautiful poem of the "Night-ingle," that

"In Nature there is nothing melancholy," not even November. The disease of the body may cause disease in the soul; yet not the less trust we in the mercy of the merciful—not the less strive we to keep feeding and trimming that spiritual lamp which is within us, even when it flickers feebly in the dampy gloom, like an earthly lamp left in a vaulted sepulchre, about to die among the dead. Heaven seems to have placed a power in our Will as mighty as it is mysterious. Call it not Liberty, lest you should wax proud; call it not Necessity, lest you should despair. But turn from the oracles of man—still dim even in their clearest responses—to the Oracles of God, which are never dark; or if so, but

"Dark with excessive bright" to eyes not constantly accustomed to sustain the splendour. Bury all your books, when you feel the night of skepticism gathering around you—bury them all, powerful though you may have deemed their spells to illuminate the unfathomable—open your Bible, and all the spiritual world will be as bright as day.

The disease of the body may cause disease to the soul. Ay, madness. Some rapture in the soul makes the brain numb, and thence sudden or lingering death;—some rupture in the brain makes the soul insane, and thence life worse than death, and haunted by horrors beyond what is dreamt of the grave and all its corruption. Perhaps the line fullest of meaning that ever was written, is—

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

When nature feels the flow of its vital blood pure and unimpeded, what unutterable gladness bathes the spirit in that one feeling of—health! Then the mere consciousness of existence is like that emotion which Milton speaks of as breathed from the bowers of Paradise—

"Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair;"

It does more—for despair itself cannot prevail against it. What a dawn of bliss rises upon us with the dawn of light, when our life is healthful as the sun! Then

"It feels that it is greater than it knows."

God created the earth and the air beautiful through the senses; and at the uplifting of a little lid, a whole flood of imagery is let in upon the spirit, all of which becomes part of its very self, as if the enjoying and the enjoyed were one. Health flies away like an angel, and her absence disenchant the earth. What shadows then pass over the ethereal surface of the spirit, from the breath of disordered matter!—from the first scarcely-felt breath of despondency, to the last scowling blackness of despair! Often men know not what power placed the fatal fetters upon them—they see even that a link may be open, and that one effort might fling off the bondage; but their souls are in slavery, and will not be free. Till something like a fresh wind, or a sudden sunbeam, comes across them, and in a moment their whole existence is changed, and they see the very va-

nishing of their most dismal and desperate dream.

"Somewhat too much of this"—so let us strike the chords to a merrier measure—to a "livelier lilt"—as suits the variable spirit of our Soliloquy. Be it observed, then, that the sole certain way of getting rid of the blue devils, is to drown them in a shower-bath. You would not suppose that we are subject to the blue devils? Yet we are sometimes their very slave. When driven to it by their lash, every occupation, which when free we resort to as pastime, becomes taskwork; nor will these dogged masters suffer us to purchase emancipation with the proceeds of the toil of our groaning genius. But whenever the worst comes to the worst, and we almost wish to die so that we might escape the galling pressure of our chains, we sport buff, and into the shower-bath. Yet such is the weakness of poor human nature, that like a criminal on the scaffold, shifting the signal kerchief from hand to hand, much to the irritation of his excellency the hangman, one of the most impatient of men—and more to the satisfaction of the crowd, the most patient of men and women—we often stand shut up in that sentry-looking canvas box, dexterously and sinistrously fingering the string, perhaps for five shrinking, and shuddering, and *grueing* minutes, ere we can summon up desperation to pull down upon ourselves the rushing waterfall! Soon as the agony is over, we bounce out the colour of beet-root, and survey ourselves in a five-foot mirror, with an amazement that, on each successive exhibition, is still as when we first experienced it,

"In life's morning march, when our spirits were young."

By and by, we assume the similitude of an immense boiled lobster that has leapt out of the pan—and then, seeming for a while to be an emblematical or symbolical representation of the setting Sun, we sober down into a faint pink, like that of the Morn, and finally subside into our own permanent flesh-light, which, as we turn our back upon ourselves, after the fashion of some of his majesty's ministers, reminds us of that line in Cowper descriptive of the November Moon—

"Resplendent less, but of an ampler round."

Like that of the eagle, our youth is renewed—we feel strong as the horse in Homer—a divine glow permeates our being, as if it were the subdued spiritual essence of caloric. An intense feeling of self—not self-love, mind ye, and the farthest state imaginable in this wide world from selfishness—elevates us far up above the clouds, into the loftiest regions of the sunny blue, and we seem to breathe an atmosphere, of which every glorious gulp is inspiration. Despondency is thrown to the dogs. Despair appears in his true colours, a more grotesque idiot than Grimaldi, and we treat him with a guffaw. All ante-bath difficulties seem now—what they really are—facilities of which we are by far too much elated to avail ourselves; dangers that used to appear appalling are felt now to be lulling securities—obstacles, like mountains, lying in our way of life as we walked towards the tem-

ple of Apollo or Plutus, we smile at the idea of surmounting, so molehillish do they look and we kick them aside like an old footstool. Let the country ask us for a scheme to pay off the national debt—*there she has it*; do you request us to have the kindness to leap over the moon—here we go; excellent Mr. Blackwood has but to say the word, and a ready-made Leading Article is in his hand, promotive of the sale of countless numbers of "my Magazine," and of the happiness of countless numbers of mankind. We feel—and the feeling proves the fact—as bold as Joshua the son of Nun—as brave as David the son of Jesse—as wise as Solomon the son of David—and as proud as Nebuchadnezzar the son of Nebopolazzar. We survey our image in the mirror—and think of Adam. We put ourselves into the posture of the Belvidere Apollo.

"Then view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light,
The Sun in human arms array'd, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity."

Up four flight of stairs we fly—for the bath is in the double-sunk story—ten steps at a bound—and in five minutes have devoured one quarter loaf, six eggs, and a rizzar, washing all over with a punch-bowl of congou and a tea-bowl of coffee,

"Enormous breakfast,
Wild without rule or art! Where nature plays
Her virgin fancies."

And then, leaning back on our Easy-chair, we perform an exploit beyond the reach of Euclid—why, we SQUARE THE CIRCLE, and to the utter demolition of our admirable friend Sir David Brewster's diatribe, in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, on the indifference of government to men of science, chuckle over our nobly-won order, K. C. C. B., Knight Companion of the Cold Bath.

Many analogies between the seasons of the year and the seasons of life, being natural, have been a frequent theme of poetry in all countries. Had the gods made us poetical, we should now have poured forth a few exquisite illustrations of some that are very affecting and impressive. It has, however, often been felt by us, that not a few of those one meets with in the lamentations of whey-faced sentimentalists, are false or fantastic, and do equal violence to all the seasons, both of the year and of life. These gentry have been especially silly upon the similitude of Old Age to Winter. Winter, in external nature, is not the season of decay. An old tree, for example, in the very *dead* of winter, as it is figuratively called, though bare of leaves, is full of life. The sap, indeed, has sunk down from his bole and branches—down into his toes or roots. But there it is, ready, in due time, to reascend. Not so with an old man—the present company always excepted,—his sap is not sunk down to his toes, but much of it is gone clean out of the system—therefore, individual natural objects in Winter are not analogically emblematical of people stricken in years. Far less does the Winter itself of the year, considered as a sea-

son, resemble the old age of life considered as a season. To what peculiarities, pray, in the character and conduct of aged gentlemen in general, do rain, sleet, hail, frost, ice, snow, winds, blasts, storms, hurricanes, and occasional thunder and lightning, bear analogy? We pause for a reply. Old men's heads, it is true, are frequently white, though more frequently bald, and their blood is not so hot as when they were springalds. But though there be no great harm in likening a sprinkling of white hair on mine ancient's temples to the appearance of the surface of the earth, flat or mountainous, after a slight fall of snow—and indeed, in an impassioned state of mind, we feel a moral beauty in such poetical expression as “sorrow shedding on the head of youth its untimely snows”—yet the natural propriety of such an image, so far from justifying the assertion of a general analogy between Winter and Old Age, proves that the analogies between them are in fact very few, and felt to be analogies at all, only when touched upon very seldom, and very slightly, and, for the most part, very vaguely—the truth being, that they scarcely exist at all in reality, but have an existence given to them by the power of creative passion, which often works like genius. Shakspeare knew this well—as he knew every thing else; and, accordingly, he gives us Seven Ages of Life—not Four Seasons. But how finely does he sometimes, by the mere use of the names of the Seasons of the Year, intensify to our imagination the mental state to which they are for the moment felt to be analogous?—

“Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the sun of York!”

That will do. The feeling he wished to inspire, is inspired; and the further analogical images which follow add nothing to *our* feelings, though they show the strength and depth of *his* into whose lips they are put. A bungler would have bored us with ever so many ramifications of the same idea, on one of which, in our weariness, we might have wished him hanged by the neck till he was dead.

We are an Old Man, and though single not singular; yet, without vanity, we think ourselves entitled to say, that we are no more like Winter, in particular, than we are like Spring, Summer, or Autumn. The truth is, that we are much less like any one of the Seasons, than we are like the whole Set. Is not Spring sharp? So are we. Is not Spring snappish? So are we. Is not Spring boisterous? So are we. Is not Spring “beautiful exceedingly?” So are we. Is not Spring capricious? So are we. Is not Spring, at times, the gladdest, gay-

est, gentlest, mildest, meekest, modestest, softest, sweetest, and sunniest of all God's creatures that steal along the face of the earth? So are we. So much for our similitude—a staring and striking one—to Spring. But were you to stop there, what an inadequate idea would you have of our character! For only ask your senses, and they will tell you that we are much liker Summer. Is not Summer often infernally hot? So are we. Is not Summer sometimes cool as its own cucumbers? So are we. Does not summer love the shade? So do we. Is not Summer, nevertheless, somewhat “too much” the sun? So are we. Is not Summer famous for its thunder and lightning? So are we. Is not summer, when he chooses, still, silent, and serene as a sleeping seraph? And so too—when Christopher chooses—are not we? Though, with keen remorse we confess it, that, when suddenly awakened, we are too often more like a fury or a fiend—and that completes the likeness; for all who know a Scottish Summer, with one voice exclaim—“So is he!” But our portrait is but half drawn; you know but a moiety of our character. Is Autumn jovial?—ask Thomson—so are we. Is Autumn melancholy?—ask Alison and Gillespie—so are we. Is Autumn bright?—ask the woods and groves—so are we. Is Autumn rich?—ask the whole world—so are we. Does Autumn rejoice in the yellow grain and the golden vintage, that, stored up in his great Magazine of Nature, are lavishly thence dispensed to all that hunger, and quench the thirst of the nations? So do we. After that, no one can be so pur-and-bat-blind as not see that North is, in very truth, Autumn's gracious self, rather than his Likeness or Eidolon. But

“Lo, Winter comes to rule th' inverted year!”

So do we.

“Sullen and sad, with all his rising train—
Vapours, and clouds, and storms!”

So are we. The great author of the “Seasons” says, that Winter and his train

“Exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing!”

So do we. And, “lest aught less great should stamp us mortal,” here we conclude the comparison, dashed off in few lines by the hand of a great master, and ask, Is not North, Winter? Thus, listener after our own heart! Thou feel—est that we are imaged aright in all our attributes neither by Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn, nor Winter; but that the character of Christopher is shadowed forth and reflected by the Entire Year.

A FEW WORDS ON THOMSON.

POETRY, one might imagine, must be full of Snow-scenes. If so, they have almost all dissolved—melted away from our memory—as the transiencies in nature do which they coldly pictured. Thomson's "Winter," of course, we do not include in our obliviousness—and from Cowper's "Task" we might quote many a most picturesque Snow-piece. But have frost and snow been done full justice to by them or any other of our poets? They have been well spoken of by two—Southey and Coleridge—of whose most poetical compositions respectively, "Thalaba" and the "Ancient Mariner," in some future volume we may dissent. Thomson's genius does not so often delight us by exquisite minute touches in the description of nature as that of Cowper. It loves to paint on a great scale, and to dash objects off sweepingly by bold strokes—such, indeed, as have almost always distinguished the mighty masters of the lyre and the rainbow. Cowper sets nature before your eyes—Thomson before your imagination. Which do you prefer? Both. Be assured that both poets had pored night and day upon her—in all her aspects—and that she had revealed herself fully to both. But they, in their religion, elected different modes of worship—and both were worthy of the mighty mother. In one mood of mind we love Cowper best, in another Thomson. Sometimes the Seasons are almost a Task, and sometimes the Task is out of Season. There is delightful distinctness in all the pictures of the Bard of Olney—glorious gloom or glimmer in most of those of the Bard of Ednam. Cowper paints trees—Thomson woods. Thomson paints, in a few wondrous lines, rivers from source to sea, like the mighty Burrampooter—Cowper, in many no very wondrous lines, brightens up one bend of a stream, or awakens our fancy to the murmur of some single waterfall. But a truce to antithesis—a deceptive style of criticism—and see how Thomson sings of Snow. Why, in the following lines, as well as Christopher North in his *Winter Rhapsody*—

"The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current."

Nothing can be more vivid. 'Tis of the nature of an ocular spectrum.

Here is a touch like one of Cowper's. Note the beauty of the epithet "brown," where all that is motionless is white—

"The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants."

That one word proves the poet. Does it not?

The entire description from which these two sentences are selected by memory—a critic you may always trust to—is admirable; except in one or two places where Thomson seems to have striven to be strongly pathetic,

and where he seems to us to have overshot his mark, and to have ceased to be perfectly natural. Thus—

"Drooping, the ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil."

The image of the ox is as good as possible. We see him, and could paint him in oils. But, to our mind, the notion of his "demanding the fruit of all his toils"—to which we freely acknowledge the worthy animal was well entitled—sounds, as it is here expressed, rather fantastical. Call it doubtful—for Jemmy was never utterly in the wrong in any sentiment. Again—

"The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair."

The second line is perfect; but the Ettrick Shepherd agreed with us—one night at Ambrose's—that the third was not quite right. Sheep, he agreed with us, do not deliver themselves up to despair under any circumstances; and here Thomson transferred what would have been his own feeling in a corresponding condition, to animals who dreadlessly follow their instincts. Thomson redeems himself in what immediately succeeds—

"Then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow."

For, as they disperse, they do look very sad—and no doubt are so; but had they been in despair, they would not so readily, and constantly, and uniformly, and successfully, have taken to the digging, but whole flocks had perished.

You will not, we are confident, be angry with us for quoting a few lines that occur soon after, and which are a noble example of the sweeping style of description which, we said above, characterizes the genius of this sublime poet:—

"From the bellowing east
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whirls; till upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky."

Well might the bard, with such a snow-storm in his imagination, when telling the shepherds to be kind to their helpless charge, address them in a language which, in an ordinary mood, would have been bombast. "Shepherds," says he, "baffle the raging year!" How? Why merely by filling their pens with food. But the whirlwind was up—

"Far off its coming groan'd,"

and the poet was inspired. Had he not been so, he had not cried, "Baffle the raging year;" and if you be not so, you will think it a most absurd expression.

Did you ever see water beginning to change itself into ice? Yes. Then try to describe the sight. Success in that trial will prove you a poet. People do not prove themselves poets only by writing long poems. A line—two words—may show that they are the Muse's sons. How exquisitely does Burns picture to our eyes moonlight water undergoing an ice-change!

"The chilly frost beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently crusting o'er the glittering stream!"

Thomson does it with an almost finer spirit of perception—or conception—or memory—or whatever else you choose to call it; for our part, we call it genius—

"An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream."

And afterwards, having frozen the entire stream into a "crystal pavement," how strongly doth he conclude thus—

"The whole imprisoned river growls below."

Here, again, 'tis pleasant to see the peculiar genius of Cowper contrasted with that of Thomson. The gentle Cowper delighting, for the most part, in tranquil images—for his life was passed amidst tranquil nature; the enthusiastic Thomson, more pleased with images of power. Cowper says—

"On the flood,
Indurated and fixed, the snowy weight
Lies undissolved, while silently beneath,
And unperceived, the current steals away."

How many thousand times the lines we are now going to quote have been quoted, nobody can tell; but we quote them once more for the purpose of asking you, if you think that any one poet of this age could have written them—could have chilled one's very blood with such intense feeling of cold! Not one.

"In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he, with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm!"

The oftener—the more we read the "Winter"—especially the last two or three hundred lines—the angrier is our wonder with Wordsworth for asserting that Thomson owed the national popularity that his "Winter" immediately won, to his "commonplace sentimentalities, and his vicious style!" Yet true it is, that he was sometimes guilty of both; and, but for his transcendent genius, they might have obscured the lustre of his fame. But such sins are not very frequent in the "Seasons," and were all committed in the glow of that fine and bold enthusiasm, which to his imagination arrayed all things, and all words, in a light that seemed to him at the time to be poetry—though sometimes it was but "false glitter." Admitting, then, that sometimes the style of the "Seasons" is somewhat too florid, we must not criticise single and separate passages, without holding in mind the character of the poet's genius and his inspirations. He luxuriates—he revels—he wantons—at once with an imaginative and a sensuous delight in nature. Besides, he was but young; and his

great work was his first. He had not philosophized his poetical language, as Wordsworth himself has done, after long years of profoundest study of the laws of thought and speech. But in such study, while much is gained, may not something be lost? And is there not a charm in the free, flowing, chartered libertinism of the diction and versification of the "Seasons"—above all, in the closing strains of the "Winter," and in the whole of the "Hymn," which inspires a delight and wonder seldom breathed upon us—glorious poem; on the whole, as it is—from the more measured march of the "Excursion?"

All those children of the Pensive Public who have been much at school, know Thomson's description of the wolves among the Alps, Apennines, and Pyrenees,

"Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood, bony and gaunt and grim!" &c.

The first fifteen lines are equal to any thing in the whole range of English descriptive poetry; but the last ten are positively bad. Here they are—

"The godlike face of man avails him nought!
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Now bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyard drear, (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl!"

Wild beasts do not like the look of the human eye—they think us ugly customers—and sometimes stand shilly-shallying in our presence, in an awkward but alarming attitude, of hunger mixed with fear. A single wolf seldom or never attacks a man. He cannot stand the face. But a person would need to have a godlike face indeed to terrify therewith an army of wolves some thousand strong. It would be the height of presumption in any man, though beautiful as Moore thought Byron, to attempt it. If so, then

"The godlike face of man avails him nought,"

is, under the circumstances, ludicrous. Still more so is the trash about "beauty, force divine!" It is too much to expect of an army of wolves some thousand strong, "and hungry as the grave," that they should all fall down on their knees before a sweet morsel of flesh and blood, merely because the young lady was so beautiful that she might have sat to Sir Thomas Lawrence for a frontispiece to Mr. Watts's Souvenir. 'Tis all stuff, too, about the generous lion standing in softened gaze at beauty's bright glance. True, he has been known to look with a certain sort of soft surliness upon a pretty Caffre girl, and to walk past without eating her—but simply because, an hour or two before, he had dined on a Hot-tentot Venus. The secret lay not in his heart, but in his stomach. Still the notion is a popular one, and how exquisitely has Spenser changed it into the divinest poetry in the character of the attendant lion of

"Heavenly Una, with her milkwhite lamb!"

But Thomson, so far from making poetry of it in this passage, has vulgarized and blurred by

it the natural and inevitable emotion of terror and pity. Famished wolves *howling* up the dead is a dreadful image—but "*inhuman to relate*," is not an expression heavily laden with meaning; and the sudden, abrupt, violent, and, as we feel, unnatural introduction of ideas purely superstitious, at the close, is revolting, and miserably mars the terrible *truth*.

"Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl."

Why, pray, are the shades foul, and the ghosts only frightened? And wherein lies the specific difference between a shade and a ghost? Besides, if the ghosts were frightened, which they had good reason to be, why were not they off? We have frequently read of their wandering far from home, on occasions when they had no such excellent excuse to offer. This line, therefore, we have taken the liberty to erase from our pocket-copy of the Seasons—and to draw a few keelavine strokes over the rest of the passage—beginning with "man's godlike face."

Go read, then, the opening of "Winter," and acknowledge that, of all climates and all countries, there are none within any of the zones of earth that will bear a moment's comparison with those of Scotland. Forget the people if you can, and think only of the region. The lovely Lowlands undulating away into the glorious Highlands—the spirit of sublimity and the spirit of beauty one and the same, as it blends them in indissoluble union. Bury us alive in the dungeon's gloom—incommunicable with the light of day as the grave—it could not seal our eyes to the sight of Scotland. We should see it still by rising or by setting suns. Whatever blessed scene we chose to call on would become an instant apparition. Nor in that thick-ribbed vault would our eyes be deaf to her rivers and her seas. We should say our prayers to their music, and to the voice of the thunder on a hundred hills. We stand now in no need of senses. They are waxing dim—but our spirit may continue to brighten long as the light of love is allowed to dwell therein, thence proceeding over nature like a victorious morn.

There are many beautiful passages in the poets about *RAIN*; but who ever sang its advent so passionately as in these strains!—

"The effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breath, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploing, eye
The falling verdure!"

All that follows is, you know, as good—better it cannot be—till we come to the close, the perfection of poetry, and then sally out into

the shower, and join the hymn of earth to heaven—

"The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round."

Thomson, they say, was too fond of epithets. Not he indeed. Strike out one of the many there—and your scone shall feel the crutch. A poet less conversant with nature would have feared to say, "sits on the horizon round a settled gloom," or rather, he would not have seen or thought it was a settled gloom; and, therefore, he could not have said—

—"But lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature."

Leigh Hunt—most vivid of poets, and most cordial of critics—somewhere finely speaks of a ghastly line in a poem of Keates—

"Riding to Florence with the murder'd man;"

that is, the man about to be murdered—imagination conceiving as one, doom and death. Equally great are the words—

"Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploing, eye
The falling verdure."

The verdure is seen in the shower—to be the very shower—by the poet at least—perhaps by the cattle, in their thirsty hunger forgetful of the brown ground, and swallowing the dropping herbage. The birds had not been so sorely distressed by the drought as the beasts, and therefore the poet speaks of them, not as relieved from misery, but as visited with gladness—

"Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign, to strike, at once,
Into the general choir."

Then, and not till then, the *humane* poet thinks him of the insensate earth—insensate not; for beast and bird being satisfied, and lowing and singing in their gratitude, so do the places of their habitation yearn for the blessing—

"E'en mountains, vales,
And forests, seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness."

The religious Poet then speaks for his kind—and says devoutly—

"Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude."

In that mood he is justified to feast his fancy with images of the beauty as well as the bounty of nature; and genius in one line has concentrated them all—

"Beholds the kindling country colour round."

'Tis "an a' day's rain"—and "the well-showered earth is deep-enriched with vegetable life." And what kind of an evening? We have seen many such—and every succeeding one more beautiful, more glorious to our eyes than another—because of these words in which the beauty and the glory of one and all are enshrined—

"Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance, instantaneous, strikes
Th' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant beatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky."

How do you like our recitation of that surpassing strain? Every shade of feeling should have its shade of sound—every pause its silence. But these must all come and go, untaught, unbidden, from the fulness of the heart. Then, indeed, and not till then, can words be said to be set to music—to a celestial sing-song.

The Mighty Minstrel recited old Ballads with a war-like march of sound that made one's heart leap, while his usually sweet smile was drawn in, and disappeared among the glooms that sternly gathered about his lowering brows and gave his whole aspect a most heroic character. Rude verses, that from ordinary lips would have been almost meaningless, from his came inspired with passion. Sir Philip Sidney, who said that Chevy Chase roused him like the sound of a trumpet, had he heard Sir Walter Scott recite it, would have gone distracted. Yet the "best judges" said he murdered his own poetry—we say about as much as Homer. Wordsworth recites his own Poetry (catch him reciting any other) magnificently—while his eyes seem blind to all outward objects, like those of a somnambulist. Coleridge was the sweetest of sing-singers—and his silver voice "warbled melody." Next to theirs, we believe our own recitation of Poetry to be the most impressive heard in modern times, though we cannot deny that the leathern-eared have pronounced it detestable, and the long-eared ludicrous; their delight being in what is called Elocution, as it is taught by player-folk.

Oh, friendly reader of these our Recreations! thou needst not to be told—yet in love let us tell thee—that there are a thousand ways of dealing in description with Nature, so as to make her poetical; but sentiment there always must be, else it is stark nought. You may infuse the sentiment by a single touch—by a ray of light no thicker, nor one thousandth part so thick, as the finest needle ever silk-threaded by lady's finger; or you may dance it in with a flutter of sunbeams; or you may splash it in as with a gorgeous cloud-stain stolen from sunset: or you may bathe it in with a shred of the rainbow. Perhaps the highest power of all possessed by the sons of song, is to breathe it in with the breath, to let it slip in with the light, of the common day!

Then some poets there are, who show you a scene all of a sudden, by means of a few magical words—just as if you opened your eyes at their bidding—and in place of a blank, a world. Others, again, as good and as great,

create their world gradually before your eyes, for the delight of your soul, that loves to gaze on the growing glory; but delight is lost in wonder, and you know that they, too, are warlocks. Some heap image upon image, pile of imagery on piles of imagery, as if they were ransacking and robbing and red-reavering earth, sea, and sky; yet all things there are consentaneous with one grand design, which, when consummated, is a Whole that seems to typify the universe. Others give you but fragments—but such as awaken imaginations of beauty and of power transcendent, like that famous Torso. And some show you Nature glimmering beneath a veil which, unlike, she has religiously taken; and then call not Nature ideal only in that holy twilight, for then it is that she is spiritual, and we who belong to her feel that we shall live for ever.

Thus—and in other wondrous ways—the great poets are the great painters, and so are they the great musicians. But how they are so, some other time may we tell; suffice it now to say, that as we listen to the mighty masters—"sole or responsive to each other's voice"—

"Now, 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely lute;
And now 'tis like an angel's song
That bids the heavens be mute!"

Why will so many myriads of men and women, denied by nature "the vision and the faculty divine," persist in the delusion that they are poetizing, while they are but versifying "this bright and breathing world?" They see truly not even the outward objects of sight. But of all the rare affinities and relationships in Nature, visible or audible to Fine-ear-and-Far-eye the Poet, not a whisper—not a glimpse have they ever heard or seen, any more than had they been born deaf-blind.

They paint a landscape, but nothing "prates of their whereabouts," while they were sitting on a tripod, with their paper on their knees, drawing—their breath. For, in the front ground is a castle, against which, if you offer to stir a step, you infallibly break your head, unless provisionally stopped by that extraordinary vegetable-looking substance, perhaps a tree, growing bolt upright out of an intermediate stone, that has wedged itself in long after there had ceased to be even standing-room in that strange theatre of nature. But down from "the swelling instep of a mountain's foot," that has protruded itself through a wood, while the body of the mountain prudently remains in the extreme distance, descends on you, ere you have recovered from your unexpected encounter with the old Roman cement, an unconscionable cataract. There stands a deer or goat, or rather some beast with horns, "strictly anonymous," placed for effect, contrary to all cause, in a place where it seems as uncertain how he got in as it is certain that he never can get out till he becomes a hippogriff.

The true poet, again, has such potent eyes, that when he lets down the lids, he sees just as well, perhaps better than when they were up; for in that deep, earnest, inward gaze, the fluctuating sea of scenery subsides into a

settled calm, where all is harmony as well as beauty—order as well as peace. What though he have been fated, through youth and manhood, to dwell in city smoke? His childhood—his boyhood—were overhung with trees, and through its heart went the murmur of waters. Then it is, we verily believe, that in all poets, is filled with images up to the brim, Imagination's treasury. Genius, growing, and grown up to maturity, is still a prodigal. But he draws on the Bank of Youth. His bills, whether at a short or long date, are never dishonoured; nay, made payable at sight, they are as good as gold. Nor cares that Bank for a run, made even in a panic, for besides bars and billets, and wedges and blocks of gold, there are, unappreciable beyond the riches which against a time of trouble

"The Sultaun hides in his ancestral tombs,"

jewels and diamonds sufficient

"To ransom great kings from captivity."

We sometimes think that the power of painting Nature to the life, whether in her real or ideal beauty, (both belonging to *life*), is seldom evolved to its utmost, until the mind possessing it is withdrawn in the body from all rural environment. It has not been so with Wordsworth, but it was so with Milton. The descriptive poetry in *Comus* is indeed rich as rich may be, but certainly not so great, perhaps not so beautiful, as that in *Paradise Lost*.

It would seem to be so with all of us, small as well as great; and were we—Christopher North—to compose a poem on Loch Skene, two thousand feet or so above the level of the sea, and some miles from a house, we should desire to do so in a metropolitan cellar. Desire springs from separation. The spirit seeks to unite itself to the beauty it loves, the grandeur it admires, the sublimity it almost fears; and all these being o'er the hills and far way, or on the hills cloud-hidden, why it—the spirit—makes itself wings—or rather wings grow up of themselves in its passion, and naturewards it flies like a dove or an eagle. People looking at us believe us present, but they never were so far mistaken in their lives; for in the Seamew are we sailing with the tide through the moonshine on Loch Etive—or hanging o'er the gulf of peril on the bosom of Skyroura.

We are sitting now in a dusky den—with our eyes shut—but we see the whole Highlands. Our Highland Mountains are of the best possible magnitude—ranging between two and four thousand feet high—and then in what multitudes! The more familiar you become with them, the mightier they appear—and you feel that it is all sheer folly to seek to dwindle or dwarf them, by comparing them as they rise before your eyes with your imagination of Mont Blanc and those eternal glaciers. If you can bring them under your command, you are indeed a sovereign—and have a noble set of subjects. In some weather they are of any height you choose to put upon them—say thirty thousand feet—in other states of the atmosphere you think you could walk over their summits and down into the region beyond in an hour. We have seen Cruachan, during

a whole black day, swollen into such enormous bulk, that Loch Awe looked like but a sullen river at its base, her woods bushes, and Kilchurn no bigger than a cottage. The whole visible scene was but he and his shadow. They seemed to make the day black, rather than the day to make them so—and at nightfall he took wider and loftier possession of the sky—the clouds congregated round without hiding his summit, on which seemed to twinkle, like earth-lighted fires, a few uncertain stars. Rain drives you into a shieling—and you sit there for an hour or two in eloquent confabulation with the herdsman, your English against his Gaelic. Out of the door you creep—and gaze in astonishment on a new world. The mist is slowly rolling up and away in long lines of clouds, preserving, perhaps, a beautiful regularity on their ascension and evanescence, and between them

"Tier above tier, a wooded theatre
Of stateliest view,"

or cliff-galleries with strange stone images sitting up aloft; and yet your eyes have not reached the summits, nor will they reach them, till all that vapoury ten-mile-long mass dissolve, or be scattered, and then you start to see them, as if therein had been but their bases, THE MOUNTAINS, with here and there a peak illumined, reposing in the blue serene that smiles as if all the while it had been above reach of the storm.

The power of Egoism accompanies us into solitude; nay, is even more life-pervading there than in the hum of men. There the stocks and stones are more impressive than those we sometimes stumble on in human society, and, moulded at our will, take what shape we choose to give them; the trees follow our footsteps, though our lips be mute, and we may have left at home our fiddle—more potent we in our actuality than the fabled Orpheus. Be hushed, ye streams, and listen unto Christopher! Be changed, ye clouds, and attentive unto North! And at our bidding silent the cataract on the cliff—the thunder on the sky. The sea beholds us on the shore—and his one huge frown transformed into a multitudinous smile, he turns flowing affections towards us along the golden sands—and in a fluctuating hindrance of lovely foam-wreaths envelopes our feet!

To return to Thomson. Wordsworth labours to prove, in one of his "postliminious prefaces," that he true spirit of the "Seasons," till long after their publication, was neither felt nor understood. In the conduct of his argument he does not shine. That the poem was at once admired he is forced to admit; but then, according to him, the admiration was false and hollow—it was regarded but with that wonder which is the "natural product of ignorance." After having observed that, excepting the "Nocturnal Reverie" of Lady Winchelsea, and a passage or two in the "Windsor Forest" of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," does not contain a single new image of external nature, he proceeds to call the once well-known verses of Dryden in the "Indian Emperor," descriptive of the hush

of night, "vague, bombastic, and senseless," and Pope's celebrated translation of the moonlight scene in the "Iliad," altogether "absurd"—and then, without ever once dreaming of any necessity of showing them to be so, or even, if he had succeeded in doing so, of the utter illogicality of any argument drawn from their failure to establish the point he is hammering at, he all at once says, with the most astounding assumption, "*having shown* that much of what his [Thomson's] biographer deemed genuine admiration, must, in fact, have been blind wonderment—how is the rest to be accounted for?" "*Having shown*!"!!! Why, he has shown nothing but his own arrogance in supposing that his mere *ipse dixit* will be taken by the whole world as proof that Dryden and Pope had not the use of their eyes. "Strange to think of an enthusiast," he says, (alluding to the passage in Pope's translation of the "Iliad," "as may have been the case with thousands, reciting those verses under the cope of a moonlight sky, without having his raptures in the least disturbed by a suspicion of their absurdity!") "We are no enthusiasts—we are far too old for that folly; but we have eyes in our head, though sometimes rather dim and motey, and as good eyes, too, as Mr. Wordsworth, and we often have recited—and hope often will recite them again—Pope's exquisite lines, not only without any "suspicion of their absurdity," but with the conviction of a most devout belief that, with some little vagueness perhaps, and repetition, and a word here and there that might be altered for the better, the description is most beautiful. But grant it miserable—grant all Mr. Wordsworth has so dictatorially uttered—and what then? Though descriptive poetry did not flourish during the period between "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," nevertheless, did not mankind enjoy the use of their seven senses? Could they not see and hear without the aid of those oculists and aurists, the poets? Were all the shepherds and agriculturists of England and Scotland blind and deaf to all the sights and sounds of nature, and all the gentlemen and ladies too, from the king and queen upon the throne, to the lowest of their subjects? Very like a whale! Causes there were why poetry flowed during that era in another channel than that of the description of natural scenery; and if it flowed too little in that channel then—which is true—equally is it true that it flows now in it too much—especially among the poets of the Lake School, to the neglect, not of sentiments and affections—for there they excel—but of strong direct human passion applied to the stir and tumult—of which the interest is profound and eternal—of all the great affairs of human life. But though the descriptive poets during the period between Milton and Thomson were few and indifferent, no reason is there in this world for imagining, with Mr. Wordsworth, that men had forgotten both the heavens and the earth. They had not—nor was the wonder with which they must have regarded the great shows of nature, the "natural product of ignorance," then, any more than it is now, or ever was during a civilized age. If we be right in saying so—

then neither could the admiration which the "Seasons," on the first appearance of that glorious poem, excited, be said, with any truth, to have been but a "wonder, the natural product of ignorance."

Mr. Wordsworth having thus signally failed in his attempt to show that "much of what Thomson's biographer deemed genuine admiration, must, in fact, have been blind wonderment," let us accompany him in his equally futile efforts to show "how the rest is to be accounted for." He attempts to do so after this fashion:—"Thomson was fortunate in the very title of his poem, which seemed to bring it home to the prepared sympathies of every one; in the next place, notwithstanding his high powers, he writes a vicious style; and his false ornaments are exactly of that kind which would be most likely to strike the undiscerning. He likewise abounds with sentimental commonplaces, that, from the manner in which they were brought forward, bore an imposing air of novelty. In any well-used copy of the 'Seasons,' the book generally opens of itself with the Rhapsody on Love, or with one of the stories, perhaps of Damon and Musidora. These also are prominent in our Collections of Extracts, and are the parts of his work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice."

Thomson, in one sense, *was fortunate* in the title of his poem. But a great poet like Wordsworth might—nay, ought to have chosen another word—or have given of that word a loftier explanation, when applied to Thomson's choice of the Seasons for the subject of his immortal poem. Genius made that choice—not fortune. The "Seasons" are not merely the "title" of his poem—they are his poem, and his poem is the Seasons. But how, pray, can Thomson be said to have been *fortunate* in the title or the subject either of his poem, in the sense that Mr. Wordsworth means? Why, according to him, people knew little, and cared less, about the Seasons. "The art of seeing had in some measure been learned!" That he allows—but that was all—and that all is but little—and surely far from being enough to have disposed people in general to listen to the strains of a poet who painted nature in all her moods, and under all her aspects. Thomson, then, we say, was either most *unfortunate* in the title of his poem, or there was not with the many that indifference to, and ignorance of natural scenery, on which Mr. Wordsworth so strenuously insists as part, or rather whole, of his preceding argument.

The title, Mr. Wordsworth says, seemed "to bring the poem home to the prepared sympathies of every one!" What! to the prepared sympathies of those who had merely, in some measure, learned the "art of seeing," and who had "paid," as he says in another sentence, "little accurate attention to the appearance of nature!" Never did the weakest mind ever fall into grosser contradictions than does here one of the strongest, in vainly labouring to bolster up a silly assertion, which he has desperately ventured on from a most mistaken conceit that it was necessary to account for the

kind of reception which his own poetry had met with from the present age. The truth is, that had Mr. Wordsworth known, when he indited these luckless and helpless sentences, that his own poetry was, in the best sense of the word, a thousand times more popular than he supposed it to be—and, Heaven be praised, for the honour of the age, it was and is so!—never had they been written, nor had he here and elsewhere laboured to prove, that in proportion as poetry is bad, or rather as it is no poetry at all, is it, has been, and always will be, more and more popular in the age contemporary with the writer. That Thomson, in the *Seasons*, sometimes writes a vicious style, may be true, but it is not true that he often does so. His style has its faults, no doubt, and some of them inextricably interwoven with the web of his composition. It is a dangerous style to imitate—especially to dunces. But its *virtue is divine*; and that *divine virtue*, even in this low world of ours, wins admiration more surely and widely than *earthly vice*—be it in words, thoughts, feelings, or actions—is a creed that we will not relinquish at the beck or bidding even of the great author of the “Excursion.”

That many did—do—and will admire the bad or indifferent passages in the *Seasons*—won by their false glitter or commonplace sentimentalism, is no doubt true: but the delight, though as intense as perhaps it may be foolish, with which boys and virgins, woman-mantua-makers and man-milliners, and “the rest,” peruse the *Rhapsody on Love*—one passage of which we ventured to be facetious on in our *Soliloquy on the Seasons*—and hang over the picture of Musidora undressing, while Damon watches the process of disrobing, panting behind a tree, will never account for the admiration with which the whole world hailed the “Winter,” the first published of the “*Seasons*,” during which, Thomson had not the barbarity to plunge any young lady naked into the cold bath, nor the ignorance to represent, during such cold weather, any young lady turning her lover sick by the ardour of her looks, and the vehemence of her whole enamoured deportment. The time never was—and nor could have been—when such passages were generally esteemed the glory of the poem. Indeed, independently of its own gross absurdity, the assertion is at total variance with that other assertion, equally absurd, that people admired most in the poem what they least understood; for the *Rhapsody on Love* is certainly very intelligible, nor does there seem much mystery in Musidora going into the water to wash and cool herself on a hot day. Is it not melancholy, then, to hear such a man as Mr. Wordsworth, earnestly, and even somewhat angrily, trying to prove that “these are the parts of the work which, after all, were probably most efficient in first recommending the author to general notice?”

With respect to the “sentimental commonplaces with which Thomson abounds,” no doubt they were and are popular; and many of them deserve to be so, for they are on a level with the usual current of human feeling, and many of them are eminently beautiful.

Thomson had not the philosophical genius of Wordsworth, but he had a warm human heart, and its generous feelings overflow all his poem. These are not the most poetical parts of the “*Seasons*” certainly, where such effusions prevail; but still, so far from being either *vicious* or *worthless*, they have often a virtue and a worth that must be felt by all the children of men. There is something not very credible in the situation of the parties in the story of the “lovely young Lavinia,” for example, and much of the sentiment is commonplace enough; but will Mr. Wordsworth say—in support of his theory, that the worst poetry is always at first (and at last too, it would seem, from the pleasure with which that tale is still read by all simple minds) the most popular—that that story is a bad one? It is a very beautiful one.

Mr. Wordsworth, in all his argumentation, is so blinded by his determination to see every thing in but one light, and that a most mistaken one, that he is insensible to the conclusion to which it all leads, or rather, which is involved in it. Why, according to him, *even now*, when people have not only learned the “art of seeing”—a blessing for which they can never be too thankful—but when descriptive poetry has long flourished far beyond its palmiest state in any other era of our literature, still are we poor common mortals who admire the “*Seasons*,” just as deaf and blind now, or nearly so, to their real merits—allowed to be transcendent—as our unhappy forefathers were when that poem first appeared, “a glorious apparition.” The *Rhapsody on Love*, and Damon and Musidora, are still, according to him, its chief attraction—its false ornaments—and its sentimental commonplaces—such as those, we presume, on the benefits of early rising, and,

“Oh! little think the gay licentious proud!”

What a nest of ninnies must people in general be in Mr. Wordsworth’s eyes! And is the “Excursion” not to be placed by the side of “*Paradise Lost*,” till the Millennium?

Such is the *reasoning* (!) of one of the first of our English poets, against not only the people of Britain, but mankind. One other sentence there is which we had forgotten—but now remember—which is to help us to distinguish, in the case of the reception the “*Seasons*” met with, between “wonder and legitimate admiration!” “The subject of the work is the changes produced in the appearances of nature by the revolution of the year; and, *undertaking to write in verse, Thomson pledged himself to treat his subject as became a poet!*” How original and profound! Thomson redeemed his pledge; and that great pawnbroker, the public, returned to him his poem at the end of a year and a day. Now what is the “mighty stream of tendency” of that remark? Were the public, or the people, or the world, gulled by this unheard-of pledge of Thomson, to regard his work with that “wonder which is the natural product of ignorance!” If they were so in his case, why not in every other? All poets pledge themselves to be poetical, but too many of them are wretchedly prosaic—die and are buried, or, what is worse, protract a miserable existence, in spite of their sentimental

common places, false ornaments, and a vicious style. But Thomson, in spite of all these, leapt at once into a glorious life, and a still more glorious immortality.

There is no mystery in the matter. Thomson—a great poet—poured his genius over a subject of universal interest; and the “Seasons” from that hour to this—then, now, and for ever—have been, are, and will be loved, and admired by all the world. All over Scotland “The Seasons” is a household-book. Let the taste and feeling shown by the Collectors of *Elegant Extracts* be poor as possible; yet Thomson’s countrymen, high and low, rich and poor, have all along not only gloried in his illustrious fame, but have made a very manual of his great work. It lies in many thousand cottages. We have ourselves seen it in the shepherd’s shieling, and in the woodman’s bower—small, yellow-leaved, tatter’d, mean, miserable, calf-skin-bound, smoked, *stinking* copies—let us not fear to utter the word, ugly but true—yet perused, pored, and pondered over by those humble dwellers, by the winter idle or on the summer brae, perhaps with as enlightened—certainly with as imagination-overmastering a delight as ever enchained the spirits of the high-born and highly-taught to their splendid copies lying on richly carved tables, and bound in crimson silk or velvet, in which the genius of painting strives to embody that of poetry, and the printer’s art to lends its beauty to the very shape of the words in which the bard’s immortal spirit is enshrined. “The art of seeing” has flourished for many centuries in Scotland. Men, women, and children,

all look up to her loveful blue or wrathful black skies, with a weather-wisdom that keeps growing from the cradle to the grave. Say not that ’tis alone

“The poor Indian, whose untutor’d mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind!”

In scriptural language, loftier even than that, the same imagery is applied to the sights seen by the true believer. Who is it “that maketh the clouds his chariot?” The Scottish peasantry—Highland and Lowland—look much and often on nature thus; and they live in the heart of the knowledge and of the religion of nature. Therefore do they love Thomson as an inspired bard—only a little lower than the Prophets. In like manner have the people of Scotland—from time immemorial—enjoyed the use of their ears. Even persons somewhat hard of hearing, are not deaf to her waterfalls. In the sublime invocation to Winter, which we have quoted—we hear Thomson recording his own worship of nature in his boyish days, when he roamed among the hills of his father’s parish, far away from the manse. In those strange and stormy delights did not thousands of thousands of the Scottish boyhood familiarly live among the mists and snows! Of all that number he alone had the genius to “here eternize on earth” his joy—but many millions have had souls to join religiously in the hymns he chanted. Yea, his native land, with one mighty voice, has for upwards of a century responded,

“These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God!”

THE SNOWBALL BICKER OF PEDMOUNT.

BEAUTIFUL as Snow yet is to our eyes, even through our spectacles, how gray it looks beside that which used to come with the long winters that glorified the earth in our youth, till the white lustre was more delightful even than the green—and we prayed that the fine fleecy flakes might never cease falling waveringly from the veil of the sky! No sooner comes the winter now, than it is away again to one of the Poles. Then, it was a year in itself—a whole life. We remember slides a quarter of a mile long, on level meadows; and some not less steep, down the sides of hills that to us were mountains. No boy can slide on one leg now—not a single shoe seems to have sparables. The florid style of skating shows that that fine art is degenerating; and we look in vain for the grand simplicity of the masters that spread-eagled in the age of its perfection. A change has come over the spirit of the curlers’ dream. They seem to our ears indeed to have “quat their roaring play.” The cry of “swoop-swoop” is heard still—but a faint, feeble, and unimpassioned cry, compared with that which used, on the Mearns Brother-Loch, to make the welkin ring, and for a moment to

startle the moon and stars—those in the sky, as well as those below the ice—till again the tumult subsided—and all the host of heaven above and beneath became serene as a world of dreams. Is it not even so, Shepherd? What is a rink now on a pond in Duddingstone policy, to the rinks that rang and roared of old on the Loch o’ the Lowes, when every stone, circled in a halo of spray, seemed instinct with spirit to obey, along all its flight, the voice of him that launched it on its unerring aim, and sometimes, in spite of his awkward skilllessness, when the fate of the game hung on his own single crank, went cannonading through all obstacles, till it fell asleep, like a beauty as it was, just as it kissed the Tee!

Again we see—again we sit in the Snow house, built by us boys out of a drift in the minister’s glebe, a drift—judging by the steeple, which was sixty—about twenty feet high—and purer than any marble. The roof was all strewn with diamonds, which frost saved from the sun. The porch of the palace was pillared—and the character of the building outside was, without any servile imitation—for we worked in the glow of original genius, and

none of us had then ever seen itself or its picture—wonderfully like the Parthenon. Entering, you found yourself in a superb hall, lighted up—not with gas, for up to that era gas had not been used except in Pandemonium—but with a vast multitude of farthing candles, each in a turnip stuck into the wall—while a chandelier of frozen snow-branches pendent from the roof set that presence-chamber in a blaze. On a throne at the upper end sat young Christopher North—then the king of boys, as now of men—and proud were his subjects to do him homage. In niches all around the side-walls were couches covered with hare, rabbit, founmart, and fox's skins—furnished by these animals slain by us in the woods and among the rocks of that silvan and moorland parish—the regal Torus alone being spread with the dun-deer's hide from Lochiel Forest in Lochaber. Then old airs were sung—in sweet single voice—or in full chorus that startled the wandering night traveller on his way to the lone Kingswell; and then, in the intermediate hush, old tales were told “of goblin, ghost, or fairy,” or of Wallace Wight at the Barns of Ayr or the Brigg o' Stirling—or, a glorious outlaw, harbouring in caves among the Carlane Craigs—or of Robert Bruce the Deliverer, on his shelly cleaving in twain the skull of Bohun the English knight, on his thundering war-steed, armed cap-a-pie, while the King of Scotland had nothing on his unconquered head but his plain golden crown. Tales of the Snow-house! Had we but the genius to recall you to life in undying song!

Nor was our frozen hall at all times uncheered by the smiles of beauty. With those smiles was heard the harmless love-whisper, and the harmless kiss of love; for the cottages poured forth their little lasses in flower-like bands, nor did their parents fear to trust them in the fairy frozen palace, where Christopher was king. Sometimes the old people themselves came to see the wonders of the lamp, and on a snow-table stood a huge bowl—not of snow—steaming with nectar that made Hyems smile as he hung his beard over the fragrant vapour. Nay, the minister himself—with his mother and sister—was with us in our fantastic festivities, and gave to the architecture of our palace his wondering praise. Then Andrew Lindsey, the blind Paisley musician, a Latin scholar, who knew where Cremona stood, struck up on his famous fiddle jig or strathspey—and the swept floor, in a moment, was alive with a confused flight of foursome reels, each begun and ended with kisses, and maddened by many a whoop and yell—so like savages were we in our glee, dancing at the marriage of some island king!

Countless years have fled since that Snow-palace melted away—and of all who danced there, how many are now alive! Pshaw! as many probably as then danced anywhere else. It would never do to live for ever—let us then live well and wisely; and when death comes—from that sleep how blessed to awake! in a region where is no frost—no snow—but the sun of eternal life!

Mercy on us! what a hubbub!—can the harriers be hunting in such a snow-fall as this

and is poor pussy in view before the whole murderous pack, opening in full cry on her haunches? Why—Imagination, thou art an ass, and thy long ears at all times greedy of deception! 'Tis but the country Schoolhouse pouring forth its long-imprisoned stream of life as in a sudden sunny thaw, the Mad Master flying in the van of his helter-skelter scholars, and the whole yelling mass precipitated, many of them headlong, among the snow. Well do we know the fire-eyed Poet-pedagogue, who, more outrageous than Apollo, has “ravished all the Nine” Ode, elegy, epic, tragedy, or farce—all come alike to him; and of all the bards we have ever known—and the sum-total cannot be under a thousand—he alone, judging from the cock and the squint of his eye, labours under the blessing or the curse—we wot not which it be—of perpetual inspiration. A rare eye, too, is his at the setting of a spring for woodcocks, or tracking a mawkin on the snow. Not a daredevil in the school that durst follow the indentations of his toes and fingers up the wall of the old castle, to the holes just below the battlements, to thrust his arm up to the elbows harrying the starlings' nests. The corbies ken the shape of his shoulders, as craftily he threads the wood; and let them build their domicile as high as the swinging twigs will bear its weight, agile as squirrel, and as founmart ferocious, up speels, by the height undizzied, the dreadless Dominie; and should there be fegged or pucciock-haired young ones among the wool, whirling with guttural cawings down a hundred feet descent, on the hard rooty ground-floor from which springs pine, oak, or ash, driven out is the life, with a squelsh and a squash, from the worthless carrion. At swimming we should not boggle to back him for the trifle of a cool hundred against the best survivor among these water-serpents, Mr. Turner, Dr. Bedale, Lieutenant Ekenhead, Lord Byron, Leander, and Ourselves—while, with the steel shiners on his soles, into what a set of ninnies in their ring would he not reduce the Edinburgh Skating Club?

Saw ye ever a Snowball Bicker? Never? Then look there with all the eyes in your head—only beware of a bash on the bridge of your nose, a bash that shall die the snow with your virgin blood. The Poet-pedagogue, *alias* the Mad Dominie, with Bob Howie as his Second in Command, has chosen the Six stoutest striplings for his troop, and, at the head of that Sacred Band, offers battle to Us at the head of the whole School. Nor does that formidable force decline the combat. War levels all foolish distinctions of scholarship. Booby is Dux now, and Dux Booby—and the obscure dunce is changed into an illustrious hero.

“The combat deepens—on, ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Nitton, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy schoolery!”

Down from the mount on which it had been drawn up in battle-array, in solid-square comes the School army, with shouts that might waken the dead, and inspire with the breath of life the nostrils of the great Snow-giant built up at the end of yonder avenue, and indurated by

last night's frost. But there lies a fresh fall—and a better day for a Bicker never rose flakily from the yellow East. Far out of distance, and prodigal of powder lying three feet deep on the flats, and heaped up in drifts to tree and chimney-top, the tirailleurs, flung out in front, commence the conflict by a shower of balls that, from the bosom of the yet untrodden snow between the two battles, makes spin like spray the shining surface. Then falling back on the main body, they find their places in the front rank, and the whole mottled mass, gray, blue, and scarlet, moves onwards o'er the whiteness, a moment ere they close,

"Calm as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!"

"Let fly," cries a clear voice—and the snow-ball-storm hurtles through the sky. Just then the valley-mouth blew sleety in the faces of the foe—their eyes, as if darkened with snuff or salt, blinked bat-like—and with erring aim flew their feckless return to that shower of frosty fire. Incessant is the silent cannonade of the resistless School—silent but when shouts proclaim the fall or flight of some doughty champion in the adverse legion.

See—see—the Sacred Band are broken! The cravens taken ignominiously to flight—and the Mad Domine and Bob Howie alone are left to bear the brunt of battle. A dreadful brotherhood! But the bashing balls are showered upon them right and left from scores of catapultic arms—and the day is going sore against them, though they fight less like men than devils. Hurra! the Domine's down, and Bob staggers. "Guards, up and at them!" "A simultaneous charge of cocks, hens, and yearocks!" No sooner said than done. Bob Howie is buried—and the whole School is trampling on its Master!

"Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!"

The smothered ban of Bob, and the stifled denunciations of the Domine, have echoed o'er the hill, and,

"Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,"

the runaways, shaking the snows of panic from their paws,

"Like dewdrops from the lion's mane,"

come rushing to the rescue. Two of the Six tremble and turn. The high heroic scorn of their former selves urges four to renew the charge, and the sound of their feet on the snow is like that of an earthquake. What bashes on bloody noses! What bungings-up of eyes! Of lips what slittings! Red is many a spittle! And as the coughing urchin groans, and claps his hand to his mouth, distained is the snow-ball that drops unlaunched at his feet! The School are broken—their hearts die within them—and—can we trust our blasted eyes!—the white livers show the white feather, and fly! O shame! O sorrow! O sin! they turn their backs and fly! Disgraced are the mothers that bore them—and "happy in my mind," wives and widows, "were ye that died," undoomed to hear the tidings of this wretched

overthrow! Heavens and earth! sixty are flying before Six!—and half of sixty—oh! that we should record it!—*are pretending to be dead!!* Would indeed that the snow were their wind-ing-sheet, so that it might but hide our dishonour!

Look, we beseech you, at the Mad Domine! like Hector issuing from the gates of Troy and driving back the Greeks to their ships or rather—hear, spirit of Homer!—like some great shaggy, outlandish wolf-dog, that hath swum ashore from some strange wreck, and, after a fortnight's famine on the bare sea-cliffs, been driven by the hunger that gnaws his stomach like a cancer, and the thirst-fever that can only be slaked in blood, to venture prowling for prey up the vale, till, snuffing the scent of a flock of sheep, after some grim tiger-like creeping on his belly, he springs at last, with huge long spangs, on the woolly people, with bull-like growlings quailing their poor harmless hearts, and then fast throttling them, one after another—till, as it might seem rather in wantonness of rage than in empty pangs, he lies down at last in the midst of all the murdered carcasses, licking the blood off his flews and paws—and then, looking and listening round with his red turbid eyes, and sharp-pointed ears savagely erect, conscious of crime and fearful of punishment, soon as he sees and hears that all the coast is clear and still, again gloatingly fastens his tusks behind the ears, and then eats into the kidneys of the fattest of the flock, till, sated with gore and tallow, he sneaks stealthily into the wood, and coiling himself up all his wiry length—now no longer lank, but swollen and knotted like that of a deer-devouring snake—he falls suddenly asleep, and re-banquets in a dream of murder.

That simile was conceived in the spirit of Dan Homer, but delivered in that of Kit North. No matter. Like two such wolf-dogs are now Bob Howie and the Mad Domine—and the School like such silly sheep. Those other heli-dogs are leaping in the rear—and to the eyes of fear and flight each one of the Six seems more many-headed than Cerberus, while their mouths kindle the frosty air into fire, and thunderbolts pursue the pell-mell of the panic.

Such and so imaginative is not only mental but corporal fear. What though it be but a Snowball bicker! The air is darkened—no brightened by the balls, as in many a curve they describe their airy flight—some hard as stones—some soft as slush—some blae and drippy in the cold-hot hand that launches them on the flying foe, and these are the teasers—some almost transparent in the cerulean sky, and broken ere they reach their aim, abortive "armamentaria cœli"—and some useless from the first, and felt, as they leave the palm, to be fozier than the foziest turnip, and unfit to bash a fly.

Far and wide, over hill, bank, and brae, are spread the flying School! Squads of us, at sore sixes and sevens, are making for the frozen woods. Alas! poor covert now in their naked leaflessness for the stricken deer! Twos and threes, in miserable plight floundering in drift-wreaths! And here and there—woful-

light of all—single boys distractedly etting at the sanctuaries of distant houses—with their heads all the while insanely twisted back over their shoulders, and the glare of their eyes fixed frightfully on the swift-footed Mad Dominie, till souse over neck and ears, bubble and squeak, precipitated into traitorous pitfall, and in a moment vanished from this upper world!

Disturbed crows fly away a short distance and alight silent—the magpies chatter pert even in alarm—the lean kine, collected on the low sides of braes, wonder at the rippet—their horns moving, but not their tails—while the tempest-tamed bull—almost dull now as an ox—gives a short sullen growl as he feebly paws the snow.

But who is he—the tall slender boy—slender, but sinewy—a wiry chap—five feet eight on his stocking-soles—and on his stocking-soles he stands—for the snow has sucked his shoes from his feet—that plants himself like an oak sapling, rooted ankle-deep on a knoll, and there, a juvenile Jupiter Stator, with voice and arm arrests the Flight, and fiercely gesticulating vengeance on the insolent foe, recalls and rallies the shattered School, that he may re-lead them to victory? The phantom of a visionary dream! **KIT NORTH HIMSELF—**

"In life's morning march when his spirit was young,"
And once on a day was that figure—ours!
Then like a chamois-hunter of the Alps! Now,
alas! like—

"But be hush'd, my dark spirit—for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as a rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore.
Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain,
Let thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate;
Yea! even the name we have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not a pang of remembrance again;
To bear, is to conquer our fate!"

Half a century is annihilated as if it had never been: it is as if young Kit had become not old Kit—but were standing now as then front to front, with but a rood of trampled snow between them, before the Mad Dominie and Bob Howie—both the bravest of the brave in Snowball or Stone bicker—in street, lane, or muir fight—hand to hand, single-pitched with Black King Carey of the Gipsies—or in irregular high-road row—two to twelve—with a gang of Irish horse-cowpers from the fair of Glasgow returning by Portpatrick to Donaghadee. 'Tis a strange thing so distinctly to see One's Self as he looked of yore—to lose one's present frail personal identity in that of the powerful past. Or rather to admire One's Self as he *was*, without consciousness of the mean vice of egotism, because of the pity almost bordering on contempt with which One regards One's Self as he *is*, shrivelled up into a sort of shrimp of a man—or blown out into a flounder.

The Snowball bicker owns an armistice—and Kit North—that is, we of the olden and the golden time—advance into the debatable ground between the two armies, with a frozen branch in our hand as a flag of truce. The Mad Dominie loved us, because then-a-days—bating and barring the cock and the squint of his eye—we were like himself a poet, and while a goose might continue standing on one leg, could have composed one jolly act of a tragedy, or book of an epic, while Bob—God

bless him!—to guard us from scathe, would have risked his life against a whole crael of tinkers. With open arms they come forward to receive us; but our blood is up—and we are jealous of the honour of the School, which has received a stain which must be wiped out in blood. From what mixed motives act boys and men in the deeds deemed most heroic, and worthy of the meed of everlasting fame! Even so is it now with us—when sternly eyeing the other Six, and then respectfully the Mad Dominie, we challenge—not at long bowls—but toe to toe, at the scratch on the snow, with the naked mawlies, the brawny boy with the red shock-head, the villain with the carrots, who by moonlight nights,

"Round the stacks with the lasses at bogles to play," had dared to stand between us and the ladye of our love. Off fly our jackets and stocks—it is not a day for buff—and at it like bull-dogs. Twice before had we fought him—at our own option—over the bonnet; for 'twas a sturdy villain, and famous for the cross-buttock. But now, after the first close, in which we lose the fall—with straight right-handers we keep him at off-fighting—and that was a gush of blood from his smeller. "How do you like that, Ben?" Giving his head, with a mad rush, he makes a plunge with his heavy left—for he was kerr-handed—at our stomach. But a dip of our right elbow caught the blow, to the loud admiration of Bob Howie—and even the Mad Dominie, the umpire, could not choose but smile. Like lightning, our left returns between the ogles—and Ben bites the snow. Three cheers from the School—and, lifted on the knee of his second, James Maxwell Wallace, since signalized at Waterloo, and now a knighted colonel of horse, "he grins horribly a ghastly smile," and is brought up staggering to the scratch. We know that we have him—and ask considerably, "what he means by winking?" And now we play around him,

"Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild-geese at play."

He is brought down now to our own weight—then nine stone jump—his eyes are getting momentarily more and more piglike—water-logged, like those of Queen Beary, whose stone image lies in the echoing aisle of the old abbey-church of Paisley—and bat-blind, he hits past our head and body, like an awkward hand at the flail, when drunk, thrashing corn. Another hit on the smeller, and a stinger on the throat-apple—and down he sinks like a poppy—deaf to the call of "time"—and victory smiles upon us from the bright blue skies. "Hurra—hurra—hurra! Christopher for ever!" and perched aloft, astride on the shoulders of Bob Howie—he, the Invincible, gallops with us all over the field, followed by the shouting School, exulting that Ben the Bully has at last met with an overthrow. We exact an oath that he will never again meddle with Meg Whitelaw—shake hands cordially, and

"Off to some other game we all together flew."

And so ended the famous Snowball Bicker of Pedmount, now immortalized in our Prose-Poem.

Some men, it is sarcastically said, are boys all life-long, and carry with them their puer

ility to the grave. 'Twould be well for the world were there in it more such men. By way of proving their manhood, we have heard grown-up people abuse their own boyhood—forgetting what our great Philosophical Poet—after Milton and Dryden—has told them, that

“The boy is father of the man,”

and thus libelling the author of their existence. A poor boy indeed must he have been, who submitted to misery when the sun was new in heaven. Did he hate or despise the flowers around his feet, congratulating him on being young like themselves? the stars, young always, though Heaven only knows how many million years old, every night sparkling in happiness which they manifestly wished him to share? Did he indeed in his heart believe that the moon, in spite of her shining midnight face, was made of green cheese? Not only are the foundations dug and laid in boyhood, of all the knowledge and the feelings of our prime, but the ground-flat too built, and often the second story of the entire superstructure, from the windows of which, the soul looking out, beholds nature in her state, and leaps down, unafraid of a fall on the green or white bosom of earth, to join with hymns the front of the procession. The soul afterwards perfects her palace—building up tier after tier of

all imaginable orders of architecture—till the shadowy roof, gleaming with golden cupolas, like the cloud-region of the setting sun, set the heavens a-blaze.

Gaze up on the highest idea—gaze down on the profoundest emotion—and you will know and feel in a moment that it is not a new birth. You become a devout believer in the Pythagorean and Platonic doctrine of metempsychosis and reminiscence, and are awed by the mysterious consciousness of the thought “BEFORE!” Try then to fix its date, and back travels your soul, now groping its way in utter darkness, and now in darkness visible—now launching along lines of steady lustre: such as the moon throws on the broad bosoms of starry lakes—now dazzled by sudden contrast—

“Blind with excess of light!”

But back let it travel, as best or worst it may, through and amidst eras after eras of the wan or radiant past; yet never, except for some sweet instant of delusion, breaking dewdrop-like at a touch or a breath, during all that perilous pilgrimage—and perilous must it be, haunted by so many ghosts—never may it reach the shrine it seeks—the fountain from which first flowed that feeling whose origin seems to have been out of the world of time—dare we say—in eternity!

CHRISTMAS DREAMS.

How graciously provided are all the subdivisions of Time, diversifying the dream of human life! And why should moralists mourn over the mutability that gives the chief charm to all that passes so transitorily before our eyes!—leaving image upon image in the waters of memory, that can bear being stirred without being disturbed, and contain steadier and steadier reflections as they seem to repose on an unfathomable depth!—the years, the months, the weeks, the days, the nights, the hours, the minutes, the moments, each in itself a different living, and peopled, and haunted world. One Life is a thousand lives, and each individual, as he fully renews the past, reappears in a thousand characters; yet all of them bearing a mysterious identity not to be misunderstood, and all of them, while every passion has been shifting and ceasing, and reascending into power, still under the dominion of the same Conscience, that feels and knows it is from God.

Who will complain of the shortness of human life, that can re-travel all the windings, and wanderings, and mazes that his feet have trodden since the farthest back hour at which memory pauses, baffled and blindfolded, as she vainly tries to penetrate and illumine the palpable, the impervious darkness that shrouds the few first years of our inscrutable being? Long, long, long ago seems it to be indeed, when we now remember it, the Time we first

pulled the primroses on the sunny braes, wondering in our first blissful emotions of beauty at the leaves with a softness all their own—a yellowness nowhere else so vivid—“the bright consummate flower” so starlike to our awakened imagination among the lowly grass—lovely indeed to our admiring eyes as any one of all the stars that, in their turn, did seem themselves like flowers in the blue fields of heaven! Long, long, long ago, the time when we danced hand in hand with our golden-haired sister! Long, long, long ago, the day on which she died—the hour, so far more dismal than any hour that can now darken us on this earth, when her coffin descended slowly, slowly into the horrid clay, and we were borne deathlike, and wishing to die, out of the churchyard, that, from that moment, we thought we could enter never more! What a multitudinous being must ours have been, when, before our boyhood was gone, we could have forgotten her buried face! Or at the dream of it, dashed off a tear, and away, with a bounding heart, in the midst of a cloud of playmates, breaking into fragments on the hill-side, and hurrying round the shores of those wild moorland lochs, in vain hope to surprise the heron that slowly uplifted his blue bulk, and floated away, regardless of our shouts, to the old castle woods. It is all like a reminiscence of some other state of existence.

Then, after all the joys and sorrows of those

few years, which we now call transitory, but which our Boyhood felt as if they would be endless—as if they would endure for ever—arose upon us the glorious dawning of another new life—YOUTH—with its insupportable sunshine, and its agitating storms. Transitory, too, we now know, and well deserving the same name of dream. But while it lasted, long, various, and agonizing; as, unable to sustain the eyes that first revealed to us the light of love, we hurried away from the parting hour, and, looking up to moon and stars, invoked in sacred oaths, hugged the very heavens to our heart. Yet life had not then nearly reached its meridian, journeying up the sunbright firmament. How low hung it there exulting, when “it flamed on the forehead of the noontide sky!” Let not the Time be computed by the lights and shadows of the years, but by the innumerable array of visionary thoughts, that kept deploying as if from one eternity into another—now in dark sullen masses, now in long array, brightened as if with spear-points and standards, and moving along through chasm, abyss, and forest, and over the summits of the highest mountains, to the sound of ethereal music, now warlike and tempestuous—now, as “from flutes and soft recorders” accompanying not pæans of victory but hymns of peace. That Life, too, seems, now that it is gone, to have been of a thousand years. Is it gone? Its skirts are yet hovering on the horizon. And is there yet another Life destined for us? That Life which men fear to face—Age, Old Age! Four dreams within a dream—and *where* to awake!

At dead of night—and it is now dead of night—how the heart quakes on a sudden at the silent resurrection of buried thoughts! Perhaps the sunshine of some one single Sabbath of more exceeding holiness comes first glimmering, and then brightening upon us, with the very same sanctity that filled all the air at the tolling of the kirk-bell, when all the parish was hushed, and the voice of streams heard more distinctly among the banks and braes. Then, all at once, a thunder-storm that many years before, or many years after, drove us, when walking alone over the mountains, into a shieling, will seem to succeed; and we behold the same threatening aspect of the heavens that then quailed our beating hearts, and frowned down our eyelids before the lightning began to flash, and the black rain to deluge all the glens. No need now for any effort of thought. The images rise of themselves—independently of our volition—as if another being, studying the working of our minds, conjured up the phantasmagoria before us who are beholding it with love, wonder, and fear. Darkness and silence have a power of sorcery over the past; the soul has then, too, often restored to it feelings and thoughts that it had lost, and is made to know that nothing it once experiences ever perishes, but that all things spiritual possess a principle of immortal life.

Why finger on the shadowy wall some of those phantasmagoria—returning after they have disappeared—and reluctant to pass away into their former oblivion? Why shoot others

athwart the gloom, quick as spectral figures seen hurrying among the mountains during a great storm? Why do some glare and threaten—why others fade away with a melancholy smile? Why *that one*—a Figure all in white, and with white roses in her hair—come forward through the haze, beautifying into distincter form and face, till her pale beseeching hands almost touch our neck—and then, in a moment, it is as nothing?

But now the room is disenchanted—and feebly our lamp is glimmering, about to leave us to the light of the moon and stars. There it is trimmed again—and the sudden increase of lustre cheers the heart within us like a festal strain. And To-Morrow—To-Morrow is Merry Christmas; and when its night descends there will be mirth and music, and the light sounds of the merry-twinkling feet within these now so melancholy walls—and sleep now reigning over all the house save this one room, will be banished far over the sea—and morning will be reluctant to allow her light to break up the innocent orgies.

Were every Christmas of which we have been present at the celebration, painted according to nature—what a Gallery of Pictures! True that a sameness would pervade them all—but only that kind of sameness that pervades the nocturnal heavens. One clear night always is, to common eyes, just like another; for what hath any night to show but one moon and some stars—a blue vault, with here a few braided, and there a few castellated, clouds? yet no two nights ever bore more than a family resemblance to each other before the studious and instructed eye of him who has long communed with Nature, and is familiar with every smile and frown on her changeful, but not capricious, countenance. Even so with the Annual Festivals of the heart. Then our thoughts are the stars that illumine those skies—and on ourselves it depends whether they shall be black as Erebus, or brighter than Aurora.

“Thoughts! that like spirits trackless come and go!”—is a fine line of Charles Lloyd’s. But no bird skims, no arrow pierces the air, without producing some change in the Universe, which will last to the day of doom. No coming and going is absolutely trackless; nor irrecoverable by Nature’s law is any consciousness, however ghostlike; though many one, even the most blissful, never does return, but seems to be buried among the dead. But they are not dead—but only sleep; though to us who recall them not, they are as they had never been, and we, wretched ingrates, let them lie for ever in oblivion! How passing sweet when of their own accord they arise to greet us in our solitude!—as a friend who, having sailed away to a foreign land in our youth, has been thought to have died many long years ago, may suddenly stand before us, with face still familiar and name reviving in a moment, and all that he once was to us brought from utter forgetfulness close upon our heart.

My Father’s House! How it is ringing like a grove in spring, with the din of creatures happier, a thousand times happier, than

all the birds on earth. It is the Christmas Holidays—Christmas Day itself—Christmas Night—and Joy in every bosom intensifies Love. Never before were we brothers and sisters so dear to one another—never before had our hearts so yearned towards the authors of our being—our blissful being! There they sit—silent in all that outcry—composed in all that disarray—still in all that tumult; yet, as one or other flying imp sweeps round the chair, a father's hand will playfully strive to catch a prisoner—a mother's gentler touch on some sylph's disordered symar be felt almost as a reproof, and for a moment slacken the fairy-flight. One old game treads on the heels of another—twenty within the hour—and many a new game never heard of before nor since, struck out by the collision of kindred spirits in their glee, the transitory fancies of genius inventive through very delight. Then, all at once, there is a hush, profound as ever falls on some little plat within a forest when the moon drops behind the mountain, and small green-robed People of Peace at once cease their pastime, and evanish. For she—the Silver-Tongued—is about to sing an old ballad, words and air alike hundreds of years old—and sing she doth, while tears begin to fall, with a voice too mournfully beautiful long to breathe below—and, ere another Christmas shall have come with the falling snows, doomed to be mute on earth—but to be hymning in Heaven.

Of that House—to our eyes the fairest of earthly dwellings—with its old ivy'd turrets, and orchard-garden bright alike with fruit and with flowers, not one stone remains. The very brook that washed its foundations has vanished along with them—and a crowd of other buildings, wholly without character, has long stood where here a single tree, and there a grove, did once render so lovely that small demesne; which, how could we, who thought it the very heart of Paradise, even for one moment have believed was one day to be blotted out of being, and we ourselves—then so linked in love that the band which bound us altogether was, in its gentle pressure, felt not nor understood—to be scattered far and abroad, like so many leaves that after one wild parting rustle are separated by roaring wind-eddies, and brought together no more! The old Abbey—it still survives; and there, in that corner of the burial-ground, below that part of the wall which was least in ruins, and which we often climbed to reach the flowers and nests—there, in hopes of a joyful resurrection, lie the Loved and Venerated—for whom, even now that so many grief-deadening years have fled, we feel, in this holy hour, as if it were impiety so utterly to have ceased to weep—so seldom to have remembered!—And then, with a powerlessness of sympathy to keep pace with youth's frantic grief, the floods we all wept together—at no long interval—on those pale and placid faces as they lay, most beautiful and most dreadful to behold, in their coffins.

We believe that there is genius in all childhood. But the creative joy that makes it great in its simplicity dies a natural death or is killed, and genius dies with it. In favoured

spirits, neither few nor many, the joy and the might survive; for you must know that unless it be accompanied with imagination, memory is cold and lifeless. The forms it brings before us must be inspired with beauty—that is, with affection or passion. All minds, even the dullest, remember the days of their youth; but all cannot bring back the indescribable brightness of that blessed season. They who would know what they once were, must not merely recollect, but they must imagine, the hills and valleys—if any such there were—in which their childhood played, the torrents, the waterfalls, the lakes, the heather, the rocks, the heaven's imperial dome, the raven floating only a little lower than the eagle in the sky. To imagine what he then heard and saw, he must imagine his own nature. He must collect from many vanished hours the power of his untamed heart, and he must, perhaps, transfuse also something of his maturer mind into these dreams of his former being, thus linking the past with the present by a continuous chain, which, though often invisible, is never broken. So is it too with the calmer affections that have grown within the shelter of a roof. We do not merely remember, we imagine our father's house, the fireside, all his features then most living, now dead and buried; the very manner of his smile, every tone of his voice. We must combine with all the passionate and plastic power of imagination the spirit of a thousand happy hours into one moment; and we must invest with all that we ever felt to be venerable such an image as alone can satisfy our filial hearts. It is thus that imagination, which first aided the growth of all our holiest and happiest affections, can preserve them to us unimpaired—

"For she can give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks they wore."

Then came a New Series of Christmases, celebrated, one year in this family, another year in that—none present but those whom Charles Lamb the Delightful calleth the "old familiar faces;" something in all features, and all tones of voice and all manners, betokening origin from the root—relations all, happy, and with no reason either to be ashamed or proud of their neither high nor humble birth—their lot being cast within that pleasant realm, "the Golden Mean," where the dwellings are connecting links between the hut and the hall—fair edifices resembling manse or mansion-house, according as the atmosphere expands or contracts their dimensions—in which Competence is next-door neighbour to Wealth, and both of them within the daily walk of Contentment.

Merry Christmases they were indeed—one Lady always presiding, with a figure that once had been the stateliest among the stately, but then somewhat bent, without being bowed down, beneath an easy weight of most venerable years. Sweet was her tremulous voice to all her grandchildren's ears. Nor did these solemn eyes, bedimmed into a pathetic beauty, in any degree restrain the glee that sparkled in orbs that had as yet shed not many tears, but tears of joy or pity. Dearly she loved all those mortal creatures whom she was soon

about to leave; but she sat in sunshine even within the shadow of death; and the "voice that called her home" had so long been whispering in her ear, that its accents had become dear to her, and consolatory every word that was heard in the silence, as from another world.

Whether we were indeed all so witty as we thought ourselves—uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, cousins, and "the rest," it might be presumptuous in us, who were considered by ourselves and a few others not the least amusing of the whole set, at this distance of time to decide—especially in the affirmative; but how the roof did ring with sally, pun, retort, and repartee! Ay, with pun—a species of impertinence for which we have therefore a kindness even to this day. Had incomparable Thomas Hood had the good fortune to have been born a cousin of ours, how with that fine fancy of his would he have shone at those Christmas festivals, eclipsing us all! Our family, through all its different branches, has ever been famous for bad voices, but good ears; and we think we hear ourselves—all those uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, and cousins—singing now! Easy is it to "warble melody" as to breathe air. But we hope harmony is the most difficult of all things to people in general, for to us it was impossible; and what attempts ours used to be at Seconds! Yet the most woful failures were rapturously encored; and ere the night was done we spoke with most extraordinary voices indeed, every one hoarser than another, till at last, walking home with a fair cousin, there was nothing left for it but a tender glance of the eye—a tender pressure of the hand—for cousins are not altogether sisters, and although partaking of that dearest character, possess, it may be, some peculiar and appropriate charms of their own; as didst thou, Emily the "Wild-cap!"—That *sobriquet* all forgotten now—for now thou art a matron, nay a Grandam, and troubled with an elf fair and frolicsome as thou thyself wert of yore, when the gravest and wisest withstood not the witchery of thy dancings, thy singings, and thy showering smiles.

On rolled Suns and Seasons—the old died—the elderly became old—and the young, one after another, were wafted joyously away on the wings of hope, like birds almost as soon as they can fly, ungratefully forsaking their nests and the groves in whose safe shadow they first essayed their pinions; or like pinnaces that, after having for a few days trimmed their snow-white sails in the land-locked bay, close to whose shores of silvery sand had grown the trees that furnished timber both for hull and mast, slip their tiny cables on some summer day, and gathering every breeze that blows, go dancing over the waves in sunshine, and melt far off into the main. Or, haply, some were like fair young trees, transplanted during no favourable season, and never to take root in another soil, but soon leaf and branch to wither beneath the tropic sun, and die almost unheeded by those who knew not how beautiful they had been beneath the dews and mists of their own native climate.

Vain images! and therefore chosen by fancy not too painfully to touch the heart. For some hearts grew cold and fortifying with selfish cares—some, warm as ever in their own generous glow, were touched by the chill of Fortune's frowns, ever worst to bear when suddenly succeeding her smiles—some, to rid themselves of painful regrets, took refuge in forgetfulness, and closed their eyes to the past—duty banished some abroad, and duty imposed others at home—estrangements there were, at first unconscious and unintended, yet ere long, though causeless, complete—changes were wrought insensibly, invisibly, even in the innermost nature of those who being friends knew no guile, yet came thereby at last to be friends no more—unrequited love broke some bonds—requited love relaxed others—the death of one altered the conditions of many—and so—year after year—the Christmas Meeting was interrupted—deferred—till finally it ceased with one accord, unrenewed and unrenovable. For when Some Things cease for a time—that time turns out to be for ever.

Survivors of those happy circles! wherever ye be—should these imperfect remembrances of days of old chance, in some thoughtful pause of life's busy turmoil, for a moment to meet your eyes, let there be towards the inditer a few throbs of revived affection in your hearts—for his, though "absent long and distant far," has never been utterly forgetful of the loves and friendships that charmed his youth. To be parted in body is not to be estranged in spirit—and many a dream and many a vision, sacred to nature's best affections, may pass before the mind of one whose lips are silent. "Out of sight out of mind" is rather the expression of a doubt—of a fear—than of a belief or a conviction. The soul surely has eyes that can see the objects it loves, through all intervening darkness—and of those more especially dear it keeps within itself almost undimmed images, on which, when they know it not, think it not, believe it not, it often loves to gaze, as on relics imperishable as they are hallowed.

All hail! rising beautiful and magnificent through the mists of morning—ye Woods, Groves, Towers, and Temples, overshadowing that famous Stream beloved by all the Muses! Through this midnight hush—methinks we hear faint and far off sacred music—

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise!"

How steeped now in the stillness of moonlight are all those pale, pillared Churches, Courts and Cloisters, Shrines and Altars, with here and there a Statue standing in the shade, or Monument sacred to the memory of the pious—the immortal dead. Some great clock is striking from one of many domes—from the majestic Tower of St. Mary Magdalen—and in the deepened hush that follows the solemn sound, the mingling waters of the Cherwell and the Isis soften the severe silence of the holy night.

Remote from kindred, and from all the friendships that were the native growth of the fair fields where our boyhood and our youth

had roamed and meditated and dreamed, those were indeed years of high and lofty mood which held us in converse with the shades of great Poets and ages of old in Rhedicyna's hallowed groves, still, serene, and solemn, as that Attic Academe where divine Plato, with all Hybla on his lips, discoursed such excellent music that his life seemed to the imagination spiritualized—a dim reminiscence of some former state of being. How sank then the Christmas Service of that beautiful Liturgy into our hearts! Not faithless we to the simple worship that our forefathers had loved; but Conscience told us there was no apostasy in the feelings that rose within us when that deep organ began to blow, that choir of youthful voices so sweetly to join the diapason,—our eyes fixed all the while on that divine Picture over the Altar, of our Saviour

"Bearing his cross up rueful Calvary."

The City of Palaces disappears—and in the setting sun-light we behold mountains of soft crimson snow! The sun hath set, and even more beautiful are the bright-starred nights of winter, than summer in all its glories beneath the broad moons of June. Through the woods of Windermere, from cottage to cottage, by coppice-pathways winding up to dwellings among the hill-rocks where the birch-trees cease to grow—

"Nodding their heads, before us go,
The merry minstrelsy."

They sing a salutation at every door, familiarly naming old and young by their Christian names; and the eyes that look upward from the vales to the hanging huts among the plats and cliffs, see the shadows of the dancers ever and anon crossing the light of the star-like window, and the merry music is heard like an echo dwelling in the sky. Across those humble thresholds often did we on Christmas-week nights of yore—wandering through our solitary silvan haunts, under the branches of trees within whose hollow trunk the squirrel slept—venture in, unasked perhaps, but not unwelcome, and, in the kindly spirit of the season, did our best to merryify the Festival by tale or song. And now that we behold them not, are all those woods, and cliffs, and rivers, and tarns, and lakes, as beautiful as when they softened and brightened beneath our living eyes, half-creating, as they gazed, the very world they worshipped? And are all those hearths as bright as of yore, without the shadow of our figure? And the roofs, do they ring as mirthfully, though our voice be forgotten? We hang over Westmoreland, an unobserved—but observant star. Mountains, hills, rocks, knolls, vales, woods, groves, single trees, dwellings—all asleep! O Lakes! but ye are, indeed, by far too beautiful! O fortunate Isles! too fair for human habitation, fit abode for the Blessed! It will not hide itself—it will not sink into the earth—it will rise; and risen, it will stand steady with its shadow in the overpowering moonlight, that **ONE TREE!** that **ONE HOUSE!**—and well might the sight of ye two together—were it harder—break our heart. But hard at all it is not—therefore it is but crushed.

Can it be that there we are utterly forgotten! No star hanging higher than the Andes in heaven—but sole-sitting at midnight in a small chamber—a melancholy man are we—and there seems a smile of consolation, O Wordsworth! on thy sacred Bust.

Alas! how many heavenly days, "seeming immortal in their depth of rest," have died and been forgotten! Treacherous and ungrateful is our memory even of bliss that overflowed our being as light our habitation. Our spirit's deepest intercommunion with nature has no place in her records—blanks are there that ought to have been painted with imperishable imagery, and steeped in sentiment fresh as the morning on life's golden hills. Yet there is mercy in this dispensation—for who can bear to behold the light of bliss re-*arising* from the past on the ghastlier gloom of present misery? The phantoms that will not come when we call on them to comfort us, are too often at our side when in our anguish we could almost pray that they might be reburied in oblivion. Such hauntings as these are not as if they were visionary—they come and go like forms and shapes still imbued with life. Shall we vainly stretch out our arms to embrace and hold them fast, or as vainly seek to intrench ourselves by thought of this world against their visitation? The soul in its sickness knows not whether it be the duty of love to resign itself to indifference or to despair. Shall it enjoy life, they being dead! Shall we, the survivors, for yet a little while, walk in our companionship out into the day, and let the sunbeams settle on their heads as they used to do, or cover them with dust and ashes, and show to those in heaven that love for them is now best expressed by remorse and penitence!

Sometimes we have fears about our memory—that it is decaying; for, lately, many ordinary yet interesting occurrences and events, which we regarded at the time with pain or pleasure, have been slipping away almost into oblivion, and have often alarmed us of a sudden by their return, not to any act of recollection, but of themselves, sometimes wretchedly out of place and season, the mournful obtruding upon the merry, and worse, the merry upon the mournful—confusion, by no fault of ours, of piteous and of gladsome faces—tears where smiles were a duty as well as a delight, and smiles where nature demanded, and religion hallowed, a sacrifice of tears.

For a good many years we have been tied to town in winter by fetters as fine as frostwork filigree, which we could not break without destroying a whole world of endearment. That seems an obscure image; but it means what the Germans would call in English—our winter environment. We are imprisoned in a net of our own weaving—an invisible net; yet we can see it when we choose—just as a bird can see, when he chooses, the wires of his cage, that are invisible in his happiness, as he keeps hopping and fluttering about all day long, or haply dreaming on his perch with his poll under his plumes—as free in confinement as if let loose into the boundless sky. That seems an obscure image too; but we mean, in truth, the prison unto which we doom ourselves no

prison is; and we have improved on that idea, for we have built our own—and are prisoner, turnkey, and jailer all in one, and 'tis noiseless as the house of sleep. Or what if we declare that Christopher North is a king in his palace, with no subjects but his own thoughts—his rule peaceful over those lights and shadows—and undisputed to reign over them his right divine.

The opening year in a town, now answers in all things to our heart's desire. How beautiful the smoky air! The clouds have a homely look as they hang over the happy families of houses, and seem as if they loved their birth-place;—all unlike those heartless clouds that keep *stravaigging* over mountain-tops, and have no domicile in the sky! Poets speak of living rocks, but what is their life to that of houses? Who ever saw a rock with eyes—that is, with windows? Stone-blind all, and stone-deaf, and with hearts of stone; whereas who ever saw a house without eyes—that is, windows? Our own is an Argus; yet the good old Conservative grudges not the assessed taxes—his optics are as cheerful as the day that lends them light, and they love to salute the setting sun, as if a hundred beacons, level above level, were kindled along a mountain side. He might safely be pronounced a madman who preferred an avenue of trees to a street. Why, trees have no chimneys; and, were you to kindle a fire in the hollow of an oak, you would soon be as dead as a Druid. It won't do to talk to us of sap, and the circulation of sap. A grove in winter, bole and branch—eaves it has none—is as dry as a volume of sermons. But a street, or a square, is full of "vital sparks of heavenly flame" as a volume of poetry, and the heart's blood circulates through the system like rosy wine.

But a truce to comparisons; for we are beginning to feel contrition for our crime against the country, and, with humbled head and heart, we beseech you to pardon us—ye rocks of Pavey-Ark, the pillared palaces of the storms—ye clouds, now wreathing a diadem for the forehead of Helvellyn—ye trees, that hang the shadows of your undying beauty over the "one perfect chrysolite," of blessed Windermere!

Our meaning is transparent now as the hand of an apparition waving peace and good-will to all dwellers in the land of dreams. In plainer but not simpler words, (for words are like flowers, often rich in their simplicity—witness the Lily, and Solomon's Song)—Christian people all, we wish you a Merry Christmas and Happy New-Year, in town or in country—or in ships at sea.

A Happy New-Year!—Ah! ere this *ARIA*, sung *sotto voce*, reach your ears, (eyes are ears, and ears are eyes,) the week of all weeks will be over and gone, and the New-Year will seem growing out of the old year's ashes!—for the year is your only Phoenix. But what with time to do has a wish—a hope—a prayer! Their power is in the Spirit that gives them birth. And what is Spirit but the well-head of thoughts and feelings flowing and overflowing all life, yet leaving the well-head full of water as ever—so lucid, that on your gazing intently into its depths, it seems to become a large soft spi-

ritual eye, reflecting the heavens and the earth and no one knows what the heavens and the earth are, till he has seen them there—for that God made the heavens and the earth we feel from that beautiful revelation—and where feeling is not, knowledge is dead, and a blank the universe. Love is life. The unloving merely breathe. A single sweet beat of the heart is token of something spiritual that will be with us again in Paradise. "O, bliss and beauty! are these our feelings"—thought we once in a dream—"all circling in the sunshine—fair plumed in a flight of doves!" The vision kept sailing on the sky—"to and fro for our delight"—no sound on their wings more than on their breasts; and they melted away in light as if they were composed of light—and in the hush we heard high up and far-off music—as of an angel's song.

That was a dream of the mysterious night; but now we are broad awake—and see no emblematical phantoms, but the mere sights of the common day. But sufficient for the day is the beauty thereof—and it inspires us with affection for all beneath the skies. Will the whole world, then, promise henceforth to love us?—and we promise henceforth to love the whole world.

It seems the easiest of all easy things to be kind and good—and then it is so pleasant! "Self-love and social are the same," beyond all question; and in that lies the nobility of our nature. The intensest feeling of self is that of belonging to a brotherhood. All selves then know they have duties which are in truth loves—and loves are joys—whether breathed in silence, or uttered in words, or embodied in actions; and if they filled all life, then all life would be good—and heaven would be no more than a better earth. And how may all men go to heaven? By making themselves a heaven on earth, and thus preparing their spirits to breathe empyreal air when they have dropped the dust. And how may they make for themselves a heaven on earth! By building up a happy HOME FOR THE HEART. Much, but not all—oh! not nearly all—is in the site. But it must be within the precincts of the holy ground—and within hearing of the waters of life.

Pleasures of Imagination! Pleasures of Memory! Pleasures of Hope! All three most delightful poems; yet all the thoughts and all the feelings that inspired them—etherealized—will not make FAITH! "The day-spring from on high hath visited us!" Blessed is he who feels that line—nor need his heart die within him, were a voice to be heard at midnight saying—"This New-Year's day shall be thy last!"

One voice—one young voice—all by its sweet, sad, solitary self, singing to us a Christmas Hymn! Listening to that music is like looking at the sky with all its stars.

Was it a spirit?

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk unseen,
Sole or responsive to each other's voice,
Hymning their great Creator."

No, the singer, like ourselves, is mortal; and in that thought, to our hearts, lies the pathos of her prayers. The angels, veiling their faces

with their wings, sing in their bliss hallelujahs round the throne of heaven; but she—a poor child of clay, with her face veiled but with the shades of humility and contrition, while

“Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon,”—

sings, in her sorrow, supplications to be suffered to see afar-off its everlasting gates—opening not surely for her own sake—for all of woman born are sinful—and even she in that love calls her innocence feels that her fallen being does of itself deserve but to die. The hymn is fading away, liker and liker an echo, and our spirit having lost it in the distance, returns back holier to the heart-hush of home!

The million hunger and thirst after the stronger and darker passions; nothing will go down with them but *the intense*. They are intolerant—or careless—or even ashamed of those emotions and affections that compose the blessing of our daily life, and give its lustre to the fire on the hearth of every Christian household. Yet, for all that, they are inexperienced in those same stronger and darker passions of which they prate, and know nothing of the import of those pictures of them painted, with background of gloom and foreground of fire, in the works of the truly great masters. The disturbed spirit of such delineations is far beyond the reaches of their souls; and they mistake their own senseless stupor for solemn awe—or their own mere physical excitement for the enthusiasm of imagination soaring through the storm on the wings of intellect. There are such things in “Satan’s Invisible World Displayed” in poetry, as strong and dark passions; and they who are acquainted with their origin and end call them *bad* passions; but the good passions are not dark, but bright—and they are strong too, stronger than death or the grave.

All human beings who know how to reap

“The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart,”

feel, by the touch, the flowers of affection in every handful of beauty they gather up from those fortunate fields on which shines, for ever through all seasons, the sun of life. How soft the leaves! and, as they meet the eye, how fair! Framed, so might it seem, of green dew consolidated into fragrance. Nor do they fade when gently taken from their stalk on its native bed. They flourish for ever if you bruise them not—sensitive indeed; and, if you are so forgetful as to treat them rashly, like those of the plant that bears that name, they shrink, and seem to shrivel for a time—growing pale, as if upbraiding your harshness; but cherished, they are seen to be all of

“Immortal amaranth, the tree that grows
Fast by the throne of God;”

for the seeds have fallen from heaven to earth, and for eighteen hundred years have been spreading themselves over all soils fit for their reception—and what soil is not fit? Even fit are stony places, and places full of thorns. For they will live and grow there in spite of such obstruction—and among rank and matted weeds will often be seen peering out like primroses gladdening the desert.

That voice again—“One of old Scotland’s songs, so sad and slow!” Her heart is now blamelessly with things of earth. “Sad and slow!” and most purely sweet. Almost mournful although it be, it breathes of happiness—for the joy dearest to the soul has ever a faint tinge of grief. O innocent enchantress! thou encirclest us with a wavering haze of beautiful imagery, by the spell of that voice awakening after a mood of awe, but for thy own delight. From the long dim tracts of the past come strangely blended recognitions of woe and bliss, undistinguishable now to our own heart—nor knows that heart if it be a dream of imagination or of memory. Yet why should we wonder? In our happiest hours there may have been something in common with our most sorrowful—some shade of sadness cast over them by a passing cloud, that now allies them in retrospect with the sombre spirit of grief; and in our unhappiest hours there may have been gleams of gladness, that seem now to give the return the calm character of peace. Do not all thoughts and feelings, almost all events, seem to resemble each other—when they are dreamt of as all past? All receive a sort of sanctification in the stillness of the time that has gone by—just like the human being whom they adorned or degraded—when they, too, are at last buried together in the bosom of the same earth.

Perhaps none among us ever wrote verses of any worth, who had not been, more or less, readers of our old ballads. All our poets have been so—and even Wordsworth would not have been the veritable and only Wordsworth, had he not in boyhood pored—oh, the miser!—over Percy’s Reliques. From the highest to the humblest, they have all drunk from those silver springs. Shepherds and herdsmen and woodsmen have been the masters of the mighty—their strains have, like the voice of a solitary lute, inspired a power of sadness into the hearts of great poets that gave their genius to be prevalent over all tears, or with a power of sublimity that gave it dominion over all terror, like the sound of a trumpet. The Babes in the Wood! Chevy Chase! Men become women while they weep—

“Or start up heroes from the glorious strain.”

Sing then, “The Dirge,” my Margaret, to the Old Man, “so tender and so true” to the spirit of those old ballads, which one might think were written by Pity’s self.

DIRGE.

“O dig a grave, and dig it deep,
Where I and my true love may sleep!
We’ll dig a grave and dig it deep,
Where thou and thy true love shall sleep!”

“And let it be five fathom low,
Where winter winds may never blow!—
And it shall be five fathom low,
Where winter winds shall never blow!”

“And let it be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!
And it shall be on yonder hill,
Where grows the mountain daffodil!”

“And plant it round with holy briers,
To fright away the fairy fires!—
We’ll plant it round with holy briers!
To fright away the fairy fires!”

"And set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!—
We'll set it round with celandine,
And nodding heads of columbine!

"And let the ruddock build his nest
Just above my true love's breast!—
The ruddock he shall build his nest
Just above thy true love's breast!

"And warble his sweet wintry song
O'er our dwelling all day long!
And he shall warble his sweet song
O'er your dwelling all day long.

"Now, tender friends, my garments take,
And lay me out for Jesus' sake!
And we will now thy garments take,
And lay thee out for Jesus' sake.

"And lay me by my true love's side,
That I may be a faithful bride!—
We'll lay thee by thy true love's side,
That thou may'st be a faithful bride!"

Ay—ay—thou too art gone, WILLIAM STANLEY ROSCOE! What years have flown since we walked among the "alleys green" of Alerton with thee and thy illustrious father! and who ever conversed with him for a few hours in and about his own home—where the stream of life flowed on so full and clear—without carrying away impressions that never seemed to be remembrances—so vivid have they remained amidst the obscurations and obliterations of time, that sweeps with his wings all

that lies on the surface, but has no power to disturb, much less destroy, the record printed on the heart.

We are all of us getting old—or older—nor would we, for our own part—if we could—renew our youth. Methinks the river of life is nobler as it nears the sea. The young are dancing in their skiffs on the pellucid shallows near the source on the Sacred Mountains of the Golden East. They whose lot it is to be in their prime, are dropping down the longer and wider reaches, that seem wheeling by with their silvan amphitheatres, as if the beauty were moving mornwards, while the voyagers are stationary among the shadows, or slowly descending the stream to meet the meridian day. Many forget

"The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below,"

and are lost in the roaring whirlpool. Under Providence, we see ourselves on the river expanded into a sealike lake, or arm of the sea; and for all our soul has escaped and suffered, we look up to the stars in gratitude—and down to the stars—for the water too is full of stars as well as the sky—faint and dim indeed—but blended, by the pervading spirit of beauty, with the brighter and bolder luminaries reposing on infinitude.

OUR WINTER QUARTERS.

BUCHANAN LODGE—for a few months—farewell! 'Tis the Twelfth of November; and for the City we leave thee not without reluctance, early in March by the blessing of Heaven again to creep into thy blooming bourne. Yet now and then we shall take a drive down, to while away a sunny forenoon among thy undecaying evergreens, to breathe the balm of thy Christmas roses, and for one *Gentle* bosom to cull the earliest crocuses that may be yellowing through the thin snows of Spring.

In truth, we know not well why we should ever leave thee, for thou art the Darling of all the Seasons; and Winter, so churlish elsewhere, is ever bland to thee, and, daily alighting in these gardens, loves to fold and unfold, in the cool sunshine, the stainless splendour of his pale-plumaged wings. But we are no hermit. Dear to us though Nature be, here, hand-in-hand with Art walking through our peaceful but not unpeopled POLICE, a voice comes to us from the city-heart—winning us away from the stillness of solitude into the stir of life. Milton speaks of a region

"Above the stir and smoke of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth;"

and oft have we visited it; but while yet we pursue the ends of this our mortal being, in the mystery of the brain whence ideas arise, and in the mystery of the heart whence emotions flow—kindred and congenial all—thought ever blending with feeling, reason with imagination, and conscience with passion—'tis our duty to draw our delight from intercommunion

with the spirit of our kind. Weakest or wickedest of mortals are your soul-sick, life-loathing, world-wearied men. In solitude we are prone to be swallowed up in selfishness; and out of selfishness what sins and crimes may not grow! At the best, moral stagnation ensues—and the spirit becomes, like "a green-mantled pool," the abode of reptiles. Then ever welcome to us be living faces, and living voices, the light and the music of reality—dearer far than any mere ideas or emotions hanging or floating aloof by themselves in the atmosphere of imagination. Blest be the cordial grasp of the hand of friendship—blest the tender embrace of the arms of love! Nay, smile not, fair reader, at an old man's fervour; for Love is a gracious spirit, who deserteth not declining age.

The DROSKY is at the door—and, my eye! what a figure is Peter! There he sits, like a bear, with the ribands in his paws—no part visible of his human face or form divine, but his small red eyes—and his ruby nose, whose re-grown enormity laughs at Liston. One little month ago, the knife of that skilful surgeon pared it down to the dimensions of a Christian proboscis. Again 'tis like a wart on a frost-reddened Swedish turnip. Pretty Poll, with small delicate pale features, sits beside him like a snowdrop. How shaggy since he returned from our last Highland tour is Filho da Puta! His name long as his tail—and the hair on his ears like that on his fetlocks. He absolutely reminds us of Hogg's Bonassus.

Ay, bless these patent steps—on the same principle as those by which we ascend our nightly couch—we are self-deposited in our Drosky. Oh! the lazy luxury of an air-seat! We seem to be sitting on nothing but a voluptuous warmth, restorative as a bath. And then what furry softness envelopes our feet! Yes—Mrs. Gentle—Mrs. Gentle—thy Cashmere shawl, twined round our bust, feels almost as silken-smoothe as thine own, and scented is it with the balm of thy own lips. Boreas blows on it tenderly as a zephyr—and the wintry sunshine seems summery as it plays on the celestial colours. Thy pelisse, too, over our old happy shoulders, purple as the neck of the dove when careering round his mate. Thy comforter, too, in our bosom—till the dear, delightful, delicious, wicked worsted thrills through skin and flesh to our very heart. It dirls. Drive away, Peter. Farewell Lodge—and welcome, in a jiffy, Moray Place.

And now, doucely and decently sitting in our Drosky, behold us driven by Peter, proud as Punch to tool along the staring streets the great-grandson of the Desert-born! Yet—yet—couldst thou lead the field, Filho, with old Filho, with old Kit Castor on thy spine. But though our day be not quite gone by, we think we see the stealing shades of eve, and, a little further on in the solemn vista, the darkness of night; and therefore, like wise children of nature, not unproud of the past, not ungrateful for the present, and unfeared of the future, thus do we now skim along the road of life, broad and smooth to our heart's content, able to pay the turnpikes, and willing, when we shall have reached the end of our journey, to lie down, in hope, at the goal.

What pretty, little, low lines of garden-fronted cottages! leading us along out of rural into suburban cheerfulness, across the Bridge, and past the Oriental-looking Oil-Gas Works, with a sweep winding into the full view of Prtt Street, (what a glorious name!) steep as some straight cliff-glen, and an approach truly majestic—yea, call it at once magnificent—right up to the great city's heart. "There goes Old Christopher North!" the bright boys in the playground of the New Academy exclaim. God bless you, you little rascals!—We could almost find it in our heart to ask the Rector for a holiday. But, under him, all your days are holidays—for when the precious hours of study are enlightened by a classic spirit, how naturally do they melt into those of play!

"Gay hope is yours, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Yours buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn."

Descending from our Drosky, we find No. 99, Moray Place, exhibiting throughout all its calm interior the selfsame expression it wore the day we left it for the Lodge, eight months ago. There is our venerable winter Hat—as like Ourselves, it is said, as he can stare—sitting on the Circular in the Entrance-hall.

Every thing has been tenderly dusted as if by hands that touched with a Sabbath feeling and though the furniture cannot be said to be new, yet while it is in all sobered, it is in nothing faded. You are at first unaware of its richness on account of its simplicity—its grace is felt gradually to grow out of its comfort—and that which you thought but ease lightens into elegance, while there is but one image in nature which can adequately express its repose—that of a hill-sheltered field by sunset, under a fresh-fallen vest of virgin snow. For then snow blushes with a faint crimson—nay, sometimes when Sol is extraordinarily splendid, not faint, but with a gorgeousness of colouring that fears not to face in rivalry the western clouds.

Let no man have two houses with one set of furniture. Home's deepest delight is undisturbance. Some people think no articles fixtures—not even grates. But sofas and ottomans, and chairs and footstools, and screens—and above all, beds—all are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognoscitive and sensitive of the blessings of this life. Each has its own place assigned to it by the taste, tact, and feeling of the master of the mansion, where order and elegance minister to comfort, and comfort is but a homely word for happiness. In various moods we vary their arrangement—nor is even the easiest of all Easy-chairs secure for life against being gently pushed on his wheels from chimney-nook to window-corner, when the sunshine may have extinguished the fire, and the blue sky tempts the *Pater-familias*, or him who is but an uncle, to lie back with half-shut eyes, and gaze upon the cheerful purity, even like a shepherd on the hill. But these little occasional disarrangements serve but to preserve the spirit of permanent arrangement, without which the very virtue of domesticity dies. What sacrilege, therefore, against the Lares and Penates, to turn a whole house topsy-turvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May-flowers deck the zone of the year! Why, a Turkey or a Persian, or even a Wilton or a Kidderminster carpet is as much the garb of the wooden floor inside, as the grass is of the earthen floor outside of your house. Would you lift and lay down the greensward? But without further illustration—be assured the cases are kindred—and so, too, with sofas and shrubs, tent-beds and trees. Independently, however, of these analogies, not fanciful, but lying deep in the nature of things, the inside of one's tabernacle, in town and country, ought ever to be sacred from all radical revolutionary movements, and to lie for ever in a waking dream of graceful repose. All our affections towards lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit. The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment when the most insignificant is missing or removed. We say not a word about children, for fortunately, since we are yet unmarried, we have none; but even they, if brought up Christians, are no dissenters from this creed, and however ractety in the nursery, in an orderly kept parlour or

drawing-room how like so many pretty little white mice do they glide cannily along the floor! Let no such horror, then, as a *flitting* ever befall us or our friends! O mercy! only look at a long huge train of wagons, heaped up to the windows of the first floors, moving along the dust-driving or mire-choked streets with furniture from a gutted town-house towards one standing in the rural shades with an empty stomach! All is dimmed or destroyed—chairs crushed on the table-land, and four-posted beds lying helplessly with their astonished feet up to heaven—a sight that might make the angels weep!

People have wondered why we, an old barren bachelor, should live in such a large house. It is a palace; but never was there a greater mistake than to seek the solution in our pride. Silence can be had but in a large house. And silence is the chief condition of home happiness. We could now hear a leaf fall—a leaf of the finest wire-wove. Peter and Betty, Polly and the rest, inhabit the second sunk story—and it is delightful to know that they may be kicking up the most infernal disturbance at this blessed moment, and tearing out each other's hair in handfuls, without the faintest whisper of the uproar reaching us in our altitude above the drawing-room flat. On New-Year's Day morning there is regularly a competition of bag-pipers in the kitchen, and we could fondly imagine 'tis an Eolian Harp. In his pantry Peter practised for years on the shrill clarion, and for years on the echoing horn; yet had he thrown up both instruments in despair of perfection ere we so much as knew that he had commenced his musical studies. In the sunk story, immediately below *that*, having been for a season consumptive, we kept a Jenny ass and her daughter—and though we believe it was not unheard around Moray and Ainslie Places, and even in Charlotte Square, we cannot charge our memory with an audit of their bray. In the sunk story immediately below that again, that distinguished officer on half pay, Captain Campbell of the Highlanders—when on a visit to us for a year or two—though we seldom saw him—got up a *Sma' still*—and though a more harmless creature could not be, there he used to sit for hours together, with the worm that never dies. On one occasion, it having been supposed by Peter that the Captain had gone to the East Neuk of Fife, weeks elapsed, we remember, ere he was found sitting dead, just as if he had been alive, in his usual attitude in his arm-chair, commanding a view of the precipice of the back court.

Just as quiet are the Attics. They, too, are furnished; for the feeling of there being one unfurnished room, however small, in the largest house, disturbs the entire state of mind of such an occupant, and when cherished and dwelt on, which it must not unfrequently be, inspires a cold air of desolation throughout the domicile, till "thoughts of flitting rise." There is no lumber-room. The room containing Blue-Beard's murdered wives met in idea be entered without distraction by a bold mind.—But oh! the lumber-room, into which, on an early walk through the house of a friend on

whom we had been sorning, all unprepared did we once set our foot! From the moment, and it was but for a moment, and about six o'clock—far away in the country—that appalling vision met our eyes—till we found ourselves, about another six o'clock, in Moray Place, we have no memory of the flight of time. Part of the journey—or voyage—we suspect, was performed in a steamer. The noise of knocking, and puffing, and splashing seems to be in our inner ears; but after all it may have been a sail-boat, possibly a yacht!—In the Attics an Aviary open to the sky. And to us below, the many voices, softened into one sometimes in the pauses of severer thought, are sometimes very affecting, so serenely sweet it seems, as the laverocks' in our youth at the gates of heaven.

At our door stand the Guardian Genii, Sleep and Silence. We had an ear to them in the building of our house, and planned it after a long summer day's perusal of the Castle of Indolence. O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson!—O that thou and we had been rowers in the same boat on the silent river! Rowers, indeed! Short the spells and far between that we should have taken—the one would not have turned round the other but when the oar chanced to drop out of his listless hand—and the canoe would have been allowed to drift with the stream, unobservant we of our backward course, and wondering and then ceasing to wonder at the slow receding beauty of the hanging banks of grove—the cloud mountains, immovable as those of earth, and in spirit one world.

Ay! Great noise as we have made in the world—our heart's desire is for silence—its delight is in peace. And is it not so with all men, turbulent as may have been their lives, who have ever looked into their own being? The soul longs for peace in itself; therefore, wherever it discerns it, it rejoices in the image of which it seeks the reality. The serene human countenance, the wide water sleeping in the moonlight, the stainless marble-depth of the immeasurable heavens, reflect to it that tranquillity which it imagines within itself, though it never long dwelt there, restless as a dove on a dark tree that cannot be happy but in the sunshine. It loves to look on what it loves, even though it cannot possess it; and hence its feeling on contemplating such calm, is not of simple repose, but desire stirs in it, as if it would fain blend itself more deeply with the quiet it beholds! The sleep of a desert would not so affect it; it is Beauty that makes the difference—that attracts spirit to matter, while spirit becomes not thereby materialized—but matter spiritualized; and we fluctuate in the air-boat of imagination between earth and heaven. In most and in all great instances there is apprehension, dim and faint, or more distinct, of pervasion of a spirit throughout that which we conceive Beautiful. Stars, the moon, the deep bright ether, waters, the rainbow, a pure lovely flower—none of them ever appear to us, or are believed by us to be mere physical and unconscious dead aggregates of atoms. That is what they are; but we could have no pleasure in them, if we knew them as such.

There is allusion, then, of some sort, and to what does it amount? We cannot well tell. But if there is really a love in human hearts to these distant orbs—if there is an emotion of tenderness to the fair, opening, breathing blossom that we would not crush it—"in gentleness of heart touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves"—it must be that we do not see them as they are, but "create a soul under the ribs of death." We could not be touched, or care for what has no affinity to ourselves—we make the affinity—we animate, we vivify them, and thenceforward,

"Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

Now you do believe that we do love Silence—and every other thing worthy to be loved—you and yours—and even that romp, your shock-headed Coz, to whom Priscilla Tom-boy was an Imogen.

All our ceilings are deadened—we walk ankle-deep in carpeting—nobody is suffered to open a door but ourselves—and they are so constructed, that it is out of their power to *slam*. Our winter furniture is all massy—deepening the repose. In all the large rooms two fireplaces—and fires are kept perpetually burning day and night, in them all, which, reflected from spacious mirrors, give the mansion quite the appearance of a Pandemonium. *Not gas always*. Palm-oil burns scentless as moonlight; and when motion, not rest, in a place is signified, we accompany ourselves with a wax candle, or taper from time immemorial green. Yet think not that there is a blaze of light. We have seen the midnight heaven and earth nearly as bright, with but one moon and a small scatter of stars. And places of glimmer—and places of gloom—and places "deaf to sound and blind to light" there are in this our mansion, known but to ourselves—cells—penitentiaries—where an old man may sit sighing and groaning, or stupefied in his misery—or at times almost happy. So senseless, and worse than senseless seems then all mortal tribulation and anguish while the self-communing soul is assured, by its own profound responses, that "whatever is, is best."

And thus is our domicile a domain—a kingdom. We should not care to be confined to it all the rest of our days. Seldom, indeed, do we leave our own door—yet call on us, and ten to one you hear us in winter chirping like a cricket, or in summer like a grasshopper. We have the whole range of the house to ourselves, and many an Excursion make we on the Crutch. Ascending and descending the wide-winding staircases, each broad step not above two inches high, we find ourselves on spacious landing-places illumined by the dim religious light of stained windows, on which pilgrims, and palmers, and prophets, single, or in pairs or troops, are travelling on missions through glens or forests or by sea-shores—or shepherd piping in the shade, or poet playing with the tangles of Neëra's hair. We have discovered a new principle on which, within narrow bounds, we have constructed Panoramic Dioramas, that show splendid segments of the great circle of the world. We paint all of them ourselves—now a Poussin, now a Thomson,

now a Claude, now a Turner, now a Rubens, now a Danby, now a Salvator, now a Maclise.

Most people, nay, we suspect all people but ourselves, make a point of sleeping in the same bed (that is awkwardly expressed) all life through; and out of that bed many of them avow their inability to "bow an eye;" such is the power of custom, of habit, of use and wont, over weary mortals even in the blessing of sleep. No such slavish fidelity do we observe towards any one bed of the numerous beds in our mansion. No one dormitory is entitled to plume itself, in the pride of its heart, on being peculiarly Ours; nor is any one suffered to sink into despondency from being debarred the privilege of contributing to Our repose. They are all furnished, if not luxuriously, comfortably in the extreme; in number, nine—each, of course, with its two dressing-rooms—those on the same story communicating with one another, and with the parlours, drawing-rooms, and libraries—"a mighty maze, but not without a plan," and all harmoniously combined by one prevailing and pervading spirit of quietude by day and by night, awake or asleep—the chairs being couch-like, the couches bed-like, the beds, whether tent or canopy, enveloped in a drapery of dreams.

We go to bed at no stated hour—but when we are tired of sitting up, then do we lie down; at any time of the night or the day; and we rise, neither with the lark, nor the swallow, nor the sparrow, nor the cock, nor the owl, nor the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, nor Lucifer, nor Aurora, but with Christopher North. Yellow, or green, or blue, or crimson, or fawn, or orange, or pinky light salutes our eyes, as sleep's visionary worlds recede and relapse into airy nothing, and as we know of a certainty that *these* are real web and woof damask curtains, *that* flock palpable on substantial walls.

True wisdom soon accommodates itself even to involuntary or inevitable change—but to that which flows from our own sweet will, however sudden and strong, it instantly moulds itself in a novel delight, with all its familiar and domestic habits. Why, we have not been in 99, Moray Place, for a week—nay, not for two days and nights—till you might swear we had been all our life a Côté, we look so like a Native. The rustic air of the Lodge has entirely left us, and all our movements are metropolitan. You see before you a Gentleman of the Old School, who knows that the eyes of the town are upon him when he seeks the open air, and who preserves, even in the privacy of the parlour, that dignity of dress and demeanour which, during winter, befits his age, his rank, and his character. Now, we shave every morning; John, who in his boyish days served under Barbarossa, lightly passes the comb through our "sable silvered;" and then, in our shawl dressing-gown, we descend about ten to our study, and sit, not unstately, beside the hissing urn at our protracted breakfast. In one little month or less, "or ere our shoes are old," we feel as if we had belonged to *this* house alone, and it to us, from our birth. The Lodge is seen to be standing in its stillness, far away! Dear memories of the ten

sive past now and then come floating upon the cheerful present—like birds of fairest plumage floating far inland from the main. But there is no idle longing—no vain regret. This, we say, is true wisdom. For each scene and season—each pleasure and place—ought to be trusted to itself in the economy of human life, and to be allowed its own proper power over our spirit. People in the country are often restless to return to town—and people in town unhappy till they rush away into the country—thus cheating their entire existence out of its natural calm and satisfaction. Not so we. We give both their due—and that due is an almost undivided delight in each while we live under its reign. For Nature, believe us, is no jealous mistress. She is an affectionate wife, who, being assured of his fidelity, is not afraid to trust her husband out of her sight,

“When still the town affairs do call him thence,”

and who waits with cheerful patience for his return, duly welcomed with a conjugal shower of smiles and kisses.

But what is this we see before us? Winter—we declare—and in full fig with his powdered wig! On the mid-day of November, absolutely snow! a full, fair, and free fall of indisputable snow.

Not the slightest idea had we, the day before, that a single flake had yet been formed in the atmosphere, which, on closing of our shutters, looked through the clear-obscure, indicative of a still night and a bright morning. But we had not seen the moon. She, we are told by an eyewitness, early in the evening, *stared* from the south-east, “through the misty horizontal air,” with a face of portentous magnitude and brazen hue, symptomatic, so weatherwise seers do say, of the approach of the Snow-king. On such occasions it requires all one’s astronomical science to distinguish between sun and moon; for then sister resembles brother in that wan splendour, and you wonder for a moment, as the large beamless orb (how unlike Dian’s silver bow!) is in ascension, what can have brought the lord of day, at this untimely hour, from his sea-couch behind the mountains of the west. Yet during the night-calm we suspected snow—for the hush of the heavens had that downy feel to our half-sleeping fancy, that belongs to the eider-pillow in which disappears our aged, honoured, and un-night-caped head. Looking out by peep of day—rather a ghostlike appearance in our long night-shirt, which trails a regal train—we beheld the fair feathers dimly descending through the glimmer, while momentarily the world kept whitening and whitening, till we knew not our home-returning white cat on what was yesterday the back-green, but by the sable tail that singularly shoots from the rump of that phenomenon. We were delighted. Into the cold plunge-bath we played plop like a salmon—and came out as red as a cut of that incomparable fish. One ply of leather—one of flannel—and one of the linen fine; and then the suit of pepper and salt over all; and you behold us welcoming, hailing, and blessing the return of day. Frost, too, felt, at the finger and toe tips—and in unequivocal true-blue at the point,

Pensive Public, of thy Grecian or Roman nose. Furs, at once, are all the rage; the month of muffs has come; and round the neck of Eve, and every one of all her daughters, is seen harmlessly coiling a boa-constrictor. On their lovely cheeks the Christmas roses are already in full blow, and the heart of Christopher North sings aloud for joy. Furred, muffed, and boad’d, Mrs. Gentle adventures abroad in the blast; and, shouldering his Crutch, the rough, ready, and ruddy old man shows how widows are won, whispers in that delicate ear of the publication of banns, and points his gouty toe towards the hymeneal altar. In the bracing air, his frame is strung like Paganini’s fiddle, and he is felt to be irresistible in the *piggicato*. “Lord of his presence, and small land beside,” what cares he even for a knight of the Guelphic order? On his breast shines a star—may it never prove a cross—beyond bestowal by king or kaiser; nor is Maga’s self jealous or envious of these wedded loves. And who knows but that ere another November snow sheets the Shotts, a curious little Kitt, with the word North distinctly traceable in blue letters on the whites of his eyes, may not be playing antics on his mother’s knee, and with the true Tory face in miniature, smiling upon the guardian of the merry fellow’s own and his country’s constitution?

What kind of a Winter—we wonder—are we to have in the way of wind and weather? We trust it will be severe. As summer set in with his usual severity, Winter must not be behindhand with him; but after an occasional week’s rain of a commendably boisterous character, must come out in full fig of frost. He has two suits which we greatly admire, combining the splendour of a court-dress with the strength of a work-day garb—we mean his garments of black and his garments of white frost. He looks best in the former, we think, on to about Christmas—and the latter become the old gentleman well from that festival season, on to about the day sacred to a class of persons who will never read our *Recreations*.

Of all the months of the year, November—in our climate—whether in town or country, bears the worst character. He is almost universally thought to be a sour, sulky, sullen, savage, dim, dull, dark, disconsolate, yet designing month—in fewer words, a month scarcely fit to live. Abhorring all personalities, we repent having sometimes given into this national abuse of November. We know him well—and though we admit at once that he is no beauty, and that his manners are at the best bluff, at the worst repulsive, yet on those who choose to cultivate his acquaintance, his character continues so to mellow and ameliorate itself, that they come at last, if not to love, to like him, and even to prefer his company “in the season of the year,” to that of other more brilliant visitors. So true is it with months and men, that it requires only to know the most unpleasant of them, and to see them during a favourable phasis, in order to regard them with that Christian complacency which a good heart sheds over all its habits. ‘Tis unlucky for November—poor fellow!—that he follows October. October is a month so much

admired by the world, that we often wonder he was not been spoiled. "What a glorious October!" "Why, you will surely not leave us till October comes?" "October is the month of all months—and, till you see him, you have not seen the Lakes." We acknowledge his claims. He is often truly delightful; but, like other brilliant persons, thinks himself not only privileged to be at times extremely dull, but his intensest stupidity is panegyrized as wit of the first water—while his not unfrequent rudeness, of which many a common month would be ashamed, passes for the ease of high-birth, or the eccentricity of genius. A very different feeling indeed exists towards unfortunate November. The moment he shows his face, all other faces are glum. We defy month or man, under such a trial, to make himself even tolerably agreeable. He feels that he is no favourite, and that a most sinister misinterpretation will be put on all his motions, manners, thoughts, words, and deeds. A man or a month so circumstanced is much to be pitied. Think, look, speak, act as he will—yea, even more like an angel than a man or a month—every eyebrow arches—every nostril distends—every lip curls towards him in contempt, while blow over the ice that enchains all his feelings and faculties, heavy-chill whisperings of "who is that disagreeable fellow?" In such a frozen atmosphere eloquence would be congealed on the lips of an Ulysses—Poetry prosified on those of an Apollo.

Edinburgh, during the dead of Summer, is a far more solitary place than Glenetive, Glenewis, or Glenco. There is not, however, so much danger of being lost in it as in the Moor of Rannoch—for streets and squares, though then utterly tenanted, are useful as landmarks to the pilgrim passing through what seems to be

"A still forsaken City of the Dead!"

But, like a frost-bound river, suddenly dissolved by a strong thaw, and coming down in spate from the mountains to the low lands, about the beginning of November Life annually re-overflowed our metropolis, with a noise like "the rushing of many chariots." The streets, that for months had been like the stony channels of dried-up streams—only not quite so well paved—are again all a murmur, and people addicted to the study of political economy, begin to hold

"Each strange tale devoutly true"

in the Malthusian theory of population. What swarms keep hovering round the great Northern Hive! Add eke after eke to the skep, and still seems it too small to contain all the insects. Edinburgh is almost as large as London. Nay, don't stare! We speak comparatively; and, as England is somewhere about six times more populous than Scotland, you may, by brushing up your arithmetic, and applying to the Census, discover that we are not so far wrong in our apparent paradox.

Were November in himself a far more weariful month than he is, Edinburgh would nevertheless be gladsome in the midst of all his gloom, even as a wood in May with the Gathering of the Clans. The country flows

into the town—all its life seems to do so—and to leave nothing behind but the bare trees and hedges. Equipages again go glittering along all the streets, squares, circuses, and crescents—and one might think that the entire "nation of ladies and gentlemen"—for King George the Fourth, we presume, meant to include the sex, in his compliment—were moving through their metropolis. Amusement and business walk hand-in-hand—you hardly know, from their cheerful countenances, which is which; for the Scots, though a high-cheeked, are not an ill-favoured folk in their features—and though their mouths are somewhat of the widest, their teeth are white as well as sharp, and on the opening of their ruddy lips, their ivory-cases are still further brightened by hearty smiles. 'Twould be false to say that their figures are distinguished by an air of fashion—for we have no court, and our nobles are almost all absentees. But though, in one sense, the men are ugly customers, as they will find

"Who chance to tread upon their freeborn toe,"

yet, literally, they are a comely crew, and if formed into battalions in marching order, would make the National Guard in Paris look like

"That small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes."

Our females have figures that can thaw any frost; and 'tis universally allowed that they walk well, though their style of pedestrianism does not so readily recall to the imagination Virgil's picture of Camilla flying along the heads of corn without touching their ears, as the images of paviors with post-looking mallets driving down dislodged stones into the streets. Intermingling with the lighter and more elastic footsteps of your Southron dames, the on-goings of our native virgins produce a pleasant variety of motion in the forenoon *mêlée* that along the Street of Princes now goes nodding in the sun-glint.

"Amid the general dance and minstrelsy"

who would wear a long face, unless it were in sympathy with his length of ears! A din of multitudinous joy hums in the air; you cannot see the city for the houses, its inhabitants for the people; and, as for finding one particular acquaintance in the crowd, why, to use an elegant simile, you might as well go search for a needle in a bottle of hay.

But hark! a hollow sound, distant, and as yet referred to no distinct place—then a faint mixture of a clear chime that is almost music—now a tune—and at last, rousing the massy multitude to enthusiasm, a military march, swelling various, profound, and high, with drum, trombone, serpent, trumpet, clarinet, fife, flute, and cymbal, bringing slowly on (is it the measured tramp of the feet of men, or the confused trampling of horses?) banners floating over the procession, above the glitter of steel, and the golden glow of helmets. 'Tis a regiment of cavalry—hurra! the Carbineers! What an Advanced Guard!

"There England sends her men, of men the chief,"

still, staid, bold, bronzed faces, with keen eyes, looking straight forward from between sabres; while beneath the equable but haughty motion

of their steeds, almost disciplined as their riders, with long black horse-hair flowing in martial majesty, nod their high Roman casques. The sweet storm of music has been passing by while we were gazing, and is now somewhat deadened by the retiring distance and by that mass of buildings, (how the windows are alive, and agaze with faces!) while troop after troop comes on, still moving, it is felt by all, to the motion of the warlike tune, though now across the Waterloo Bridge sounding like an echo, till the glorious war-pageant is all gone by, and the dull day is deadened down again into the stillness and silence of an ignoble peace.

"Now all the youth of Scotland are on fire!"

All her cities and towns are rejoicing in the welcome Winter; and mind, invigorated by holidays, is now at work, like a giant refreshed, in all professions. The busy bar growls, grumphs, squeaks, like an old sow with a litter of pigs pretending to be quarrelling about straws. Enter the Outer or the Inner House, and you hear eloquence that would have put Cicero to the blush, and reduced Demosthenes to his original stutter. The wigs of the Judges seem to have been growing during the long vacation, and to have expanded into an ampler wisdom. Seldom have we seen a more solemn set of men. Every one looks more *gash* than another, and those three in the centre seem to us the embodied spirits of Law, Equity, and Justice. What can be the meaning of all this endless litigation? On what immutable principles in human nature depends the prosperity of the Fee-fund? Life is strife. Inestimable the blessing of the great institution of Property! For without it, how could people go together by the ears, as if they would tear one another to pieces? All the strong, we must not call them bad passions, denied their natural element, would find out some channels to run in, far more destructive to the commonweal than lawsuits, and the people would be reduced to the lowest ebb of misery, and raised to the highest flow of crime. Our Parliament House here is a vast safety-valve for the escape of the foul steam that would otherwise explode and shatter the engine of the state, blowing the body and members of society to smash. As it is, how the engine works! There it goes! like Erickson's Novelty or Stevenson's Rocket along a railroad; and though an accident may occur now and then, such as an occasional passenger chucked by some uncalculated collision into the distant horizon, to be picked up whole, or in fragments, by the hoers in some turnip-field in the adjacent county, yet few or none are likely to be fatal on a great scale; and on goes the Novelty or Rocket, like a thought, with many weighty considerations after it, in the shape of wagons of Christians or cottons, while Manufactures and Commerce exult in the cause of Liberty and Locomotion all over the world.

But to us utter idlesse is perfect bliss. And why? Because, like a lull at sea, or *loun* on land, it is felt to descend from Heaven on man's toilsome lot. The lull and the loun, what are they when most profound, but the transient cessation of the restlessness of winds and wa-

ters—a change wrought for an hour of peace in the heart of the hurricane! Therefore the sailor enjoys it on the green wave—the shepherd on the green sward; while the memory of mists and storms deepens the enchantment. Even so, Idlesse can be enjoyed but by those who are permitted to indulge it, while enduring the labours of an active or a contemplative life. To use another, and a still livelier image—see the pedlar toiling along the dusty road, with an enormous pack on his excursion; and when off his aching shoulders slowly falls back on the bank the loosened load, in blessed relief think ye not that he enjoys, like a very poet, the beauty of the butterflies that, wavering through the air, settle down on the wild-flowers around him that embroider the wayside! Yet our pedlar is not so much either of an entymologist or a botanist as not to take out his scrip, and eat his bread and cheese with a mute prayer and a munching appetite—not idle, it must be confess'd, in that sense—but in every other idle even as the shadow of the sycamore, beneath which, with his eyes half-open—for by hypothesis he is a Scotsman—he finally sinks into a wakeful, but quiet half-sleep. "Hallo! why are you sleeping there, you *idle* fellow?" bawls some beadle, or some overseer, or some magistrate, or perhaps merely one of those private persons who, out of season and in season, are constantly sending the sluggard to the ant to learn wisdom—though the ant, Heaven bless her! at proper times sleeps as sound as a sicknurse.

We are now the idlest, because once were we the most industrious of men. Up to the time that we engaged to take an occasional glance over the self-growing sheets of *The Periodical*, we were tied to one of the oars that move along the great vessel of life; and we believe that it was allowed by all the best watermen, that

"We feather'd our oars with skill and dexterity."

But ever since we became an Editor, our repose, bodily and mental, has been like that of a Hindoo god. Often do we sit whole winter nights, leaning back on our chair, more like the image of a man than a man himself, with shut eyes, that keep seeing in succession all the things that ever happened to us, and all the persons that we ever loved, hated, or despised, embraced, beat, or insulted, since we were a little boy. They too have all an image-like appearance, and 'tis wondrous strange how silent they all are, actors and actresses on the stage of that revived drama, which sometimes seems to be a genteel comedy, and sometimes a broad farce, and then to undergo dreadful transfiguration into a tragedy deep as death.

We presume that the Public read in her own papers—we cannot but be hurt that no account of it has appeared in the *Court Journal*—that on Thursday the 12th current, No. 99, Moray Place, was illuminated by our annual *Soirée, Conversazione, Rout, Ball, and Supper, A Ball!* yes—for Christopher North, acting in the spirit of his favourite James Thomson,

"No purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song he sternly scorns
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind."

All the rooms in the house were thrown open, except the cellars and the Sanctum. To the people congregated outside, the building, we have been assured, had all the brilliancy of the Bude Light. It was like a palace of light, of which the framework or skeleton was of white unveined marble. So strong was the reflection on the nocturnal heavens, that a rumour ran through the City that there was a great fire in Moray Place, nor did it subside till after the arrival and departure of several engines. The alarm of some huge conflagration prevailed during most part of the night all over the kingdom of Fife; while in the Lothians, our illumination was much admired as an uncommonly fine specimen of the *Aurora Borealis*.

"From the arch'd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd."

We need not say who received the company, and with what grace she did so, standing at the first landing-place of the great staircase in sable stole; for the widow's weeds have not yet been doffed for the robes of saffron—with a Queen-Mary cap pointed in the front of her serene and ample forehead, and, to please us, a few pearls sprinkled among her hair, still an unfaded auburn, and on her bosom one star-bright diamond. Had the old General himself come to life again, and beheld her then and there, he could not have been offended with such simple ornaments. The weeds he would have felt due to him, and all that his memory was fairly entitled to; but the flowers—to speak figuratively—he would have cheerfully acknowledged were due to us, and that they well became both face and figure of his lovely relict. As she moved from one room to another, showering around her serene smiles, we felt the dignity of those Virgilian words,

"Incedit Regina."

Surely there is something very poetical in the gradual flowing in of the tide of grace, elegance and beauty, over the floors of a suit of regal-looking rooms, splendidly illuminated. Each party as it comes on has its own peculiar picturesqueness, and affects the heart or imagination by some novel charm, gently gliding onward a little while by itself, as if not unconscious of its own attractions, nor unproud of the gaze of perhaps critical admiration that attends its progressive movement. We confess ourselves partial to plumes of feathers above the radiant braidings of the silken tresses on the heads of virgins and matrons—provided they be not "dumpy women"—tall, white, blue, and pink plumes, silent in their wavings as gossamer, and as finely delicate, stirred up by your very breath as you bend down to salute their cheeks—not with kisses—for they would be out of order both of time and place—but with words almost as tender as kisses, and awakening almost as tender a return—a few sweet syllables breathed in a silver voice, with blushing cheeks, and downcast eyes that, when again uplifted, are seen to be from heaven.

A long hour ago, and all the mansion was

empty and motionless—with us two alone sitting by each other's side affectionately and respectfully on a sofa. Now it is filled with life and heard you ever such a happy murmur? Yet no one in particular looks as if he or she were speaking much above breath, so gentle is true refinement, like a delightful fragrance

"From the calm manners quietly exhaled."

Oh! the atrocious wickedness of a great big, hearty, huge, hulking, horse-laugh in an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, gathered gracefully together to enjoy the courtesies, the amenities, the urbanities, and the humanities of cultivated Christian life! The pagan who perpetrates it should be burnt alive—not at a slow fire—though that would be but justice—but at a quick one, that all remnants of him and his enormity may be instantly extinguished. Lord Chesterfield has been loudly laughed at with leathern lungs for his anathema against laughter. But though often wrong, there his Lordship was right, and for that one single rule of manners he deserves a monument, as having been one of the benefactors of his species. Let smiles mantle—and that sweet, soft, low sound be heard, the *susurrus*. Let there be a many-voiced quiet music, like that of the summer moonlight sea when the stars are in its breast. But laughter—loud peals of laughter—are like breakers—blind breakers on a blind coast, where no verdure grows except that of tangle, and whatever is made into that vulgarist of all commodities, kelp.

'Tis not a literary conversazione, mind ye, gentle reader; for we leave that to S. T. Coleridge, the Monarch of the Monologue. But all speak—talk—whisper—or smile, of all the speakable, talkable, whisperable, and smileable little interesting affairs, incidents, and occurrences, real or fabulous, of public, private, demi-public, or demi-semi-private life. Topics are as plentiful as snow-flakes, and melt away as fast in the stream of social pleasure,

"A moment white, then gone for ever!"

Not a little scandal—much gossip, we dare say; but as for scandal, it is the vulgarest error in the world to think that it either means, or does, any harm to any mortal. It does infinite good. It ventilates the atmosphere, and prevents the "golden-fretted vault" from becoming "a foul congregation of vapours." As for gossip, what other vindication does it need, than an order for you to look at a soirée of swallows in September on a slate-roof, the most innocent and white-breasted creatures that pay

"Their annual visits round the globe,
Companions of the sun,"

but such gossipers that the whole air is a-twitter with their talk about their neighbours' nests—when—whew! off and away they go, winnowing their way westwards, through the setting sunlight, and all in perfect amity with themselves and their kind, while

"The world is all before them where to choose,
And Providence their guide."

And, madam, you do not matronize—and, sir, you do not patronize—*waltzing*? 'Tis very O

fe-fleish, you think—and in danger of becoming very, very faux-pa-pa-ish!

"Oh! the great goodness of the knights of old,"
whose mind-motto was still—

"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"

Judging by ourselves, 'tis a wicked world we unwillingly confess; but be not terrified at trifles, we beseech you, and be not gross in your censure of innocent and delicate delights. Byron's exquisitely sensitive modesty was shocked by the sight of waltzing, which he would not have suffered the Guiccioli, while she was in his keeping, to have indulged in even with her own husband. Thus it is that sinners see sin only where it is not—and shut their eyes to it when it comes upon them open-armed, bare-bosomed, and brazen-faced, and clutches them in a grasp more like the hug of a bear than the embrace of a woman. Away with such mawkish modesty and mouthing morality—for 'tis the slang of the hypocrite. Waltzing does our old eyes good to look on it, when the whole Circling Flight goes gracefully and airily on its orbit, and we think we see the realization of that picture (we are sad misquoters) when the Hours—

"Knit by the Graces and the Loves in dance,
Lead on the eternal spring!"

But the Circling Flight breaks into airy fragments, the Instrumental Band is hushed, and so is the whole central Drawing-room; for, blushing obedient to the old man's beck, **THE STAR OF EVE**—so call we her who is our heart's-ease and heart's-delight—the granddaughter of one whom hopelessly we loved in youth, yet with no unreturned passion—but

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth!"—

comes glidingly to our side, and having heard our wish breathed whisperingly into her ear—a rare feature when small, thin, and delicate as a leaf—just as glidingly she goes, in stature that is almost stateliness, towards her Harp, and assuming at once a posture that would have charmed Canova, after a few prelusive touches that betray the hand of a mistress in the divine art, to the enchantment of the white motions of those graceful arms and fingers fine, awakes a spirit in the strings accordant to the spirit in that voice worthy to have blended with St. Cecilia's in her hymning orisons. A

Hebrew Melody! And now your hear *feels* the utter mournfulness of these words,

"By Babel's streams we sat and wept!"

How sudden, yet how unviolent, the transitions among all our feelings! Under no other power so swift and so soft as that of Music. The soul that sincerely loves Music, offers at no time the slightest resistance to her sway, but yields itself up entire to all its moods and measures, led captive by each successive strain through the whole mysterious world of modulated air. Not a smile over all that hush. Entranced in listening, they are all still as images. A sigh—almost a sob—is heard, and there is shedding of tears. The sweet singer's self seems as if she felt all alone at some solitary shrine—

"Her face, oh! call it fair, not pale!"

Yet pale now it is, as if her heart almost died within her at the pathos of her own beautiful lament in a foreign land, and lovelier in her captivity never was the fairest of the daughters of Zion!

How it howls! That was a very avalanche. The snow-winds preach charity to all who have roofs over-head—towards the houseless and them who huddle round hearths where the fire is dying or dead. Those blankets must have been a Godsend indeed to not a few families, and your plan is preferable to a Fancy-Fair. Yet that is good too—nor do we find fault with them who dance for the Destitute. We sanction amusements that give relief to misery—and the wealthy may waltz unblamed for behoof of the poor.

Again what a howling in the chimney! What a blattering on the windows, and what a cannonading on the battlements! What can the Night be about! and what has put old Nox into such a most outrageous passion? He has driven our Winter Rhapsody clean out of our noddle—and to-morrow we must be sending for the slater, the plumber, and the glazier. To go to bed in such a hurly-burly, would be to make an Ultra-Toryish acknowledgment, not only of the divine right, but of the divine power, of King Morpheus. But an Ultra-Tory we are not—though Ultra-Trimmers try to impose upon themselves that fiction among a thousand others; so we shall smoke a cigar, and let sleep go to the dogs, the deuse the devil, and the Chartists.

STROLL TO GRASSMERE.

FIRST SAUNTER.

COMPANION of the Crutch! hast thou been a loving observer of the weather of our island-clime? We do not mean to ask if you have from youth been in the daily practice of rising from your study-chair at regular intervals, and ascertaining the precise point of Mercury's elevation on the barometrical scale. The idea of trusting, throughout all the fluctuations of the changeful and capricious atmosphere in which we live, to quicksilver, is indeed preposterous; and we have long noticed that meteorologists make an early figure in our obituaries. Seeing the head of the god above the mark "fair," or "settled," out they march in thins, without great-coat or umbrella, when such a thunder-plump falls down in a deluge, that, returning home by water and steam, they take to bed, and on the ninth day fever hurries them off, victims to their confidence in that treacherous tube. But we mean to ask, have you an eye, an ear, and a sixth sense, anonymous and instinctive, for all the prognosticating sights and sounds, and motions and shapes, of nature? Have you studied, in silence and solitude, the low, strange, and spirit-like whisperings, that often, when bird and bee are mute, come and go, here and there, now from crag, now from coppice, and now from moor, all over the sultry stillness of the clouded landscape? Have you listened among mountains to the voice of streams, till you heard them prophesying change? Have you so mastered the occult science of mists, as that you can foretell each proud or fair Emergency, and the hour when grove, precipice, or plain, shall in sudden revelation be clothed with the pomp of sunshine? Are all Bewick's birds, and beasts, and fishes visible to your eyes in the woods, wastes, and waves of the clouds? And know ye what aerial condor, dragon, and whale, respectively portend? Are the Fata Morgana as familiar to you as the Aberdeen Almanac! When a mile-square hover of crows darkens air and earth, or settling loads every tree with sable fruitage, are you your own augur, equally as when one raven lifts up his hoary blackness from a stone, and sails sullenly off with a croak, that gets fiercer and more savage in the lofty distance? Does the leaf of the forest twinkle futurity? the lonely lichen brighten or pale its lustre with change? Does not the gift of prophecy dwell with the family of the violets and the lilies? The prescient harebells, do they not let drop their closing blossoms when the heavens are niggard of their dews, or uphold them like cups thirsty for wine, when the blessing, yet unfelt by duller animal life, is beginning to drop balmily down from the rainy cloud embosomed in the blue of a midsummer's meridian day?

Forgive these friendly interrogatories. Perhaps you are weather-wiser than ourselves;

yet for not a few years we bore the name of "The Man of the Mountains;" and, though no great linguists, we hope that we know somewhat more than the vocabulary of the languages of calm and storm. Remember that we are now at Ambleside—and one week's residence there may let you into some of the secrets of the unsteady Cabinet of St. Cloud.

One advice we give you, and by following it you cannot fail to be happy at Ambleside, and everywhere else. Whatever the weather be, love, admire, and delight in it, and vow that you would not change it for the atmosphere of a dream. If it be close, hot, oppressive, be thankful for the faint air that comes down fitfully from cliff and chasm, or the breeze that ever and anon gushes from stream and lake. If the heavens are filled with sunshine, and you feel the vanity of parasols, how cool the silvan shade for ever moistened by the murmurs of that fairy waterfall! Should it blow great guns, cannot you take shelter in yonder magnificent fort, whose hanging battlements are warded even from the thunder-bolt by the dense umbrage of unviolated woods? Rain—rain—rain—an even-down pour of rain, that forces upon you visions of Noah and his ark, and the top of Mount Ararat—still, we beseech you, be happy. It cannot last long at that rate; the thing is impossible. Even this very afternoon will the rainbow span the blue entrance into Rydal's woody vale, as if to hail the westerning sun on his approach to the mountains—and a hundred hill-born torrents will be seen flashing out of the up-folding mists. What a delightful dazzle on the light-stricken river! Each meadow shames the lustre of the emerald; and the soul wishes not for language to speak the pomp and prodigality of colours that Heaven now rejoices to lavish on the grove-girdled Fairfield, who has just tossed off the clouds from his rocky crest.

You will not imagine, from any thing we have ever said, that we are enemies to early rising. Now and then, what purer bliss than to embrace the new-wakened Morn, just as she is rising from her dewy bed! At such hour, we feel as if there were neither physical nor moral evil in the world. The united power of peace, innocence, and beauty subdues every thing to itself, and life is love.

Forgive us, loveliest of Mornings! for having overslept the assignation hour, and allowed thee to remain all by thyself in the solitude, wondering why thy worshipper could prefer to thy presence the fairest phantoms that ever visited a dream. And thou hast forgiven us—for not clouds of displeasure these that have settled on thy forehead; the unreproaching light of thy countenance is upon us—a loving murmur steals into our heart from thine—and pure as a child's, daughter of Heaven! is thy breath.

In the spirit of that invocation we look

around us, and as the idea of morning dies, sufficient for our happiness is "the light of common day"—the imagery of common earth. There has been rain during the night—enough, and no more, to enliven nature—the mists are ascending composedly with promise of gentle weather—and the sun, so mild that we can look him in the face with unwinking eyes, gives assurance that as he has risen so will he reign, and so will he set in peace.

Yet we cannot help thinking it somewhat remarkable, that, to the best of our memory, never once were we the very first out into the dawn. We say nothing of birds—for they, with their sweet jargoning, anticipate it, and from their bed on the bough feel the forerunning warmth of the sunrise; neither do we allude to hares, for they are "hirpling hame," to sleep away the light hours, open-eyed, in the briery quarry in the centre of the trackless wood. Even cows and horses we can excuse being up before us, for they have bivouacked; and the latter, as they often sleep standing, are naturally somnambulists. Weasels, too, we can pardon for running across the road before us, and as they reach the hole-in-the-wall, showing by their clear eyes that they have been awake for hours, and have probably breakfasted on leveret. We have no spite at chanticleer, nor the hooting owls against whom he is so lustily crowing hours before the orient; nor do we care although we know that is not the first sudden plunge of the tyrant trout into the insect cloud already hovering over the tarn. But we confess that it is a little mortifying to our pride of time and place, to meet an old beggar-woman, who from the dust on her tattered brogues has evidently marched miles from her last night's wayside howl, and who holds out her withered palm for charity, at an hour when a cripple of fourscore might have been supposed sleeping on her pallet of straw. A pedlar, too, who has got through a portion of the Excursion before the sun has illumed the mountain-tops, is mortifying, with his piled pack and ellwand. There, as we are a Christian, is Ned Hurd, landing a pike on the margin of the Reed-pool, on his way from Hayswater, where he has been all night angling, till his creel is as heavy as a sermon; and a little further on, comes issuing like a Dryad's daughter, from the gate in the lane, sweet, little Alice Elleray, with a basket dangling beneath her arm, going in her orphan beauty to gather, in their season, wild strawberries or violets in the woods.

Sweet orphan of Wood-edge! what would many a childless pair give for a creature one-half so beautiful as thou, to break the stillness of a home that wants but one blessing to make it perfectly happy! Yet there are few or none to lay a hand on that golden head, or leave a kiss upon its ringlets. The father of Alice Elleray was a wild and reckless youth, and, going to the wars, died in a foreign land. Her mother soon faded away of a broken heart;—and who was to care for the orphan child of the forgotten friendless? An old pauper who lives in that hut, scarcely distinguishable from the shellings of the charcoal-burners, was glad to take her from the parish for a weekly mite

that helps to eke out her own subsistence. For two or three years the child was felt a burden by the solitary widow; but ere she had reached her fifth summer, Alice Elleray never left the hut without darkness seeming to overshadow it—never entered the door without bringing the sunshine. Where can the small, lonely creature have heard so many tunes, and airs, and snatches of old songs—as if some fairy bird had taught her melodies of fairy-land? She is now in her tenth year, nor an idler in her solitude. Do you wish for a flowery bracelet for the neck of a chosen one, whose perfumes may mingle with the bosom-balm of her virgin beauty? The orphan of Wood-edge will wreath it of blossoms crept before the sun hath melted the dew on leaf or petal. Will you be for carrying away with you to the far-off city some pretty little silvan toy, to remind you of Ambleside, and Rydal, and other beautiful names of beautiful localities near the lucid waters of Windermere? Then, Lady! purchase, at little cost, from the fair basket-maker, an ornament for your parlour, that will not disgrace its fanciful furniture, and, as you sit at your dreamy needlework, will recall the green forest-glades of Brathay or Calgarth. Industrious creature! each day is to thee, in thy simplicity, an entire life. All thoughts, all feelings, arise and die in peace between sunrise and sunset. What carest thou for being an orphan! knowing, as thou well dost, that God is thy father and thy mother, and that a prayer to Him brings health, food, and sleep to the innocent.

Letting drop a curtsy, taught by Nature, the mother of the Graces, Alice Elleray, the orphan of Wood-edge, without waiting to be twice bidden, trills, as if from a silver pipe, a wild, bird-like warble, that in its cheerfulness has now and then a melancholy fall, and, at the close of the song, hers are the only eyes that are not dimmed with the haze of tears. Then away she glides with a thankful smile, and dancing over the greensward, like an uncertain sunbeam, lays the treasure, won by her beauty, her skill, and her industry, on the lap of her old guardian, who blesses her with the uplifting of withered hands.

Meanwhile, we request you to walk away with us up to Stockgill-force. There has been a new series of dry weather, to be sure; but to our liking, a waterfall is best in a rainless summer. After a flood, the noise is beyond all endurance. You get stunned and stupefied till your head splits. Then you may open your mouth like a barn-door—we are speaking to you, sir—and roar into a friend's ear all in vain a remark on the cataract. To him you are a dumb man. In two minutes you are as completely drenched in spray as if you had fallen out of a boat—and descend to dinner with a toothache that keeps you in starvation in the presence of provender sufficient for a whole bench of bishops. In dry weather, on the contrary, the waterfall is in moderation; and instead of tumbling over the cliff in a perpetual peal of thunder, why, it slides and slides merrily and musically away down the green shelving rocks, and sinks into repose in many a dim or lucid pool, amidst whose foam bells is playing or asleep the fearless Naiad

Deuse a headache have you—speak in a whisper, and not a syllable of your excellent observation is lost; your coat is dry, except that a few dewdrops have been shook over you from the branches stirred by the sudden wing-clap of the cushat—and as for toothache interfering with dinner, you eat as if your tusks had been just sharpened, and would not scruple to discuss nuts, upper-and-lower-jaw-work-fashion, against the best crackers in the county. And all this comes of looking at Stockgill-force, or any other waterfall, in dry weather, after a few refreshing and fertilizing showers that make the tributary rills to murmur, and set at work a thousand additional feeders to every Lake.

Ha! Matutine Roses!—budding, half-blown, consummate—you are, indeed, in irresistible blush! We shall not say which of you we love best—*she knows it*; but we see there is no hope to-day for the old man—for you are all paired—and he must trudge it *solus*, in capacity of Guide-General of the Forces. What! the nymphs are going to pony it? And you intend, you selfish fellows, that we shall hold all the reins whenever the spirit moveth you to deviate from bridle-path, to clamber cliff for a bird's-eye view, or dive into dells for some rare plant? Well, well—there is a tradition, that once we were young ourselves; and so redolent of youth are these hills, that we are more than half inclined to believe it—so blush and titter, and laugh and look down, ye innocent wicked ones, each with her squire by her palfrey's name, while good old Christopher, like a true guide, keeps hobbling in the rear on his Crutch. Holla there!—to the right of our friend Mr. Benson's smithy—and to Rothay-bridge. Turn in at a gate to the right hand, which, twenty to one, you will find open, that the cattle may take an occasional promenade along the turnpike, and cool their palates with a little ditch grass, and saunter along by Millar-bridge and Foxgill on to Pelter-bridge, and, if you please, to Rydal-mere. Thus, and thus only, is seen the vale of Ambleside; and what a vale of grove, and glade, and stream, and cliff, and cottage, and villa, and grass-field, and garden, and orchard, and—But not another word, for you would forthwith compare our description with the reality, and seeing it faint and feeble, would toss it into the Rothay, and laugh as the Vol. plumped over a waterfall!

The silvan—or say rather the forest scenery—(for there is to us an indescribable difference between these two words)—of Rydal-park, was, in memory of living men, magnificent, and it still contains a treasure of old trees. Lady Diana's white pea-fowl, sitting on the limbs of that huge old tree like creatures newly alighted from the Isles of Paradise! all undisturbed by the water-falls, which, as you keep gazing on the long-depending plumage illuminating the forest-gloom, seem indeed to lose their sound, and to partake the peace of that resplendent show—each splendour a wondrous Bird! For they stretch themselves all up, with their graceful crests, o'er-canopied by the umbrage draperied as from a throne. And never surely were seen in this daylight world such un terrestrial creatures—though come

from afar, all happy as at home in the Fairies' Oak.

By all means ride away into these woods, and lose yourselves for half an hour among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless slow-worm among the last year's red beech-leaves. No very great harm in a kiss under the shadow of an oak, (oh fie!) while the magpie chatters angrily at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from a bough of the canopy, and, hoisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage. You still continue to see and hear; but the sight is a glimmer, and the sound a hum, as if the forest-glade were swarming with bees, from the ground-flowers to the herons' nests. Refreshed by your dream of Dryads, follow a lonesome din that issues from a pile of wooded cliffs, and you are led to a Water-fall. Five minutes are enough for taking an impression, if your mind be of the right material, and you carry it away with you further down the Forest. Such a torrent will not reach the lake without disporting itself into many little cataracts; and saw ye ever such a fairy one as that flowing through below an ivyed bridge into a circular basin overshadowed by the uncertain twilight of many checkering branches, and washing the rock-base of a Hermitage, in which a sin-sickened, or pleasure-palled man might, before his hairs were gray, forget all the gratifications and all the guilt of the noisy world?

You are now all standing together in a group beside Ivy-cottage, the river gliding below its wooden bridge from Rydal-mere. It is a perfect model of such architecture—breathing the very spirit of Westmoreland. The public road, skirted by its front paling, does not in the least degree injure its character of privacy and retirement; so we think at this dewy hour of prime, when the gossamer meets our faces, extended from the honeysuckled slate-porch to the trees on the other side of the turnpike. And see how the multitude of low-hanging roofs and gable-ends, and dove-cot looking windows, steal away up a green and shrubberied acclivity, and terminating in wooded rocks that seem part of the building, in the uniting richness of ivy, lichens, moss-roses, broom, and sweet-brier, murmuring with birds and bees, busy near hive and nest! It would be extremely pleasant to breakfast in that deep-windowed room on the ground-floor, on cream and barley-cakes, eggs, coffee, and dry-toast, with a little mutton-ham not too severely salted, and at the conclusion, a nut-shell of Glenlivet or Cogniac. But, Lord preserve ye! it is not yet six o'clock in the morning; and what Christian kettle simmereth before seven? Yes, my sweet Harriet, that sketch does you credit, and it is far from being very unlike the original. Rather too many chimneys by about half-a-dozen; and where did you find that steeple immediately over the window marked "Dairy?" The pigs are somewhat too sumptuously lodged in that elegant sty, and the hen roost might accommodate a phoenix. But the features of the chief porch are very happily hit off—you have caught the very attic spirit of the roof—and

some of the windows may be justly said to be staring likenesses.—Ivy-cottage is slipped into our portfolio, and we shall compare it, on our return to Scotland, with Buchanan Lodge.

Gallantry forbids, but Truth demands to say, that young ladies are but indifferent sketchers. The dear creatures have no notion of perspective. At flower-painting and embroidery, they are pretty fair hands, but they make sad work among waterfalls and ruins. Notwithstanding, it is pleasant to hang over them, seated on a stone or stool, drawing from nature; and now and then to help them in with a horse or a hermit. It is difficult, almost an impossible thing—that foreshortening. The most speculative genius is often at a loss to conjecture the species of a human being foreshortened by a young lady. The hanging Tower at Pisa is, we believe, some thirty feet or so off the perpendicular, and there is one at Caerphilly about seventeen; but these are nothing to the castles in the air we have seen built by the touch of a female magician; nor is it an unusual thing with artists of the fair sex to order their plumed chivalry to gallop down precipices considerably steeper than a house on animals apparently produced between the tiger and the bonassus. When they have succeeded in getting something like the appearance of water between what may be conjectured banks, they are not very particular about its running occasionally uphill; and it is interesting to see a stream stealing quietly below trees in gradual ascension, till, disappearing for a few minutes over one summit, it comes thundering down another, in the shape of a waterfall, on the head of an elderly gentleman, unsuspectingly reading Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion*, perhaps, in the foreground. Nevertheless, we repeat, that it is delightful to hang over one of the dear creatures, seated on stone or stool, drawing from nature; for whatever may be the pencil's skill, the eye may behold the glimpse of a vision whose beauty shall be remembered when even *Windermere* herself has for a while faded into oblivion.

On such excursions there are sure to occur a few enviable adventures. First, the girths get wrong, and, without allowing your beloved virgin to alight, you spend more time than is absolutely necessary in arranging them; nor can you help admiring the attitude into which the graceful creature is forced to draw up her delicate limbs, that her fairy feet may not be in the way to impede your services. By and by, a calf—which you hope will be allowed to grow up into a cow—stretching up her curved red back from behind a wall, startles John Darby, albeit unused to the starting mood, and you leap four yards to the timely assistance of the fair shrieker, tenderly pressing her bridle-hand as you find the rein that has not been lost, and wonder what has become of the whip that never existed. A little further on, a bridgeless stream crosses the road—a dangerous-looking ford indeed—a foot deep at the very least, and scorning wet feet, as they ought to be scorned, you almost carry, serene in danger, your affianced bride (or she is in a fair way of becoming so) in your arms off the saddle, nor relinquish the delightful clasp till all

risk is at an end, some hundred yards on, along the velvet herbage. Next stream you come to has indeed a bridge—but then what a bridge! A long, coggly, cracked slate stone,—whose unsteady clatter would make the soberest steed jump over the moon. You beseech the timid girl to sit fast, and she almost leans down to your breast as you press to meet the blessed burden, and to prevent the steady old stager from leaping over the battlements. But now the chasm on each side of the narrow path is so tremendous, that she must dismount, after due disentanglement, from that awkward, old-fashioned crutch and pummel, and from a stirrup, into which a little foot, when it has once crept like a mouse, finds itself caught as in a trap of singular construction, and difficult to open for releasement. You feel that all you love in the world is indeed fully, freshly, and warmly in your arms, nor can you bear to set the treasure down on the rough stony road, but look round, and round, and round, for a soft spot, which you finally prophesy at some distance up the hill, whitherwards, in spite of pouting Yea and Nay, you persist in carrying her whose head is ere long to lie in your tranquil bosom.

Ivy-cottage, you see, is the domicile of gentlemen and lady folk; but look through yonder dispersion, and in a minute or two your eyes will see distinctly, in spite of the trees, a *bona fide* farm-house, inhabited by a family whose head is at once an agriculturist, a shepherd, and a woodsman. A Westmoreland cottage has scarcely any resemblance to a Scottish one. A Scottish cottage (in the Lowlands) has rarely any picturesque beauty in itself—a narrow oblong, with steep thatched roof, and an ear-like chimney at each of the two gable-ends. Many of the Westmoreland cottages would seem, to an ignorant observer, to have been originally built on a model conceived by the finest poetical genius. In the first place, they are almost always built precisely where they ought to be, had the builder's prime object been to beautify the dale; at least, so we have often felt in moods, when perhaps our emotions were unconsciously soothed into complacency by the spirit of the scene. Where the sedgy brink of the lake or tarn circles into a lone bay, with a low hill of coppice-wood on one side, and a few tall pines on the other, no—it is a grove of sycamores—there, about a hundred yards from the water, and about ten above its ordinary level, peeps out from its cheerful seclusion that prettiest of all hamlets—*Braithwaitefold*. The hill behind is scarcely silvan—yet it has many hazels—a few bushes—here and there a holly—and why or wherefore, who can now tell, a grove of enormous yews. There is sweet pasturage among the rocks, and as you may suppose it a spring-day, mild without much sunshine, there is a bleating of lambs, a twitter of small birds, and the deep coo of the stock-dove. A wreath of smoke is always a feature of such a scene in description; but here there is now none, for probably the whole household are at work in the open air, and the fire, since fuel is not to be wasted, has been wisely suffered to expire on the hearth. Now There is a volume of smoke, as if the

chimney were in flame—a tumultuous cloud pours aloft, straggling and broken, through the broad slate stones that defend the mouth of the vomitory from every blast. The matron within is doubtless about to prepare breakfast, and last year's rotten pea-sticks have soon heated the capacious gridiron. Let the smoke-wreath melt away at its leisure, and do you admire, along with us, the infinite variety of all those little shelving and sloping roofs. To feel the full force of the peculiar beauty of these antique tenements, you must understand their domestic economy. If ignorant of that, you can have no conception of the meaning of any one thing you see—roofs, eaves, chimneys, beams, props, doors, hovels, and sheds, and hanging staircase, being all huddled together, as you think, in unintelligible confusion; whereas they are all precisely what and where they ought to be, and have had their colours painted, forms shaped, and places allotted by wind and weather, and the perpetually but pleasantly felt necessities of the natural condition of mountaineers.

Dear, dear is the thatch to the eyes of a son of Caledonia, for he may remember the house in which he was born; but what thatch was ever so beautiful as that slate from the quarry of the White-moss! Each one—no—not each one—but almost each one—of these little overhanging roofs seems to have been slated, or repaired at least, in its own separate season, so various is the lustre of lichens that bathes the whole, as richly as ever rock was bathed fronting the sun on the mountain's brow. Here and there is seen some small window, before unobserved, curtained perhaps—for the statesman, and the statesman's wife, and the statesman's daughters, have a taste—a taste inspired by domestic happiness, which, seeking simply comfort, unconsciously creates beauty, and whatever its homely hand touches, that it adorns. There would seem to be many fireplaces in Braithwaite-fold, from such a number of chimney-pillars, each rising up to a different altitude from a different base, round as the bole of a tree—and elegant, as if shaped by Vitruvius. To us, we confess, there is nothing offensive in the most glaring white rough-cast that ever changed a cottage into a patch of sunny snow. Yet here that grayish-tempered unobtrusive hue does certainly blend to perfection with roof, rock, and sky. Every instrument is in tune. Not even in silvan glade, nor among the mountain rocks, did wanderer's eyes ever behold a porch of meeting tree-stems, or reclining cliffs, more gracefully festooned, than the porch from which now issues one of the fairest of Westmeria's daughters. With one arm crossed before her eyes in a sudden burst of sunshine, with the other Ellinor Inman waves to her little brother and sisters among the bark-peelers in the Rydal woods. The graceful signal is repeated till seen, and in a few minutes a boat steals twinkling from the opposite side of the lake, each tug of the youthful rowers distinctly heard through the hollow of the vale. A singing voice rises and ceases—as if the singer were watching the echo—and is not now the picture complete?

After a time old buildings undergo no per-

ceptible change, any more than old trees; and after they have begun to feel the touch of decay, it is long before they look melancholy; for while they continue to be used, they cannot help looking cheerful, and even dilapidation is painful only when felt to be lifeless. The house now in ruins, that we passed a few hundred yards ago without you seeing it—we saw it with a sigh—among some dark firs, just before we began to ascend the hill, was many years ago inhabited by Miles Mackareth, a man of some substance, and universally esteemed for his honest and pious character. His integrity, however, wanted the grace of courteousness, and his religion was somewhat gloomy and austere, while all the habits of his life were sad, secluded, and solitary. His fire-side was always decent, but never cheerful—there the passing traveller partook of an ungrudging, but a grave hospitality; and although neighbours dropping in unasked were always treated as neighbours, yet seldom were they invited to pass an evening below his roof, except upon the stated festivals of the seasons, or some domestic event demanding sociability, according to the country custom. Year after year the gloom deepened on his strong-marked intellectual countenance; and his hair, once black as jet, became untimely gray. Indeed, although little more than fifty years old when you saw his head uncovered, you would have taken him for a man approaching to threescore and ten. His wife and only daughter, both naturally of a cheerful disposition, grew every year more retired, till at last they shunned society altogether, and were seldom seen but at church. And now a vague rumour ran through the hamlets of the neighbouring valleys, that he was scarcely in his right mind—that he had been heard by shepherds on the hills talking to himself wild words, and pacing up and down in a state of distraction. The family ceased to attend divine worship, and as for some time the Sabbath had been the only day they were visible, few or none now knew how they fared, and by many they were nearly forgotten. Meanwhile, during the whole summer, the miserable man haunted the loneliest places; and, to the terror of his wife and daughter, who had lost all power over him, and durst not speak, frequently passed whole days they knew not where, and came home, silent, haggard, and ghastly, about midnight. His widow afterwards told that he seldom slept, and never without dreadful dreams—that often would he sit up all night in his bed, with eyes fixed and staring on nothing, and uttering ejaculations for mercy for all his sins.

What these sins were he never confessed—nor, as far as man may judge of man, had he ever committed any act that needed to lie heavy on his conscience. But his whole being, he said, was one black sin—and a spirit had been sent to tell him, that his doom was to be with the wicked through all the ages of eternity. That spirit, without form or shadow—only a voice—seldom left his side day or night, go where he would; but its most dreadful haunt was under a steep rock called Blakeriggscaur; and thither, in whatever direction he turned his face on leaving his own

door, he was led by an irresistible impulse, even as a child is led by the hand. Tenderly and truly had he once loved his wife and daughter, nor less because that love had been of few words, and with a shade of sorrow. But now he looked on them almost as if they had been strangers—except at times, when he started up, kissed them, and wept. His whole soul was possessed by horrid fantasies, of which it was itself object and victim; and it is probable, that had he seen them both lying dead, he would have left their corpses in the house, and taken his way to the mountains. At last one night passed away and he came not. His wife and daughter, who had not gone to bed, went to the nearest house and told their tale. In an hour a hundred feet were traversing all the loneliest places—till a hat was seen floating on Loughrigg-tarn, and then all knew that the search was near an end. Drags were soon got from the fishermen on Windermere, and a boat crossed and recrossed the tarn on its miserable quest, till in an hour, during which wife and daughter sat without speaking on a stone by the water-edge, the body came floating to the surface, with its long silver hair. One single shriek only, it is said, was heard, and from that shriek till three years afterwards, his widow knew not that her husband was with the dead. On the brink of that small sandy bay the body was laid down and cleansed of the muddy weeds—his daughter's own hands assisting in the rueful work—and she walked among the mourners, the day before the Sabbath, when the funeral entered the little burial-ground of Langdale chapel, and the congregation sung a Christian psalm over the grave of the forgiven suicide.

We cannot patronize the practice of walking in large parties of ten or a score, ram-stam and helter-skelter, on to the front-green or gravel-walk of any private nobleman or gentleman's house, to enjoy, from a commanding station, an extensive or picturesque view of the circumjacent country. It is too much in the style of the Free and Easy. The family within, sitting perhaps at dinner with the windows open, or sewing and reading in a cool dishabille, cannot like to be stared in upon by so many curious and inquisitive pupils all a-hunt for prospects; nor were these rose-bushes planted there for public use, nor that cherry-tree in vain netted against the blackbirds. Not but that a party may now and then excusably enough pretend to lose their way in a strange country; and looking around them in well-assumed bewilderment, bow hesitatingly and respectfully to maid or matron at door or window, and, with a thousand apologies, lingeringly offer to retire by the avenue gate, on the other side of the spacious lawn, that terrace-like hangs over vale, lake, and river. But to avoid all possible imputation of impertinence, follow our example, and make all such incursions by break of day. We hold that, for a couple of hours before and after sunrise, all the earth is common property. Nobody surely would think for a moment of looking back on any number of freebooting lakers coming full sail up the avenue, right against the front, at four o'clock in the morning! At

that hour, even the poet would grant them the privilege of the arbour where he sits when inspired, and writing for immortality. He feels conscious that he ought to have been in bed; and hastens, on such occasions, to apologize for his intrusion on strangers availing themselves of the rights and privileges of the Dawn.

Leaving Ivy-cottage, then, and its yet unbreathing chimneys, turn in at the first gate to your right, (if it be not built up, in which case leap the wall,) and find your way the best you can through among old pollarded and ivyed ash-trees, intermingled with yews, and over knolly ground, brier-woven, and here and there whitened with the jagged thorn, till you reach, through a slate stile, a wide gravel walk, shaded by pine-trees, and open on the one side to an orchard. Proceed—and little more than a hundred steps will land you on the front of Rydal-mount, the house of the great Poet of the Lakes. Mr. Wordsworth is not at home, but away to cloud land in his little boat so like the crescent moon. But do not by too much eloquence awaken the family, or scare the silence, or frighten "the innocent brightness of the new born day." We hate all sentimentalism; but we bid you, in his own words,

"With gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the leaves!"

From a quaint platform of evergreens you see a blue gleam of Windermere over the grovetops—close at hand are Rydal-hall and its ancient woods—right opposite the Loughrigg-fells, ferny, rocky, and silvan, but the chief breadth of breast pastoral—and to the right Rydal-mere, seen, and scarcely seen, through embowering trees, and mountain-masses bathed in the morning light, and the white-wreathed mists for a little while longer shrouding their summits. A lately erected private chapel lifts its little tower from below, surrounded by a green, on which there are yet no graves—nor do we know if it be intended for a place of burial. A few houses are sleeping beyond the chapel by the river side; and the people beginning to set them in order, here and there a pillar of smoke ascends into the air, giving cheerfulness and animation to the scene.

The Lake-Poets! ay, their day is come. The lakes are worthy of the poets, and the poets of the lakes. That poets should love and live among lakes, once seemed most absurd to critics whose domiciles were on the Nor-Loch, in which there was not sufficient water for a tolerable quagmire. Edinburgh Castle is a noble rock—so are the Salisbury Craigs noble craigs—and Arthur's Seat a noble lion couchant, who, were he to leap down on Auld Reekie, would break her back-bone and bury her in the Cowgate. But place them by Pavey-ark, or Red-scaur, or the glamour of Glaramara, and they would look about as magnificent as an upset pack of cards. Who, pray, are the Nor-Loch poets? Not the Minstrel—he holds by the tenure of the Tweed. Not Campbell—"he heard in dreams the music of the Clyde." Not Joanna Baillie—her inspiration was nursed on the Calder's silvan banks and the moors of Strathaven. Stream-loving Coila

nurtured Burns; and the Shepherd's grave is close to the cot in which he was born—within hearing of the Ettrick's mournful voice on its way to meet the Yarrow. Skiddaw overshadows, and Greta freshens the bower of him who framed,

"Of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song."

Here the woods, mountains, and waters of Rydal imparadise the abode of the wisest of nature's bards, with whom poetry is religion. And where was he ever so happy as in that region, he who created "Christabelle," "beautiful exceedingly;" and sent the "Auncient Mariner" on the wildest of all voyages, and brought him back with the ghastliest of all crews, and the strangest of all curses that ever haunted crime?

Of all Poets that ever lived, Wordsworth has been at once the most truthful and the most idealizing; external nature from him has received a soul, and becomes our teacher; while he has so filled our minds with images from her, that every mood finds some fine affinities there, and thus we all hang for sustenance and delight on the bosom of our mighty Mother. We believe that there are many who have an eye for Nature, and even a sense of the beautiful, without any very profound feeling; and to them Wordsworth's finest descriptive passages seem often languid or diffuse, and not to present to their eyes any distinct picture. Perhaps sometimes this objection may be just; but to paint to the eye is easier than to the imagination—and Wordsworth, taking it for granted that people can now see and hear, desires to make them feel and understand; of his pupil it must not be said,

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more;"

the poet gives the something more till we start at the disclosure as at a lovely apparition—yet an apparition of beauty not foreign to the flower, but exhaling from its petals, which till that moment seemed to us but an ordinary bunch of leaves. In these lines is an humbler example of how recondite may be the spirit of beauty in any most familiar thing belonging to the kingdom of nature; one higher far—but of the same kind—is couched in two immortal verses—

"To me the humblest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

In what would the poet differ from the worthy man of prose, if his imagination possessed not a beautifying and transmuting power over the objects of the inanimate world? Nay, even the naked truth itself is seen clearly but by poetic eyes; and were a sumph all at once to become a poet, he would all at once be stark-*saring* mad. Yonder ass licking his lips at a twistle, sees but water for him to drink in Windermere a-glow with the golden lights of setting suns. The ostler or the boots at Lowood-inn takes a somewhat higher flight, and for a moment, pausing with curry-comb or blacking-brush in his suspended hand, calls on Sally Chambermaid for gracious sake to look at Pull-wyke. The waiter who has cultivated his taste from conversation with Lakers, learns

their phraseology, and declares the sunset to be exceedingly handsome. The Laker, who sometimes has a soul, feels it rise within him as the rim of the orb disappears in the glow of softened fire. The artist compliments Nature, by likening her evening glories to a picture of Claud Lorraine—while the poet feels the sense sublime

"Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Compare any one page, or any twenty pages, with the character given of Wordsworth's poetry in the obsolete criticism that sought to send it to oblivion. The poet now sits on his throne in the blue serene—and no voice from below dares deny his supremacy in his own calm dominions. And was it of him, whom devout imagination, dreaming of ages to come now sees, placed in his immortality between Milton and Spenser, that the whole land once rang with ridicule, while her wise men wiped their eyes "of tears that sacred *pity* had engendered," and then relieved their hearts by joining in the laughter "of the universal British nation?" All the ineffable absurdities of the bard are now embodied in Seven Volumes—the sense of the ridiculous still survives among us—our men of wit and power are not all dead—we have yet our satirists, great and small—editors in thousands, and contributors in tens of thousands—yet not a whisper is heard to breathe detraction from the genius of the high-priest of nature; while the voice of the awakened and enlightened land declares it to be divine—using towards him not the language merely of admiration but of reverence—of love and gratitude, due to a benefactor of humanity, who has purified its passions by loftiest thoughts and noblest sentiments, stilling their turbulence by the same processes that magnify their power, and showing how the soul, in ebb and flow, and when its tide is at full, may be at once as strong and as serene as the sea.

There are few pictures painted by him merely for the pleasure of the eye, or even the imagination, though all the pictures he ever painted are beautiful to both; they have all a moral meaning—many a meaning more than moral—and his poetry can be comprehended, in its full scope and spirit, but by those who feel the sublimity of these four lines in his "Ode to Duty"—

"Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh
and strong."

Is thy life disturbed by guilty or sinful passions? Have they gained a mastery of thee—and art thou indeed their slave? Then the poetry of Wordsworth must be to thee

"As is a picture to a blind man's eye;"

or if thine eyes yet see the light in which it is enveloped, and thy heart yet feels the beauty it reveals, in spite of the clouds that overhang

and the storms that trouble them, that beauty will be unbearable, till regret become remorse, and remorse penitence, and penitence restore thee to those intuitions of the truth that illumine his sacred pages, and thou knowest and feelest once more that

"The primal duties that shine aloft—like stars,"

that life's best pleasures grow like flowers all around and beneath thy feet.

Nor are we not privileged to cherish a better feeling than pride in the belief, or rather knowledge, that *We* have helped to diffuse Wordsworth's poetry not only over this island, but the furthest dependencies of the British empire, and throughout the United States of America. Many thousands have owed to us their emancipation from the prejudices against it, under which they had wilfully remained ignorant of it during many years; and we have instructed as many more, whose hearts were free, how to look on it with those eyes of love which alone can discover the Beautiful. Communications have been made to us from across the Atlantic, and from the heart of India—from the Occident and the Orient—thanking us for having vindicated and extended the fame of the best of our living bards, till the name of Wordsworth has become a household word on the banks of the Mississippi and the Ganges. It would have been so had we never lived, *but not so soon*; and many a noble nature has worshipped his genius, as displayed in our pages, not in fragments but in perfect poems, accompanied with our comments, who had no means in those distant regions of possessing his volumes, whereas *Maga* flies on wings to the uttermost parts of the earth.

As for our own dear Scotland—for whose sake, with all her faults, the light of day is sweet to our eyes—twenty years ago there were not twenty copies—we question if there were ten—of the *Lyrical Ballads* in all the land of the mountain and the flood. Now Wordsworth is studied all Scotland over—and Scotland is proud and happy to know, from his *Memorials of the Tours* he has made through her brown heaths and shaggy woods, that the Bard's heart overflows with kindness towards her children—that his songs have celebrated the simple and heroic character of her olden times, nor left unhonoured the virtues that yet survive in her national character. All her generous youth regard him now as a great Poet; and we have been more affected than we should choose to confess, by the grateful acknowledgment of many a gifted spirit, that to us it was owing that they had opened their eyes and their hearts to the ineffable beauty of that poetry in which they had, under our instructions, found not a vain visionary delight, but a strength and succour and consolation, breathed as from a shrine in the silence and solitude of nature, in which stood their father's hut, sanctifying their humble birthplace with pious thoughts that made the very weekdays to them like Sabbaths—nor on the evening of the Sabbath might they not blamelessly be blended with those breathed from the Bible, enlarging their souls to religion by those meditative moods which such pure poetry inspires, and

by those habits of reflection which its *study* forms, when pursued under the influence of thoughtful peace.

Why, if it were not for that everlasting—we beg pardon—immortal Wordsworth—the *Lakes*, and all that belong to them, would be our own—*jure divino*—for we are the heir-apparent to the

"Sole King of rocky Cumberland."

But Wordsworth never will—never can die; and so we are in danger of being cheated out of our due dominion. We cannot think this fatherly treatment of such a son—and yet in our loftiest moods of filial reverence we have heard ourselves exclaiming, while

"The Cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons,"

O King! live for ever!

Therefore, with the fear of the *Excursion* before our eyes, we took to prose—to numerous prose—ay, though we say it that should not say it, to prose as numerous as any verse—and showed such scenes

"As savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin* drew."

Here an English lake—there a Scottish loch—till Turner grew jealous, and Thomson flung his brush at one of his own unfinished mountains—when lo! a miracle! Creative grandeur in his very despair, he stood astonished at the cliff that came prurpt from his canvas, and christened itself "the Eagle's Eyrie," as it *frowned serenely* upon the sea, maddening in a foamy circle at its inaccessible feet.

Only in such prose as ours can the heart pour forth its effusions like a strong spring, discharging ever so many gallons in a minute, either into pipes that conduct it through some great Metropolitan city, or into a water-course that soon becomes a rivulet, then a stream, then a river, then a lake, and then a sea. Would *Fancy* luxuriate? Then let her expand wings of prose. In verse, however irregular, her flight is lime-twigg'd, and she soon takes to hopping on the ground. Would *Imagination* dive? Let the bell in which she sinks be constructed on the prose principle, and deeper than ever plummet sunk, it will startle monsters at the roots of the coral caves, yet be impervious to the strokes of the most tremendous of tails. Would she soar? In a prose balloon she seeks the stars. There is room and power of ascension for any quantity of ballast—fling it out and up she goes! Let some gas escape, and she descends far more gingerly than Mrs. Graham and his *Serene Highness*; the grapnel catches a stile, and she steps "like a dreadless angel unpursued" once more upon *terra firma*, and may then celebrate her aerial voyage, if she choose, in an *Ode* which will be sure near the end to rise—into prose.

Prose, we believe, is destined to drive what is called Poetry out of the world. Here is a fair challenge. Let any Poet send us a poem of five hundred lines—blanks or not—on any subject; and we shall write on that subject a passage of the same number of words in prose; and the Editors of the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, and *Westminster*, shall decide which deserves the prize. Milton was woefully wrong in speaking of "prose or numerous verse."

Prose is a million times more numerous than verse. Then prose improves the more poetical it becomes; but verse, the moment it becomes prosaic, goes to the dogs. Then, the connecting links between two fine passages in verse, it is enjoined, shall be as little like verse as possible; nay, whole passages, critics say, should be of that sort; and why, pray, not prose at once? Why clip the King's English, or the Emperor's German, or the Sublime Porte's Turkish, into bits of dull jingle—pretending to be verses merely because of the proper number of syllables—some of them imprisoned perhaps in parentheses, where they sit helplessly protruding the bare soles of their feet, like folks that have got muzzy, in the stocks!

Wordsworth says well, that the language of common people, when giving utterance to passionate emotions, is highly figurative; and hence he concludes not so well fit for a lyrical ballad. Their volubility is great, nor few their flowers of speech. But who ever heard them, but by the merest accident, spout verses? Rhyme do they never—the utmost they reach is occasional blanks. But their prose! Ye gods! how they do talk! The washerwoman absolutely froths like her own tub; and you never dream of asking her “how she is off for soap?” Paradise Lost! The Excursion! The Task indeed! No man of woman born, no woman by man begotten, ever yet in his or her senses spoke like the authors of those poems. Hamlet, in his sublimest moods, speaks in prose—Lady Macbeth talks prose in her sleep—and so it should be printed. “Out, damned spot!” are three words of prose; and who that beheld Siddons wringing her hands to wash them of murder, did not feel that they were the most dreadful ever extorted by remorse from guilt?

A green old age is the most loving season of life, for almost all the other passions are then dead or dying—or the mind, no more at the mercy of a troubled heart, compares the little pleasure their gratification can ever yield now with what it could at any time long ago, and lets them rest. Envy is the worst disturber or embitterer of man's declining years; but it does not deserve the name of a passion—and is a disease, not of the poor in spirit—for they are blessed—but of the mean, and then they indeed are cursed. For our own parts we know Envy but as we have studied it in others—and never felt it except towards the wise and good; and then 'twas a longing desire to be like them—painful only when we thought that might never be, and that all our loftiest aspirations might be in vain. Our envy of Genius is of a nature so noble, that it knows no happiness like that of guarding from mildew the laurels on the brows of the Muses' Sons. What a dear kind soul of a critic is old Christopher North! Watering the flowers of poetry, and removing the weeds that might choke them—letting in the sunshine upon them, and fencing them from the blast—proclaiming where the gardens grow, and leading boys and virgins into the pleasant alleys—teaching hearts to love and eyes to see their beauty, and classifying, by the attributes it has pleased nature to bestow on the various orders, the

plants of Paradise—This is our occupation—and the happiness of witnessing them all growing in the light of admiration is our reward.

Finding our way back as we choose to Ivy-cottage, we cross the wooden bridge, and away along the western shore of Rydal-mere. Hence you see the mountains in magnificent composition, and craggy coppices with intervening green fields shelving down to the lake margin. It is a small lake, not much more than a mile round, and of a very peculiar character. One memorable cottage only, as far as we remember, peeps on its shore from a grove of sycamores, a statesman's pleasant dwelling; and there are the ruins of another on a slope near the upper end, the circle of the garden still visible. Every thing has a quiet but wildish pastoral and silvan look, and the bleating of sheep fills the hollow of the hills. The lake has a reedy inlet and outlet, and the angler thinks of pike when he looks upon such harbours. There is a single boat-house, where the Lady of the Hall has a padlocked and painted barge for pleasure parties; and the heronry on the high pine-trees of the only island connects the scene with the ancient park of Rydal, whose oak woods, though thinned and decayed, still preserve the majestic and venerable character of antiquity and baronial state.

Having taken a lingering farewell of Rydal-mere, and of the new Chapel-tower, that seems among the groves already to be an antique, we may either sink down to the stream that flows out of Grassmere and connects the two lakes, crossing a wooden bridge, and then joining the new road that sweeps along to the Village, or we may keep up on the face of the hill, and by a terrace-path reach the Loughrigg-road, a few hundred yards above Tail-end, a pretty cottage-ornée which you will observe crowning a wooded eminence, and looking cheerfully abroad over all the vale. There is one Mount in particular, whence we see to advantage the delightful panorama—encircling mountains—Grassmere Lake far down below your feet, with its 'one green pastoral isle, silvan shores, and emerald meadows—huts and homes sprinkled up and down in all directions—the village partly embowered in groves, and partly open below the shadow of large single trees—and the Churchtower, almost always a fine feature in the scenery of the north of England, standing in stately simplicity among the clustering tenements, nor dwindled even by the great height of the hills.

It is pleasant to lose sight entirely of a beautiful scene, and to plod along for a few hundred yards in almost objectless shadow. Our conceptions and feelings are bright and strong from the nearness of their objects, yet the dream is somewhat different from the reality. All at once, at a turning of the road, the splendour reappears like an unfurled banner, and the heart leaps in the joy of the senses. This sort of enjoyment comes upon you before you reach the Village of Grassmere from the point of vision above described, and a stranger sometimes is apt to doubt if it be really the same Lake—that one island, and those few promontories, shifting into such varied combi-

nations with the varying mountain-ridges and ranges, that show top over top in bewildering succession, and give hints of other valleys beyond, and of Tarns rarely visited, among the moorland wastes. A single long dim shadow, falling across the water, alters the whole physiognomy of the scene—nor less a single bright streak of sunshine, brightening up some feature formerly hidden, and giving animation and expression to the whole face of the Lake.

About a short mile from the Village Inn, you will pass by, without seeing it—unless warned not to do so—one of the most singularly beautiful habitations in the world. It belongs to a gentleman of the name of Barber, and, we believe, has been almost entirely built by him—the original hut on which his taste has worked having been a mere shell. The spirit of the place seems to us to be that of Shadowy Silence. Its bounds are small; but it is an indivisible part of a hillside so secret and silvan, that it might be the haunt of the roe. You hear the tinkle of a rill, invisible among the hazels—a bird sings or flutters—a bee hums his way through the bewildering woods—but no louder sound. Some fine old forest-trees extend widely their cool and glimmering shade; and a few stumps or armless trunks, whose bulk is increased by a load of ivy that hides the hollow wherein the owls have their domicile, give an air of antiquity to the spot, that, but for other accompaniments, would almost be melancholy. As it is, the scene has a pensive character. As yet you have seen no house, and wonder whither the gravel-walks are to conduct you, winding fancifully and fantastically through the smooth-shaven lawn, bestrewed by a few large leaves of the horse-chestnut or sycamore. But there are clustered verandas where the nightingale might woo the rose, and lattice-windows reaching from eaves to ground-sill, so sheltered that they might stand open in storm and rain, and tall circular chimneys, shaped almost like the stems of the trees that overshadow the roof irregular, and over all a gleam of blue sky and a few motionless clouds. 'The noisy world ceases to be, and the tranquil heart, delighted with the sweet seclusion, breathes, "Oh! that this were my cell, and that I were a hermit!"'

But you soon see that the proprietor is not a hermit; for everywhere you discern unostentatious traces of that elegance and refinement that belong to social and cultivated life; nothing rude and rough-hewn, yet nothing prim and precise. Snails and spiders are taught to keep their own places; and among the flowers of that hanging garden on a sunny slope, not a weed is to be seen, for weeds are beautiful only by the wayside, in the matting of hedge-roots, by the mossy stone, and the brink of the well in the brae—and are offensive only when they intrude into society above their own rank, and where they have the air and accent of aliens. By pretty pebbled steps of stairs you mount up from platform to platform of the sloping woodland banks—the prospect widening as you ascend, till from a bridge that spans a leaping rivulet, you behold in full blow all Grassmere Vale, Village, Church-tower, and Lake, the whole of the mountains, and a noble

arch of sky, the circumference of that little world of peace.

Circumscribed as are the boundaries of this place, yet the grounds are so artfully, while one thinks so artlessly, laid out, that, wandering through their labyrinthine recesses, you might believe yourself in an extensive wilderness. Here you come out upon a green open glade—(you see by the sundial it is past seven o'clock)—there the arms of an immense tree overshadow what is in itself a scene—yonder you have an alley that serpentizes into gloom and obscurity—and from that cliff you doubtless would see over the tree-tops into the outer and airy world. With all its natural beauties is intermingled an agreeable quaintness, that shows the owner has occasionally been working in the spirit of fancy, almost caprice; the tool-house in the garden is not without its ornaments—the barn seems habitable, and the byre has somewhat the appearance of a chapel. You see at once that the man who lives here, instead of being sick of the world, is attached to all elegant socialities and amities; that he uses silver cups instead of maple bowls, shows his scallop-shell among other curiosities in his cabinet, and will treat the passing pilgrim with pure water from the spring, if he insists upon that beverage, but will first offer him a glass of the yellow cowslip-wine, the cooling claret, or the sparkling champagne.

Perhaps we are all beginning to get a little hungry, but it is too soon to breakfast; so, leaving the village of Grassmere on the right, keep your eye on Helm-crag, while we are finding, without seeking, our way up Easdale. Easdale is an arm of Grassmere, and in the words of Mr. Green the artist, "it is in places profusely wooded, and charmingly sequestered among the mountains." Here you may hunt the waterfalls, in rainy weather easily run down, but difficult of detection in a drought. Several pretty rustic bridges cross and recross the main stream and its tributaries; the cottages, in nook and on hillside, are among the most picturesque and engaging in the whole country; the vale widens into spacious and noble meadow-grounds, on which might suitably stand the mansion of any nobleman in England—as you near its head, every thing gets wild and broken, with a slight touch of dreariness, and by no very difficult ascent, we might reach Easdale-tarn in less than an hour's walking from Grassmere—a lonely and impressive scene, and the haunt of the angler almost as frequently as of the shepherd.

How far can we enjoy the beauty of external nature under a sharp appetite for breakfast or dinner? On our imagination the effect of hunger is somewhat singular. We no longer regard sheep, for instance, as the fleecy or the bleating flock! Their wool or their baaing is nothing to us—we think of necks, and gigots, and saddles of mutton; and even the lamb frisking on the sunny bank is eaten by us in the shape of steaks and fry. If it is in the morning, we see no part of the cow but her udder, distilling richest milkiness. Instead of ascending to heaven on the smoke of a cottage chimney, we put our arms round the column, and descend on the lid of the great pan pre-

paring the family breakfast. Every interesting object in the landscape seems edible—our mouth waters all over the vale—as the village clock tolls eight, we involuntarily say grace, and Price on the Picturesque gives way to Meg Dods's Cookery.

Mrs. Bell of the Red Lion Inn, Grassmere, can give a breakfast with any woman in England. She bakes incomparable bread—firm, close, compact, and white, thin-crust-ed, and admirably raised. Her yeast always works well. What butter! Before it a primrose must hide its unyellowed head. Then jam of the finest quality, goose, rasp, and strawberry! and as the jam is, so are her jellies. Hens cackle that the eggs are fresh—and these shrimps were scraping the sand last night in the Whitehaven sea. What glorious bannocks of barley-meal! Crisp wheaten cakes, too, no thicker than a wafer. Do not, our good sir, appropriate that cut of pickled salmon; it is heavier than it looks, and will weigh about four pounds. One might live a thousand years, yet never weary of such mutton-ham. Virgin honey, indeed! Let us hope that the bees were not smothered, but by some gracious disciple of Bonar or Huber decoyed from a full hive into an empty one, with half the summer and all the autumn before them to build and saturate their new Comb-Palace. No bad thing is a cold pigeon pie, especially of cushats. To hear them cooing in the centre of a wood is one thing, and to see them lying at the bottom of a pie is another—which is the better, depends entirely on time, place, and circumstance. Well, a beef-steak at breakfast is rather startling—but let us try a bit with these fine ingenuous youthful potatoes, from a light sandy soil on a warm slope. Next to the country clergy, smugglers are the most spiritual of characters; and we verily believe that to be "sma' still." Our dear sir—you are in orders, we believe—will you have the goodness to return thanks? Yes, now you may ring the bell for the bill. Moderate indeed! With a day's work before one, there is nothing like the deep broad basis of breakfast.

SECOND SAUNTER.

It is yet only ten o'clock—and what a multitude of thoughts and feelings, sights and sounds, lights and shadows have been ours since sunrise! Had we been in bed, all would have remained unfelt and unknown. But, to be sure, one dream might have been worth them all. Dreams, however, when they are over, are gone, be they of bliss or bale, heaven or the shades. No one weeps over a dream. With such tears no one would sympathize. Give us reality, "the sober certainty of waking bliss," and to it memory shall cling. Let the object of our sorrow belong to the living world, and, transient though it be, its power may be immortal. Away then, as of little worth, all the unsubstantial and wavering world of dreams, and in their place give us the very humblest humanities, so much the better if enjoyed in some beautiful scene of nature like

this, where all is steadfast but the clouds whose very being is change, and the flow of waters that have been in motion since the Flood.

Ha! a splendid equipage with a coronet. And out steps, handed by her elated husband, a high-born, beautiful and graceful bride. They are making a tour of the Lakes, and the honeymoon hath not yet filled her horns. If there be indeed such a thing as happiness on this earth, here it is—youth, elegance, health, rank, riches, and love—all united in ties that death alone can sunder. How they hang towards each other—the blissful pair! Blind in their passion to all the scenery they came to admire, or beholding it but by fits and snatches, with eyes that can see only one object. She hath already learnt to forget father and mother, and sister and brother, and all the young creatures like herself—every one—that shared the pastimes and the confidence of her virgin youthhood. With her, as with Genevieve—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame!"

And will this holy state of the spirit ever be? No—it will fade, and fade, and fade away, so imperceptibly, so unconsciously, (so like the shortening of the long summer days, that lose minute after minute of the light, till again we hear the yellow leaves rustling in autumnal twilight,) that the heart within that snow-drifted bosom will know not how great has been the change, till at last it shall be told the truth, and know that all mortal emotion, however paradisiacal, is born to die.

Fain would we believe that forebodings like these are, on all such occasions, whispered by a blind and ignorant misanthropy, and that of wedded life it may generally be said,

"O, happy state, where souls together draw,
Where love is liberty, and nature law!"

What profound powers of affection, grief, pity, sympathy, delight, and religion belong, by its constitution, to the frame of every human soul! And if the courses of life have not greatly thwarted the divine dispensations of nature, will they not all rise into genial play within bosoms consecrated to each other's happiness, till comes between them the cold hand of death? It would seem that every thing fair and good must flourish under that holy necessity—every thing foul and bad fade away; and that no quarrel or unkindness could ever be between pilgrims travelling together through time to eternity, whether their path lead through an Eden or a waste. Habit itself comes with humble hearts to be gracious and benign; they who have once loved, will not, for that very reason, cease to love; memory shall brighten when hope decays; and if the present be not now so blissful, so thrilling, so steeped in rapture as it was in the golden prime, yet shall it without repining suffice to them whose thoughts borrow unconsciously sweet comforts from the past and future, and have been taught by mutual cares and sorrows to indulge tempered expectations of the best earthly felicity. And is it not so? How much tranquillity and contentment in human homes! Calm onflowing;

of life shaded in domestic privacy, and seen but at times coming out into the open light! What brave patience under poverty! What beautiful resignation in grief! Riches take wings to themselves and flee away—yet without and within the door there is the decency of a changed, not an unhappy lot—The clouds of adversity darken men's characters even as if they were the shadows of dishonour, but conscience quails not in the gloom—The well out of which humility hath her daily drink, is nearly dried up to the very spring, but she upbraideth not Heaven—Children, those flowers that make the hovel's earthen floor delightful as the glades of Paradise, wither in a day, but there is holy comfort in the mother's tears; nor are the groans of the father altogether without relief—for they have gone whither they came, and are blooming now in the bowers of Heaven.

Reverse the picture—and tremble for the fate of those whom God hath made one, and whom no man must put asunder. In common natures, what hot and sensual passions, whose gratification ends in indifference, disgust, loathing, or hatred! What a power of misery, from fretting to madness, lies in that mean but mighty word—Temper! The face, to whose meek beauty smiles seemed native during the days of virgin love, shows now but a sneer, a scowl, a frown, or a glare of scorn. The shape of those features is still fine—the eye of the gazelle—the Grecian nose and forehead—the ivory teeth, so small and regular—and thin line of ruby lips breathing Circassian luxury—the snow-drifts of the bosom still heave there—a lovelier waist Apollo never encircled stepping from the chariot of the sun—nor limbs more graceful did ever Diana veil beneath the shadows of Mount Latmos. But she is a fiend—a devil incarnate, and the sovereign beauty of three counties has made your house a hell.

But suppose that you have had the sense and sagacity to marry a homely wife—or one comely at the best—nay, even that you have sought to secure your peace by admitted ugliness—or wedded a woman whom all tongues call—plain; then may an insurance-ticket, indeed, flame like the sun in miniature on the front of your house—but what Joint-Stock Company can undertake to repay the loss incurred by the perpetual singeing of the smouldering flames of strife, that blaze up without warning at bed and board, and keep you in an everlasting alarm of fire? We defy you to utter the most glaring truth that shall not be instantly contradicted. The most rational proposals for a day or hour of pleasure, at home or abroad, are on the nail negated as absurd. If you dine at home every day for a month, she wonders; why nobody asks you out, and fears you take no trouble to make yourself agreeable. If you dine from home one day in a month, then are you charged with being addicted to tavern-clubs. Children are perpetual bones of contention—there is hatred and sorrow in house-bills—rent and taxes are productive of endless grievances; and although education be an excellent thing—indeed quite a fortune in itself—especially to a poor Scotsman going to England, where all the people are barbarous—

yet is it irritatingly expensive when a great Northern Nursery sends out its hordes, and gawky hoydens and hobble-te-hoys are getting themselves accomplished in the foreign languages, music, drawing, geography, the use of the globes, and the dumb-bells.

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

(Two bad lines by the way, though written by Dr. Johnson)—and observation will find the literature of all countries filled with sarcasms against the marriage-life. Our old Scottish songs and ballads, especially, delight in representing it as a state of ludicrous misery and discomfort. There is little or no talk of horns—the dilemma of English wit; but every individual moment of every individual minute, of every individual hour, of every individual day, and so on, has its peculiar, appropriate, characteristic, and incurable wretchedness. Yet the delightful thing is, that in spite of all this jeering and gibing, and grinning and hissing, and pointing with the finger—marrying and giving in marriage, births and christenings, continue their career of prosperity; and the legitimate population doubles itself somewhere about every thirty-five years. Single houses rise out of the earth—double houses become villages—villages towns—towns cities, and our Metropolis is itself a world!

While the lyrical poetry of Scotland is thus rife with reproach against wedlock, it is equally rife with panegyric on the tender passion that leads into its toils. In one page you shudder in a cold sweat over the mean miseries of the poor "gudeman;" in the next you see, unconscious of the same approaching destiny, the enamoured youth lying on his Mary's bosom beneath the milkwhite thorn. The pastoral pipe is tuned under a fate that hurries on all living creatures to love; and not one lawful embrace is shunned from any other fears than those which themselves spring up in the poor man's thoughtful heart. The wicked betray, and the weak fall—bitter tears are shed at midnight from eyes once bright as the day—fair faces never smile again, and many a hut has its broken heart—hope comes and goes, finally vanquishing, or yielding to despair—crowned passion dies the sated death, or, with increase of appetite, grows by what it feeds on—wide, but unseen, over all the regions of the land, are cheated hopes, vain desires, gnawing jealousy, dispirited fear, and swarthy-souled revenge—beseechings, seductions, suicides, and insanities—and all, all spring from the root of Love; yet all the nations of the earth call the Tree blest, and long as time endures, will continue to flock thither panting to devour the fruitage, of which every other golden globe is poison and death.

Smile away then, with all thy most irresistible blandishments, thou young and happy Bride! What business have we to prophesy bedimming tears to those resplendent eyes? or that the talisman of that witching smile can ever lose its magic? Are not the high-born daughters of England also the high-souled? And hath not honour and virtue, and charity and religion, guarded for centuries the lofty line of thy pure and unpolluted blood? Joy

ful, therefore, mayst thou be, as the dove in the sunshine on the Tower-top—and as the dove serene, when she sitteth on her nest within the yew-tree's gloom, far within the wood!

Passing from our episode, let us say that we are too well acquainted with your taste, feeling, and judgment, to tell you on what objects to gaze or glance, in such a scene as the vale and village of Grassmere. Of yourselves you will find out the nooks and corners from which the pretty whitewashed and flowering cottages do most picturesquely combine with each other, and with the hills, and groves, and old church-tower. Without our guiding hand will you ascend knoll and eminence, be there pathway or no pathway, and discover for yourselves new Lake-Landscapes. Led by your own sweet and idle, chaste and noble fancies, you will disappear, single, or in pairs and parties, into little woody wildernesses, where you will see nothing but ground-flowers and a glimmering contiguity of shade. Solitude sometimes, you know, is best society, and short retirement urges sweet return. Various travels or voyages of discovery may be undertaken, and their grand object attained in little more than an hour. The sudden whirr of a cushat is an incident, or the leaping of a lamb among the broom. In the quiet of nature, matchless seems the music of the milkmaid's song—and of the hearty laugh of the haymakers, crossing the meadow in rows, how sweet the cheerful echo from Helm-crag! Grassmere appears by far the most beautiful place in all the Lake-country. You buy a field—build a cottage—and in imagination lie (for they are too short to enable you to sit) beneath the shadow of your own trees!

In an English village—highland or lowland—seldom is there any spot so beautiful as the churchyard. That of Grassmere is especially so, with the pensive shadows of the old church-tower settling over its cheerful graves. Ay, its cheerful graves! Startle not at the word as too strong—for the pigeons are cooing in belfry, the stream is murmuring round the mossy churchyard wall, a few lambs are lying on the mounds, and flowers laughing in the sunshine over the cells of the dead. But hark! the bell tolls—one—one—one—a funeral knell, speaking not of time, but of eternity! To-day there is to be a burial—and close to the wall of the Tower you see the new-dug grave.

Hush! The sound of singing voices in yonder wood, deadened by the weight of umbrage! Now it issues forth into the clear air, and now all is silence—but the pause speaks of death. Again the melancholy swell ascends the sky—and then comes slowly along the funeral procession, the coffin borne aloft, and the mourners all in white; for it is a virgin who is carried to her last home. Let every head be reverently uncovered while the psalm enters the gate, and the bier is borne for holy rites along the chancel of the church, and laid down close to the altar. A smothered sobbing disturbeth not the service—'tis a human spirit breathing in accordance with the divine. Mortals weeping for the immortal—Earth's passions cleaving to one who is now in heaven.

Was she one flower of many, and singled out by death's unsparing finger from a wreath of beauty, whose remaining blossoms seem now to have lost all their fragrance and all their brightness? Or was she the sole delight of her grayhaired parents' eyes, and is the voice of joy extinguished in their low-roofed home for ever? Had her loveliness been beloved, and had her innocent hopes anticipated the bridal-day, nor her heart, whose beatings were numbered, ever feared that narrow bed? All that we know is her name and age—you see them glittering on her coffin—"Anabella Irvine, aged xix years!"

The day seems something dim, now that we are all on our way back to Ambleside; and, although the clouds are neither heavier nor more numerous than before, somehow or other the sun is a little obscured. We must not indulge too long in a mournful mood—yet let us all sit down under the shadow of this grove of sycamores, overshadowing this reedy bay of Rydal-mere, and listen to a Tale of Tears.

Many a tame tradition, embalmed in a few pathetic verses, lives for ages, while the memory of the most affecting incidents, to which genius has allied no general emotion, fades like the mist, and leaves heart-rending griefs undeveloped. Elegies and dirges might indeed have well been sung amidst the green ruins of yonder Cottage, that looks now almost like a fallen wall—at best, the remnants of a cattle-shed shaken down by the storm.

Thirty years ago—how short a time in national history—how long in that of private sorrows!—all tongues were speaking of the death that there befell, and to have seen the weeping, you would have thought that the funeral could never have been forgotten. But stop now the shepherd on the hill, and ask him who lived in that nook, and chance is he knows not even their name, much less the story of their afflictions. It was inhabited by Allan Fleming, his wife, and an only child, known familiarly in her own small world by the name of *LUCY OF THE FOLD*. In almost every district among the mountains, there is its peculiar pride—some one creature to whom nature has been especially kind, and whose personal beauty, sweetness of disposition, and felt superiority of mind and manner, single her out, unconsciously, as an object of attraction and praise, making her the May-day Queen of the unending year. Such a darling was Lucy Fleming ere she had finished her thirteenth year; and strangers, who had heard tell of her loveliness, often dropt in, as if by accident, to see the Beauty of Rydal-mere. Her parents rejoiced in their child; nor was there any reason why they should dislike the expression of delight and wonder with which so many regarded her. Shy was she as a woodland bird, but as fond too of her nest; and, when there was nothing near to disturb her, her life was almost a perpetual hymn. From joy to sadness, and from sadness to joy; from silence to song, and from song to silence; from stillness like that of the butterfly on the flower, to motion like that of the same creature, wavering in the sunshine over the wood-top—was to Lucy as welcome a change as the change of

lights and shadows, breezes and calms, in the mountain-country of her birth.

One summer day, a youthful stranger appeared at the door of the house, and after an hour's stay, during which Lucy was from home, asked if they would let him have lodging with them for a few months—a single room for bed and books, and that he would take his meals with the family. Enthusiastic boy! to him poetry had been the light of life, nor did ever creature of poetry belong more entirely than he to the world of imagination. He had come into the free mountain region from the confinement of college-walls, and his spirit expanded within him like a rainbow. No eyes had he for realities—all nature was seen in the light of genius—not a single object at sunrise and sunset the same. All was beautiful within the circle of the green hill-tops, whether shrouded in the soft mists or clearly outlined in a cloudless sky. Home, friends, colleges, cities—all sunk away into oblivion, and HARRY HOWARD felt as if wafted off on the wings of a spirit, and set down in a land beyond the sea, foreign to all he had before experienced, yet in its perfect and endless beauty appealing every hour more tenderly and strongly to a spirit awakened to new power, and revelling in new emotion. In that cottage he took up his abode. In a few weeks came a library of books in all languages; and there was much wondering talk over all the countryside about the mysterious young stranger who now lived at the Fold.*

Every day—and, when he chose to absent himself from his haunts among the hills, every hour was Lucy before the young poet's eyes—and every hour did her beauty wax more beautiful in his imagination. Who Mr. Howard was, or even if that were indeed his real name, no one knew; but none doubted that he was of gentle birth, and all with whom he had ever conversed in his elegant amenity, could have sworn that a youth so bland and free, and with such a voice, and such eyes, would not have injured the humblest of God's creatures, much less such a creature as Lucy of the Fold. It was indeed even so—for, before the long summer days were gone, he who had never had a sister, loved her even as if she had slept on the same maternal bosom. Father or mother he now had none—indeed, scarcely one near relation—although he was rich in this world's riches, but in them poor in comparison with the noble endowments that nature had lavished upon his mind. His guardians took little heed of the splendid but wayward youth—and knew not now whither his fancies had carried him, were it even to some savage land. Thus, the Fold became to him the one dearest roof under the roof of heaven. All the simple on-goings of that humble home, love and imagination beautified into poetry; and all the rough or coarser edges of lowly life, were softened away in the light of genius that transmuted every thing on which it fell; while all the silent intimations which nature gave there of her primal sympathies, in the hut as fine and forceful as in the hall, showed to his excited spirit pre-eminently lovely, and chained it to

the hearth around which was read the morning and the evening prayer.

What wild schemes does not love imagine, and in the face of very impossibility achieve. "I will take Lucy to myself, if it should be in place of all the world. I will myself shed light over her being, till in a new spring it shall be adorned with living flowers that fade not away perennial and self-renewed. In a few years the bright docile creature will have the soul of a very angel—and then, before God and at his holy altar, mine shall she become for ever—here and hereafter—in this paradise of earth, and, if more celestial be, in the paradise of heaven."

Thus two summers and two winters wheeled away into the past; and in the change, imperceptible from day to day, but glorious at last, wrought on Lucy's nature by communication with one so prodigally endowed, scarcely could her parents believe it was their same child, except that she was dutiful as before, as affectionate, and as fond of all the familiar objects, dead or living, round and about her birth-place. She had now grown to woman's stature—tall, though she scarcely seemed so except when among her playmates; and in her maturing loveliness, fulfilling, and far more than fulfilling the fair promise of her childhood. Never once had the young stranger—stranger no more—spoken to daughter, father, or mother, of his love. Indeed, for all that he felt towards Lucy there must have been some other word than love. Tenderness, which was almost pity—an affection that was often sad—wonder at her surpassing beauty, nor less at her unconsciousness of its power—admiration of her spiritual qualities, that ever rose up to meet instruction as if already formed—and that heart-throbbing that stirs the blood of youth when the innocent eyes it loves are beaming in the twilight through smiles or through tears.—these, and a thousand other feelings, and above all, the creative faculty of a poet's soul, now constituted his very being when Lucy was in presence, nor forsook him when he was alone among the mountains.

At last it was known through the country that Mr. Howard—the stranger, the scholar, the poet, the elegant gentleman, of whom nobody knew much, but whom every body loved, and whose father must at the least have been a lord, was going—in a year or less—to marry the daughter of Allan Fleming—Lucy of the Fold. Oh, grief and shame to the parents—if still living—of the noble Boy! Oh, sorrow for himself when his passion dies—when the dream is dissolved—and when, in place of the angel of light who now moves before him, he sees only a child of earth, lowly-born, and long rudely bred—a being only fair as many others are fair, sister in her simplicity to maidens no less pleasing than she, and partaking of many weaknesses, frailties, and faults now unknown to herself in her happiness, and to him in his love! Was there no one to rescue them from such a fate—from a few months of imaginary bliss, and from many years of real bale? How could such a man as Allan Fleming be so infatuated as sell his child to fickle youth, who

would soon desert her broken-hearted? Yet kind thoughts, wishes, hopes, and beliefs prevailed; nor were there wanting stories of the olden time, of low-born maidens married to youths of high estate, and raised from hut to hall, becoming mothers of a lordly line of sons, that were counsellors to Kings and Princes.

In Spring, Mr. Howard went away for a few months—it was said to the great city—and on his return at midsummer, Lucy was to be his bride. They parted with a few peaceful tears, and though absent were still together. And now a letter came, saying that before another Sabbath he would be at the Fold. A few fields in Easedale, long mortgaged beyond their fee-simple by the hard-working statesman from whom they reluctantly were passing away, had meanwhile been purchased by Mr. Howard, and in that cottage they were to abide, till they had built for themselves a house a little further up the side of the silvan hill, below the shadow of Helm-crag. Lucy saw the Sabbath of his return and its golden sun, but it was in her mind's eye only; for ere it was to descend behind the hills, she was not to be among the number of living things.

Up Forest-Ullswater the youth had come by the light of the setting sun; and as he crossed the mountains to Grassmere by the majestic pass of the Hawse, still as every new star arose in heaven, with it arose as lustrous a new emotion from the bosom of his betrothed. The midnight hour had been fixed for his return to the Fold; and as he reached the cliffs above White-moss, according to agreement a light was burning in the low window, the very planet of love. It seemed to shed a bright serenity over all the vale, and the moon-glittering waters of Rydal-mere were as an image of life, pure, lonely, undisturbed, and at the pensive hour how profound! "Blessing and praise be to the gracious God! who framed my spirit so to delight in his beautiful and glorious creation—blessing and praise to the Holy One, for the boon of my Lucy's innocent and religious love!" Prayers crowded fast into his soul, and tears of joy fell from his eyes, as he stood at the threshold, almost afraid in the trembling of life-deep affection to meet her first embrace.

In the silence, sobs and sighs, and one or two long deep groans! Then in another moment, he saw, through the open door of the room where Lucy used to sleep, several figures moving to and fro in the light, and one figure upon its knees, who else could it be but her father! Unnoticed he became one of the pale-faced company—and there he beheld her on her bed, mute and motionless, her face covered with a deplorable beauty—eyes closed, and her hands clasped upon her breast! "Dead, dead, dead!" muttered in his ringing ears a voice from the tombs, and he fell down in the midst of them with great violence upon the floor.

Encircled with arms that lay round him softer and silkier far than flower-wreaths on the neck of a child who has laid him down from play, was he when he awoke from that fit—lying even on his own maiden's bed, and within her very bosom, that beat yet, although soon about to beat no more. At that blest

awakening moment, he might have thought he saw the first glimpse of light of the morning after his marriage-day; for her face was turned towards his breast, and with her faint breathings he felt the touch of tears. Not tears alone now bedimmed those eyes, for tears he could have kissed away; but the blue lids were heavy with something that was not slumber—the orbs themselves were scarcely visible—and her voice—it was gone, to be heard never again, till in the choir of white-robed spirits that sing at the right hand of God.

Yet, no one doubted that she knew him—him who had dropt down, like a superior being, from another sphere, on the innocence of her simple childhood—had taught her to know so much of her own soul—to love her parents with a profounder and more holy love—to see, in characters more divine, Heaven's promises of forgiveness to every contrite heart—and a life of perfect blessedness beyond death and the grave. A smile that shone over her face the moment that she had been brought to know that he had come at last, and was nigh at hand—and that never left it while her bosom moved—no—not for all the three days and nights that he continued to sit beside the corpse, when father and mother were forgetting their cares in sleep—that smile told all who stood around, watching her departure, neighbour, friend, priest, parent, and him the suddenly distracted and desolate, that in the very moment of expiration, she knew him well, and was recommending him and his afflictions to the pity of One who died to save sinners.

Three days and three nights, we have said, did he sit beside her, who so soon was to have been his bride—and come or go who would into the room, he saw them not—his sight was fixed on the winding-sheet, eyeing it without a single tear from feet to forehead, and sometimes looking up to heaven. As men forgotten in dungeons have lived miserably long without food, so did he—and so he would have done, on and on to the most far-off funeral day. From that one chair, close to the bedside, he never rose. Night after night, when all the vale was hushed, he never slept. Through one of the midnights there had been a great thunder-storm, the lightning smiting a cliff close to the cottage; but it seemed that he heard it not—and during the floods of next day, to him the roaring vale was silent. On the morning of the funeral, the old people—for now they seemed to be old—wept to see him sitting still beside their dead child; for each of the few remaining hours had now its own sad office, and a man had come to nail down the coffin. Three black specks suddenly alighted on the face of the corpse—and then off—and on—and away—and returning—was heard the buzzing of large flies, attracted by beauty in its corruption. "Ha—ha!" starting up, he cried in horror—"What birds of prey are these, whom Satan hath sent to devour the corpse?" He became stricken with a sort of palsy—and, being led out to the open air, was laid down, seemingly as dead as her within, on the green daisied turf, where, beneath the shadow of the sycamore, they had so often sat, building up beautiful visions of a long blissful life.

The company assembled, but not before his eyes—the bier was lifted up and moved away down the silvan slope, and away round the head of the Lake, and over the wooden bridge, accompanied, here and there, as it passed the wayside houses on the road to Grassmere, by the sound of psalms—but he saw—he heard not; when the last sound of the spade rebounded from the smooth arch of the grave, he was not by—but all the while he was lying where they left him, with one or two pitying dalesmen at his head and feet. When he awoke again and rose up, the cottage of the Fold was as if she had never been born—for she had vanished for ever and aye, and her sixteen years' smiling life was all extinguished in the dust.

Weeks and months passed on, and still there was a vacant wildness in his eyes, and a mortal ghastliness all over his face, inexpressive of a reasonable soul. It scarcely seemed that he knew where he was, or in what part of the earth, yet, when left by himself, he never sought to move beyond the boundaries of the Fold. During the first faint glimmerings of returning reason, he would utter her name, over and over many times, with a mournful voice, but still he knew not that she was dead—then he began to caution them all to tread softly, for that sleep had fallen upon her, and her fever in its blessed balm might abate—

then with groans, too affecting to be borne by those who heard them, he would ask why, since she was dead, God had the cruelty to keep him, her husband, in life; and finally and last of all, he imagined himself in Grassmere Churchyard, and clasping a little mound on the green, which it was evident he thought was her grave, he wept over it for hours and hours, and kissed it, and placed a stone at its head, and sometimes all at once broke out into fits of laughter, till the hideous fainting-fits returned, and after long convulsions left him lying as if stone-dead. As for his bodily frame, when Lucy's father lifted it up in his arms, little heavier was it than a bundle of withered fern. Nobody supposed that one so miserably attenuated and ghost-like could for many days be alive—yet not till the earth had thrice revolved round the sun, did that body die, and then it was buried far away from the Fold, the banks of Rydal-water, and the sweet mountains of Westmoreland; for after passing like a shadow through many foreign lands, he ceased his pilgrimage in Palestine, even beneath the shadow of Mount Sion, and was laid, with a lock of hair—which, from the place it held, strangers knew to have belonged to one dearly beloved—close to his heart, on which it had lain so long, and was to moulder away in darkness together, by Christian hands and in a Christian sepulchre

L'ENVOY.

PERIODICAL literature is a type of many of the most beautiful things and interesting events in nature; or say, rather, that *they* are types of *it*—the Flowers and the Stars. As to Flowers, they are the prettiest periodicals ever published in folio—the leaves are wire-wove and hot-pressed by Nature's self; their circulation is wide over all the land; from castle to cottage they are regularly taken in; as old age bends over them, his youth is renewed; and you see childhood poring upon them pressed close to its very bosom. Some of them are ephemeral—their contents are exhaled between the rising and setting sun. Once a-week others break through their green, pink, or crimson cover; and how delightful, on the seventh day, smiles in the sunshine the Sabbath Flower—a Sunday publication perused without blame by the most religious—even before morning prayer! Each month, indeed, throughout the whole year, has its own Flower periodical. Some are annual, some biennial, some triennial, and there are perennials that seem to live for ever—and yet are still periodical—though our love will not allow us to know when they die, and phoenix-like reappear from their own ashes. So much for Flowers—typifying or typified;—leaves emblematical of pages—buds of binding—dew-veils of covers—and the wafting away of bloom and fragrance like the dissemination of fine feelings, bright fancies, and winged thoughts.

The Flowers are the periodicals of the earth—the Stars are the periodicals of heaven. With what unflinching regularity do the numbers issue forth! Hesperus and Lucifer! ye are one concern. The Pole-star is studied by all nations. How popular the poetry of the Moon! On what subject does not the Sun throw light! No fear of hurting your eyes by reading that fine clear large type on that softened page. As you turn them over, one blue, another yellow, and another green, all are alike delightful to the pupil, dear as the very apple of his eye. Yes, the great Periodical Press of heaven is unceasingly at work—night and day; the only free power all over the world—'tis indeed like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die.

Look, then, at all paper periodicals with pleasure, for sake of the Flowers and the Stars. Suppose them all extinct, and life would be like a flowerless earth, a starless heaven. We should soon forget the Seasons. The periodicals of the External would soon all lose their meaning, were there no longer any periodicals of the Internal. These are the lights and shadows of life, merrily dancing or gravely stealing over the dial; remembrancers of the past—teachers of the present—prophets of the future hours. Were they all dead, Spring would in vain renew her promise—wearisome would be the interminable summer days—the fruits of autumn tasteless—the winter ingles

blink mournfully round the hearth. What are the blessed Seasons themselves, in nature and in Thomson, but periodicals of a larger growth? We should doubt the goodness of that man's heart, who loved not the periodical literature of earth and sky—who would not weep to see one of its flowers wither—one of its stars fall—one beauty die on its humble bed—one glory drop from its lofty sphere. Let them bloom and burn on—flowers in which there is no poison, stars in which there is no disease—whose blossoms are all sweet, and whose rays are all sanative—both alike steeped in dew, and both, to the fine ear of nature's worshipper, bathed in music.

Pomposo never reads Magazine poetry—nor, we presume, ever looks at a field or wayside flower. He studies only the standard authors. He walks only in gardens with high brick walls—and then admires only at a hint from the head-gardener. Pomposo does not know that many of the finest poems of our day first appeared in magazines—or, worse still, in newspapers; and that in our periodicals, daily and weekly, equally with the monthlies and quarterlies, is to be found the best criticism of poetry any where extant, superior far, in that upretending form, to nine-tenths of the learned lucubrations of Germany—though some of it, too, is good—almost as one's heart could desire. What is the circulation even of a popular volume of verses—if any such there be—to that of a number of *Maga*? Hundreds of thousands at home peruse it before it is a week old—as many abroad ere the moon has thrice renewed her horns; and the *Series* ceases not—regular as the Seasons that make up the perfect year. Our periodical literature—say of it what you will—gives light to the heads and heat to the hearts of millions of our race. The greatest and best men of the age have not disdained to belong to the brotherhood;—and thus the hovel holds what must not be missing in the hall—the furniture of the cot is the same as that of the palace—and duke and ditcher read their lessons from the same page.

Good people have said, and it would be misanthropical to disbelieve or discredit their judgment, that our *Prose* is original—nay, has created a new era in the history of Periodical Literature. Only think of that, Christopher, and up with your Tail like a Peacock! Why, there is some comfort in that reflection, while we sit rubbing our withered hands up and down on these shrivelled shanks. Our feet are on the fender, and that fire is felt on our face; but we verily believe our ice-cold shanks would not shrink from the application of the red-hot poker. Peter has a notion that but for that red-hot poker the fire would go out; so to humour him we let it remain in the ribs; and occasionally brandish it round our head in

moments of enthusiasm when the Crutch looks tame, and the Knout a silken leash for Italian Greyhound.

Old Simonides—old Minnermus—old Theognis—old Solon—old Anacreon—old Sophocles—old Pindar—old Hesiod—old Homer—and old Methuselah! What mean we by the word *old*? All these men are old in three lights—they lived to a raven age—long, long ago—and we heard tell of them in our youth. Their glory dawned on us in a dream of life's golden prime—and far away seems now that dawn, as if in another world beyond a million seas! In that use of the word "*old*," far from us is all thought of dotage or decay. Old are those great personages as the stars are old; a heaven there is in which are seen shining, for ever young, all the most ancient spiritual "orbs of Song."

In our delight, too, we love to speak of old Venus and of old Cupid—of old Eve and of old Cleopatra—of old Helen and of old Dalilah; yea, of old Psyche, though her aerial wings are as rainbow-bright as the first hour she waved them in the eye of the youthful Sun.

How full of endearment "old boy!"—"old girl!"—"Old Christopher North!"—"old Maga!" To our simplest sayings age seems to give a consecration which youth reverses. And why may not our hand, withered somewhat though it be, but yet unpalsied, point out aloft to heedless eyes single light or constellation, or lily by herself or in groups unsuspected along the waysides of our mortal pilgrimage!

Age like ours is even more loveable than venerable; and, thinking on ourselves, were we a young woman, we should assuredly marry an old man. Indeed, no man ought to marry before thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty; and, were it not that life is so short, soon enough at three-score and ten. At seventy you are sager than ever, though scarcely so strong. You and life love each other as well as ever; yet 'tis unpleasant, when sailing on Windermere or Lochlomond with your bride, to observe the man in the Honeymoon looking at you with a congratulatory grin of condolence, to fear that the old villain will smile over your grave in the Season of Kirns and Harvest Homes, when the fiddle is heard in every farmhouse, and the bagpipes are lowing like cattle on a thousand hills. Fain would he insure his life on the Tipperary Tables. But the enamoured annuitant is haunted with visions of his own Funeral deploying in a long line of chariots—one at the head of all armed with scythes—through the city, into the wide gates of the Greyfriars. Lovely is his bride in white, nor less so his widow in black—more so in gray, portentous of a great change. Sad, too, to the Sage the thought of leaving his first-born as yet unborn—or if born, haply an elfish creature with a precocious countenance, looking as if he had begun life with borrowing ten years at least from his own father—auld-farrant as a Fairy, and gash as the Last of the Lairds.

Dearly do we love the young—yea, the young of all animals—the young swallows twittering from their straw-built shed—the

young lambs bleating on the sea—the young bees, God bless them! on their first flight away off to the heather—the young butterflies, who, born in the morning, will die of old age ere night—the young salmon-fry glorying in the gravel at the first feeling of their fins—the young adders basking, ere they can bite, in the sun, as yet unconscious, like sucking satirists of their stings—young pigs, pretty dears! all asqueak with their curled tails after prolific grumphy—young lions and tigers, charming cubs! like very Christian children nuzzling in their nurse's breast—young devils, ere Satan has sent them to Sin, who keeps a fashionable boarding-school in Hades, and sends up into the world above-ground only her finished scholars.

Oh! lad of the lightsome forehead! Thou art smiling at Us; and for the sake of our own Past we enjoy thy Present, and pardon the contumely with which thou silently insultest our thin gray hairs. Just such another "were we at Ravensburg." "*Carpe Diem*" was then our motto, as now it is yours; "no fear that dinner cool," for we fed then, as you feed now on flowers and fruits of Eden. We lived then under the reign of the Seven Senses; Imagination was Prime Minister, and Reason, as Lord Chancellor, had the keeping of the Royal Conscience; and they were kings, not tyrants—we subjects, not slaves. Supercilious as thou art, Puer, art thou as well read in Greek as we were at thy flowering age? Come close that we may whisper into thine ear—while we lean our left shoulder on thine—our right on the Crutch. The time will come when thou wilt be, O Son of the Morning! even like unto the shadow by thy side! Was he not once a mountaineer? If he be a vain-glorious boaster, give him the lie, Ben-y-glow and thy brotherhood—ye who so often heard our shouts mixed with the red-deer's belling—tossed back in exultation by Echo, Omnipresent Auditress on youth's golden hills.

Know, all ye Neophytes, that three lovely Sisters often visit the old man's solitude—Memory, Imagination, Hope. It would be hard to say which is the most beautiful. Memory has deep, dark, quiet eyes, and when she closes their light, the long eyelashes lie like shadows on her pensive cheeks, that smile faintly as if the dreamer were half asleep—a visionary slumber, which sometimes the dewdrop melting on the leaf will break, sometimes not the thunder-peal with all its echoes. Imagination is a brighter and bolder Beauty, with large lamping eyes of uncertain colour, as if fluctuating with rainbow light, and with features fine as those which Grecian genius gave to the Muses in the Parian Marble, yet in their daring delicacy defined like the face of Apollo. As for Hope—divinest of the divine—Collins, in one long line of light, has painted the picture of the angel,—

"And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair."

All our great prose-writers owe the glory of their power to our great poets. Even Hobbes translated Homer as well—that is as ill—as Thucydides; the Epic in his prime after

eighty; the History in his youth at forty; and it is fearful to dream what the brainful and heartless metaphysician would have been, had he never heard of the Iliad and the Odyssey. What is the greatest of prose-writers in comparison with a great poet? Nay—we shall not be deterred by the fear of self-contradiction (see our “Stroll to Grassmere”) from asking who is a great prose-writer? We cannot name one; they all sink in Shakespeare. Campbell finely asks and answers—

“Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man? a world without a sun.”

Suppose the world without poetry—how absurd would seem the Sun! Strip the word “phenomena” of its poetical meaning, and forthwith the whole human race, “moving about in worlds realized,” would lose their powers of speech. But, thank Heaven! we are Makers all. Inhabiting, we verily believe, a real, and substantial, and palpable outer world, which nevertheless shall one day perish like a scroll, we build our bowers of joy in the Apparent, and lie down to rest in a drapery of Dreams.

Thus we often love to dream our silent way even through the noisy world. And dreamers are with dreamers spiritually, though in the body apart; nor wandering at will think they whence they come, or whither they are going, assured by delight that they will reach their journey's end—like a bee, that in many a musical gyration goes humming round men's heads and tree-tops, aimlessly curious in his joy, yet knowing instinctively the straight line that intersects all those airy circles, leading to and fro between his hive in the garden and the honey-dew on the heather hills.

What can it be that now recalls to our remembrance a few lines of Esop, the delightful old Fabulist, the Merry and Wise, who set our souls a-thinking and our hearts a-feeling in boyhood, by moral lessons read to them in almost every incident befalling in life's common walks—solemn as Simonides in this his sole surviving elegiac strain?

“What weary wo, what endless strife
Bring'st thou to mortal men, O Life!
Each hour they draw their breath.
Alas! the wretches all despair
To flee the ills they cannot bear,
But through the gates of Death.

“Yet beautiful exceedingly
Are all the works of God—
The starry heavens, the rolling sea,
The earth—thine own abode:
Blest are they all, and blest the light
Of sun by day, and moon by night.

Yea, happy all—all blest;—but this
To man alone is given,
Whene'er he tries to catch at bliss,
To grasp the wrath of Heaven;
For his are ever-vexing fears,
And bitter thoughts—and bitter tears.

“And yet how beautiful art Thou
On Earth and Sea—and on the brow
Of starry Heaven! The Night
Sends forth the moon Thee to adorn;
And Thee to glorify the Morn
Restores the Orb of Light.

“Yet all is full of Pain and Drend;
Bedrench'd in tears for ever shed:
The darkness render'd worse
By gleams of joy—and if by Heaven
A Blessing seemeth to be given,
It changes to a Curse.”

Even in our paraphrase are not these lines very impressive? In the original they are much more solemn. They are not querulous, yet full of lamentation. We see in them not a weak spirit quarrelling with fate, but a strong spirit subdued by a sense of the conditions on which life has been given; conditions against which it is vain to contend, to which it is hard to submit, but which may yet be borne by a will deriving strength from necessity, and in itself noble by nature. Nor, dark as the doctrine is, can we say it is false. Intellect and Imagination may from doleful experiences have too much generalized their inductions, so as to seem to themselves to have established the Law of Misery as the Law of Life. But perhaps it is only thus that the Truth can be made available to man, as it regards the necessity of Endurance. All is not wretchedness; but the soul seeks to support itself by the belief that it is really so. Holding that creed, it has no excuse for itself, if at any time it is stung to madness by misery, or grovels in the dust in a passion of grief; none, if at any time it delivers itself wholly up, abandoning itself to joy, and acts as if it trusted to the permanence of any blessing under the law of Mutability. The Poet, in the hour of profound emotion, declares that every blessing sent from heaven is a Nemesis. That oracular response inspires awe. A salutary fear is kept alive in the foolish by such sayings of the wise. Even to us—now—they sound like a knell. Religion has instructed Philosophy; and for Fate we substitute God. But all men feel that the foundations of Faith are laid in the dark depths of their being, and that all human happiness is mysteriously allied with pain and sorrow. The most perfect bliss is ever awful, as if we enjoyed it under the shadow of some great and gracious wing that would not long be detained from heaven.

It is not for ordinary minds to attempt giving utterance to such simplicities. On their tongues truths become truisms. Sentiments, that seem always fresh, falling from the lips of moral wisdom, are stale in the mouths of men uninitiated in the greater mysteries. Genius colours common words with an impressive light, that makes them moral to all eyes—breathes into them an affecting music, that steals into all hearts like a revelation and a religion. They become memorable. They pass, as maxims, from generation to generation; and all because the divinity that is in every man's bosom responds to the truthful strain it had of yore itself inspired. Just so with the men we meet on our life-journey. One man is impressive in all his looks and words, on all serious or solemn occasions; and we carry away with us moral impressions from his eyes or lips. Another man says the same things, or nearly so, and perhaps with more fervour, and his looks are silver. But we forget his person in an hour; nor does his voice ever haunt our solitude. Simonides—Solon—Esop!—why do such lines of theirs as those assure us they were Sages? The same sentiments are the staple of many a sermon that has soothed sinners into snoring sleep.

Men take refuge even in ocular deception

from despair. Over buried beauty, that once glowed with the same passion that consumes themselves, they build a white marble tomb, or a green grass grave, and forget much they ought to remember—all profounder thoughts—while gazing on the epitaph of letters or of flowers. 'Tis a vision to their senses, with which Imagination would fain seek to delude Love. And 'tis well that the deception prospers; for what if Love could bid the burial-ground give up or disclose its dead? Or if Love's eyes saw through dust as through air? What if this planet—which men call Earth—were at all times seen and felt to be a cemetery circling round the sun that feeds it with death, and not a globe of green animated with life—even as the dewdrop on the rose's leaf is animated with millions of invisible creatures, wantoning in bliss born of the sunshine and the vernal prime?

Are we sermonizing overmuch in this our *LENNOR* to these our misnamed RECREATIONS? Even a sermon is not always useless; the few concluding sentences are sometimes luminous, like stars rising on a dull twilight; the little flower that attracted Park's eyes when he was fainting in the desert, was to him beauteous as the rose of Sharon; there is solemnity in the shadow of quiet trees on a noisy road; a churchyard may be felt even in a village fair; a face of sorrow passes by us in our gaiety, neither unfelt nor unremembered in its uncomplaining calm; and sweet from some still house in city stir is

"The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise."

We daresay you are a very modest person; but we are all given to self-glorification, private men and public, individuals and nations; and every one Era and Ego has been prouder than another of its respective achievements. To hear the Present Generation speak, such an elderly gentleman as the Past Generation begins to suspect that his personal origin lies hid in the darkness of antiquity; and worse—that he is of the Pechs. Now, we offer to back the Past Generation against the Present Generation, at any feat the Present Generation chooses, and give the long odds. Say Poetry. Well, we bring to the scratch a few champions—such as, Beattie, Cowper, Crabbe, Rogers, Bowles, Burns, Baillie, Campbell, Graham, Montgomery, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hunt, Hogg, Shelley, Keates, Pollock, Cunningham, Bloomfield, Clare, and—*risum teneatis amici*—Ourselves.

"All with waistcoats of red and breeches of blue,
And mighty long tails that come swingeing through."

And at sight of the cavalcade—for each poet is on his Pegasus—the champions of the Present Generation, accoutred in corduroy kilts and top-boots, and on animals which "well do we know, but dare not name," wheel to the right about with "one dismal universal bray," brandishing their wooden sabres, till, frenzied by their own trumpeters, they charge madly a palisade in their own rear, and as dismounted cavalry make good their retreat. This in their strategics is called a drawn battle.

Heroes, alive or dead, of the Past Generation, we bid you hail! Exceeding happiness to

have been born among such Births—to have lived among such Lives—to be buried among such Graves. O great glory to have seen such Stars rising one after another larger and more lustrous—at times, when dilated with delight, more like Moons than Stars—like Seraphs hovering over the earth they loved, though seeming so high up in heaven!

To whom now may the young enthusiast turn as to Beings of the same kind with himself, but of a higher order, and therefore with a love that fears no sin in its idolatry? The young enthusiast may turn to some of the living, but he will think more of others who are gone. The dead know not of his love, and he can hold no communion with the grave. But Poets never die—immortal in their works the Library is the world of spirits; there they dwell, the same as in the flesh, when by meditation most cleansed and purified—yet with some holy change it seems—a change not in them but in us, who are stilled by the stillness, and attribute something supernatural to the Living Dead.

Since first this Golden Pen of ours—given us by one who meant it but for a memorial—began, many years ago, to let drop on paper a few careless words, what quires so distained—some pages, let us hope, with durable ink—have accumulated on our hands! Some haughty ones have chosen to say rather, how many leaves have been wafted away to wither? But not a few of the gifted—near and afar—have called on us with other voices—reminding us that long ago we were elected, on sight of our credentials—not indeed without a few black balls—into the Brotherhood. The shelf marked with our initials exhibits some half-dozen volumes only, and has room for scores. It may not be easily found in that vast Library; but, humble member as we are, we feel it now to be a point of honour to make an occasional contribution to the Club. So here is the *FIRST SERIES* of what we have chosen to call our RECREATIONS. There have been much recasting and remoulding—many alterations, believed by us to have been wrought with no unskilful spirit of change—cruel, we confess, to our feelings, rejections of numerous lucubrations to their father dear—and if we may use such words, not a few creations, in the same genial spirit in which we worked of old—not always unrewarded by sympathy, which is better than praise.

For kindness shown when kindness was most needed—for sympathy and affection—yea, love itself—for grief and pity not misplaced, though bestowed in a mistaken belief of our condition, forlorn indeed, but not wholly forlorn—for solace and encouragement sent to us from afar, from cities and solitudes, and from beyond seas and oceans, from brethren who never saw our face, and never may see it, we owe a debt of everlasting gratitude; and life itself must leave our heart, that beats not now as it used to beat, but with dismal trepidation, before it forget, or cease to remember as clearly as now it hears them, every one of the many words that came sweetly and solemnly to us from the Great and Good. Joy and sorrow make up the lot of our mortal estate, and by

sympathy with them, we acknowledge our brotherhood with all our kind. We do far more. The strength that is untasked, lends itself to divide the load under which another is bowed; and the calamity that lies on the heads of men is lightened, while those who at the time are not called to bear, are yet willing to involve themselves in the sorrow of a brother. So soothed by such sympathy may a poor mortal be, that the wretch almost upbraids himself for transient gleams of gladness, as if he were false to the sorrow which he sighs to think he ought to have cherished more sacredly within his miserable heart.

One word embraces all these pages of ours—Memorials. Friends are lost to us by removal—for then even the dearest are often utterly forgotten. But let something that once was theirs suddenly meet our eyes, and in a moment, returning from the region of the rising or the setting sun, the friend of our youth seems at our side, unchanged his voice and his smile; or dearer to our eyes than ever, because of some affecting change wrought on face and figure by climate and by years. Let it be but his name written with his own hand on the title-page of a book; or a few syllables on the margin of a favourite passage which long ago we have read together, “when life itself was new,” and poetry overflowed the whole world; or a lock of *her* hair in whose eyes we first knew the meaning of the word “depth.” And if death had stretched out the absence into the dim arms of eternity—and removed the distance away into that bourne from which no traveller returns—the absence and the distance of her on whose forehead once hung the relic we adore—what heart may abide the beauty of the ghost that doth sometimes at midnight appear at our sleepless bed, and with pale uplifted arms waft over us at once a blessing and a farewell!

Why so sad a word—*Farewell*? We should not weep in wishing welfare, nor sully felicity with tears. But we do weep because evil lies lurking in wait over all the earth for the innocent and the good, the happy and the beautiful; and, when guarded no more by our eyes, it seems as if the demon would leap out upon his prey. Or is it because we are so selfish that we cannot bear the thought of losing the sight of the happiness of a beloved object, and are troubled with a strange jealousy of beings unknown to us, and for ever to be unknown, about to be taken into the very heart, perhaps, of the friend from whom we are parting, and to whom in that fear we give almost a sullen farewell? Or does the shadow of

death pass over us while we stand for the last time together on the sea-shore, and see the ship with all her sails about to voyage away to the uttermost parts of the earth? Or do we shudder at the thought of mutability in all created things—and know that ere a few suns shall have brightened the path of the swift vessel on the sea, we shall be dimly remembered—at last forgotten—and all those days, months, and years that once seemed eternal, swallowed up in everlasting oblivion!

With us all ambitious desires some years ago expired. Far rather would we read than write now-a-days—far rather than read, sit with shut eyes and no book in the room—far rather than so sit, walk about alone any where

“Beneath the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory.”

Shall we live? or “like beasts and common people die?” There is something harsh and grating in the collocation of these words of the “Melancholy Cowley;” yet he meant no harm, for he was a kind, good creature as ever was born, and a true genius. He there has expressed concisely, but too abruptly, the mere fact of their falling alike and together into oblivion. Far better Gray’s exquisite words,

“On some fond breast the parting soul relies!”

The reliance is firm and sure; the “fond breast” is faithful to its trust, and dying, transmits it to another; till after two or three transmissions—holy all, but fainter and dimmer—the pious tradition dies, and all memorial of the love and the delight, the pity and the sorrow, is swallowed up in vacant night.

Posthumous Fame! Proud words—yet may they be uttered in an humble spirit. The common lot of man is, after death—oblivion. Yet genius, however small its sphere, if conversant with the conditions of the human heart, may vivify with indestructible life some happy delineations, that shall continue to be held dear by successive sorrowers in this vale of tears. If the name of the delineator continue to have something sacred in its sound—obscure to the many as it may be, or non-existent—the hope of such posthumous fame is sufficient to one who overrates not his own endowments. And as the hope has its root in love and sympathy, he who by his writings has inspired towards himself, when in life, some of these feelings in the hearts of not a few who never saw his face, seems to be justified in believing that even after final obliteration of *His* *facies* from his tombstone, his memory will be regarded with something of the same affection in his REMAINS.

THE END.

MISCELLANEOUS
ESSAYS.

BY

ARCHIBALD ALISON, F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION"

Reprinted from the English Originals,

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P R E F A C E.

A wish having been expressed by the publishers of this work to have a collection of my Miscellaneous Essays, published at different times and in different periodical works in Great Britain, made for reprints in America, and selected and arranged by myself, I have willingly assented to so flattering a proposal. I have endeavoured in making the selection to choose such as discuss subjects possessing, as far as possible, a general and durable interest; and to admit those only, relating to matters of social contest or national policy in Great Britain, which are likely, from the importance of the questions involved in them, to excite some interest as contemporary compositions among future generations of men. And I should be ungrateful if, in making my first appearance before the American public, and in a work hitherto published in a collected form only in this country, I did not make my warmest acknowledgments for the liberal spirit in which they have received my writings, and the indulgence they have manifested towards their imperfections; and express at the same time the pride which I feel, as an English author, at the vast and boundless field for British literary exertion which is afforded by the extension of the Anglo-Saxon race on the other side of the Atlantic. If there is any wish I entertain more cordially than another, it is that this strong though unseen mental bond may unite the British family in every part of the world, and cause them all to feel as brothers, even when the time arrives, as arrive it will, that they have obtained the dominion of half the globe.

A. ALISON

Possel House, Glasgow, }
Sept. 1, 1844. }

Appeal for
School of Design
in Scotland

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Get -

ALISON'S ESSAYS.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

[BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1832.]

It is one of the worst effects of the vehemence of faction, which has recently agitated the nation, that it tends to withdraw the attention altogether from works of permanent literary merit, and by presenting nothing to the mind but a constant succession of party discussions, both to disqualify it for enjoying the sober pleasure of rational information, and render the great works which are calculated to delight and improve the species known only to a limited class of readers. The conceit and prejudice of a large portion of the public, increase just in proportion to the diminution of their real information. By incessantly studying journals where the advantage of the spread of knowledge is sedulously inculcated, they imagine that they have attained that knowledge, because they have read these journals, and by constantly abusing those whom they stigmatize as offering the light of truth, they come to forget that none oppose it so effectually as those who substitute for its steady ray the lurid flame of democratic flattery.

It is, therefore, with sincere and heartfelt joy, that we turn from the turbid and impassioned stream of political discussion, to the pure fountains of literary genius; from the vehemence of party strife to the calmness of philosophic investigation; from works of ephemeral celebrity to the productions of immortal genius. When we consider the vast number of these which have issued from the European press during the last fifteen years, and the small extent to which they are as yet known to the British public, we are struck with astonishment; and confirmed in the opinion, that those who are loudest in praise of the spread of information, are not unfrequently those who possess least of it for any useful purpose.

It has long been a settled opinion in France, that the seams of English literature are wrought out; that while we imagine we are advancing, we are in fact only moving round in a circle, and that it is in vain to expect any thing new on human affairs from a writer under the English constitution. This they ascribe to the want of the *bouleversement* of ideas, and the exarticulation of original thought, which a revolution produces; and they coolly calculate on the catastrophe which is to overturn the English government, as likely to open new veins of thought among its inhabitants, and pour new streams of eloquence into its writers.

Without acquiescing in the justice of this observation in all its parts, and strenuously asserting for the age of Scott and Byron a decided superiority over any other in British history since the days of Shakspeare and Milton, at least in poetry and romance, we must admit that the observation, in many departments of literature, is but too well founded. No one will accuse us of undue partiality for the French Revolution, a convulsion whose principles we have so long and so vigorously opposed, and whose horrors we have endeavoured, sedulously, though inadequately, to impress upon our readers. It is therefore with a firm conviction of impartiality, and a consciousness of yielding only to the tone of truth, that we are obliged to confess, that in historical and political compositions the French of our age are greatly superior to the writers of this country. We are not insensible to the merits of our modern English historians. We fully appreciate the learned research of Turner, the acute and valuable narrative of Lingard, the elegant language and antiquarian industry of Tytler, the vigour and originality of McCrie, and the philosophic wisdom of Mackintosh. But still we feel the justice of the French observation, that there is something "English" in all their ideas. Their thoughts seem formed on the even tenor of political events prior to 1789: and in reading their works we can hardly persuade ourselves that they have been ushered into the world since the French Revolution advanced a thousand years the materials of political investigation.

Chateaubriand is universally allowed by the French, of all parties, to be their first writer. His merits, however, are but little understood in this country. He is known as once a minister of Louis XVIII., and ambassador of that monarch in London, as the writer of many celebrated political pamphlets, and the victim, since the Revolution of 1830, of his noble and ill-required devotion to that unfortunate family. Few are aware that he is, without one single exception, the most eloquent writer of the present age; that independent of politics, he has produced many works on morals, religion, and history, destined for lasting endurance; that his writings combine the strongest love of rational freedom, with the warmest inspiration of Christian devotion; that he is, as it were, the link between the feudal and the revolu-

ucnary ages; retaining from the former its generous and elevated feeling, and inhaling from the latter its acute and fearless investigation. The last pilgrim, with devout feelings, to the holy sepulchre, he was the first supporter of constitutional freedom in France; discarding thus from former times their bigoted fury, and from modern, their infidel spirit; blending all that was noble in the ardour of the Crusades, with all that is generous in the enthusiasm of freedom.

It is the glory of the Conservative Party throughout the world, and by this party we mean all who are desirous in every country to uphold the religion, the institutions, and the liberties of their fathers, that the two greatest writers of the age have devoted their talents to the support of their principles. Sir Walter Scott and Chateaubriand are beyond all question, and by the consent of both nations, at the head of the literature of France and England since the Revolution; and they will both leave names at which the latest posterity will feel proud, when the multitudes who have sought to rival them on the revolutionary side are buried in the waves of forgotten time. It is no small triumph to the cause of order in these trying days, that these mighty spirits, destined to instruct and bless mankind through every succeeding age, should have proved so true to the principles of virtue; and the patriot may well rejoice that generations yet unborn, while they approach their immortal shrines, or share in the enjoyments derived from the legacies they have bequeathed to mankind, will inhale only a holy spirit, and derive from the pleasures of imagination nothing but additional inducements to the performance of duty.

Both these great men are now under an eclipse, too likely, in one at least, to terminate in earthly extinction. The first lies on the bed, if not of material, at least, it is to be feared, of intellectual death; and the second, arrested by the military despotism which he so long strove to avert from his country, has lately awaited in the solitude of a prison the fate destined for him by revolutionary violence.* But

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

It is in such moments of gloom and depression, when the fortune of the world seems most adverse, when the ties of mortality are about to be dissolved, or the career of virtue is on the point of being terminated, that the immortal superiority of genius and virtue most strongly appear. In vain was the Scottish bard extended on the bed of sickness, or the French patriot confined to the gloom of a dungeon; their works remain to perpetuate their lasting sway over the minds of men; and while their mortal frames are sinking beneath the sufferings of the world, their immortal souls rise into the region of spirits, to witness a triumph more glorious, an ascendancy more enduring,

than ever attended the arms of Cæsar or Alexander.

Though pursuing the same pure and ennobling career; though gifted with the same ardent imagination, and steeped in the same fountains of ancient lore, no two writers were ever more different than Chateaubriand and Sir Walter Scott. The great characteristic of the French author, is the impassioned and enthusiastic turn of his mind. Master of immense information, thoroughly imbued at once with the learning of classical and catholic times; gifted with a retentive memory, a poetical fancy, and a painter's eye, he brings to bear upon every subject the force of erudition, the images of poetry, the charm of varied scenery, and the eloquence of impassioned feeling. Hence his writings display a reach and variety of imagery, a depth of light and shadow, a vigour of thought, and an extent of illustration, to which there is nothing comparable in any other writer, ancient or modern, with whom we are acquainted. All that he has seen, or read, or heard, seem present to his mind, whatever he does, or wherever he is. [He illustrates the genius of Christianity by the beauties of classical learning, inhales the spirit of ancient prophecy on the shores of the Jordan, dreams on the banks of the Eurotas of the solitude and gloom of the American forests; visits the Holy Sepulchre with a mind alternately devoted to the devotion of a pilgrim, the curiosity of an antiquary, and the enthusiasm of a crusader, and combines, in his romances, with the tender feelings of chivalrous love, the heroism of Roman virtue, and the sublimity of Christian martyrdom. His writings are less a faithful portrait of any particular age or country, than an assemblage of all that is grand, and generous, and elevated in human nature. He drinks deep of inspiration at all the fountains where it has ever been poured forth to mankind, and delights us less by the accuracy of any particular picture, than the traits of genius which he has combined from every quarter where its footsteps have trod. His style seems formed on the lofty strains of Isaiah, or the beautiful images of the Book of Job, more than all the classical or modern literature with which his mind is so amply stored. He is admitted by all Frenchmen, of whatever party, to be the most perfect living master of their language, and to have gained for it beauties unknown to the age of Bossuet and Fenelon. Less polished in his periods, less sonorous in his diction, less melodious in his rhythm, than these illustrious writers, he is incomparably more varied, rapid, and energetic; his ideas flow in quicker succession, his words follow in more striking antithesis; the past, the present, and the future rise up at once before us; and we see how strongly the stream of genius, instead of gliding down the smooth current of ordinary life, has been broken and agitated by the cataract of revolution.

With far less classical learning, fewer images derived from travelling, inferior information on many historical subjects, and a mind of a less impassioned and energetic cast, our own Sir Walter is far more deeply read in that book which is ever the same—the human

* Sir Walter Scott, at this period, was on his deathbed, and Chateaubriand imprisoned by order of Louis Philippe.

heart. This is his unequalled excellence—there he stands, since the days of Shakspeare, without a rival. It is to this cause that his astonishing success has been owing. We feel in his characters that it is not romance, but real life which is represented. Every word that is said, especially in the Scotch novels, is nature itself. Homer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, and Scott, alone have penetrated to the deep substratum of character, which, however disguised by the varieties of climate and government, is at bottom everywhere the same; and thence they have found a responsive echo in every human heart. Every man who reads these admirable works, from the North Cape to Cape Horn, feels that what the characters they contain are made to say, is just what would have occurred to themselves, or what they have heard said by others as long as they lived. Nor is it only in the delineation of character, and the knowledge of human nature, that the Scottish Novelist, like his great predecessors, is but for them without a rival. Powerful in the pathetic, admirable in dialogue, unmatched in description, his writings captivate the mind as much by the varied excellencies which they exhibit, as the powerful interest which they maintain. He has carried romance out of the region of imagination and sensibility into the walks of actual life. We feel interested in his characters, not because they are ideal beings with whom we have become acquainted for the first time when we began the book, but because they are the very persons we have lived with from our infancy. His descriptions of scenery are not luxuriant and glowing pictures of imaginary beauty, like those of Mrs. Radcliffe, having no resemblance to actual nature, but faithful and graphic portraits of real scenes, drawn with the eye of a poet, but the fidelity of a consummate draughtsman. He has combined historical accuracy and romantic adventure with the interest of tragic events; we live with the heroes, and princes, and paladins of former times, as with our own contemporaries; and acquire from the splendid colouring of his pencil such a vivid conception of the manners and pomp of the feudal ages, that we confound them, in our recollections, with the scenes which we ourselves have witnessed. The splendour of their tournaments, the magnificence of their dress, the glancing of their arms; their haughty manners, daring courage, and knightly courtesy; the shock of their battlesteeds, the splintering of their lances, the conflagration of their castles, are brought before our eyes in such vivid colours, that we are at once transported to the age of Richard and Saladin, of Bruce and Marmion, of Charles the Bold and Philip Augustus. Disdaining to flatter the passions, or pander to the ambition of the populace, he has done more than any man alive to elevate their character; to fill their minds with the noble sentiments which dignify alike the cottage and the palace; to exhibit the triumph of virtue in the humblest stations over all that the world calls great; and without ever indulging a sentiment which might turn them from the scenes of their real usefulness, bring home to every mind the “might that slumbers

in a peasant's arm.” Above all, he has uniformly, in all his varied and extensive productions, shown himself true to the cause of virtue. Amidst all the innumerable combinations of character, event, and dialogue, which he has formed, he has ever proved faithful to the polar star of duty; and alone, perhaps, of the great romance-writers of the world, has not left a line which on his death-bed he would wish recalled.

On such men France and England may well be proud; shining, as they already do, through the clouds and the passions of a fleeting existence, they are destined soon to illuminate the world with a purer lustre, and ascend to that elevated station in the higher heavens where the fixed stars shed a splendid and imperishable light. The writers whom party has elevated—the genius which vice has seduced, are destined to decline with the interests to which they were devoted, or the passions by which they were misled. The rise of new political struggles will consign to oblivion the vast talent which was engulphed in its contention; the accession of a more virtuous age bury in the dust the fancy which was enlisted in the cause of corruption; while these illustrious men, whose writings have struck root in the inmost recesses of the human heart, and been watered by the streams of imperishable feeling, will for ever continue to elevate and bless a grateful world.

To form a just conception of the importance of Chateaubriand's Genius of Christianity, we must recollect the period when it was published, the character of the works it was intended to combat, and the state of society in which it was destined to appear. For half a century before it appeared, the whole genius of France had been incessantly directed to undermine the principles of religion. The days of Pascal and Fenelon, of Saurin and Bourdaloue, of Bossuet and Massillon, had passed away; the splendid talent of the seventeenth century was no longer arrayed in the support of virtue—the supremacy of the church had ceased to be exerted to thunder in the ear of princes the awful truths of judgment to come. Borne away in the torrent of corruption, the church itself had yielded to the increasing vices of the age; its hierarchy had become involved in the passions they were destined to combat, and the cardinal's purple covered the shoulders of an associate in the midnight orgies of the Regent Orleans. Such was the audacity of vice, the recklessness of fashion, and the supineness of religion, that Madame Roland tells us, what astonished her in her youthful days was, that the heaven itself did not open, to rain down upon the guilty metropolis, as on the cities of the Jordan, a tempest of consuming fire.

While such was the profligacy of power and the audacity of crime, philosophic talent lent its aid to overwhelm the remaining safeguards of religious belief. The middle and the lower orders could not, indeed, participate in the luxurious vices of their wealthy superiors; but they could well be persuaded that the faith which permitted such enormities, the religion which was stained by such crimes, was a sys-

tem of hypocrisy and deceit. The passion for innovation, which more than any other feature characterized that period in France, invaded the precincts of religion as well as the bulwarks of the state—the throne and the altar; the restraints of this world and the next, as is ever the case, crumbled together. For half a century, all the genius of France had been incessantly directed to overturn the sanctity of Christianity; its corruptions were represented as its very essence; its abuses part of its necessary effects. Ridicule, ever more powerful than reason with a frivolous age, lent its aid to overturn the defenceless fabric; and for more than one generation, not one writer of note had appeared to maintain the hopeless cause. Voltaire and Diderot, D'Alembert and Raynal, Laplace and Lagrange, had lent the weight of their illustrious names, or the powers of their versatile minds, to carry on the war. The *Encyclopedie* was a vast battery of infidelity incessantly directed against Christianity; while the crowd of licentious novelists, with which the age abounded—Louvot, Crebillon, Lacroix, and a host of others—insinuated the poison, mixed up with the strongest allurements to the passions, and the most voluptuous seductions to the senses.

This inundation of infidelity was soon followed by sterner days; to the unrestrained indulgence of passion succeeded the unfettered march of crime. With the destruction of all the bonds which held society together; with the removal of all the restraints on vice or guilt, the fabric of civilization and religion speedily was dissolved. To the licentious orgies of the Regent Orleans succeeded the infernal furies of the Revolution: from the same Palais Royal from whence had sprung those fountains of courtly corruption, soon issued forth the fiery streams of democracy. Enveloped in this burning torrent, the institutions, the faith, the nobles, the throne, were destroyed; the worst instruments of the supreme justice, the passions and ambition of men, were suffered to work their unresisted way: and in a few years the religion of eighteen hundred years was abolished, its priests slain or exiled, its Sabbath abolished, its rites proscribed, its faith unknown. Infancy came into the world without a blessing, age left it without a hope; marriage no longer received a benediction, sickness was left without consolation; the village bell ceased to call the poor to their weekly day of sanctity and repose; the village churchyard to witness the weeping train of mourners attending their rude forefathers to their last home. The grass grew in the churches of every parish in France; the dead without a blessing were thrust into vast charnel-houses; marriage was contracted before a civil magistrate; and infancy, untaught to pronounce the name of God, longed only for the period when the passions and indulgencies of life were to commence.

It was in these disastrous days that Chateaubriand arose, and bent the force of his lofty mind to restore the fallen but imperishable faith of his fathers. In early youth, he was at first carried away by the fashionable infidelity of his times; and in his "*Essais Historiques*,"

which he published in 1792, in London, while the principles of virtue and natural religion are unceasingly maintained, he seems to have doubted whether the Christian religion was not crumbling with the institutions of society, and speculated what faith was to be established on its ruins. But misfortune, that great corrector of the vices of the world, soon changed these faulty views. In the days of exile and adversity, when, by the waters of Babylon, he sat down and wept, he reverted to the faith and the belief of his fathers, and inhaled in the school of adversity those noble maxims of devotion and duty which have ever since regulated his conduct in life. Undaunted, though alone, he placed himself on the ruins of the Christian faith; renewed, with Herculean strength, a contest which the talents and vices of half a century had to all appearance rendered hopeless; and, speaking to the hearts of men, now purified by suffering, and cleansed by the agonizing ordeal of revolution, scattered far and wide the seeds of a rational and a manly piety. Other writers have followed in the same noble career: Salvandy and Guizot have traced the beneficial effects of religion upon modern society, and drawn from the last results of revolutionary experience just and sublime conclusions as to the adaptation of Christianity to the wants of humanity; but it is the glory of Chateaubriand alone to have come forth the foremost in the fight; to have planted himself on the breach, when it was strewn only with the dead and the dying, and, strong in the consciousness of gigantic powers, stood undismayed against a nation in arms.

To be successful in the contest, it was indispensable that the weapons of warfare should be totally changed. When the ideas of men were set adrift by revolutionary changes, when the authority of ages was set at naught, and from centuries of experience appeals were made to weeks of innovation, it was in vain to refer to the great or the wise of former ages. Perceiving at once the immense change which had taken place in the world whom he addressed, Chateaubriand saw, that he must alter altogether the means by which they were to be influenced. Disregarding, therefore, entirely the weight of authority, laying aside almost every thing which had been advanced in support of religion by its professed disciples, he applied himself to accumulate the conclusions in its favour which arose from its internal beauty; from its beneficent effect upon society; from the changes it had wrought upon the civilization, the happiness, and destinies of mankind; from its analogy with the sublimest tenets of natural religion; from its unceasing progress, its indefinite extension, and undecaying youth. He observed, that it drew its support from such hidden recesses of the human heart, that it flourished most in periods of disaster and calamity; derived strength from the fountains of suffering, and, banished in all but form from the palaces of princes, spread its roots far and wide in the cottages of the poor. From the intensity of suffering produced by the Revolution, therefore, he conceived the hope, that the feelings of religion would ultimately resume their sway: when the waters

of bitterness were let loose, the consolations of devotion would again be felt to be indispensable; and the spirit of the gospel, banished during the sunshine of corrupt prosperity, return to the repentant human heart with the tears and the storms of adversity.

Proceeding on these just and sublime principles, this great author availed himself of every engine which fancy, experience, or poetry could suggest, to sway the hearts of his readers. He knew well that he was addressing an impassioned and volatile generation, upon whom reason would be thrown away, if not enforced with eloquence, and argument lost, if not clothed in the garb of fancy. To effect his purpose, therefore, of re-opening in the hearts of his readers the all but extinguished fountains of religious feeling, he summoned to his aid the whole aid which learning, or travelling, or poetry, or fancy, could supply; and scrupled not to employ his powers as a writer of romance, an historian, a descriptive traveller, and a poet, to forward the great work of Christian renovation. Of his object in doing this, he has himself given the following account.*

"There can be no doubt that the Genius of Christianity would have been a work entirely out of place in the age of Louis XIV.; and the critic who observed that Massillon would never have published such a book, spoke an undoubted truth. Most certainly the author would never have thought of writing such a work if there had not existed a host of poems, romances, and books of all sorts, where Christianity was exposed to every species of derision. But since these poems, romances, and books exist, and are in every one's hands, it becomes indispensable to extricate religion from the sarcasms of impiety; when it has been written on all sides that Christianity is '*barbarous, ridiculous, the eternal enemy of the arts and of genius*,' it is necessary to prove that it is neither barbarous, nor ridiculous, nor the enemy of arts or of genius; and that that which is made by the pen of ridicule to appear diminutive, ignoble, in bad taste, without either charms or tenderness, may be made to appear grand, noble, simple, impressive, and divine, in the hands of a man of religious feeling.

"If it is not permitted to defend religion on what may be called its *terrestrial side*, if no effort is to be made to prevent ridicule from attaching to its sublime institutions, there will always remain a weak and undefended quarter. There all the strokes at it will be aimed; there you will be caught without defence; from thence you will receive your death-wound. Is not that what has already arrived? Was it not by ridicule and pleasantry that Voltaire succeeded in shaking the foundations of faith? Will you attempt to answer by theological arguments, or the forms of the syllogism, licentious novels or irreligious epigrams? Will formal disquisitions ever prevent an infidel generation from being carried away by clever verses, or deterred from the altar by the fear of ridicule? Does not every one know that in

the French nation a happy bon-mot, impiety clothed in a felicitous expression, a *felix culpa* produce a greater effect than volumes of reasoning or metaphysics? Persuade young men that an honest man can be a Christian without being a fool; convince him that he is in error when he believes that none but capuchins and old women believe in religion, and your cause is gained; it will be time enough to complete the victory to present yourself armed with theological reasons, but what you must begin with is an inducement to read your book. What is most needed is a *popular* work on religion; those who have hitherto written on it have too often fallen into the error of the traveller who tries to get his companion at one ascent to the summit of a rugged mountain when he can hardly crawl at its foot—you must show him at every step varied and agreeable objects; allow him to stop to gather the flowers which are scattered along his path, and from one resting-place to another he will at length gain the summit.

"The author has not intended this work merely for scholars, priests, or doctors; what he wrote for was the *men of the world*, and what he aimed at chiefly were the considerations calculated to affect *their* minds. If you do not keep steadily in view that principle, if you forget for a moment the class of readers for whom the Genius of Christianity was intended, you will understand nothing of this work. It was intended to be read by the most incredulous man of letters, the most volatilyouth of pleasure, with the same facility as the first turns over a work of impiety, or the second devours a corrupting novel. Do you intend then, exclaim the well-meaning advocates for Christianity, to render religion a matter of fashion? Would to God, I reply, that that divine religion was really in fashion, in the sense that what is fashionable indicates the prevailing opinion of the world! Individual hypocrisy, indeed, might be increased by such a change, but public morality would unquestionably be a gainer. The rich would no longer make it a point of vanity to corrupt the poor, the master to pervert the mind of his domestic, the fathers of families to pour lessons of atheism into their children; the practice of piety would lead to a belief in its truths, and with the devotion we should see revive the manners and the virtues of the best ages of the world.

"Voltaire, when he attacked Christianity, knew mankind well enough not to seek to avail himself of what is called the *opinion of the world*, and with that view he employed his talents to bring impiety into fashion. He succeeded by rendering religion ridiculous in the eyes of a frivolous generation. It is this ridicule which the author of the Genius of Christianity has, beyond every thing, sought to efface; that was the object of his work. He may have failed in the execution, but the object surely was highly important. To consider Christianity in its relation with human society; to trace the changes which it has effected in the reason and the passions of man; to show how it has modified the genius of arts and of letters, moulded the spirit of modern nations; in a word, to unfold all the

* All the passages cited are translated by ourselves. There is an English version, we believe, but we have never seen it.

marvels which religion has wrought in the regions of poetry, morality, politics, history, and public charity, must always be esteemed a noble undertaking. As to its execution, he abandons himself, with submission, to the criticisms of those who appreciate the spirit of the design.

"Take, for example, a picture, professedly of an impious tendency, and place beside it another picture on the same subject from the Genius of Christianity, and I will venture to affirm that the latter picture, however feebly executed, will weaken the impression of the first, so powerful is the effect of simple truth when compared to the most brilliant sophisms. Voltaire has frequently turned the religious orders into ridicule; well, put beside one of his burlesque representations the chapter on the Missions, that where the order of the Hospitallers is depicted as succouring the travellers in the desert, or the monks relieving the sick in the hospitals, attending those dying of the plague in the lazarettos, or accompanying the criminal to the scaffold, what irony will not be disarmed—what malicious smile will not be converted into tears? Answer the reproaches made to the worship of the Christians for their ignorance, by appealing to the immense labours of the ecclesiastics who saved from destruction the manuscripts of antiquity. Reply to the accusations of bad taste and barbarity, by referring to the works of Bossuet and Fenelon. Oppose to the caricatures of saints and of angels, the sublime effects of Christianity on the dramatic part of poetry, on eloquence, and the fine arts, and say whether the impression of ridicule will long maintain its ground? Should the author have no other success than that of having displayed before the eyes of an infidel age a long series of religious pictures without exciting disgust, he would deem his labours not useless to the cause of humanity."—III. 263—266.

These observations appear to us as just as they are profound, and they are the reflections not merely of a sincere Christian, but a man practically acquainted with the state of the world. It is of the utmost importance, no doubt, that there should exist works on the Christian faith, in which the arguments of the skeptic should be combated, and to which the Christian disciple might refer with confidence for a refutation of the objections which have been urged against his religion. But great as is the merit of such productions, their beneficial effects are limited in their operation compared with those which are produced by such writings as we are considering. The hardened sceptic will never turn to a work on divinity for a solution of his paradoxes; and men of the world can never be persuaded to enter on serious arguments even on the most momentous subject of human belief. It is the *indifference*, not the skepticism of such men, which is chiefly to be dreaded: the danger to be apprehended is not that they will say there is no God, but that they will live altogether without God in the world. It has happened but too frequently that divines, in their zeal for the progress of Christianity among such men, have augmented the very evil they intended to

remove. They have addressed themselves in general to them as if they were combatants drawn out in a theological dispute; they have urged a mass of arguments which they were unable to refute, but which were too uninteresting to be even examined, and while they flattered themselves that they had effectually silenced their opponents' objections, those whom they addressed have silently passed by on the other side. It is, therefore, of incalculable importance that some writings should exist which should lead men *imperceptibly* into the ways of truth, which should insinuate themselves into the tastes, and blend themselves with the refinements of ordinary life, and perpetually recur to the cultivated mind with all that it admires, or loves, or venerates, in the world.

Nor let it be imagined that reflections such as these are not the appropriate theme of religious instruction—that they do not form the fit theme of Christian meditation. Whatever leads our minds habitually to the Author of the Universe;—whatever mingles the voice of nature with the revelation of the gospel;—whatever teaches us to see, in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of him, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being,"—brings us nearer to the spirit of the Saviour of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging a sincere devotion, that these reflections are favourable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, *peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature. When our Saviour prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judæa, to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amidst its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer communion with his Father, amidst the sublimest of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the Christian is permitted to enter the temple of nature; and by the spirit of his religion, there is a language infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshipper of former times. To all indeed the same objects appear—the same sun shines—the same heavens are open: but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the Author of these things; to see his spirit "move in the breeze and blossom in the spring," and to read, in the changes which occur in the material world, the varied expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity accordingly that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the Spirit of God moved on the face of the deep, that order and beauty was seen in the world.

It is accordingly peculiarly well worthy of observation, that the *beauty of nature*, as felt in modern times, seems to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. They described occasionally the scenes in which they dwelt; but, if we except Virgil, whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the gospel, never with any deep feeling of their beauty. Then, as now, the citadel of Athens looked upon the evening sun, and her temples flamed in his setting beam; but what Athenian writer ever

described the matchless glories of the scene? Then, as now, the silvery clouds of the Ægean sea rolled round her verdant isles, and sported in the azure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight? The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them; yet even Eustace tells us, that a few detached lines is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. The Alps themselves,

"The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolts of snow."

Even these, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a barrier from hostile nations, or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit, which to the Christian gives the sublimity of these scenes.

Chateaubriand divides his great work into four parts. The first treats of the doctrinal parts of religion: the second and the third, the relations of that religion with poetry, literature, and the arts. The fourth, the ceremonies of public worship, and the services rendered to mankind by the clergy, regular and secular. On the mysteries of faith he commences with these fine observations.

"There is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

"If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

"If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought also have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is

known, it excites no attention; but if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what a subject of meditation is presented to the traveller! Every thing is concealed, every thing is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

"It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare their mysteries to those of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they with the *sacrifice* which every where constitute the essence of the worship. God is the great secret of nature, the Deity was veiled in Egypt, and the Sphinx was seated at the entrance of his temples."—I. 13, 14.

On the three great sacraments of the Church, Baptism, Confession, and the Communion, he makes the following beautiful observations:—

"Baptism, the first of the sacraments which religion confers upon man, clothes him, in the words of the Apostle, with Jesus Christ. That sacrament reveals at once the corruption in which we were born, the agonizing pains which attended our birth, and the tribulations which follow us into the world; it tells us that our faults will descend upon our children, and that we are all jointly responsible; a terrible truth, which, if duly considered, would alone suffice to render the reign of virtue universal in the world.

"Behold the infant in the midst of the waters of the Jordan; the man of the wilderness pours the purifying stream on his head; the river of the Patriarchs, the camels on its banks, the Temple of Jerusalem, the cedars of Lebanon, seem to regard with interest the mighty spectacle. Behold in mortal life that infant near the sacred fountain; a family filled with thankfulness surround it; renounce in its name the sins of the world; bestow on it with joy the name of its grandfather, which seems thus to become immortal, in its perpetual renovation by the fruits of love from generation to generation. Even now the father is impatient to take his infant in his arms, to replace it in its mother's bosom, who listens behind the curtains to all the thrilling sounds of the sacred ceremony. The whole family surround the maternal bed; tears of joy, mingled with the transports of religion, fall from every eye; the new name of the infant, the old name of its ancestor, is repeated by every mouth, and every one mingling the recollections of the past with the joys of the present, thinks that he sees the venerable grandfather revive

in the new-born which has taken his name. Such is the domestic spectacle which throughout all the Christian world the sacrament of Baptism presents; but religion, ever mingling lessons of duty with scenes of joy, shows us the son of kings clothed in purple, renouncing the grandeur of the world, at the same fountain where the child of the poor in rags abjures the pomps by which he will in all probability never be tempted.

"Confession follows baptism; and the Church, with that wisdom which it alone possesses, fixed the era of its commencement at that period when first the idea of crime can enter the infant mind, that is at seven years of age. All men, including the philosophers, how different soever their opinions may be on other subjects, have regarded the sacrament of penitence as one of the strongest barriers against crime, and a chef-d'œuvre of wisdom. What innumerable restitutions and reparations, says Rousseau, has confession caused to be made in Catholic countries! According to Voltaire, 'Confession is an admirable invention, a bridle to crime, discovered in the most remote antiquity, for confession was recognised in the celebration of all the ancient mysteries. We have adopted and sanctified that wise custom, and its effects have always been found to be admirable in inclining hearts, ulcerated by hatred, to forgiveness.'

"But for that salutary institution, the guilty would give way to despair. In what bosom would he discharge the weight of his heart? In that of a friend—Who can trust the friendships of the world? Shall he take the deserts for a confidant? Alas! the deserts are ever filled to the ear of crime with those trumpets which the parricide Nero heard round the tomb of his mother. When men and nature are unpitiable, it is indeed consolatory to find a Deity inclined to pardon; but it belongs only to the Christian religion to have made twin sisters of Innocence and Repentance.

"In fine, the Communion presents instructive ceremony; it teaches morality, for we must be pure to approach it; it is the offering of the fruits of the earth to the Creator, and it recalls the sublime and touching history of the Son of Man. Blended with the recollection of Easter, and of the first covenant of God with man, the origin of the communion is lost in the obscurity of an infant world; it is related to our first ideas of religion and society, and recalls the pristine equality of the human race; in fine, it perpetuates the recollection of our primeval fall, of our redemption, and acceptance by God."—I. 30—46.

These and similar passages, not merely in this work, which professes to be of a popular cast, but in others of the highest class of Catholic divinity, suggest an idea which, the more we extend our reading, the more we shall find to be just, viz., that in the greater and purer writers on religion, of whatever church or age, the leading doctrines are nearly the same, and that the differences which divide their followers, and distract the world, are seldom, on any material or important points, to be met with in writers of a superior caste. Chateaubriand is a faithful, and in some re-

spects, perhaps, a bigoted, Catholic; yet there is hardly a word here, or in any other part of his writings on religion, to which a Christian in any country may not subscribe, and which is not calculated in all ages and places to forward the great work of the purification and improvement of the human heart. Travellers have often observed, that in a certain rank in all countries manners are the same; naturalists know, that at a certain elevation above the sea in all latitudes, we meet with the same vegetable productions; and philosophers have often remarked, that in the highest class of intellects, opinions on almost every subject in all ages and places are the same. A similar uniformity may be observed in the principles of the greatest writers of the world on religion: and while the inferior followers of their different tenets branch out into endless divisions, and indulge in sectarian rancour, in the more lofty regions of intellect the principles are substantially the same, and the objects of all identical. So small a proportion do all the disputed points in theology bear to the great objects of religion, love to God, charity to man, and the subjugation of human passion.

On the subject of marriage, and the reasons for its indissolubility, our author presents us with the following beautiful observations:—

"Habit and a long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls; the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world.

"What! on account of a fit of caprice, or a burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of passing my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No; we do not attach ourselves to a possession of which we are not secure; we do not love a property which we are in danger of losing.

"We must not give to Hymen the wings of Love, nor make of a sacred reality a fleeting phantom. One thing is alone sufficient to destroy your happiness in such transient unions; you will constantly compare one to the other, the wife you have lost to the one you have gained; and do not deceive yourself, the balance will always incline to the past, for so God has constructed the human heart. This distraction of a sentiment which should be indivisible will empoison all your joys. When you caress your new infant, you will think of the smiles of the one you have lost; when you press your wife to your bosom, your heart will tell you that she is not the first. Every thing in man tends to unity; he is no longer happy when he is divided, and, like God, who made him in his image, his soul seeks incessantly to concentrate into one point the past, the present, and the future.

"The wife of a Christian is not a simple

mortal: she is a mysterious angelic being: the flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood of her husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, does nothing but regain part of the substance which he has lost. His soul as well as his body are incomplete without his wife: he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labours the fields, but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is wanting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has his crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them: his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without woman man would be rude, gross, and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united: together they rear the fruits of their union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are reunited beyond the limits of the tomb."—I. 78, 79.

The extreme unction of the Catholic Church is described in these touching words:

"Come and behold the most moving spectacle which the world can exhibit—the death of the faithful. The dying Christian is no longer a man of this world; he belongs no farther to his country; all his relations with society have ceased. For him the calculations of time are closed, and the great era of eternity has commenced. A priest seated beside his bed pours the consolations of religion into his dying ear: the holy minister converses with the expiring penitent on the immortality of the soul; and that sublime scene which antiquity presented but once in the death of the greatest of her philosophers, is renewed every day at the couch where the humblest of the Christians expires.

"At length the supreme moment arrives: one sacrament has opened the gates of the world, another is about to close them; religion rocked the cradle of existence; its sweet strains and its maternal hand will lull it to sleep in the arms of death. It prepares the baptism of a second existence; but it is no longer with water, but oil, the emblem of celestial incorruption. The liberating sacrament dissolves, one by one, the chords which attach the faithful to this world: the soul, half escaped from its earthly prison, is almost visible to the senses, in the smile which plays around his lips. Already he hears the music of the seraphims; already he longs to fly to those regions, where hope divine, daughter of virtue and death, beckons him to approach. At length the angel of peace, descending from the heavens, touches with his golden sceptre his wearied eyelids, and closes them in delicious repose to the light. He dies: and so sweet has been his departure, that no one has heard his last sigh; and his friends, long after he is no more, preserve silence round his couch, still thinking that he slept; so like the sleep of infancy is the death of the just."—I. 69—71.

It is against pride, as every one knows, that the chief efforts of the Catholic Church

have always been directed, because they consider it as the source of all other crime. Whether this is a just view may, perhaps, be doubted, to the extent at least that they carry it; but there can be but one opinion as to the eloquence of the apology which Chateaubriand makes for this selection.

"In the virtues preferred by Christianity, we perceive the same knowledge of human nature. Before the coming of Christ, the soul of man was a chaos; but no sooner was the word heard, than all the elements arranged themselves in the moral world, as at the same divine inspiration they had produced the marvels of material creation. The virtues ascended like pure fires into the heavens; some, like brilliant suns, attracted the regards by their resplendent light; others, more modest, sought the shade, where nevertheless their lustre could not be concealed. From that moment an admirable balance was established between the forces and the weaknesses of existence. Religion directed its thunders against pride, the vice which is nourished by the virtues; it discovers it in the inmost recesses of the heart, and follows it out in all its metamorphoses; the sacraments in a holy legion march against it, while humility, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, its eyes downcast and bathed in tears, becomes one of the chief virtues of the faithful."—I. 74.

On the tendency of all the fables concerning creation to remount to one general and eternal truth, our author presents the following reflections:

"After this exposition of the dreams of philosophy, it may seem useless to speak of the fancy of the poets. Who does not know Deucalion and Pyrrha, the age of gold and of iron? What innumerable traditions are scattered through the earth! In India, an elephant sustains the globe; the sun in Peru has brought forth all the marvels of existence; in Canada, the Great Spirit is the father of the world; in Greenland, man has emerged from an egg; in fine, Scandinavia has beheld the birth of Askur and Emla; Odin has poured in the breath of life, Hœnerus reason, and Loedur blood and beauty.

'Askum et Emlam omni conatu destitutos Animam nec possidebant, rationem nec habebant Nec sanguinem, nec sermonem, nec faciem venustam, Animam dedit Odinus, rationem dedit Hœnerus, Loedur sanguinem addidit et faciem venustam.'

"In these various traditions, we find ourselves placed between the stories of children and the abstractions of philosophers; if we were obliged to choose, it were better to take the first.

"But to discover the original of the picture in the midst of so many copies, we must recur to that which, by its unity and the perfection of its parts, unfolds the genius of a master. It is that which we find in Genesis, the original of all those pictures which we see reproduced in so many different traditions. What can be at once more natural and more magnificent,—more easy to conceive, and more in unison with human reason, than the Creator descending amidst the night of ages to create light by a word? In an instant, the sun is seen suspended in the heavens, in the midst of an im

mense azure vault; with invisible bonds he envelopes the planets, and whirls them round his burning axle; the sea and the forests appear on the globe, and their earliest voices arise to announce to the universe that great marriage, of which God is the priest, the earth the nuptial couch, and the human race the posterity."—I. 97, 98.

On the appearance of age on the globe, and its first aspect when fresh from the hands of the Creator, the author presents an hypothesis more in unison with the imagination of a poet than the observations of a philosopher, on the gradual formation of all objects destined for a long endurance. He supposes that every thing was at once created as we now see it.

"It is probable that the Author of nature planted at once aged forests and their youthful progeny; that animals arose at the same time, some full of years, others buoyant with the vigour and adorned with the grace of youth. The oaks, while they pierced with their roots the fruitful earth, without doubt bore at once the old nests of rooks, and the young progeny of doves. At once grew a chrysalis and a butterfly; the insect bounded on the grass, suspended its golden egg in the forests, or trembled in the undulations of the air. The bee, which had not yet lived a morning, already counted the generations of flowers by its ambrosia—the sheep was not without its lamb, the doe without its fawns. The thickets already contained the nightingale, astonished at the melody of their first airs, as they poured forth the new-born effusion of their infant loves.

"Had the world not arisen at once young and old, the grand, the serious, the impressive, would have disappeared from nature; for all these sentiments depend for their very essence on ancient things. The marvels of existence would have been unknown. The ruined rock would not have hung over the abyss beneath; the woods would not have exhibited that splendid variety of trunks bending under the weight of years, of trees hanging over the bed of streams. The inspired thoughts, the venerated sounds, the magic voices, the sacred horror of the forests, would have vanished with the vaults which serve for their retreats; and the solitudes of earth and heaven would have remained naked and disenchanted in losing the columns of oaks which united them. On the first day when the ocean dashed against the shore, he bathed, be assured, sands bearing all the marks of the action of his waves for ages; cliffs strewn with the eggs of innumerable sea-fowl, and rugged capes which sustained against the waters the crumbling shores of the earth.

"Without that primeval age, there would have been neither pomp nor majesty in the work of the Most High; and, contrary to all our conceptions, nature in the innocence of man would have been less beautiful than it is now in the days of his corruption. An insipid childhood of plants, of animals, of elements, would have covered the earth, without the poetical feelings, which now constitute its principal charm. But God was not so feeble a designer of the grove of Eden as the incredulous would lead us to believe. Man, the sovereign of nature, was born at thirty years of age,

in order that his powers should correspond with the full-grown magnificence of his new empire,—while his consort, doubtless, had already passed her sixteenth spring, though yet in the slumber of nonentity, that she might be in harmony with the flowers, the birds, the innocence, the love, the beauty of the youthful part of the universe."—I. 137, 138.

In the rhythm of prose these are the colours of poetry, but still this was not to all appearance the order of creation; and here, as in many other instances, it will be found that the deductions of experience present conclusions more sublime than the most fervid imagination has been able to conceive. Every thing announces that the great works of nature are carried on by slow and insensible gradations; continents, the abode of millions, are formed by the confluence of innumerable rills; vegetation, commencing with the lichen and the moss, rises at length into the riches and magnificence of the forest. Patient analysis, philosophical discovery, have now taught us that it was by the same slow progress that the great work of creation was accomplished. The fossil remains of antediluvian ages have laid open the primeval works of nature; the long period which elapsed before the creation of man, the vegetables which then covered the earth, the animals which sported amidst its watery wastes, the life which first succeeded to chaos, all stand revealed. To the astonishment of mankind, the *order of creation*, unfolded in Genesis, is proved by the contents of the earth beneath every part of its surface to be precisely that which has actually been followed; the *days* of the Creator's workmanship turn out to be the days of the Most High, not of his uncreated subjects, and to correspond to ages of our ephemeral existence; and the great sabbath of the earth took place, not, as we imagined, when the sixth sun had set after the first morning had beamed, but when the sixth period had expired, devoted by Omnipotence to the mighty undertaking. God then rested from his labours, because the great changes of matter, and the successive production and annihilation of different kinds of animated existence, ceased; creation assumed a settled form, and laws came into operation destined for indefinite endurance. Chateaubriand said truly, that to man, when he first opened his eyes on paradise, nature appeared with all the majesty of age as well as all the freshness of youth; but it was not in a week, but during a series of ages, that the magnificent spectacle had been assembled; and for the undying delight of his progeny, in all future years, the powers of nature for countless time had been already exerted.

The fifth book of the *Génie de Christianisme* treats of the proofs of the existence of God, derived from the wonders of material nature—in other words, of the splendid subject of natural theology. On such a subject, the observations of a mind so stored with knowledge, and gifted with such powers of eloquence, may be expected to be something of extraordinary excellence. Though the part of his work, accordingly, which treats of this subject, is necessarily circumscribed, from the multitude of others with which it is overwhelmed, it is of

surpassing beauty, and superior in point of description to any thing which has been produced on the same subject by the genius of Britain.

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of the day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, 'There is no God!'

"Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what unconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent at noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendour is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

The instincts of animals, and their adaptation to the wants of their existence, have long furnished one of the most interesting subjects of study to the naturalist, and of meditation to the devout observer of creation. Chateaubriand has painted, with his usual descriptive powers, one of the most familiar of these examples—

"What ingenious springs move the feet of a bird? It is not by a contraction of muscles dependent on his will that he maintains himself firm upon a branch; his foot is constructed in such a way that when it is pressed in the centre, the toes close of their own accord upon the body which supports it. It results from this mechanism, that the talons of the bird grasp more or less firmly the object on which it has alighted, in proportion to the agitation, more or less violent, which it has received. Thus, when we see at the approach of night during winter the crows perched on the scathed summit of an aged oak, we suppose that, watchful and attentive, they maintain their place with pain during the rocking of the winds; and yet, heedless of danger, and mocking the tempest, the winds only bring them profounder slumber;—the blasts of the north attach them more firmly to the branch,

from whence we every instant expect to see them precipitated; and like the old seaman whose hammock is suspended to the roof of his vessel, the more he is tossed by the winds, the more profound is his repose."—I. 147, 148.

"Amidst the different instincts which the Sovereign of the universe has implanted in nature, one of the most wonderful is that which every year brings the fish of the pole to our temperate region. They come, without once mistaking their way, through the solitude of the ocean, to reach, on a fixed day, the stream where their hymen is to be celebrated. The spring prepares on our shores their nuptial pomp; it covers the willows with verdure, it spreads beds of moss in the waves to serve for curtains to its crystal couches. Hardly are these preparations completed when the enamelled legions appear; the animated navigators enliven our coasts; some spring aloft from the surface of the waters, others balance themselves on the waves, or diverge from a common centre like innumerable flashes of gold; these dart obliquely their shining bodies athwart the azure fluid, while they sleep in the rays of the sun, which penetrates beneath the dancing surface of the waves. All, sporting in the joys of existence, meander, return, wheel about, dash across, form in squadron, separate, and reunite; and the inhabitant of the seas, inspired by a breath of existence, pursues with bounding movements its mate, by the line of fire which is reflected from her in the stream."—I. 152, 153.

Chateaubriand's mind is full not only of the images but the sounds which attest the reign of animated nature. Equally familiar with those of the desert and of the cultivated plain, he has had his susceptibility alike open in both to the impressions which arise to a pious observer from their contemplation.

"There is a law in nature relative to the cries of animals, which has not been sufficiently observed, and deserves to be so. The different sounds of the inhabitants of the desert are calculated according to the grandeur or the sweetness of the scene where they arise and the hour of the day when they are heard. The roaring of the lion, loud, rough, and tremendous, is in unison with the desert scenes in which it is heard; while the lowing of the oxen diffuses a pleasing calm through our valleys. The goat has something trembling and savage in its cry, like the rocks and ravines from which it loves to suspend itself. The war-horse imitates the notes of the trumpet that animates him to the charge, and, as if he felt that he was not made for degrading employments, he is silent under the spur of the labourer, and neighs under the rein of the warrior. The night, by turns charming or sombre, is enlivened by the nightingale or saddened by the owl—the one sings for the zephyrs, the groves, the moon, the soul of lovers—the other for the winds, the forests, the darkness, and the dead. Finally, all the animals which live on others have a peculiar cry by which they may be distinguished by the creatures which are destined to be their prey."—I. 156.

The making of birds' nests is one of the

most common objects of observation. Listen to the reflections of genius and poetry on this beautiful subject.

"The admirable wisdom of Providence is nowhere more conspicuous than in the nests of birds. It is impossible to contemplate, without emotion, the Divine goodness which thus gives industry to the weak, and foresight to the thoughtless.

"No sooner have the trees put forth their leaves, than a thousand little workmen commence their labours. Some bring long pieces of straw into the hole of an old wall; others affix their edifice to the windows of a church; these steal a hair from the mane of a horse; those bear away, with wings trembling beneath its weight, the fragment of wool which a lamb has left entangled in the briers. A thousand palaces at once arise, and every palace is a nest; within every nest is soon to be seen a charming metamorphosis; first, a beautiful egg, then a little one covered with down. The little nestling soon feels his wings begin to grow; his mother teaches him to raise himself on his bed of repose. Soon he takes courage enough to approach the edge of the nest, and casts a first look on the works of nature. Terrified and enchanted at the sight, he precipitates himself amidst his brothers and sisters who have never as yet seen that spectacle; but recalled a second time from his couch, the young king of the air, who still has the crown of infancy on his head, ventures to contemplate the boundless heavens, the waving summit of the pine-trees, and the vast labyrinth of foliage which lies beneath his feet. And, at the moment that the forests are rejoicing at the sight of their new inmate, an aged bird, who feels himself abandoned by his wings, quietly rests beside a stream; there, resigned and solitary, he tranquilly awaits death, on the banks of the same river where he sung his first loves, and whose trees still bear his nest and his melodious offspring."—I. 158.

The subject of the migration of the feathered tribes furnishes this attentive observer of nature with many beautiful images. We have room only for the following extract:

"In the first ages of the world, it was by the flowering of plants, the fall of the leaves, the departure and the arrival of birds, that the labourers and the shepherds regulated their labours. Thence has sprung the art of divination among certain people; they imagined that the birds which were sure to precede certain changes of the season or atmosphere, could not but be inspired by the Deity. The ancient naturalists, and the poets, to whom we are indebted for the few remains of simplicity which still linger amongst us, show us how marvellous was that manner of counting by the changes of nature, and what a charm it spread over the whole of existence. God is a profound secret. Man, created in his image, is equally incomprehensible. It was therefore an ineffable harmony to see the periods of his existence regulated by measures of time as harmonious as himself.

"Beneath the tents of Jacob or of Boaz, the arrival of a bird put every thing in movement; the Patriarch made the circuit of the camp at

the head of his followers, armed with scythes. If the report was spread, that the young of the swallows had been seen wheeling about, the whole people joyfully commenced their harvest. These beautiful signs, while they directed the labours of the present, had the advantage of foretelling the vicissitudes of the approaching season. If the geese and swans arrived in abundance, it was known that the winter would be snow. Did the redbreast begin to build its nest in January, the shepherds hoped in April for the roses of May. The marriage of a virgin on the margin of a fountain, was represented by the first opening of the bud of the rose; and the death of the aged, who usually drop off in autumn, by the falling of leaves, or the maturity of the harvests. While the philosopher, abridging or elongating the year, extended the winter over the verdure of spring, the peasant felt no alarm that the astronomer, who came to him from heaven, would be wrong in his calculations. He knew that the nightingale would not take the season of hoar frost for that of flowers, or make the groves resound at the winter solstice with the songs of summer. Thus, the cares, the joys, the pleasures of the rural life were determined, not by the uncertain calendar of the learned, but the infallible signs of Him who traced his path to the sun. That sovereign regulator wished himself that the rites of his worship should be determined by the epochs fixed by his works; and in those days of innocence, according to the seasons and the labours they required, it was the voice of the zephyr or of the tempest, of the eagle or the dove, which called the worshipper to the temple of his Creator."—I. 171.

Let no one exclaim, what have these descriptions to do with the spirit of Christianity? Gray thought otherwise, when he wrote the sublime lines on visiting the Grande Chartreuse. Buchanan thought otherwise, when, in his exquisite Ode to May, he supposed the first zephyrs of spring to blow over the islands of the just. The work of Chateaubriand, it is to be recollected, is not merely an exposition of the doctrines, spirit, or precepts of Christianity; it is intended expressly to allure, by the charms which it exhibits, the man of the world, an unbelieving and volatile generation, to the feelings of devotion; it is meant to combine all that is delightful or lovely in the works of nature, with all that is sublime or elevating in the revelations of religion. In his eloquent pages, therefore, we find united the Natural Theology of Paley, the Contemplations of Taylor, and the Analogy of Butler; and if the theologians will look in vain for the weighty arguments by which the English divines have established the foundation of their faith, men of ordinary education will find even more to entrance and subdue their minds.

Among the proofs of the immortality of the soul, our author, with all others who have thought upon the subject, classes the obvious disproportion between the desires and capacity of the soul, and the limits of its acquisitions and enjoyments in this world. In the following passage this argument is placed in its just colours

"If it is impossible to deny, that the hope of man continues to the edge of the grave—if it be true, that the advantages of this world, so far from satisfying our wishes, tend only to augment the want which the soul experiences, and dig deeper the abyss which it contains within itself, we must conclude that there is something beyond the limits of time. 'Vincula hujus mundi,' says St. Augustin, 'asperitatem habent veram, jucunditatem falsam, certum dolorem, incertam voluptatem, durum laborem, timidam quietem, rem plenam miseriam, spem beatitudinis inanem.' Far from lamenting that the desire for felicity has been planted in this world, and its ultimate gratification only in another, let us discern in that only an additional proof of the goodness of God. Since sooner or later we must quit this world, Providence has placed beyond its limits a charm, which is felt as an attraction to diminish the terrors of the tomb; as a kind mother, when wishing to make her infant cross a barrier, places some agreeable object on the other side."—I. 210.

"Finally, there is another proof of the immortality of the soul, which has not been sufficiently insisted on, and that is the universal veneration of mankind for the tomb. There, by an invincible charm, life is attached to death, there the human race declares itself superior to the rest of creation, and proclaims aloud its lofty destinies. What animal regards its coffin, or disquiets itself about the ashes of its fathers? Which one has any regard for the bones of its father, or even knows its father, after the first necessities of infancy are passed? Whence comes then the all-powerful idea which we entertain of death? Do a few grains of dust merit so much consideration? No; without doubt we respect the bones of our fathers, because an inward voice tells us that all is not lost with them; and that is the voice which has everywhere consecrated the funeral service throughout the world; all are equally persuaded that the sleep is not eternal, even in the tomb, and that death itself is but a glorious transfiguration."—I. 217.

To the objection, that if the idea of God is innate, it must appear in children without any education, which is not generally the case, Chateaubriand replies:

"God being a spirit, and it being impossible that he should be understood but by a spirit, an infant, in whom the powers of thought are not as yet developed, cannot form a proper conception of the Supreme Being. We must not expect from the heart its noblest function, when the marvellous fabric is as yet in the hands of its Creator.

"Besides, there seems reason to believe that a child has, at least, a sort of instinct of its Creator; witness only its little reveries, its disquietudes, its fears in the night, its disposition to raise its eyes to heaven. An infant joins together its little hands and repeats after its mother a prayer to the good God. Why does that little angel lisp with so much love and purity the name of the Supreme Being, if it has no inward consciousness of its existence in its heart?

"Behold that new-born infant, which the

nurse still carries under her arms. What has it done to give so much joy to that old man, to that man in the prime of life, to that woman? Two or three syllables half-formed, which no one rightly understands, and instantly three reasonable creatures are transported with delight, from the grandfather, to whom all that life contains is known, to the young mother, to whom the greater part of it is as yet unrevealed. Who has put that power into the word of man? How does it happen that the sound of a human voice subjugates so instantaneously the human heart? What subjugates you is something allied to a mystery, which depends on causes more elevated than the interest, how strong soever, which you take in that infant: something tells you that these inarticulate words are the first openings of an immortal soul."—I. 224.

There is a subject on which human genius can hardly dare to touch, the future felicity of the just. Our author thus treats this delicate subject:

"The purest of sentiments in this world is admiration; but every earthly admiration is mingled with weakness, either in the object it admires, or in that admiring. Imagine, then, a perfect being, which perceives at once all that is, and has, and will be; suppose that soul exempt from envy and all the weaknesses of life, incorruptible, indefatigable, unalterable; conceive it contemplating without ceasing the Most High, discovering incessantly new perfections; feeling existence only from the renewed sentiment of that admiration; conceive God as the sovereign beauty, the universal principle of love; figure all the attachments of earth blending in that abyss of feeling, without ceasing to love the objects of affection on this earth; imagine, finally, that the inmate of heaven has the conviction that this felicity is never to end, and you will have an idea, feeble and imperfect indeed, of the felicity of the just. They are plunged in this abyss of delight, as in an ocean from which they cannot emerge: they wish nothing; they have every thing, though desiring nothing; an eternal youth, a felicity without end; a glory divine is expressed in their countenances; a sweet, noble, and majestic joy; it is a sublime feeling of truth and virtue which transports them; at every instant they experience the same rapture as a mother who regains a beloved child whom she believed lost; and that exquisite joy, too fleeting on earth, is there prolonged through the ages of eternity."—I. 241.

We intended to have gone through in this paper the whole *Genie de Christianisme*, and we have only concluded the first volume, so prolific of beauty are its pages. We make no apology for the length of the quotations, which have so much extended the limits of this article; any observations would be inexcusable which should abridge passages of such transcendent beauty.

"The *Itineraire de Paris à Jerusalem*," is an account of the author's journey in 1806, from Paris to Greece, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt and Carthage. This work is not so much a book of travels as memoirs of the feelings and impressions of the author during

a journey over the shores of the Mediterranean; the cradle, as Dr. Johnson observed, of all that dignifies and has blest human nature, of our laws, our religion, and our civilization. It may readily be anticipated that the observations of such a man, in such scenes, must contain much that is interesting and delightful: our readers may prepare themselves for a high gratification; it is seldom that they have such an intellectual feast laid before them. We have translated the passages, both because there is no English version with which we are acquainted of this work, and because the translations which usually appear of French authors are executed in so slovenly a style.

On his first night amidst the ruins of Sparta, our author gives the following interesting account:—

“After supper Joseph brought me my saddle, which usually served for my pillow. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and slept on the banks of the Eurotas under a laurel. The night was so clear and serene, that the milky way formed a resplendent arch, reflected in the waters of the river, and by the light of which I could read. I slept with my eyes turned towards the heavens, and with the constellation of the Swan of Leda directly above my head. Even at this distance of time I recollect the pleasure I experienced in sleeping thus in the woods of America, and still more in awakening in the middle of the night. I there heard the sound of the wind rustling through those profound solitudes, the cry of the stag and the deer, the fall of a distant cataract, while the fire at my feet, half-extinguished, reddened from below the foliage of the forest. I even experienced a pleasure from the voice of the Iroquois, when he uttered his cry in the midst of the untrodden woods, and by the light of the stars, amidst the silence of nature, proclaimed his unfettered freedom. Emotions such as these please at twenty years of age, because life is then so full of vigour that it suffices as it were for itself, and because there is something in early youth which incessantly urges towards the mysterious and the unknown; *ipsi sibi somnia fingunt*; but in a more mature age the mind reverts to more imperishable emotions; it inclines, most of all, to the recollections and the examples of history. I would still sleep willingly on the banks of the Eurotas and the Jordan, if the shades of the three hundred Spartans, or of the twelve sons of Jacob, were to visit my dreams; but I would no longer set out to visit lands which have never been explored by the plough. I now feel the desire for those old deserts which shroud the walls of Babylon or the legions of Pharsalia; fields of which the furrows are engraven on human thought, and where I may find man as I am, the blood, the tears, and the labours of man.”

—I. 86, 87.

From Laconia our author directed his steps by the isthmus of Corinth to Athens. Of his first feelings in the ancient cradle of taste and genius he gives the following beautiful description:—

“Overwhelmed with fatigue, I slept for some time without interruption, when I was at length awakened by the sound of Turkish music,

proceeding from the summits of the Propyleum. At the same moment a Mussulman priest from one of the mosques called the faithful to pray in the city of Minerva. I cannot describe what I felt at the sound; that Iman had no need to remind one of the lapse of time; his voice alone in these scenes announced the revolution of ages.

“This fluctuation in human affairs is the more remarkable from the contrast which it affords to the unchangeableness of nature. As if to insult the instability of human affairs, the animals and the birds experience no change in their empires, nor alterations in their habits. I saw, when sitting on the hill of the Muses, the storks form themselves into a wedge, and wing their flight towards the shores of Africa. For two thousand years they have made the same voyage—they have remained free and happy in the city of Solon, as in that of the chief of the black eunuchs. From the height of their nests, which the revolutions below have not been able to reach, they have seen the races of men disappear; while impious generations have arisen on the tombs of their religious parents, the young stork has never ceased to nourish its aged parent. Involuntarily fell into these reflections, for the stork is the friend of the traveller: ‘it knows the seasons of heaven.’ These birds were frequently my companions in the solitudes of America: I have often seen them perched on the wigwags of the savage; and when I saw them rise from another species of desert, from the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not avoid feeling a companion in the desolation of empires.

“The first thing which strikes a traveller in the monuments of Athens, is their lovely colour. In our climate, where the heavens are charged with smoke and rain, the whitest stone soon becomes tinged with black and green. It is not thus with the atmosphere of the city of Theseus. The clear sky and brilliant sun of Greece have shed over the marble of Paros and Pentelicus a golden hue, comparable only to the finest and most fleeting tints of autumn.

“Before I saw these splendid remains I had fallen into the ordinary error concerning them. I conceived they were perfect in their details, but that they wanted grandeur. But the first glance at the originals is sufficient to show that the genius of the architects has supplied in the magnitude of proportion what was wanting in size; and Athens is accordingly filled with stupendous edifices. The Athenians, a people far from rich, few in number, have succeeded in moving gigantic masses; the blocks of stone in the Pnyx and the Propyleum are literally quarters of rock. The slabs which stretch from pillar to pillar are of enormous dimensions: the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius are above sixty feet in height, and the walls of Athens, including those which stretched to the Piræus, extended over nine leagues, and were so broad that two chariots could drive on them abreast. The Romans never erected more extensive fortifications.

“By what strange fatality has it happened that the chefs d’œuvre of antiquity, which the moderns go so far to admire, have owed their

destruction chiefly to the moderns themselves? The Parthenon was entire in 1687; the Christians at first converted it into a church, and the Turks into a mosque. The Venetians, in the middle of the light of the seventeenth century, bombarded the Acropolis with red-hot shot; a shell fell on the Parthenon, pierced the roof, communicated to a few barrels of powder, and blew into the air great part of the edifice, which did less honour to the gods of antiquity than the genius of man. No sooner was the town captured, than Morosini, in the design of embellishing Venice with its spoils, took down the statues from the front of the Temple; and another modern has completed, from love for the arts, that which the Venetian had begun. The invention of fire-arms has been fatal to the monuments of antiquity. Had the barbarians been acquainted with the use of gunpowder, not a Greek or Roman edifice would have survived their invasion; they would have blown up even the Pyramids in the search for hidden treasures. One year of war in our times will destroy more than a century of combats among the ancients. Every thing among the moderns seems opposed to the perfection of art; their country, their manners, their dress; even their discoveries."—I. 136, 145.

These observations are perfectly well founded. No one can have visited the Grecian monuments on the shores of the Mediterranean, without perceiving that they were thoroughly masters of an element of grandeur, hitherto but little understood among the moderns, that arising from gigantic masses of stone. The feeling of sublimity which they produce is indescribable: it equals that of Gothic edifices of a thousand times the size. Every traveller must have felt this upon looking at the immense masses which rise in solitary magnificence on the plains at Stonehenge. The great block in the tomb of Agamemnon at Argos; those in the Cyclopean Walls of Volterra, and in the ruins of Agrigentum in Sicily, strike the beholder with a degree of astonishment bordering on awe. To have moved such enormous masses seems the work of a race of mortals superior in thought and power to this degenerate age; it is impossible, in visiting them, to avoid the feeling that you are beholding the work of giants. It is to this cause, we are persuaded, that the extraordinary impression produced by the pyramids, and all the works of the Cyclopean age in architecture, is to be ascribed; and as it is an element of sublimity within the reach of all who have considerable funds at their command, it is earnestly to be hoped that it will not be overlooked by our architects. Strange that so powerful an ingredient in the sublime should have been lost sight of in proportion to the ability of the age to produce it, and that the monuments raised in the infancy of the mechanical art, should still be those in which alone it is to be seen to perfection!

We willingly translate the description of the unrivalled scene viewed from the Acropolis by the same poetical hand; a description so glowing, and yet so true, that it almost recalls, after the lapse of years, the fading tints of the original on the memory

"To understand the view from the Acropolis you must figure to yourself all the plain at its foot; bare and clothed in a dusky heath, intersected here and there by woods of olives, squares of barley, and ridges of vines; you must conceive the heads of columns, and the ends of ancient ruins, emerging from the midst of that cultivation; Albanian women washing their clothes at the fountain or the scanty streams; peasants leading their asses, laden with provisions, into the modern city: those ruins so celebrated, those isles, those seas, whose names are engraven on the memory, illumined by a resplendent light. I have seen from the rock of the Acropolis the sun rise between the two summits of Mount Hymettus: the ravens, which nestle round the citadel, but never fly over its summit, floating in the air beneath, their glossy wings reflecting the rosy tints of the morning: columns of light smoke ascending from the villages on the sides of the neighbouring mountains marked the colonies of bees on the far-famed Hymettus; and the ruins of the Parthenon were illumined by the finest tints of pink and violet. The sculptures of Phidias, struck by a horizontal ray of gold, seemed to start from their marbled bed by the depth and mobility of their shadows: in the distance, the sea and the Piræus were resplendent with light, while on the verge of the western horizon, the citadel of Corinth, glittering in the rays of the rising sun, shone like a rock of purple and fire."—I. 149.

These are the colours of poetry; but beside this brilliant passage of French description, we willingly place the equally correct and still more thrilling lines of our own poet.

"Slow sinks moreauteous ere his race be run
Along Morea's hills the setting sun,
Not as in northern clime obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beams he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it flows;
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle,
The God of Gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine;
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven,
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep."

The columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius produced the same effects on the enthusiastic mind of Chateaubriand as they do on every traveller:—But he has added some reflections highly descriptive of the peculiar turn of his mind.

"At length we came to the great isolated columns placed in the quarter which is called the city of Adrian. On a portion of the architecture which unites two of the columns, is to be seen a piece of masonry, once the abode of a hermit. It is impossible to conceive how that building, which is still entire, could have been erected on the summit of one of these prodigious columns, whose height is above sixty feet. Thus this vast temple, at which the Athenians toiled for seven centuries, which all the kings of Asia laboured to finish, which Adrian, the ruler of the world, had first the glory to complete, has sunk under the hand of

time, and the cell of a hermit has remained undecayed on its ruins. A miserable cabin is borne aloft on two columns of marble, as if fortune had wished to exhibit, on that magnificent pedestal, a monument of its triumph and its caprice.

"These columns, though twenty feet higher than those of the Parthenon, are far from possessing their beauty. The degeneracy of taste is apparent in their construction; but isolated and dispersed as they are, on a naked and desert plain, their effect is imposing in the highest degree. I stopped at their feet to hear the wind whistle through the Corinthian foliage on their summits: like the solitary palms which rise here and there amidst the ruins of Alexandria. When the Turks are threatened by any calamity, they bring a lamb into this place, and constrain it to bleat, with its face turned to heaven. Being unable to find the voice of innocence among men, they have recourse to the new-born lamb to mitigate the anger of heaven."—I. 152, 153.

He followed the footsteps of Chandler along the Long Walls to the Piræus, and found that profound solitude in that once busy and animated scene, which is felt to be so impressive by every traveller.

"If Chandler was astonished at the solitude of the Piræus, I can safely assert that I was not less astonished than he. We had made the circuit of that desert shore; three harbours had met our eyes, and in all that space we had not seen a single vessel! The only spectacle to be seen was the ruins and the rocks on the shore—the only sounds that could be heard were the cry of the seafowl, and the murmur of the wave, which, breaking on the tomb of Themistocles, drew forth a perpetual sigh from the abode of eternal silence. Borne away by the sea, the ashes of the conqueror of Xerxes repose beneath the waves, side by side with the bones of the Persians. In vain I sought the Temple of Venus, the long gallery, and the symbolical statue which represented the Athenian people; the image of that implacable democracy was for ever fallen, beside the walls, where the exiled citizens came to implore a return to their country. Instead of those superb arsenals, of those Agoræ resounding with the voice of the sailors; of those edifices which rivalled the beauty of the city of Rhodes, I saw nothing but a ruined convent and a solitary magazine. A single Turkish sentinel is perpetually seated on the coast; months and years revolve without a bark presenting itself to his sight. Such is the deplorable state into which these ports, once so famous, have now fallen—Who have overturned so many monuments of gods and men? The hidden power which overthrows every thing, and is itself subject to the Unknown God whose altar St. Paul beheld at Phalera."—I. 157, 158.

The fruitful theme of the decay of Greece has called forth many of the finest apostrophes of our moralists and poets. On this subject Chateaubriand offers the following striking observations:—

"One would imagine that Greece itself announced, by its mourning, the misfortunes of

its children. In general, the country is uncultivated, the soil bare, rough, savage, of a brown and withered aspect. There are no rivers, properly so called, but little streams and torrents, which become dry in summer. No farm-houses are to be seen on the farms, no labourers, no chariots, no oxen, or horses of agriculture. Nothing can be figured so melancholy as to see the track of a modern wheel, where you can still trace in the worn parts of the rock the track of ancient wheels. Coast along that shore, bordered by a sea hardly more desolate—place on the summit of a rock a ruined tower, an abandoned convent—figure a minaret rising up in the midst of the solitude as a badge of slavery—a solitary flock feeding on a cape, surmounted by ruined columns—the turban of a Turk scaring the few goats which browse on the hills, and you will obtain a just idea of modern Greece.

"On the eve of leaving Greece, at the Cape of Sunium, I did not abandon myself alone to the romantic ideas which the beauty of the scene was fitted to inspire. I retraced in my mind the history of that country; I strove to discover in the ancient prosperity of Athens and Sparta the cause of their present misfortunes, and in their present situation the germ of future glory. The breaking of the sea, which insensibly increased against the rocks at the foot of the Cape, at length reminded me that the wind had risen, and that it was time to resume my voyage. We descended to the vessel, and found the sailors already prepared for our departure. We pushed out to sea, and the breeze, which blew fresh from the land, bore us rapidly towards Zea. As we receded from the shore, the columns of Sunium rose more beautiful above the waves: their pure white appeared well defined in the dark azure of the distant sky. We were already far from the Cape; but we still heard the murmur of the waves, which broke on the cliffs at its foot, the whistle of the winds through its solitary pillars, and the cry of the sea-birds which wheel round the stormy promontory: they were the last sounds which I heard on the shores of Greece."—I. 196.

"The Greeks did not excel less in the choice of the site of their edifices than in the forms and proportions. The greater part of the promontories of Peloponnesus, Attica, and Ionia, and the Islands of the Archipelago, are marked by temples, trophies, or tombs. These monuments, surrounded as they generally are with woods and rocks, beheld in all the changes of light and shadow, sometimes in the midst of clouds and lightning, sometimes by the light of the moon, sometimes gilded by the rising sun, sometimes flaming in his setting beams, throw an indescribable charm over the shores of Greece. The earth, thus decorated, resembles the old Cybele, who, crowned and seated on the shore, commanded her son Neptune to spread the waves beneath her feet.

"Christianity, to which we owe the sole architecture in unison with our manners, has also taught how to place our true monuments: our chapels, our abbeys, our monasteries, are dispersed on the summits of hills—not that the

choice of the site was always the work of the architect, but that an art which is in unison with the feelings of the people, seldom errs far in what is really beautiful. Observe, on the other hand, how wretchedly almost all our edifices copied from the antique are placed. Not one of the heights around Paris is ornamented with any of the splendid edifices with which the city is filled. The modern Greek edifices resemble the corrupted language which they speak at Sparta and Athens; it is in vain to maintain that it is the language of Homer and Plato; a mixture of uncouth words, and of foreign constructions, betrays at every instant the invasion of the barbarians.

"To the loveliest sunset in nature, succeeded a serene night. The firmament, reflected in the waves, seemed to sleep in the midst of the sea. The evening star, my faithful companion in my journey, was ready to sink beneath the horizon; its place could only be distinguished by the rays of light which it occasionally shed upon the water, like a dying taper in the distance. At intervals, the perfumed breeze from the islands which we passed entranced the senses, and agitated on the surface of the ocean the glassy image of the heavens."—I. 182, 183.

The appearance of morning in the sea of Marmora is described in not less glowing colours.

"At four in the morning we weighed anchor, and as the wind was fair, we found ourselves in less than an hour at the extremity of the waters of the river. The scene was worthy of being described. On the right, Aurora rose above the headlands of Asia; on the left, was extended the sea of Marmora; the heavens in the east were of a fiery red, which grew paler in proportion as the morning advanced; the morning star still shone in that empurpled light; and above it you could barely descry the pale circle of the moon. The picture changed while I still contemplated it; soon a blended glory of rays of rose and gold, diverging from a common centre, mounted to the zenith; these columns were effaced, revived, and effaced anew, until the sun rose above the horizon, and confounded all the lesser shades in one universal blaze of light."—I. 236.

His journey into the Holy Land awakened a new and not less interesting train of ideas, throughout the whole of which we recognise the peculiar features of M. de Chateaubriand's mind: a strong and poetical sense of the beauties of nature, a memory fraught with historical recollections; a deep sense of religion, illustrated, however, rather as it affects the imagination and the passions, than the judgment. It is a mere chimera to suppose that such aids are to be rejected by the friends of Christianity, or that truth may with safety discard the aid of fancy, either in subduing the passions or affecting the heart. On the contrary, every day's experience must convince us, that for one who can understand an argument, hundreds can enjoy a romance; and that truth, to affect multitudes, must condescend to wear the garb of fancy. It is no doubt of vast importance that works should exist in which the truths of religion are un-

folded with lucid precision, and its principles defined with the force of reason: but it is at least of equal moment, that others should be found in which the graces of eloquence and the fervour of enthusiasm form an attraction to those who are insensible to graver considerations; where the reader is tempted to follow a path which he finds only strewn with flowers, and he unconsciously inhales the breath of eternal life.

Così all'Egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soave licor gli orsi del vaso,
Suchi amari ingannato intanto ei beve,
E dal inganno sua vita riceve.

"On nearing the coast of Judea, the first visitors we received were three swallows. They were perhaps on their way from France, and pursuing their course to Syria. I was strongly tempted to ask them what news they brought from that paternal roof which I had so long quitted. I recollect that in years of infancy, I spent entire hours in watching with an indescribable pleasure the course of swallows in autumn, when assembling in crowds previous to their annual migration: a secret instinct told me that I too should be a traveller. They assembled in the end of autumn around a great fishpond; there, amidst a thousand evolutions and flights in air, they seemed to try their wings, and prepare for their long pilgrimage. Whence is it that of all the recollections in existence, we prefer those which are connected with our cradle? The illusions of self-love, the pleasures of youth, do not recur with the same charm to the memory; we find in them, on the contrary, frequent bitterness and pain; but the slightest circumstances revive in the heart the recollections of infancy, and always with a fresh charm. On the shores of the lakes in America, in an unknown desert, which was sublime only from the effect of solitude, a swallow has frequently recalled to my recollection the first years of my life; as here on the coast of Syria they recalled them in sight of an ancient land resounding with the traditions of history and the voice of ages.

"The air was so fresh and so balmy that all the passengers remained on deck during the night. At six in the morning I was awakened by a confused hum; I opened my eyes, and saw all the pilgrims crowding towards the prow of the vessel. I asked what it was? they all replied, 'Signor, il Carmelo.' I instantly rose from the plank on which I was stretched, and eagerly looked out for the sacred mountain. Every one strove to show it to me, but I could see nothing by reason of the dazzling of the sun, which now rose above the horizon. The moment had something in it that was august and impressive; all the pilgrims, with their chaplets in their hands, remained in silence, watching for the appearance of the Holy Land; the captain prayed aloud, and not a sound was to be heard but that prayer and the rush of the vessel, as it ploughed with a fair wind through the azure sea. From time to time the cry arose, from those in elevated parts of the vessel, that they saw Mount Carmel, and at length I myself perceived it like a round globe under the rays

of the sun. I then fell on my knees, after the manner of the Latin pilgrims. My first impression was not the kind of agitation which I experienced on approaching the coast of Greece, but the sight of the cradle of the Israelites, and of the country of Christ, filled me with awe and veneration. I was about to descend on the land of miracles—on the birth-place of the sublimest poetry that has ever appeared on earth—on the spot where, speaking only as it has affected human history, the most wonderful event has occurred which ever changed the destinies of the species. I was about to visit the scenes which had been seen before me by Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred the Brave, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Saint Louis, whose virtues even the infidels respected. How could an obscure pilgrim like myself dare to tread a soil ennobled by such recollections?"—I. 263—265.

Nothing is more striking in the whole work than the description of the Dead Sea, and the Valley of Jordan. He has contrived to bring the features of that extraordinary scene more completely before us than any of the numerous English travellers who have preceded or followed him on the same route.

"We quitted the convent at three in the afternoon, ascended the torrent of Cedron, and at length, crossing the ravine, rejoined our route to the east. An opening in the mountain gave us a passing view of Jerusalem. I hardly recognised the city; it seemed a mass of broken rocks; the sudden appearance of that city of desolation in the midst of the wilderness had something in it almost terrifying. She was, in truth, the Queen of the Desert.

"As we advanced, the aspect of the mountains continued constantly the same, that is, a powdery white—without shade, a tree, or even moss. At half past four, we descended from the lofty chain we had hitherto traversed, and wound along another of inferior elevation. At length we arrived at the last of the chain of heights, which close in on the west the Valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. The sun was nearly setting; we dismounted from our horses, and I lay down to contemplate at leisure the lake, the valley, and the river.

"When you speak in general of a valley, you conceive it either cultivated or uncultivated; if the former, it is filled with villages, corn-fields, vineyards, and flocks; if the latter, it presents grass or forests; if it is watered by a river, that river has windings, and the sinuosities or projecting points afford agreeable and varied landscapes. But here there is nothing of the kind. Conceive two long chains of mountains running parallel from north to south, without projections, without recesses, without vegetation. The ridge on the east, called the Mountains of Arabia, is the most elevated; viewed at the distance of eight or ten leagues, it resembles a vast wall, extremely similar to the Jura, as seen from the Lake of Geneva, from its form and azure tint. You can perceive neither summits nor the smallest peaks; only here and there slight inequalities, as if the hand of the painter who traced the long lines on the sky had occasionally trembled.

"The chain on the eastern side forms part of the mountains of Judea—less elevated and more uneven than the ridge on the west: it differs also in its character; it exhibits great masses of rock and sand, which occasionally present all the varieties of ruined fortifications, armed men, and floating banners. On the side of Arabia, on the other hand, black rocks, with perpendicular flanks, spread from afar their shadows over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird could not find in those crevices of rock a morsel of food; every thing announces a country which has fallen under the divine wrath; every thing inspires the horror at the incest from whence sprung Ammon and Moab.

"The valley which lies between these mountains resembles the bottom of a sea, from which the waves have long ago withdrawn: banks of gravel, a dried bottom—rocks covered with salt, deserts of moving sand—here and there stunted arbutus shrubs grow with difficulty on that arid soil; their leaves are covered with the salt which had nourished their roots, while their bark has the scent and taste of smoke. Instead of villages, nothing but the ruins of towers are to be seen. Through the midst of the valley flows a discoloured stream, which seems to drag its lazy course unwillingly towards the lake. Its course is not to be discerned by the water, but by the willows and shrubs which skirt its banks—the Arab conceals himself in these thickets to waylay and rob the pilgrim.

"Such are the places rendered famous by the maledictions of Heaven: that river is the Jordan: that lake is the Dead Sea. It appears with a serene surface; but the guilty cities which are embosomed in its waves have poisoned its waters. Its solitary abysses can sustain the life of no living thing; no vessel ever ploughed its bosom;—its shores are without trees, without birds, without verdure; its water, frightfully salt, is so heavy that the highest wind can hardly raise it.

"In travelling in Judea, an extreme feeling of ennui frequently seizes the mind, from the sterile and monotonous aspect of the objects which are presented to the eye: but when journeying on through these pathless deserts, the expanse seems to spread out to infinity before you, the ennui disappears, and a secret terror is experienced, which, far from lowering the soul, elevates and inflames the genius. These extraordinary scenes reveal the land desolated by miracles;—that burning sun, the impetuous eagle, the barren fig-tree; all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are there. Every name recalls a mystery; every grotto speaks of the life to come; every peak re-echoes the voice of a prophet. God himself has spoken on these shores: these dried-up torrents, these cleft rocks, these tombs rent asunder, attest his resistless hand: the desert appears mute with terror; and you feel that it has never ventured to break silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal."—I. 317.

"I employed two complete hours in wandering on the shores of the Dead Sea, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Bedouins, who pressed me to quit that dangerous region,

I was desirous of seeing the Jordan, at the place where it discharges itself into the lake; but the Arabs refused to lead me thither, because the river, at a league from its mouth, makes a detour to the left, and approaches the mountains of Arabia. It was necessary, therefore, to direct our steps towards the curve which was nearest us. We struck our tents, and travelled for an hour and a half with excessive difficulty, through a fine and silvery sand. We were moving towards a little wood of willows and tamarinds; which, to my great surprise, I perceived growing in the midst of the desert. All of a sudden the Bethlemites stopped, and pointed to something at the bottom of a ravine, which had not yet attracted my attention. Without being able to say what it was, I perceived a sort of sand rolling on through the fixed banks which surrounded it. I approached it, and saw a yellow stream which could hardly be distinguished from the sand of its two banks. It was deeply furrowed through the rocks, and with difficulty rolled on, a stream surcharged with sand: it was the Jordan.

"I had seen the great rivers of America, with the pleasure which is inspired by the magnificent works of nature. I had hailed the Tiber with ardour, and sought with the same interest the Eurotas and the Cephissus; but on none of these occasions did I experience the intense emotion which I felt on approaching the Jordan. Not only did that river recall the earliest antiquity, and a name rendered immortal in the finest poetry, but its banks were the theatre of the miracles of our religion. Judea is the only country which recalls at once the earliest recollections of man, and our first impressions of heaven; and thence arises a mixture of feeling in the mind, which no other part of the world can produce."—I. 327, 328.

The peculiar turn of his mind renders our author, in an especial manner, partial to the description of sad and solitary scenes. The following description of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is in his best style.

"The Valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages served as the burying-place to Jerusalem: you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from all the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley: the shadow of the Temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the Psalms which David there composed—the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the tomb. Jesus Christ commenced his Passion in the same place: that innocent David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, those tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is so full of mysteries, that, according to the Prophet Joel, all mankind will be assembled there before the Eternal Judge.

"The aspect of this celebrated valley is

desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of the city appear. The eastern is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue; on their desert side you see here and there some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the mountain of Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village from the ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous: those of Zachariah, Josaphat, and Absalom. The sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is to be heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen; the disorder of those tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half-exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the Valley of Jehoshaphat."—II. 34, 35.

Chateaubriand, after visiting with the devotion of a pilgrim the Holy Sepulchre, and all the scenes of our Saviour's sufferings, spent a day in examining the scenes of the Crusaders' triumphs, and comparing the descriptions in Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered with the places where the events which they recorded actually occurred. He found them in general so extremely exact, that it was difficult to avoid the conviction that the poet had been on the spot. He even fancied he discovered the scene of the Flight of Erminia, and the inimitable combat and death of Clorinda.

From the Holy Land, he sailed to Egypt; and we have the following graphic picture of the approach to that cradle of art and civilization.

"On the 20th October, at five in the morning, I perceived on the green and ruffled surface of the water a line of foam, and beyond it a pale and still ocean. The captain clapped me on the shoulder, and said in French, 'Nilo;' and soon we entered and glided through those celebrated waters. A few palm-trees and a minaret announce the situation of Rosetta, but the town itself is invisible. These shores resemble those of the coast of Florida; they are totally different from those of Italy or Greece, every thing recalls the tropical regions.

"At ten o'clock we at length discovered, beneath the palm-trees, a line of sand which extended westward to the promontory of Aboukir, before which we were obliged to pass before arriving opposite to Alexandria. At five in the evening, the shore suddenly changed its aspect. The palm-trees seemed planted in lines along the shore, like the elms along the roads in France. Nature appears to take a pleasure in thus recalling the ideas of

civilization in a country where that civilization first arose, and barbarity has now resumed its sway. It was eleven o'clock when we cast anchor before the city, and as it was some time before we could get ashore, I had full leisure to follow out the contemplation which the scene awakened.

"I saw on my right several vessels, and the castle, which stands on the site of the Tower of Pharos. On my left, the horizon seemed shut in by sand-hills, ruins, and obelisks; immediately in front, extended a long wall, with a few houses appearing above it; not a light was to be seen on shore, and not a sound came from the city. This, nevertheless, was Alexandria, the rival of Memphis and Thebes, which once contained three millions of inhabitants, which was the sanctuary of the Muses, and the abode of science amidst a benighted world. Here were heard the orgies of Antony and Cleopatra, and here was Cæsar received with more than regal splendour by the Queen of the East. But in vain I listened. A fatal talisman had plunged the people into a hopeless calm: that talisman is the despotism which extinguishes every joy, which stifles even the cry of suffering. And what sound could arise in a city of which at least a third is abandoned; another third of which is surrounded only by the tombs of its former inhabitants; and of which the third, which still survives between those dead extremities, is a species of breathing trunk, destitute of the force even to shake off its chains in the middle between ruins and the tomb?"—II. 163.

It is to be regretted that Chateaubriand did not visit Upper Egypt. His ardent and learned mind would have found ample room for eloquent declamation, amidst the gigantic ruins of Luxor, and the Sphinx avenues of Thebes. The inundation of the Nile, however, prevented him from seeing even the Pyramids nearer than Grand Cairo; and when on the verge of that interesting region, he was compelled unwillingly to retrace his steps to the French shores. After a tempestuous voyage, along the coast of Lybia, he cast anchor off the ruins of Carthage; and thus describes his feelings on surveying those venerable remains:

"From the summit of Byrsa, the eye embraces the ruins of Carthage, which are more considerable than are generally imagined; they resemble those of Sparta, having nothing well preserved, but embracing a considerable space. I saw them in the middle of February: the olives, the fig-trees, were already bursting into leaf: large bushes of angelica and acanthus formed tufts of verdure, amidst the remains of marble of every colour. In the distance, I cast my eyes over the Isthmus, the double sea, the distant isles, a cerulean sea, a smiling plain, and azure mountains. I saw forests, and vessels, and aqueducts; moorish villages, and Mahometan hermitages; glittering minarets, and the white buildings of Tunis. Surrounded with the most touching recollections, I thought alternately of Dido, Sophonisba, and the noble wife of Asdrubal; I contemplated the vast plains where the legions of Annibal, Scipio, and Cæsar were buried: My

eyes sought for the site of Utica. Alas! The remains of the palace of Tiberius still remain in the island of Capri, and you search in vain at Utica for the house of Cato. Finally, the terrible Vandals, the rapid Moors, passed before my recollection, which terminated at last on Saint Louis, expiring on that inhospitable shore. May the story of the death of that prince terminate this itinerary; fortunate to re-enter, as it were, into my country by the ancient monument of his virtues, and to close at the sepulchre of that King of holy memory my long pilgrimage to the tombs of illustrious men."—II. 257, 258.

"As long as his strength permitted, the dying monarch gave instructions to his son Philip; and when his voice failed him, he wrote with a faltering hand these precepts, which no Frenchman, worthy of the name, will ever be able to read without emotion. 'My son, the first thing which I enjoin you is to love God with all your heart; for without that no man can be saved. Beware of violating his laws; rather endure the worst torments, than sin against his commandments. Should he send you adversity, receive it with humility, and bless the hand which chastens you; and believe that you have well deserved it, and that it will turn to your weal. Should he try you with prosperity, thank him with humility of heart, and be not elated by his goodness. Do justice to every one, as well the poor as the rich. Be liberal, free, and courteous to your servants, and cause them to love as well as fear you. Should any controversy or tumult arise, sift it to the bottom, whether the result be favourable or unfavourable to your interests. Take care, in an especial manner, that your subjects live in peace and tranquillity under your reign. Respect and preserve their privileges, such as they have received them from their ancestors, and preserve them with care and love.—And now, I give you every blessing which a father can bestow on his child; praying the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that they may defend you from all adversities; and that we may again, after this mortal life is ended, be united before God, and adore his Majesty for ever!'—II. 264.

"The style of Chateaubriand," says Napoleon, "is not that of Racine, it is that of a prophet; he has received from nature the sacred flame; it breathes in all his works."* It is of no common man—*being a political opponent*—that Napoleon would have said these words. Chateaubriand had done nothing to gain favour with the French Emperor; on the contrary, he irritated him by throwing up his employment and leaving his country upon the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien. In truth, nothing is more remarkable amidst the selfishness of political apostasy in France, than the uniform consistence and disinterestedness of this great man's opinions. His principles, indeed, were not all the same at fifty as at twenty-five; we should be glad to know whose are, excepting those who are so obtuse as to derive no light from the extension of knowledge and the acquisitions of experience!

* Memoirs of Napoleon, iv. 342.

Change is so far from being despicable, that it is highly honourable in itself, and when it proceeds from the natural modification of the mind, from the progress of years, or the lessons of more extended experience. It becomes contemptible only when it arises on the suggestions of interest, or the desires of ambition. Now, Chateaubriand's changes of opinion have all been in opposition to his interest; and he has suffered at different periods of his life from his resistance to the mandates of authority, and his rejection of the calls of ambition. In early life, he was exiled from France, and shared in all the hardships of the emigrants, from his attachment to Royalist principles. At the earnest request of Napoleon, he accepted office under the Imperial Government, but he relinquished it, and again became an exile upon the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. The influence of his writings was so powerful in favour of the Bourbons, at the period of the Restoration, that Louis XVIII. truly said, they were worth more than an army. He followed the dethroned Monarch to Ghent, and contributed much, by his powerful genius, to consolidate the feeble elements of his power, after the fall of Napoleon. Called to the helm of affairs in 1824, he laboured to accommodate the temper of the monarchy to the increasing spirit of freedom in the country, and fell into disgrace with the Court, and was distrusted by the Royal Family, because he strove to introduce those popular modifications into the administration of affairs, which might have prevented the revolution of July; and finally, he has resisted all the efforts of the Citizen-King to engage his great talents in defence of the throne of the Barricades. True to his principles, he has exiled himself from France, to preserve his independence; and consecrated in a foreign land his illustrious name, to the defence of the child of misfortune.

Chateaubriand is not only an eloquent and beautiful writer, he is also a profound scholar, and an enlightened thinker. His knowledge of history and classical literature is equalled only by his intimate acquaintance with the early annals of the church, and the fathers of the Catholic faith; while in his speeches delivered in the Chamber of Peers since the restoration, will be found not only the most

eloquent but the most complete and satisfactory dissertations on the political state of France during that period, which is anywhere to be met with. It is a singular circumstance, that an author of such great and varied acquirements, who is universally allowed by all parties in France to be their greatest living writer, should be hardly known except by name to the great body of readers in this country.

His greatest work, that on which his fame will rest with posterity, is the "Genius of Christianity," from which such ample quotations have already been given. The next is the "Martyrs," a romance, in which he has introduced an exemplification of the principles of Christianity, in the early sufferings of the primitive church, and enriched the narrative by the splendid description of the scenery in Egypt, Greece, and Palestine, which he had visited during his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and all the stores of learning which a life spent in classical and ecclesiastical lore could accumulate. The last of his considerable publications is the "Etudes Historiques," a work eminently characteristic of that superiority in historical composition, which we have allowed to the French modern writers over their contemporaries in this country; and which, we fear, another generation, instructed when too late by the blood and the tears of a Revolution, will be alone able fully to appreciate. Its object is to trace the influence of Christianity from its first spread in the Roman empire to the rise of civilization in the Western world; a field in which he goes over the ground trod by Gibbon, and demonstrates the unbounded benefits derived from religion in all the institutions of modern times. In this noble undertaking he has been aided, with a still more philosophical mind, though inferior fire and eloquence, by Guizot; a writer, who, equally with his illustrious rival, is as yet unknown, save by report, in this country; but from whose joint labours is to be dated the spring of a pure and philosophical system of religious inquiry in France, and the commencement of that revival of manly devotion, in which the antidote, and the only antidote, to the fanaticism of infidelity is to be found.

NAPOLÉON.*

THE age of Napoleon is one, of the delineation of which history and biography will never be weary. Such is the variety of incidents which it exhibits—the splendid and heart-stirring events which it records—the immortal characters which it portrays—and the important consequences which have followed from it, that the interest felt in its delineation, so

far from diminishing, seems rather to increase with the lapse of time, and will continue through all succeeding ages, like the eras of Themistocles, Cæsar, and the Crusades, to form the noblest and most favourite subjects of historical description.

Numerous as have been the Memoirs which have issued from the French press during the last fifteen years, in relation to this eventful era, the public passion for information on it is still undiminished. Every new set of memoirs which is ushered into the world with an histo-

* *Memoires de la Duchesse D' Abrantes*, 2 vols. Colburn. London. The translations are executed by ourselves, as we have not seen the English version.

rical name, or any pretensions to authenticity, is eagerly read by all classes on the continent. English translations generally appear in due time, but they are, in general, so extremely ill executed, as to give no conception whatever of the spirit of the original; and as there is not one reader out of a hundred who can read French with such facility as to make it a matter of pleasure, the consequence is, that these delightful works are still but imperfectly known to the British public. Every person intimately acquainted with their composition, must have perceived in what an extremely unfavourable aspect they appear in our ordinary translations; and in the utter ignorance of the principles of revolution which pervades the great bulk of the best informed classes in this country, compared to what obtains on the other side of the Channel, is to be found the best evidence, that the great historical works which have recently appeared on the events of the last forty years in France, have had no share whatever in the formation of public opinion in this country.

The Duchess of Abrantes undertakes the work of Memoirs of her own Times with singular and almost peculiar advantages. Her mother, Madame Permon, a Corsican lady of high rank, was extremely intimate with the family of Napoleon. She rocked the future emperor on her knee from the day of his birth, and the intimacy of the families continued till he was removed to the command of the army of Italy, in April, 1796. The authoress herself, though then a child, recounts with admirable esprit, and all the air of truth, a number of early anecdotes of Napoleon; and after his return from Egypt she was married to Junot, then Governor of Paris, and subsequently admitted as an habitual guest in the court circle of the First Consul. In her Memoirs, we have thus a picture of the private and domestic life of Napoleon from his cradle to his grave; we trace him through all the gradations of the *Ecole Militaire*, the artillery service, the campaigns of Italy, the return from Egypt, the Consulate, and the Empire, and live with those who have filled the world with their renown, as we would do with our most intimate acquaintances and friends.

It has always struck us as a singular proof of the practical sagacity and just discrimination of character in Sir Walter Scott, that though his Life of Napoleon was published before the Memoirs of Bourienne, the view which he gives of Napoleon's character is substantially the same as that drawn by his confidential secretary, his school companion, and the depository of his inmost thoughts. This is very remarkable. The French are never weary of declaiming on the inaccuracies of the Scottish biographer, and declare that he wrote history in romance, and romance in history; but they have never been able to point out any serious or important error in his narrative. The true reproach against Sir Walter's work is of a different kind, and consists in this, not that he has incorrectly stated facts, but unjustly coloured opinions; that he has not done justice to any of the parties whose conflicts desolated France during the

revolution, and has written rather in the spirit of an English observer, than one participant in the feelings of the actors in those mighty events. There is but one way in which this defect can be avoided by a native of this country, and that is, by devoting himself for a long course of years to the study of the memoirs and historians of the Revolution, and by acquiring, by incessant converse with the writings, somewhat of the spirit which animates the people of the continent. The object to be attained by this, is not to imbibе their prejudices, or become infatuated by their errors, but to know and appreciate their ideas, and do that justice to passions directed against this country, which we willingly award to those excited in its favour.

The character of Napoleon has been drawn by his contemporaries with more graphic power than any other conqueror in history; and yet so varied and singular is the combination of qualities which it exhibits, and so much at variance with what we usually observe in human nature around us, that there is no man can say he has a clear perception of what it actually was. Brave, without being chivalrous; sometimes humane, seldom generous; insatiable in ambition; inexhaustible in resources; without a thirst for blood, but totally indifferent to it when his interests were concerned; without any fixed ideas on religion, but a strong perception of its necessity as a part of the mechanism of government; a great general with a small army, a mighty conqueror with a large one; gifted with extraordinary powers of perception, and the clearest insight into every subject connected with mankind; without extensive information derived from study; but the rarest aptitude for making himself master of every subject from actual observation; ardently devoted to glory, and yet incapable of the self-sacrifice which constitutes its highest honours; he exhibited a mixture of great and selfish qualities, such as perhaps never were before combined in any single individual. His greatest defect was the constant and systematic disregard of truth which pervaded all his thoughts. He was totally without the *droiture*, or honesty, which forms the best and most dignified feature in the Gothic or German character. The maxim, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, never seems to have crossed his mind. His intellect was the perfection of that of the Celt or Greek; without a shadow of the magnanimity and honesty which has ever characterized the Roman and Gothic races of mankind. Devoted as he was to the captivating idol of posthumous fame; deeming, as he did, that to live in the recollection and admiration of future ages "constituted the true immortality of the soul," he never seems to have been aware that truth is essential to the purest and most lasting celebrity; and that the veil which artifice or flattery draws over falsehood during the prevalence of power, will be borne away with a merciless hand on its termination.

In the Memoirs of Napoleon and of the Archduke Charles, the opposite character of their minds, and of the races to which they belonged, is singularly portrayed. Those of

the latter are written with a probity, an integrity, and an impartiality above all praise; he censures himself for his faults with a severity unknown to Cæsar or Frederick, and touches with a light hand on those glorious successes which justly gained for him the title of Saviour of Germany. Cautious, judicious, and reasonable, his arguments convince the understanding, but neither kindle the imagination nor inspire the fancy. In the Memoirs of Napoleon, on the other hand, dictated to Monthon and Gourgaud, there are to be seen in every page symptoms of the clearest and most forcible intellect; a *coup d'aile* over every subject of matchless vigour and reach; an ardent and vehement imagination; passions which have ripened under a southern sun, and conceptions which have shared in the luxuriant growth of tropical climates. Yet amidst all these varied excellencies, we often regret the simple *bonhomie* of the German narrative. We admire the clearness of the division, the lucid view of every subject, the graphic power of the pictures, and the forcible perspicuity of the language; but we have a total want of confidence in the veracity of the narrative. In every page we discover something suppressed or coloured, to magnify the importance of the writer in the estimation of those who study his work; and while we incessantly recur to it for striking political views, or consummate military criticism, we must consult works of far inferior celebrity for the smallest details in which his fame was personally concerned. We may trust him in speculations on the future destiny of nations, the march of revolutions, or the cause of military success; but we cannot rely on the numbers stated to have been engaged, or the killed and wounded in a single engagement.

The character of Napoleon has mainly rested, since the publication of his work, on Bourienne's Memoirs. The peculiar opportunities which he had of becoming acquainted with the inmost thoughts of the First Consul, and the ability and graphic powers of his narrative, have justly secured for it an immense reputation. It is probable that the private character and hidden motives of Napoleon will mainly rest with posterity on that celebrated work. Every day brings out something to support its veracity; and the concurring testimony of the most intelligent of the contemporary writers tends to show, that his narrative is, upon the whole, the most faithful that has yet been published. Still it is obvious that there is a secret rankling at the bottom of Bourienne's heart against his old schoolfellow. He could hardly be expected to forgive the extraordinary rise and matchless celebrity of one who had so long been his equal. He evinces the highest admiration for the Emperor, and, upon the whole, has probably done him justice; yet, upon particular points, a secret spleen is apparent; and though there seems no ground for discrediting most of his facts, yet we must not in every instance adopt implicitly the colouring in which he has painted them. It is quite plain that Bourienne was involved in some money transactions, in which Napoleon conceived that he made an improper use of the state secrets

which came to his knowledge, in his official situation of private secretary; and that to this cause his exile into honourable and lucrative banishment at Hamburgh is to be ascribed. Whether this banishment was justly or unjustly inflicted, is immaterial in considering the credit due to the narrative. If he was hardly dealt with, while our opinion of his individual integrity must rise, the weight of the feelings of exasperation with which he was animated must receive a proportional augmentation.

The Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes are well qualified to correct the bias, and supply the deficiencies of those of his private secretary. As a woman, she had no personal rivalry with Napoleon, and could not feel herself mortified by his transcendent success. As the wife of one of his favourite and most prosperous generals, she had no secret reasons of animosity against the author of her husband's elevation. Her intimate acquaintance also with Napoleon, from his very infancy, and before flattery or power had aggravated the faults of his character, renders her peculiarly well qualified to portray its original tendency. Many new lights, accordingly, have been thrown upon the eventful period of his reign, as well as his real character, by her Memoirs. His disposition appears in a more amiable light—his motives are of a higher kind, than from preceding accounts; and we rise from the perusal of her fascinating volumes with the impression, which the more extensively we study human nature we shall find to be the more correct, that men are generally more amiable at bottom than we should be inclined to imagine from their public conduct; that their faults are fully as much the result of the circumstances in which they are placed, as of any inherent depravity of disposition; and that dealing gently with those who are carried along on the stream of revolution, we should reserve the weight of our indignation for those who put the perilous torrent in motion.

But leaving these general speculations, it is time to lay before our readers a few extracts from these volumes themselves, and to communicate some portion of the pleasure which we have derived from their perusal. In doing so we shall adopt our usual plan of translating the passages ourselves; for it is impossible to convey the least idea of the original in the circumlocutions of the ordinary London versions.

Of the early youth of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire of Paris, with the management of which he was in the highest degree dissatisfied; we have the following interesting account:—

"When we got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had contained himself before his sister, broke out into the most violent invectives against the administration of such places as the Maison St. Cyr, for young ladies, and the Ecole Militaire for cadets. My uncle, who was extremely quick in his temper, at last got out of all patience at the tone of cutting bitterness which appeared in his language, and told him so without reserve. Napoleon was then silent, for enough of good breeding still remained to make youth respect the voice of those advanced

in years. But his heart was so full as to be almost bursting. Shortly after he led back the conversation to the subject, and at last his expressions became so offensive that my father said to him rudely, 'Be silent; it ill becomes you, who are educated at the expense of the King, to speak in that manner.'

"My mother has often since told me, she was afraid Napoleon would be suffocated at these words. In an instant he became pale and inarticulate. When he recovered his voice, he exclaimed in a voice trembling with emotion, 'I am not an élève of the King, but of the State.'

"A fine distinction, truly," replied my uncle. 'Whether you are an élève of the King, or of the State, is of no consequence; besides, is not the King the State? I desire that you will not speak in such terms of your benefactor in my presence.'

"I will do nothing to displease you, M. Comnene," replied the young man. 'Permit me only to add, that if *I was the master*, and had the power to alter these regulations, they should be very different, and for the good of the whole.'

"I have recounted that scene only to remark these words—*If I was the master*.' He has since become so, and all the world knows what he has done for the administration of the Ecole Militaire. I am convinced that he long entertained a painful sense of the humiliation he underwent at that establishment. At our arrival in Paris, he had been a year there, and that whole period was one of contradiction and disgust. He was not loved by his companions. Many persons who were acquainted with my father, declared to him that Napoleon's character was such as could not be rendered sociable. He was discontented with every thing, and expressed his censure aloud in such decided terms, as made him pass with these old worthies for a young firebrand. The result of this conduct was, that his removal into a regiment was unanimously demanded by every one at the school, and thus it advanced the period of his promotion. He obtained a sub-lieutenancy, which was stationed at Grenoble. Before his departure, he came to live some time with us: my sister was at a convent, but she came frequently home during the period of her vacation. I recollect that the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as joyous as young men generally are on such an occasion: but his boots gave a singularly ridiculous appearance to his figure: they were of such enormous dimensions, that his little thin legs quite disappeared within them. Everybody knows that nothing has so quick an eye for the ridiculous as childhood, so the moment that my sister and I saw him come into the room with these enormous boots, we burst out into immoderate fits of laughter. Then, as subsequently, he could not endure pleasantry, when he was its object: my sister, who was considerably older than I, answered, that as he had girded on his sword, he should consider himself as the Chevalier of Dames, and be highly flattered by their joking with him.

"It is easy to see," said Napoleon with a haughty air, 'that you are a little miss just let loose from school.'

"My sister was then thirteen years old: it may easily be imagined how such an expression hurt her. She was of a very gentle disposition,—but neither she nor any other woman, whatever her age or disposition may be, can bear a direct insult to her vanity—that of Cecile was keenly offended at the expression of little miss escaped from school.

"And you," said she, 'are nothing but a Puss in Boots.'

"Every one burst out a laughing: the stroke had told most effectually. I cannot describe the wrath of Napoleon; he answered nothing, and it was as well he did not. My mother thought the epithet so well applied, that she laughed with all her heart. Napoleon, though little accustomed at that time to the usage of the world, had a mind too fine, too strong an instinctive perception, not to see that it was necessary to be silent when his adversary was a woman, and personalities were dealt in: whatever her age was, she was entitled to respect. At least, such was *then* the code of politeness in those who dined at table. Now that utility and personal interest alone are the order of the day, the consumption of time in such pieces of politeness is complained of: and every one grudges the sacrifices necessary to carry into the world his little contingent of sociability.

"Bonaparte, though grievously piqued at the unfortunate epithet applied to him by my sister, affected to disregard it, and began to laugh like the rest; and to prove that he bore her no ill will on that account, he bought a little present, on which was engraved a Puss in Boots, running before the carriage of the Marquis of Carabus. This present cost him a good deal, which assorted ill with the straitened state of his finances. He added a beautiful edition of 'Puss in Boots,' for my sister, telling her that it was a *Souvenir* which he begged her to keep for his sake.

"The story-book," said my mother, 'is too much: if there had only been the engraving, it was all well; but the book for Cecile, shows you were piqued against her.'

"He gave his word to the contrary. But I still think with my mother, that he was piqued, and bitterly so: the whole story was of no small service to me at a future time, as will appear in the sequel to these memoirs."—I. 52, 53.

Several interesting anecdotes are preserved of the Reign of Terror, singularly characteristic of the horrors of that eventful period. The following picture is evidently drawn from the life:—

"On the following day, my brother Albert was obliged to remain a considerable time at home, to put in order the papers which my father had directed to be burnt. He went out at three o'clock to see us: he found on the road groups of men in a state of horrible and bloody drunkenness. Many were naked down to the waist; their arms, their breasts bathed in blood. At the end of their pikes, they bore fragments of clothes and bloody remnants: their looks were haggard; their eyes inflamed. As he advanced, these groups became more frequent and hideous. My brother, mortally alarmed as to our fate, and determined at all hazards

to rejoin us, pushed on his horse along the Boulevard where he then was, and arrived in front of the Palace Beaumarchais. There he was arrested by an immense crowd, composed of the same naked and bloody men, but with an expression of countenance altogether infernal. They set up hideous cries: they sung, they danced; the Saturnalia of Hell were before him. No sooner did they see the cabriolet of Albert, than they raised still louder yells: an aristocrat! an aristocrat! and in a moment the cabriolet was surrounded by a raging multitude, in the midst of which an object was elevated and presented to his view. Troubled as the sight of my brother was, he could distinguish long white hair, clotted with blood, and a face beautiful even in death. The figure is brought nearer, and its lips placed on his. The unhappy wretch set up a frightful cry. He knew the head: it was that of the Princess Lamballe.

"The coachman whipped the horse with all his strength; and the generous animal, with that aversion for blood which characterizes its race, rushed from that spectacle of horror with redoubled speed. The frightful trophy was overturned, with the cannibals who bore it, by the wheels of the carriage, and a thousand imprecations followed my brother, who lay stretched out insensible in the bottom of the cabriolet.

"Serious consequences resulted to my brother from that scene of horror. He was carried to a physician, where he was soon taken seriously ill of a burning fever. In his delirium, the frightful figure was ever present to his imagination. He never ceased, for days together, to see that livid head and those fair tresses bathed in blood. For years after, he could not recall the recollection of that horrible event without falling into a swoon, nor think of those days of woe without the most vivid emotion.

"A singular circumstance concluded this tale of horror. My brother, in 1802, when Commissary General of Police at Marseilles, received secret instructions to watch, with peculiar care, over a man named Raymonet, but whose real name was different. He lived in a small cottage on the banks of the sea; appeared in comfortable circumstances, but had no relation nor friend; he lived alone in his solitary cabin, and received every morning his provisions from an old woman, who brought them to his gate. The secret instructions of the police revealed the fact, that this person had been one of the principal assassins at the Abbaye and La Force, in September, 1792, and was in an especial manner noted as the most cruel of the assassins of the Princess Lamballe.

"One morning my brother received intelligence that this man was at the point of death; and, gracious God! what a death! For three days he had endured all the torments of hell. The accident which had befallen him was perfectly natural in its origin, but it had made him suffer the most excruciating pains. He was alone in his habitation; he was obliged to drag himself to the nearest surgeon to obtain assistance, but it was too late: an operation was impossible, and would not even have assuaged

the pains of the dying wretch. He refused alike religious succour and words of consolation. His deathbed was a chair of torture incomparably more agonizing than the martyrdom of a Christian. He died with blasphemies in his mouth, like the Reprobate in Dante's Inferno."—I. 95.

The French, who have gone through the Revolution, frequently complain that there are no descriptions given in any historical works which convey the least idea of the Reign of Terror; so infinitely did the reality of that dreadful period exceed all that description can convey of the terrible. There might, however, we are persuaded, be extracted from the contemporary Memoirs (for in no other quarter can the materials be found) a picture of that memorable era, which would exceed all that Shakspeare or Dante had figured of human atrocity, and take its place beside the plague in Thucydides, and the Annals of Tacitus, as a lasting beacon to the human race, of the unheard of horrors following in the train of democratic ascendancy.

One of the most curious parts of the Duchess's work is that which relates to the arrest of Napoleon after the fall of Robespierre, in consequence of the suspicions that attached to him, from his mission to Genoa with the brother of that tyrant. It appears, that whatever he may have become afterwards, Napoleon was at that period an ardent republican: not probably because the principles of democracy were suited to his inclinations, but because he found in the favour of that faction, then the ruling power in France, the only means of gratifying his ambition. Salicetti, one of the deputies from Corsica, occasioned his arrest after the fall of Robespierre, and he was actually a few days in custody. Subsequently, Salicetti himself was denounced by the Convention, and concealed in the house of Madame Permon, mother to the Duchess of Abrantes. The whole details which follow this event are highly interesting; and as they afford one of the few really generous traits of Napoleon's character, we willingly give them a place.

"The retreat of Salicetti in our house was admirably contrived. His little cabinet was so stuffed with cushions and tapestry, that the smallest sound could not be heard. No one could have imagined where he was concealed.

"On the following morning at eleven o'clock, Napoleon arrived. He was dressed in his usual costume; a gray great-coat buttoned up to the throat,—a black neckcloth,—round hat, which came down over the eyes. To say the truth, at that period no one was elegantly dressed, and the personal appearance of Napoleon did not appear so singular as it now does, upon looking back to the period. He had in his hand a bouquet of violets, which he presented to my mother. That piece of gallantry was so unusual in him, that we immediately began to laugh. "It appears," said he, "I am not *au fait* at my new duties of Cavaliere Servente." Then changing the subject, he added, "Well, Madame Permon, Salicetti has, in his turn, reaped the bitter fruits of arrest. They must be the more difficult to swallow, that he and his associates have planted the trees on which

they grow.' 'What!' said my mother, with an air of surprise, and making a sign to me at the same time to shut the door, 'is Salicetti arrested?' 'Do you not know,' replied Napoleon, 'that his arrest was yesterday decreed at the Assembly? I thought you knew it so well, that he was concealed in your house.' 'In my house!' replied my mother, with a well-feigned air of surprise; 'Napoleon, my dear child, you are mad! In my house! That implies that I have one, which unfortunately is not the case. My dear General, I beg you will not repeat such nonsense. What have I done to entitle you thus to sport with me as if I were deranged, for I can call it nothing else?'

"At these words Napoleon rose up; he crossed his arms, advanced immediately opposite to my mother, where he stood for some time without saying a word. My mother bore, without flinching, his piercing look, and did not so much as drop her eyelid under that eagle's eye. 'Madame Permon,' said he at length, 'Salicetti is concealed in your house: nay, do not interrupt me. I do not know it for certain, but I have no doubt of it, because yesterday at five o'clock he was seen on the Boulevard, coming in this direction, after he had received intelligence of the decree of the Assembly. He has no friend in this quarter who would risk life and liberty to save him but yourself; there can be no doubt, therefore, where he is concealed.'

"This long harangue gave my mother time to regain her assurance. 'What title could Salicetti have to demand an asylum from me? He knows that our sentiments are not the same. I was on the point of setting out, and had it not been for an accidental letter from my husband, I would have been now far advanced on my road to Gascony.'

"'What title had he to seek an asylum in your house?' replied Napoleon, 'that is the justest observation you have yet made, Madame Permon. To take refuge with a lonely woman, who might be compromised for a few hours of concealment to a proscribed culprit, is an act that no one else would be capable of. You are indeed his debtor; are you not, Mademoiselle Loulou?' said he, turning to me, who had hitherto remained silent in the window.

"I feigned to be engaged with flower-pots in a window, where there were several bushes of arbutus, and did not answer him. My mother, who understood my motive, said to me, 'General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear.' I then turned to him; the remains of my trouble might show him what had passed in the mind of a girl of fifteen, who was compelled, in spite of herself, to do an unpolite thing. He took my hand, pressed it between his two, and, turning to my mother, exclaimed, 'I ask your pardon; I have been in the wrong; your daughter has given me a lesson.' 'You give Laurette more merit than she really has,' replied my mother. 'She has not given you a lesson, because she does not know wherefore she should do so; but I will do so immediately, if you persist in believing a thing which has no foundation, but might do me irreparable mischief if it were spread abroad.'

"Bonaparte said, with a voice full of emotion, 'Madame Permon, you are an uncon-

monly generous woman, and that man is a wicked man. You could not have closed your door upon him, and he knew it; and yet you expose yourself and that child for such a man. Formerly I hated him; now I despise him. He has done me a great deal of harm; yes, he has done me a great deal of harm, and you know it. He has had the malice to take advantage of his momentary ascendancy to strive to sink me below the water. He has accused me of crimes; for what crime can be so great as to be a traitor to your country? Salicetti conducted himself in that affair of Loano, and my arrest, like a miserable wretch. Junot was going to have killed him, if I had not prevented him. That young man, full of fire and friendship for me, was anxious to have fought him in single combat; he declared that if he would not fight, he would have thrown him over the window. Now he is proscribed; Salicetti, in his turn, can now appreciate the full extent of what it is to have one's destiny shattered, ruined by an accusation.'

"'Napoleon,' said my mother, stretching out her hand to him, 'Salicetti is not here. I swear he is not. And must I tell you all?' 'Tell it; tell it,' said he, with extreme impatience. 'Well, Salicetti was here yesterday at six o'clock, but he went out at half-past eight. I convinced him of the impossibility of his remaining concealed in furnished lodgings. He admitted it, and went away.'

"While my mother spoke, the eyes of Napoleon continued fixed upon her with an eagerness of which it is impossible to convey an idea. Immediately after, he moved aside, and walked rapidly through the chamber. 'I was right, then, after all,' he exclaimed. 'He had then the cowardice to say to a generous woman, Give your life for me. But did he who thus contrived to interest you in his fate, tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Did he wash his hands before he touched yours to implore mercy?'

"'Napoleon, Napoleon!' exclaimed my mother in Italian, and with great emotion, 'this is too much. Be silent, or I must be gone. If they have murdered this man after he left me, at least it is no fault of mine.' Napoleon at this time was not less moved. He sought about everywhere like a hound after its prey. He constantly listened to hear him, but could make out nothing. My mother was in despair. Salicetti heard every thing. A single plank separated him from us; and I, in my inexperience, trembled lest he should issue from his retreat and betray us all. At length, after a fruitless search of two hours, he rose and went away. It was full time; my mother was worn out with mortal disquietude. 'A thousand thanks,' said he, as he left the room; 'and above all, Madame Permon, forgive me. But if you had ever been injured as I have been by that man! Adieu!'—I. 147, 148.

A few days after, Madame Permon set out for Gascony, with Salicetti, disguised as a footman, seated behind the carriage. Hardly had they arrived at the first post, when a man arrived on horseback, with a letter for Madame Permon. They were all in despair, conceiving they were discovered, but upon opening it

their apprehensions were dispelled; it was from Bonaparte, who had received certain intelligence from his servant that Salicetti, his mortal enemy, was in the carriage with her, and had been concealed in her house. He had learned it from his servant, who became acquainted with it from Madame Permon's maid, who, though faithful to misfortune, could not conceal the secret from love. It was in the following terms:—

"I never wished to pass for a hypocrite. I would be so, if I did not declare that for more than twenty days I have known for certain that Salicetti was concealed in your house. Recollect my words on the 1st Prairial; I was then almost sure of it, now I know it beyond a doubt. Salicetti, you see I could repay you the injury you have done me; in doing so, I should only have requited the evil which you did to me, whilst you gratuitously injured one who had never offended you. Which is the nobler part at this moment—yours or mine? I have it in my power to revenge myself, but I will not do it.—Perhaps you will say that your benefactress serves as your shield, and I own that that consideration is powerful. But though you were alone, unarmed, and proscribed, your head would be safe from my hands. Go—seek in peace an asylum where you may become animated with nobler sentiments towards your country. My mouth is closed on your name, and will never open more on that subject. Repent, and appreciate my motives. I deserve it, for they are noble and generous.—Madame Permon—My warmest wishes attend you and your daughter. You are two helpless beings, without defence. May Providence and the prayers of a friend be ever with you! Be prudent, and do not stop in the great towns. Adieu! receive my kindest regards.—N. BONAPARTE."—I. 160.

We regard this letter and the previous transaction to which it refers, if it shall be deemed by those intimately acquainted with the parties as perfectly authentic, as by far the most important trait in the character of Napoleon during his early life which has yet appeared. It demonstrates that at that period at least his heart was accessible to generous sentiments, and that he was capable of performing a noble action. Admitting that he was, in a great degree, swayed in this proceeding by his regard for Madame Permon, who appears to have been a woman of great attractions, and for whom, as we shall presently see, he conceived warmer feelings than those of mere friendship, still it is not an ordinary character, and still less not an ordinary Italian character, which, from such motives, would forego the fiendish luxury of revenge. This trait, therefore, demonstrates that Napoleon's character originally was not destitute of generosity; and the more charitable, and probably the more just, inference is, that the selfishness and egotism by which he was afterwards so strongly characterized, arose from that uninterrupted and extraordinary flow of prosperity which befell him, and which experience everywhere proves is more fatal to generosity or interest in others than any thing else in the course of man here below.

On the voyage along the charming banks of the Garonne from Bordeaux to Toulouse, our authoress gives the following just and interesting account:—

"That mind must be really disquieted or in suffering, which does not derive the highest pleasure from the voyage by water from Bordeaux to Toulouse. I have seen since the shores of the Arno, those of the Po, the Tagus, and the Brenta; I have seen the Arno in its thundering cascade, and in its placid waters; all traverse fertile plains, and exhibit ravishing points of view: but none of them recall the magical illusion of the voyage from Bordeaux to Toulouse. Marmande, Agen, Langon, La Reole,—all those towns whose names are associated with our most interesting recollections, are there associated with natural scenery prodigal of beauty, and illuminated by a resplendent sun and a pure atmosphere. I can conceive nothing more beautiful than those enchanted banks from Reole to Agen. Groups of trees, Gothic towers, old castles, venerable steeples, which then, alas! no longer called the Catholics to prayer. Alas! at that time, even the bells were absent,—they no longer called the faithful to the house of God. Every thing was sad and deserted around that antique porch. The grass was growing between the stones of the tombs in the nave; and the shepherd was afar off, preaching the word of God in distant lands, while his flock, deprived of the Bread of Life, beheld their infants springing up around them, without any more religious instruction than the savages of the desert."—I. 166.

The fact here mentioned of the total want of religious instruction 'in the people of the country in France, is by far the most serious consequence which has followed the tempests of the Revolution. The thread of religious instruction from parent to child, has, for the first time since the introduction of Christianity in the western world, been broken over nearly a whole nation. A whole generation has not only been born, but educated and bred up to manhood, without any other religious impressions than what they received from the traditions of their parents. Lavalette has recorded, that during the campaigns of Napoleon in Italy, the soldiers never once entered a church, and looked upon the ceremonies of the Catholics in the same way as they would have done on the superstition of Hindostan or Mexico. So utterly ignorant were they of the elements even of religious knowledge, that when they crossed from Egypt into Syria, they knew not that they were near the places celebrated in Holy Writ; they drank without consciousness at the fountains of Moses, wound without emotion round the foot of Mount Sinai, and quartered at Bethlehem and on Mount Carmel, ignorant alike of the cradle of Christianity, or of the glorious efforts of their ancestors in those scenes to regain possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

What the ultimate consequences of this universal and unparalleled break in religious instruction must be, it is not difficult to foretell. The restoration of the Christian worship by Napoleon, the efforts of the Bourbons during

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fifteen years to restore its sway, have proved in a great degree nugatory: Christianity, re-appearing in the garb of political power, has lost its original and destined hold of the people; it is regarded by all the ardent and impetuous part of the nation, as a mere collection of antiquated prejudices or nursery tales, adopted by government for political purposes, and fitted only to enslave and fetter the human mind. The consequence has been, an universal emancipation of the nation, in towns at least, from the fetters of religion,—a dissolution of manners pervading the middling and lower orders to a degree unparalleled in modern Europe,—and an universal inclination in the higher to adopt selfish maxims in life, and act upon the principles of individual interest and elevation. This is the great feature of modern society in France,—the distinguishing characteristic which is alike deplored by their writers, and observed by the strangers who visit their country. They are fast descending into the selfishness and egotism which, in ancient times, were the invariable forerunners of political decline. This character has become incapable of sustaining genuine freedom; from the fountains of selfishness its noble streams never yet flowed. The tempests of democracy will for a time agitate France, because the people will long strive to shake off the restraints of government and religion, in order that no fetters may be imposed on their passions; when they have discovered, as they will soon do, that this leads only to universal suffering, they will sink down quietly and for ever under the shadow of despotism. And this will be the consequence and the punishment of their abandonment of that which constitutes the sole basis of lasting or general freedom—the Christian religion and private virtue.

One of the convulsions attended with the least suffering in the whole course of the Revolution, was the 13th Vendémiaire, 1795, when Napoleon, at the head of the troops of the Convention, 5000 strong, defeated 40,000 of the National Guard of Paris, on the very ground at the Tuileries, which was rendered famous, thirty-five years after, by the overthrow of Charles X. and the dynasty of the Bourbons. The following description, however, conveys a lively picture of what civil war is, even in its least horrible forms.

"During some hours, we flattered ourselves that matters would be arranged between the National Guards and the Convention; but suddenly at half-past four the cannon began to discharge. Hardly was the first report heard, when the reply began on all sides. The effect was immediate and terrible on my poor father; he uttered a piercing cry, and calling for succour, was soon seized with a violent delirium. In vain we gave him the soothing draughts which had been prescribed by M. Duchesnois. All the terrific scenes of the Revolution passed before his eyes, and every new discharge which was heard pierced him to the heart. What a day! what a night! Our windows were broken to pieces; towards the evening the section retired, and they fought under our eyes; but when they came to the

church of St. Roch, and the theatre of the Republic, it seemed as if the house would fall to pieces.

"My father was in agony; he cried, he wept. Never shall I forget the horrors of that terrible time. Our terrors rose to the highest pitch, when we heard that barricades were erected in the Rue de la Loi. Every hour of that dreadful night was to me like the hour of the damned, of which Father Bridagne speaks *Toujours jamais*. I loved my father with the sincerest affection, and I adored my mother. I saw the one dying with the discharges of cannon, which resounded in his ears, while the other, stretched at the foot of that bed of death, seemed ready to follow him. There are some recollections which are eternal; never will the remembrance of that dreadful night, and of those two days, be effaced from my memory; they are engraven on my mind with a burning iron."—I. p. 190.

Salicetti fell ill in their house, from anxiety on account of the fate of Rome and his accomplices, who were brought to trial for a conspiracy to restore the Reign of Terror. The picture she gives of his state of mind when on the bed of sickness, is finely descriptive of the whirl of agony which infidelity and democracy produce.

"We had soon a new torment to undergo; Salicetti fell ill. Nothing can equal the horrors of his situation; he was in a high fever, and delirious; but what he said, what he saw, exceeds any thing that can be conceived. I have read many romances which portrayed a similar situation. Alas! how their description falls short of the truth! Never have I read any thing which approached it—Salicetti had no religion; that added to the horrors of these dreadful scenes. He did not utter complaints; blasphemies were eternally poured forth. The death of Rome and his friends produced the most terrible effect on his mind; their tragic fate was incessantly present to his thoughts. One, in particular, seemed never to quit his bedside; he spoke to him, he listened, he answered; the dialogues between them, for he answered for his dead friend, were enough to turn our brains. Sometimes he fancied himself in a chamber red with blood. But what caused me more terror than all the rest, was the low and modulated tone of his voice during his delirium; it would appear that terror had mastered all his other faculties, even the acutest sufferings. No words can convey an idea of the horror inspired by that pale and extenuated man, uttering, on a bed of death, blasphemies and anathemas in a voice modulated and subdued by terror. I am at a loss to convey the impression of what I felt, for, though so vividly engraven on my memory, I know not how to give it a name."—I. p. 156.

It is well sometimes to follow the irreligious and the Jacobins to their latter end. How desperately do these men of blood then quail under the prospect of the calamities they have inflicted on others; how terribly does the evil they have committed return on their own heads; how infinitely does the scene drawn from the life, exceed all that the imagination of Dante could conceive of the terrible!

It is well known what a dreadful famine prevailed in Paris for some time after the suppression of the revolt of the 13th Vendemiaire. Our authoress supplies us with several anecdotes, highly characteristic of the period, and which place Bonaparte's character in a very favourable light.

"At that period famine prevailed in Paris, with more severity than anywhere else in France; the people were literally suffering under want of bread; the other necessities of life were not less deficient. What an epoch! Great God! the misery was frightful—the depreciation of the assignats went on augmenting with the public suffering—the poor, totally without work, died in their hovels, or issuing forth in desperation, joined the robbers, who infested all the roads in the country.

"Bonaparte was then of great service to us. We had white bread for our own consumption; but our servants had only the black bread of the Sections, which was unwholesome and hardly eatable. Bonaparte sent us every day some rolls for breakfast, which he came to eat with us with the greatest satisfaction. At that period, I can affirm with confidence, since he associated me in his acts of beneficence, that Napoleon saved the lives of above a hundred families. He made domiciliary distributions of bread and wood, which his situation as military commander enabled him to do. I was intrusted with the division of these gifts among ten families, who were dying of famine. The greater part of them lodged in the Rue St. Nicholas, close to our house. That street was inhabited at that time by the poorest class. No one who has not ascended one of its crowded stairs, has an idea of what real misery is.

"One day Bonaparte, coming to dine at my mother's, was stopped in alighting from his carriage by a woman, who bore the dead body of an infant in her arms. It was the youngest of six children. Misery and famine had dried up her milk. Her little child had just died—it was not yet cold. Seeing every day an officer with a splendid uniform alight at our house, she came to beg bread from him, 'in order,' as she expressed it, 'that her other infants should not share the fate of the youngest—and if I get nothing, I will take the whole five, and we will throw ourselves together into the river.'

"This was no vain threat on the part of that unhappy woman, for at that period suicides succeeded each other every day. Nothing was talked of but the tragic end of some family. Bonaparte entered the room with the expression of melancholy, which did not leave him during the whole of dinner. He had at the moment given a few assignats to that unhappy woman; but after we rose from table, he begged my mother to make some inquiries concerning her. She did so, and found that her story was all true, and that she was of good character. Napoleon paid her the wages due to her deceased husband by the government, and got for her a small pension. She succeeded in bringing up her children, who ever after retained the most lively sense of

gratitude towards 'the General,' as they called their benefactor."—I. 195.

The Duchess gives a striking picture of the difference in the fashions and habits of living which has resulted from the Revolution. Being on a subject where a woman's observations are more likely to be accurate than those of a man, we willingly give a place to her observations.

"Transported from Corsica to Paris at the close of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had imbibed a second nature in the midst of the luxuries and excellencies of that period. We flatter ourselves that we have gained much by our changes in that particular; but we are quite wrong. Forty thousand livres a year, fifty years ago, would have commanded more luxury than two hundred thousand now. The elegancies that at that period surrounded a woman of fashion cannot be numbered; a profusion of luxuries were in common use, of which even the name is now forgotten. The furniture of her sleeping apartment—the bath in daily use—the ample folds of silk and velvet which covered the windows—the perfumes which filled the room; the rich laces and dresses which adorned the wardrobe, were widely different from the ephemeral and insufficient articles by which they have been replaced. My opinion is daily receiving confirmation; for every thing belonging to the last age is daily coming again into fashion, and I hope soon to see totally expelled all those fashions of Greece and Rome, which did admirably well under the climate of Rome or Messina, but are ill adapted for our *vent du bise* and cloudy atmosphere. A piece of muslin suspended on a gilt rod, is really of no other use but to let a spectator see that he is behind the curtain. It is the same with the imitation tapestry—the walls, six inches thick, which neither keep out the heat in summer, nor the cold in winter. All the other parts of modern dress and furniture are comprised in my anathema, and will always continue to be so.

"It is said that every thing is simplified, and brought down to the reach of the most moderate fortunes. That is true in one sense; that is to say, our confectioner has muslin curtains and gilt rods at his windows, and his wife has a silk cloak as well as ourselves, because it is become so thin that it is indeed accessible to every one, but it keeps no one warm. It is the same with all the other stuffs. We must not deceive ourselves; we have gained nothing by all these changes. Do not say, 'So much the better, this is equality.' By no means; equality is not to be found here, any more than it is in England, or America, or anywhere, since it cannot exist. The consequence of attempting it is, that you will have bad silks, bad satins, bad velvets, and that is all.

"The throne of fashion has encountered during the Revolution another throne, and it has been shattered in consequence. The French people, amidst their dreams of equality, have lost their own hands. The large and soft arm-chairs, the full and ample draperies, the cushions of eider down, all the other delicacies which we alone understood of all the

European family, led only to the imprisonment of their possessors; and if you had the misfortune to inhabit a spacious hotel, within a court, to void the odious noise and smells of the street, you had your throat cut. That mode of treating elegant manners put them out of fashion; they were speedily abandoned, and the barbarity of their successors still so lingers amongst us, that every day you see put into the lumber-room an elegant Grecian chair which has broken your arm, and canopies which smell of the stable, because they are stuffed with hay.

"I growl because I am growing old. If I saw that the world was going the way it should, I would say nothing, and would perhaps adopt the custom of our politicians, which is, to embrace the last revolution with alacrity, whatever it may be. See how comfortable this is, say our young men, who espouse the cause of the last easy chair which their upholsterer has made for them, as of the last of the thirteen or fifteen constitutions which have been manufactured for them during the last forty years. I will follow their example; I will applaud every thing, even the new government of Louis Philippe; though, it must be confessed, that to do so requires a strong disposition to see every thing in the most favourable colours."—*I.* 197, 198.

The authoress apologizes frequently for these and similar passages, containing details on the manners, habits, and fashions during the period in which she lived; but no excuse is required for their insertion. Details of ball-dresses, saloons, operas, and theatres, may appear extremely trifling to those who have only to cross the street to witness them; but they become very different when they are read after the lapse of centuries, and the accession of a totally different set of manners. They are the materials from which alone a graphic and interesting history of the period can be framed. What would we give for details of this sort on the era of Cæsar and Pompey? with what eagerness do we turn to the faithful pages of Froissart and Monstrellet for similar information concerning the chivalrous ages; and with what delight do we read the glowing pictures in Ivanhoe and the Crusaders, in Quentin Durward and Kenilworth, of the manners, customs, and habits of those periods? To all appearance, the world is changing so rapidly under the pressure of the revolutionary tempest, that, before the lapse of many generations, the habits of our times will be as much the object of research to the antiquary, and of interest to the historian, as those of Richard Cœur de Lion or the Black Prince are to our age.

We have mentioned above, that Napoleon's interest in Madame Permon appeared to have been stronger than that of mere friendship. The following passage contains the account of a declaration and refusal, which never probably before were equalled since the beginning of the world:—

"Napoleon came one day to my mother, a considerable time after the death of my father, and proposed a marriage between his sister Pauline and my brother Permon. 'Permon

has some fortune,' said he; 'my sister has nothing; but I am in a situation to do much for my connections, and I could procure an advantageous place for her husband. That alliance would render me happy. You know how beautiful my sister is: My mother is your friend: Come, say Yes, and all will be settled.'

"My mother answered, that her son must answer for himself; and that she would make no attempt to influence his choice.

"Bonaparte admitted that my brother was a young man so remarkable, that, though he was only twenty-five years of age, he had judgment and talents adequate to any situation. What Bonaparte proposed was extremely natural. He contemplated a marriage between a girl of sixteen and a young man of twenty-five, who had L.500 a year, with a handsome exterior; who drew as well as his master, Vernet; played on the harp much better than his master, Kromphultz; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek, as well as a native, and had such talents as had made his official duties in the army of the south a matter of remark. Such was the person whom Napoleon asked for his sister; a ravishing beauty and good daughter, it is true; but that was all.

"To this proposal Napoleon added another; that of a union between myself and Joseph or Jerome. 'Jerome is younger than Laurette,' said my mother, laughing. 'In truth, my dear Napoleon, you have become a high-priest to-day; you must needs marry all the world, even children.' Bonaparte laughed also, but with an embarrassed air. He admitted that that morning, in rising, a gale of marriage had blown over him, 'and to prove it,' said he, taking the hand of my mother, and kissing it, 'I am resolved to commence the union of our families by asking you to marry myself as soon as the forms of society will permit.'

"My mother has frequently told me that extraordinary scene, which I know as if I had been present at it. She looked at Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering on stupefaction; then she began to laugh so immoderately that we all heard it, though we were in the next room.

"Napoleon was highly offended at the mode in which a proposal, which appeared to him perfectly natural, was received. My mother, who perceived what he felt, hastened to explain herself, and to show that it was at the thoughts of the ridiculous figure which she herself would make in such an event, that she was so much amused. 'My dear Napoleon,' said she, when she had done laughing, 'let us speak seriously. You imagine you know my age, but you really do not: I will not tell you, for I have a slight weakness in that respect: I will only say, I am old enough, not only to be your mother, but the mother of Joseph. Let us put an end to this pleasantry; it grieves me when coming from you.'

"Bonaparte told her that he was quite serious; that the age of his wife was to him a matter of no importance, provided she had not the look, like her, of being above thirty years old; that he had deliberately considered wha

he had just said; and he added these remarkable words:—"I wish to marry. My friends wish me to marry a lady of the Faubourg St. Germain, who is charming and agreeable. My old friends are averse to this connection, and the one I now propose suits me better in many respects. Reflect." My mother interrupted the conversation by saying, that her mind was made up as to herself; and that as to her son, she would give him an answer in a day or two. She gave him her hand at parting, and said, smiling, that, though she had not entirely given up the idea of conquests, she could not go just so far as to think of subduing a heart of six-and-twenty; and that she hoped their friendship would not be disturbed by this little incident. "But at all events," said Napoleon, "consider it well."—"Well, I will consider it," said she, smiling in her sweetest manner, and so they parted.

"After I was married to Junot, and he heard it, he declared that it appeared less surprising to him than it did to us. Bonaparte, at the epoch of the 13th Vendemiaire, was attached to the war committee. His projects, his plans, all had one object, and that was the East. My mother's name of Comnene, with her Grecian descent, had a great interest in his imagination. The name of Calomeros, united with Comnene, might have powerfully served his ambition in that quarter. 'The great secret of all these marriages,' said Junot, 'was in that idea.' I believe he was right."—*L. pp. 202, 203.*

All the proposed marriages came to nothing; the duchess's brother refused Pauline, and she herself Joseph. They little thought, that the one was refusing the throne of Charlemagne, the other that of Charles V., and the third, the most beautiful princess in Europe.

The following picture of three of the most celebrated women in the Revolution, one of whom evidently contributed by her influence to the fall of Robespierre, shows that the fair authoress is not less a master of the subject more peculiarly belonging to her sex.

"Madame D. arrived late in the ball-room. The great saloon was completely filled. Madame D., who was well accustomed to such situations, looked around her to see if she could discover a seat, when her eyes were arrested by the figure of a young and charming person, with a profusion of light tresses, looking around her with her fine blue eyes, with a timid air, and offering the most perfect image of a young sylph. She was in the act of being led to her seat by M. de Trenis, which showed that she was a beautiful dancer; for he honoured no one with his hand, but those who might receive the title of *la belle danseuse*. The young lady, after having bowed blushing to the Vestris of the room, sat down beside a lady who had the appearance of being her elder sister, and whose extremely elegant dress was attracting the attention of all around her. 'Who are these ladies?' said Madame D. to the Count de Haulefort, on whose arm she was leaning. 'Do you not know the Viscountess Beauharnais and her daughter Hortense?'—

"My God!" said the Count, "who is that

beautiful woman?" who at that moment entered the room, and towards whom all eyes were immediately turned. That lady was of a stature above the ordinary; but the perfect harmony in her proportions prevented you from perceiving that she was above the ordinary size. It was the Venus of the Capitol, but more beautiful than the work of Phidias. You saw the same perfection in the arms, neck, and feet, and the whole figure animated by an expression of benevolence, which told at once, that all that beauty was but the magic reflection of a mind animated only by the most benevolent and generous feelings. Her dress had no share in contributing to her beauty; for it was a simple robe of Indian muslin arranged in drapery like the antique, and held together on the shoulders by two splendid cameos; a girdle of gold, which encircled her figure, was elegantly clasped in the same way; a large golden bracelet ornamented her arm; her hair black and luxuriant, was dressed without tresses, *a la Titus*; over her white and beautiful shoulders was thrown a superb shawl of red cachemere, a dress at that period extremely rare, and highly in request. It was thrown round her in the most elegant and picturesque manner, forming thus a picture of the most ravishing beauty. It was Madame Tallien, so well known for her generous efforts at the time of the fall of Robespierre."—*L. 222.*

This description suggests one observation, which must strike every one who is at all familiar with the numerous French female memoirs which have issued from the Parisian press within these few years. This is the extraordinary accuracy with which, at any distance of time, they seem to have the power of recalling, not only the whole particulars of a ball-room or opera, but even the dresses worn by the ladies on these occasions. Thus the ball here described took place in 1797. Yet the duchess has no sort of difficulty in recounting the whole particulars both of the people and dresses in 1830, three-and-thirty years after. We doubt extremely whether any woman in England could give as accurate an account within a month after the event. Nor does there seem to be any ground for the obvious remark that these descriptions are all got up *ex post facto*, without any foundation in real life; for the variety and accuracy with which they are given evidently demonstrates, that however much the colours may have been subsequently added, the outlines of the sketch were taken from nature. As little is there any ground for the suspicion, that the attention of the French women is exclusively occupied with these matters, to the exclusion of more serious considerations; for these pages are full of able and sometimes profound remarks on politics, events, and characters, such as would have done credit to the clearest head in Britain. We can only suppose that the vanity which, amidst many excellencies, is the undoubted characteristic both of the men and women in France, is the cause of this extraordinary power in their female writers, and that the same disposition which induces their statesmen and heroes to

record daily the victories of their diplomacy and arms, leads their lively and intelligent ladies to commit to paper all that is particularly remarkable in private life, or descriptive of their triumphs in the field of love.

Some interesting details are preserved, as to the reception of Napoleon in Paris by the Directory after the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor. The following quotations exhibit the talent of the author, both for the lighter and more serious subjects of narrative in the best light:

"Junot entered at first into the famous battalion of volunteers of the *Côte d'or*. After the surrender of Longwy they were moved to Toulon; it was the most terrific period of the Revolution. Junot was then a sergeant of grenadiers, an honour which he received from the voluntary election of his comrades on the field of battle. Often, in recounting to me the first years of his adventurous life, he has declared that nothing ever gave him such a delirium of joy, as when his comrades, all, he said, as brave as himself, named him sergeant on the field of battle, and he was elevated on a seat formed of crossed bayonets, still reeking with the blood of their enemies."

It was at that time that, being one day, during the siege of Toulon, at his post at the battery of St. Culottes, an officer of artillery, who had recently come from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, asked from the officer who commanded the post for a young non-commissioned officer who had at once intelligence and boldness. The officer immediately called for Junot; the officer surveyed him with that eye which already began to take the measure of human capacity.

"'You will change your dress,' said the commander, 'and you will go there to bear this order.' He showed him with his hand a spot at a distance on the same side. The young sergeant blushed up to the eyes; his eyes kindled with fire. 'I am not a *srr*,' said he, 'to execute their orders; seek another to bear them.' 'Do you refuse to obey?' said the superior officer; 'do you know to what punishment you expose yourself in so doing?' 'I am ready to obey,' said Junot, 'but I will go in my uniform, or not at all.' The commander smiled, and looked at him attentively. 'But if you do, they will kill you.' 'What does that signify?' said Junot; 'you know me little to imagine I would be pained at such an occurrence, and, as for me, it is all one—come, I go as I am; is it not so?' And he set off singing.

"After he was gone, the superior officer asked, 'What is the name of that young man?' Junot, replied the other. The commanding officer then wrote his name in his pocket-book. 'He will make his way,' he replied. This judgment was already of decisive importance to Junot, for the reader must readily have divined that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

"A few days after, being on his rounds at the same battery, Bonaparte asked for some one who could write well. Junot stepped out of the ranks and presented himself. Bonaparte recognised him as the sergeant who had

already fixed his attention. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing him, and desired him to place himself so as to write under his dictation. Hardly was the letter done, when a bomb, projected from the English batteries, fell at the distance of ten yards, and, exploding covered all present with gravel and dust 'Well,' said Junot, laughing, 'we shall at least not require sand to dry the ink.'

"Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was calm, and had not even quivered at the explosion. That event decided his fortune. He remained attached to the commander of artillery, and returned no more to his corps. At a subsequent time, when the town surrendered, and Bonaparte was appointed General, Junot asked no other recompense for his brave conduct during the siege, but to be named his aid-de-camp. He and Muiron were the first who served him in that capacity."—I. 268.

A singular incident, which is stated as having happened to Junot at the battle of Lonato, in Italy, is recorded in the following curious manner:—

"The evening before the battle of Lonato, Junot having been on horseback all the day, and rode above 20 leagues in carrying the orders of the General-in-Chief, lay down overwhelmed with fatigue, without undressing, and ready to start up at the smallest signal. Hardly was he asleep, when he dreamed he was on a field of battle, surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was a horseman, clad in armour, with whom he was engaged; that cavalier, instead of a lance, was armed with a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, particularly one on the left temple. The combat was long, and at length they seized each other by the middle. In the struggle the vizor, the casque of the horseman, fell off, and Junot perceived that he was fighting with a skeleton; soon the armour fell off, and death stood before him armed with his scythe. 'I have not been able to take you,' said he, 'but I will seize one of your best friends.—Beware of me!'

"Junot awoke, bathed with sweat. The morning was beginning to dawn, and he could not sleep from the impression he had received. He felt convinced that one of his brother aid-de-camps, Muiron or Marmont, would be slain in the approaching fight. In effect it was so: Junot received two wounds—one on the left temple, which he bore to his grave, and the other on the breast; but Muiron was shot through the heart."—I. 270.

The two last volumes of this interesting work, published a few weeks ago, are hardly equal in point of importance to those which contained the earlier history of Napoleon, but still they abound with interesting and curious details. The following picture of the religion which grew up in France on the ruins of Christianity, is singularly instructive:—

"It is well known, that during the revolutionary troubles of France, not only all the churches were closed, but the Catholic and Protestant worship entirely forbidden, and, after the Constitution of 1795, it was at the hazard of one's life that either the mass was

heard, or any religious duty performed. It is evident that Robespierre, who unquestionably had a design which is now generally understood, was desirous, on the day of the fête of the Supreme Being, to bring back public opinion to the worship of the Deity. Eight months before, we had seen the Bishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, appear voluntarily at the bar of the Convention, to abjure the Christian faith and the Catholic religion. But it is not as generally known, that at that period Robespierre was not omnipotent, and could not carry his desires into effect. Numerous factions then disputed with him the supreme authority. It was not till the end of 1793, and the beginning of 1794, that his power was so completely established that he could venture to act up to his intentions.

"Robespierre was then desirous to establish the worship of the Supreme Being, and the belief of the immortality of the soul. He felt that irreligion is the soul of anarchy, and it was not anarchy but despotism which he desired; and yet the very day after that magnificent fête in honour of the Supreme Being, a man of the highest celebrity in science, and as distinguished for virtue and probity as philosophic genius, Lavoisier, was led out to the scaffold. On the day following that, Madame Elizabeth, that princess whom the executioners could not guillotine, till they had turned aside their eyes from the sight of her angelic visage, stained the same axe with her blood!—And a month after, Robespierre, who wished to restore order for his own purposes—who wished to still the bloody waves which for years had inundated the state, felt that all his efforts would be in vain if the masses who supported his power were not restrained and directed, because without order nothing but ravages and destruction can prevail. To ensure the government of the masses, it was indispensable that morality, religion, and belief should be established—and, to affect the multitude, that religion should be clothed in external forms. 'My friend,' said Voltaire, to the atheist Damilaville, 'after you have supped on well-dressed partridges, drank your sparkling champagne, and slept on cushions of down in the arms of your mistress, I have no fear of you, though you do not believe in God. But if you are perishing of hunger, and I meet you in the corner of a wood, I would rather dispense with your company.' But when Robespierre wished to bring back to something like discipline the crew of the vessel which was fast driving on the breakers, he found the thing was not so easy as he imagined. 'To destroy is easy—to rebuild is the difficulty.' He was omnipotent to do evil; but the day that he gave the first sign of a disposition to return to order, the hands which he himself had stained with blood, marked his forehead with the fatal sign of destruction."—VI. 34, 35.

After the fall of Robespierre, a feeble attempt was made, under the Directory, to establish a religious system founded on pure Deism. To the faithful believer in Revelation, it is interesting to trace the rise and fall of the first attempt in the history of the world to es-

tablish such a faith as the basis of national religion.

"Under the Directory, that brief and deplorable government, a new sect established itself in France. Its system was rather morality than religion; it affected the utmost tolerance, recognised all religions, and had no other faith than a belief in God. Its votaries were termed the Theophilanthropists. It was during the year 1797 that this sect arose. I was once tempted to go to one of their meetings. Lareveilliere Lepaux, chief grand priest and protector of the sect, was to deliver a discourse. The first thing that struck me in the place of assembly, was a basket filled with the most magnificent flowers of July, which was then the season, and another loaded with the most splendid fruits. Every one knows the grand altar of the church of St. Nicholas in the Fields, with its rich Corinthian freize. I suspect the Theophilanthropists had chosen that church on that account for the theatre of their exploits, in a spirit of religious coquetry. In truth, their basket of flowers produced an admirable effect on that altar of the finest Grecian form, and mingled in perfect harmony with the figures of angels which adorned the walls. The chief pronounced a discourse, in which he spoke so well, that, in truth, if the Gospel had not said the same things infinitely better, some seventeen hundred and ninety-seven years before, it would have been decidedly preferable either to the Paganism of antiquity, or the mythology of Egypt or India.

"Napoleon had the strongest prejudice against that sect. 'They are comedians,' said he; and when some one replied that nothing could be more admirable than the conduct of some of their chiefs, that Lareveilliere Lepaux was one of the most virtuous men in Paris; in fine, that their morality consisted in nothing but virtue, good faith, and charity, he replied—

"'To what purpose is all that? Every system of morality is admirable. Apart from certain dogmas, more or less absurd, which were necessary to bring them down to the level of the age in which they were produced, what do you see in the morality of the Widham, the Koran, the Old Testament, or Confucius? Everywhere a pure system of morality, that is to say, you see protection to the weak, respect to the laws, gratitude to God, recommended and enforced. But the evangelists alone exhibit the union of all the principles of morality, detached from every kind of absurdity. There is something admirable, and not your common-place sentiments put into bad verse. Do you wish to see what is sublime, you and your friends the Theophilanthropists? Repeat the Lord's Prayer. Your zealous,' added he, addressing a young enthusiast in that system, 'are desirous of the palm of martyrdom, but I will not give it them; nothing shall fall on them but strokes of ridicule, and I little know the French, if they do not prove mortal.' In truth, the result proved how well he had appreciated the French character. It perished after an ephemeral existence of five years, and left not a trace behind, but a few verses, preserved as a relic of that age of mental aberration."—VI. 40—43.

This passage is very remarkable. Here we have the greatest intellect of the age, Napoleon himself, recurring to the Gospel, and to the Lord's Prayer, as the only pure system of religion, and the sublimest effort of human composition; and Robespierre endeavouring, in the close of his bloody career, to cement anew the fabric of society, which he had had so large a share in destroying, by a recurrence to religious impressions! So indispensable is devotion to the human heart; so necessary is it to the construction of the first elements of society, and so well may you distinguish the spirit of anarchy and revolution, by the irreligious tendency which invariably attends it, and prepares the overthrow of every national institution, by sapping the foundation of every private virtue. The arrest of the British residents over all France, on the rupture of the peace of Amiens, was one of the most cruel and unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's government. The following scene between Junot and the First Consul on this subject, is singularly characteristic of the impetuous fits of passion to which that great man was subject, and which occasionally betrayed him into actions so unworthy of his general character.

"One morning, at five o'clock, when day was just beginning to break, an order arrived from the First Consul to repair instantly to Malmaison. He had been labouring till four in the morning, and had but just fallen asleep. He set off instantly, and did not return till five in the evening. When he entered he was in great agitation; his meeting with him had been stormy, and the conversation long.

"When Junot arrived at the First Consul's, he found his figure in disorder; his features were contracted; and every thing announced one of those terrible agitations which made every one who approached him tremble.

"Junot," said he to his old aid-de-camp, "are you still the friend on whom I can rely? Yes or no. No circumlocution."

"Yes, my General."

"Well then, before an hour is over, you must take measures instantly, so that *all the English*, without one single exception, shall be instantly arrested. Room enough for them will be found in the Temple, the Force, the Abbaye, and the other prisons of Paris; it is indispensable that they should *all* be arrested. We must teach their government, that entrenched though they are in their isle, they can be reached by an enemy who is under no obligation to treat their subjects with any delicacy.—The wretches," said he, striking his fist violently on the table, "they refuse Malta, and assign as a reason"—Here his anger choked his voice, and he was some time in recovering himself. "They assign as a reason, that Lucien has influenced, by my desire, the determinations of the Court of Spain, in regard to a reform of the Clergy; and they refuse to execute the Treaty of Amiens, on pretence that, since it was signed, the situation of the contracting parties had changed."

"Junot was overwhelmed; but the cause of his consternation was not the rupture with England. It had been foreseen, and known for several days. But in the letters which were

now handed to him he perceived a motive to authorize the terrible measure which Napoleon had commanded. He would willingly have given him his life, but now he was required to do a thing to the last degree repugnant to the liberal principles in which he had been trained.

"The First Consul waited for some time for an answer; but seeing the attitude of Junot, he proceeded, after a pause of some minutes, as if the answer had already been given.

"That measure must be executed at seven o'clock this evening. I am resolved that, this evening, not the most obscure theatre at Paris, not the most miserable restaurateur, should contain an Englishman within its walls."

"My General," replied Junot, who had now recovered his composure, "you know not only my attachment to your person, but my devotion in every thing which regards yourself. Believe me, then, it is nothing but that devotion which makes me hesitate in obeying you, before entreating you to take a few hours to reflect on the measure which you have commanded me to adopt."

"Napoleon contracted his eye-brows.

"Again!" said he. "What! is the scene of the other day so soon to be renewed? Lannes and you truly give yourselves extraordinary license. Duroc alone, with his tranquil air, does not think himself entitled to preach sermons to me. You shall find, gentlemen, by God, that I can square my hat as well as any man; Lannes has already experienced it; and I do not think he will enjoy much his eating of oranges at Lisbon. As for you, Junot, do not rely too much on my friendship. The day on which I doubt of yours, mine is destroyed."

"My General," replied Junot, profoundly afflicted at being so much misunderstood, "it is not at the moment that I am giving you the strongest proof of my devotion, that you should thus address me. Ask my blood; ask my life; they belong to you, and shall be freely rendered; but to order me to do a thing which will cover us all with—"

"Go on," he interrupted, "go on, by all means. What will happen to me because I retaliate on a perfidious government the injuries which it has heaped upon me?"

"It does not belong to me," replied Junot, "to decide upon what line of conduct is suitable to you. Of this, however, I am well assured, that if any thing unworthy of your glory is attempted, it will be from your eyes being fascinated by the men, who only disquiet you by their advice, and incessantly urge you to measures of severity. Believe me, my General, these men do you infinite mischief."

"Who do you mean?" said Napoleon.

"Junot mentioned the names of several, and stated what he knew of them.

"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me," replied he. "One of them said the other day, 'If the First Consul were to desire me to kill my father, I would kill him.'"

"I know not, my General," replied Junot, "what degree of attachment to you it is, to suppose you capable of giving an order to a son to put to death his own father. But it matters not; when one is so unfortunate as to think in that manner, they seldom make it public."

"Two years afterwards, the First Consul, who was then Emperor, spoke to me of that scene, after my return from Portugal, and told me that he was on the point of embracing Junot at these words: so much was he struck with these noble expressions addressed to him, his general, his chief, the man on whom alone his destiny depended. 'For in fine,' said the Emperor, smiling, 'I must own I am rather unreasonable when I am angry, and that you know, Madame Junot.'

"As for my husband, the conversation which he had with the First Consul was of the warmest description. He went the length of reminding him, that at the departure of the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, the most solemn assurances had been given him of the safety of all the English at Paris. 'There are,' said he, 'amongst them, women, children, and old men; there are numbers, my General, who night and morning pray to God to prolong your days. They are for the most part persons engaged in trade, for almost all the higher classes of that nation have left Paris. The damage they would sustain from being all imprisoned, is immense. Oh, my General! it is not for you whose noble and generous mind so well comprehends whatever is grand in the creation, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet.'"—VI. 406—410.

With the utmost difficulty, Junot prevailed on Napoleon to commute the original order, which had been for immediate imprisonment, into one for the confinement of the unfortunate British subjects in particular towns, where it is well known most of them lingered till delivered by the Allies in 1814. But Napoleon never forgave this interference with his wrath; and shortly after, Junot was removed from the government of Paris, and sent into honourable exile to superintend the formation of a corps of grenadiers at Arras.

The great change which has taken place in the national character of France since the Restoration, has been noticed by all writers on the subject. The Duchess of Abrantes' observations on the subject are highly curious.

"Down to the year 1800, the national character had undergone no material alteration. That character overcame all perils, disregarded all dangers, and even laughed at death itself. It was this calm in the victims of the Revolution which gave the executioners their principal advantage. A friend of my acquaintance, who accidentally found himself surrounded by the crowd who were returning from witnessing the execution of Madame du Barri, heard two of the women in the street speaking to each other on the subject, and one said to the other, 'How that one cried out! If they all cry out in that manner, I will not return again to the executions.' What a volume of reflections arise from these few words spoken, with all the unconcern of those barbarous days!

"The three years of the Revolution following 1793, taught us to weep, but did not teach us to cease to laugh. They laughed under the axe yet stained with blood;—they laughed as the victim slept at Venice under the burning irons which were to waken his dreams. Alas!

how deep must have been the wounds which have changed this lightsome character! For the joyous Frenchman laughs no more; and if he still has some happy days, the sun of gaiety has set for ever. This change has taken place during the fifteen years which have followed the Restoration; while the horrors of the wars of religion, the tyrannical reigns of Louis XI. and XIV., and even the bloody days of the Convention, produced no such effect."—V. 142.

Like all the other writers on the modern state of France, of whatever school or party in politics, Madame Junot is horrified with the deterioration of manners, and increased vulgarity, which has arisen from the democratic invasions of later times. Listen to this ardent supporter of the revolutionary order of things, on this subject:—

"At that time, (1801,) the habits of good company were not yet extinct in Paris; of the old company of France, and not of what is now termed good company, and which prevailed thirty years ago only among postilions and stable-boys. At that period, men of good birth did not smoke in the apartments of their wives, because they felt it to be a dirty and disgusting practice; they generally washed their hands; when they went out to dine, or to pass the evening in a house of their acquaintance, they bowed to the lady at its head in entering and retiring, and did not appear so abstracted in their thoughts as to behave as they would have done in an hotel. They were then careful not to turn their back on those with whom they conversed, so as to show only an ear or the point of a nose to those whom they addressed. They spoke of something else, besides those eternal politics on which no two can ever agree, and which give occasion only to the interchange of bitter expressions. There has sprung from these endless disputes, disunion in families, the dissolution of the oldest friendships, and the growth of hatred which will continue till the grave. Experience proves that in these contests no one is ever convinced, and that each goes away more than ever persuaded of the truth of his own opinions.

"The customs of the world now give me nothing but pain. From the bosom of the retirement where I have been secluded for these fifteen years, I can judge, without prepossession, of the extraordinary revolution in manners which has lately taken place. Old impressions are replaced, it is said, by new ones; that is all. Are, then, the new ones superior? I cannot believe it. Morality itself is rapidly undergoing dissolution; every character is contaminated, and no one knows from whence the poison is inhaled. Young men now lounge away their evenings in the box of a theatre, or the Boulevards, or carry on elegant conversation with a fair seller of gloves and perfumery, make compliments on her lily and vermilion cheeks, and present her with a cheap ring, accompanied with a gross and indelicate compliment. Society is so disunited, that it is daily becoming more vulgar, in the literal sense of the word. Whence any improvement is to arise, God only knows."—V. 156, 157.

While we are concluding these observations

another bloody revolt has occurred at Paris; the three glorious days of June have come to crown the work, and develop the consequences of the three glorious days of July.* After a desperate struggle, maintained with much greater resolution and vigour on the part of the insurgents than the insurrection which proved fatal to Charles X.; after Paris having been the theatre, for three days, of bloodshed and devastation; after 75,000 men had been engaged against the Revolutionists; after the thunder of artillery had broken down the Republican barricades, and showers of grape-shot had thinned the ranks of the citizen-soldiers, the military force triumphed, and peace was restored to the trembling city. What has been the consequence? All the forms of law have been suspended; military commissions established; domiciliary visits become universal; several thousand persons thrown into prison; and, before this, the fusillades of the new heroes of the Barricades have announced to a suffering country that the punishment of their sins has commenced. The liberty of the press is destroyed, the editors delivered over to military commissions, the printing presses of the opposition journals thrown into the Seine, and all attempts at insurrection, or words tending to excite it, and *all offences of the press tending to excite dissatisfaction or revolt*, handed over to military commissions, composed exclusively of officers! This is the freedom which the three glorious days have procured for France!

The soldiers were desperately chagrined and mortified at the result of the three days of July; and well they might be so, as all the sub-

sequent sufferings of their country, and the total extinction of their liberties on the last occasion, were owing to their vacillation in the first revolt. They have now fought with the utmost fury against the people, as they did at Lyons, and French blood has amply stained their bayonets; but it has come too late to wash out the stain of their former treason, or revive the liberties which it lost for their country.

Polignac is now completely justified for all but the incapacity of commencing a change of the constitution with 5000 men, four pieces of cannon, and eight rounds of grape-shot to support it. The ordinances of Charles X., now adopted with increased severity by Louis Philippe, were destined to accomplish, *without bloodshed*, that change which the fury of democracy rendered necessary, and without which it has been found the Throne of the Barricades cannot exist. It is evident that the French do not know what freedom is. They had it under the Bourbons, as our people had it under the old constitution; but it would not content them, because it was not liberty, but power, not freedom, but democracy, not exemption from tyranny, but the power of tyrannizing over others, that they desired. They gained their point, they accomplished their wishes,—and the consequence has been, two years of suffering, followed by military despotism. We always predicted the three glorious days would lead to this result; but the termination of the drama has come more rapidly than the history of the first Revolution led us to anticipate.

BOSSUET.

To those who study only the writers of a particular period, or have been deeply immersed in the literature of a certain age, it is almost incredible how great a change is to be found in the human mind as it there appears, as compared with distant times, and how much even the greatest intellects are governed by the circumstances in which they arise, and the prevailing tone of the public mind with which they are surrounded. How much soever we may ascribe, and sometimes with justice ascribe, to the force and ascendancy of individual genius, nothing is more certain than that, in the general case, it is external events and circumstances which give a certain bent to human speculation, and that the most original thought is rarely able to do much more than anticipate by a few years, the simultaneous efforts of inferior intellects. Generally, it will be found that particular seasons or periods in the great year of nations or of the world, bring forth their own appropriate

fruits: it is rarely that in June can be matured those of September. The changes which have made the greatest and most lasting alteration on the progress of science or the march of human affairs—printing, gunpowder, steam navigation—were brought to light, it is hardly known how, and by several different persons, so nearly at the same time, that it is difficult to say to whom the palm of original invention is to be awarded. The discovery of fluxions, awarded by common consent to the unapproachable intellect of Newton, was made about the same time by his contemporaries, Leibnitz and Gregory; the honours of original thought in political economy are divided between Adam Smith and the French economists; the improvements on the steam-engine were made in the same age by Watt and Arkwright; and the science of strategy was developed with equal clearness in the German treatise of the Archduke Charles, as the contemporary treatises of Jomini and Napoleon. The greatest intellect perceives only the coming light; the rays of the rising sun strike first upon the summits of the mountains, but his ascending

* Written on the day when the accounts of the defeat of the great Revolt at the Cloister of Sillery by Louis Philippe and Marshal Soult were received.

beams will soon illuminate the slopes on their sides, and the valleys at their feet.

There is, however, a considerable variety in the rapidity with which the novel and original ideas of different great men are communicated to their contemporaries; and hence the extraordinary difference between the early celebrity which some works, destined for future immortality, have obtained in comparison of others. This has long been matter of familiar observation to all persons at all acquainted with literary history. The works of some great men have at once stepped into that celebrity which was their destined meed through every subsequent age of the world, while the productions of others have languished on through a long period of obscurity, unnoticed by all save a few elevated minds, till the period arrived when the world became capable of understanding their truth, or feeling their beauty. The tomb of Euripides, at Athens, bore that all Greece mourned at his obsequies. We learn from Pliny's Epistles, that even in his own lifetime, immortality was anticipated not only for Tacitus, but all who were noticed in his annals. Shakespeare, though not yet arrived at the full maturity of his fame, was yet well known to, and enthusiastically admired by his contemporaries. Lope de Vega amassed a hundred thousand crowns in the sixteenth century, by the sale of his eighteen hundred plays. Gibbon's early volumes obtained a celebrity in the outset nearly as great as his elaborate and fascinating work has since attained. In the next generation after Adam Smith, his principles were generally embraced, and largely acted upon by the legislature. The first edition of Robertson's Scotland sold off in a month; and Sir Walter Scott, by the sale of his novels and poems, was able, in twenty years, besides entertaining all the literary society of Europe, to purchase the large estate, and rear the princely fabric, library, and armory of Abbotsford.

Instances, on the other hand, exist in equal number, and perhaps of a still more striking character, in which the greatest and most profound works which the human mind has ever produced have remained, often for a long time, unnoticed, till the progress of social affairs brought the views of others generally to a level with that of their authors. Bacon bequeathed his reputation in his last testament to the generation after the next; so clearly did he perceive that more than one race of men must expire before the opinions of others attained the level of his own far-seeing sagacity. Burke advanced principles in his French Revolution of which we are now, only now, beginning, after the lapse of half a century, to feel the full truth and importance. Hume met with so little encouragement in the earlier volumes of his history, that but for the animating assurances of a few enlightened friends, he has himself told us, he would have resigned his task in despair. Milton sold the *Paradise Lost* for five pounds, and that immortal work languished on with a very limited sale till, fifty years afterwards, it was brought into light by the criticisms of Addison. Campbell for years could not find a bookseller who would buy the Plea-

sure, of Hope. Coleridge and Wordsworth passed for little better than imaginative illuminati with the great bulk of their contemporaries.

The principle which seems to regulate this remarkable difference is this: Where a work of genius either describes manners, characters, or scenes with which the great bulk of mankind are familiar, or concerning which they are generally desirous of obtaining information; or if it advance principles which, based on the doctrines popular with the multitude, lead them to new and agreeable results, or deduces from them conclusions slightly in advance of the opinions of the age, but lying in the same direction, it is almost sure of meeting with immediate popularity. Where, on the other hand, it is founded on principles which are adverse to the prevailing current of public opinion—where it sternly asserts the great principles of religion and morality, in opposition to the prejudices or passions of a corrupted age—when it advocates the necessity of a rational and conservative government, in the midst of the fervor of innovation or the passion of revolution—when it stigmatizes present vices, or reprobates present follies, or portrays the consequences of present iniquity—when it appeals to feelings and virtues which have passed from the breasts of the present generation—the chances are that it will meet with present admiration only from a few enlightened or virtuous men, and that a different generation must arise, possibly a new race of mankind become dominant, before it attains that general popularity which is its destined and certain reward. On this account the chances are much against the survivance, for any considerable period, of any work, either on religion, politics, or morals, which has early attained to a very great celebrity, because the fact of its having done so is, in general, evidence of its having fallen in, to an extent inconsistent with truth, with the prevailing opinions and prejudices of the age. In such opinions there is almost always a considerable foundation of truth, but as commonly a large intermixture of error. Principles are, by the irreflecting mass, in general pushed too far; due weight is not given to the considerations on the other side; the concurring influence of other causes is either overlooked or disregarded. This is more particularly the case with periods of general excitement, whether on religious or political subjects, inasmuch that there is hardly an instance of works which attained an early and extraordinary celebrity at such eras having survived the fervour which gave them birth, and the general concurrence of opinion in which they were cradled. Where are now the innumerable polemical writings which issued both from the Catholic and Protestant divines during the fervour of the Reformation? Where the forty thousand tracts which convulsed the nation in the course of the great Rebellion? Where the deluge of enthusiasm and infidelity which overspread the world at the commencement of the French Revolution? On the other hand, the works which have survived such periods of general fervour are those whose

authors boldly and firmly, resting on the internal conviction of truth, set themselves to oppose the prevailing vices or follies of their age, and whose works, in consequence little esteemed by their contemporaries, have now risen into the purer regions of the moral atmosphere, and now shine, far above the changes of mortality, as fixed stars in the highest heavens. Of this character is Bacon, whose sublime intellect, bursting the fetters of a narrow-minded age, outstripped by two centuries the progress of the human mind—Jeremy Taylor, whose ardent soul, loathing the vices of his corrupted contemporaries, clothed the lessons of religion in the burning words of genius—and Burke, whose earlier career, chained in the fetters of party, has now been forgotten in the lustre of the original and independent thoughts, adverse to the spirit of the age, which burst forth in his works on the French Revolution.

In comparing, on subjects of political thought or social amelioration, the writings of the school of Louis XIV. with that of the Revolution, the progress of the human mind appears prodigious—and so it will speedily appear from the quotations which we shall lay before our readers. But, in the general comparison of the two, there is one thing very remarkable, and which is exactly the reverse of what might *a priori* have been expected, and what the ignorant vulgar or party writers still suppose to be the case—this is the superior independence of thought, and bold declamation against the vices of the ruling power in the state, which the divines and moralists of the Grande Monarchie exhibit, when compared with the cringing servility and oriental flattery which the writers of the Revolutionary school, whether in France or England, have never ceased to address to their democratic patrons and rulers invested with supreme authority. We need not remind our readers what is the language, even of able writers and profound thinkers of the modern democratic school, in regard to the sources of all abuse in government, and the quarter from whence alone any social improvement can be expected. It is kings and aristocrats who are the origin of all oppression and unhappiness; it is their abuses and misgovernment which have ever been the real causes of public suffering; it is their insatiable avarice, rapacity, and selfishness which have in every age brought misery and desolation upon the humbler and more virtuous members of society. Where, then, is amelioration to be looked for? and in what class of society is an antidote to be found to the inherent vices and abuses of power? In the middle and lower ranks;—it is their virtue, intelligence, and patriotism which is the real spring of all public prosperity—it is their unceasing labour and industry which is the source of all public wealth—their unshaken constancy and courage which is at once the only durable foundation of national safety, and the prolific fountain of national glory. Princes may err, ministers may commit injustice; but the people, when once enlightened by education, and intrusted with power, are never wrong—the masses never mistake their real

interests: their interests are on the side of good government—of them it may truly be said, *Vox populi, vox Dei*. Such is the language which the democratic flatterers of these times incessantly address to the popular rulers of the state—to the masses by whom popularity and eminence is to be won—to the Government by whom patronage and power is distributed. From such degrading specimens of general servility and business, let us refresh our eyes, and redeem the honour of human nature, by turning to the thundering strains in which Bossuet and Fénelon impressed upon their courtly auditory and despotic ruler, the eternal doctrines of judgment to come, and the stern manner in which they traced to the vices or follies of princes the greater part of the evils which disturb the world.

It is thus that Fénelon, in the name of Mentor, addresses his royal pupil, the heir of the French monarchy:—

“A king is much less acquainted than private individuals with those by whom he is surrounded; every one around him has a mask on his visage; every species of artifice is exhausted to deceive him—alas! Telemaque! you will soon experience this too bitterly. The more extensive the kingdom is which you have to govern, the more do you stand in need of ministers to assist you in your labours, and the more are you exposed to the chances of misrepresentation. The obscurity of private life throws a veil over our faults, and magnifies the idea of the powers of men; but supreme authority puts the virtues to the test, and unveils even the most inconsiderable failing;—grandeur is like the glasses which magnify all the objects seen through them. The whole world is occupied by observing a single man, flattering his virtues, applauding his vices in his presence, execrating them in his absence. Meanwhile, the king is *but a man*; beset by all the humours, passions, and weaknesses of mortality; surrounded by artful flatterers, who have all their objects to gain in leading him into vices. Hardly has he redeemed one fault, when he falls into another; such is the situation even of the most enlightened and virtuous kings; what then must be the destiny of those who are depraved?”

“The longest and best reigns are frequently too short to repair the mischief done, and often without intending it at their commencement. Royalty is born the heir to all these miseries; human weakness often sinks under the load by which it is oppressed. Men are to be pitied for being placed under the government of one as weak and fallible as themselves; the gods alone would be adequate to the due regulation of human affairs. Nor are kings less to be pitied, being but men; that is to say, imperfect and fallible beings, and charged with the government of an innumerable multitude of corrupted and deceitful men.

“The countries in which the authority of the sovereign is most absolute, are precisely those in which they enjoy least real power. They take, they raise every thing; they alone possess the state; but meanwhile every class of society languishes, the fields are deserted, cities

Servility
of
Democratic
Writers

decline, commerce disappears. The king, who cannot engross in his own person the whole state, and who cannot increase in grandeur, but with the prosperity of his people, annihilates himself by degrees by the decay of riches and power in his subjects. His dominions become bereaved both of wealth and men; the last decline is irreparable. His absolute power indeed gives him as many slaves as he has subjects; he is flattered, adored, and his slightest wish is a law; every one around him trembles; but wait till the slightest revolution arrives, and that monstrous power, pushed to an extravagant excess, cannot endure; it has no foundation in the affections of the people; it has irritated all the members of the state, and constrained them all to sigh after a change. At the first stroke which it receives, the idol is overturned, broken, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, resentment, distrust, in a word, all the passions conspire against so odious an authority. The king who, in his vain prosperity, never found a single man sufficiently bold to tell him the truth, will not find in his misfortune a single person either to extenuate his faults or defend him against his enemies."—*Telemaque*, liv. xii. *ad fin.*

Passages similar to this abound in all the great ecclesiastical writers of the age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. They are to be found profusely scattered through the works of Bossuet, Massillon, Fénelon, and Bourdaloue. We have many similar passages marked, but the pressure of other matters more immediately connected with the object of this paper precludes their insertion. Now this independence and boldness of thought and expression, in courtly churchmen, and addressed to a courtly auditory, is extremely remarkable. It was to the Grande Monarque and his numerous train of princes, dukes, peeresses, ladies, and courtiers, that these eternal, but unpalatable truths were addressed; it was the holders of all the church patronage of France, that were thus reminded of the inevitable result of misgovernment on the part of the ruling power. We speak much about the increasing intelligence, spirit, and independence of the age; nevertheless we should like to see the same masculine cast of thought, the same caustic severity of expression applied to the vices and follies of the present holders of power by the expectants of their bounty, as was thus fearlessly rung into the ears of the despotic rulers of France by the titled hierarchy who had been raised to greatness by their support. We should like to see a candidate for popular suffrage on the hustings condemn, in equally unmeasured terms, the vices, follies, and passions of the people; or a leading orator on the liberal side, portray in as vivid colours, from the Ministerial benches in the House of Commons, the inevitable consequences of democratic selfishness and injustice; or a favourite preacher on the Voluntary system, thunder, in no less forcible language, in the ears of his astonished audience, the natural results of fervour and intrigue among popular constituencies. Alas! we see none of these things; truth, which did venture to make itself heard, when sanctified by the Church, in the halls of princes, is ut-

terly banished from the precincts of the many headed despots; and religion, which loudly proclaimed the universal corruption and weakness of humanity in the ears of monarchs, cannot summon up sufficient courage to meet, in their strongholds of power, the equally depraved and selfish masses of the people. Aristotle has said that the courtier and the demagogue are not only nearly allied to each other, but are in fact *the same men*, varying not in their object, but in the quarter to which, according to the frame of government, they address their flattery; but this remarkable fact would seem to demonstrate that the latter is a more thorough and servile courtier than the former; and that truth will more rarely be found in the assemblies of the multitude than in the halls of princes.

In truth, the boldness and indignation of language conspicuous in the great ornaments of the French Church would be altogether inexplicable on merely worldly considerations, and accordingly it will never be found among the irreligious and selfish flatterers of democracy. It is religion alone, which, inspiring men with objects and a sense of duty above this world, can lead to that contempt of present danger, and that fearless assertion of eternal truth, in the presence of power, which has formed in every age the noblest attribute of the Christian Church. In the temporal courtiers of no age or country has there ever been found an example of the same courageous maintenance of principle and castigation of crime in defiance of the frowns of authority, these worldly aspirants have ever been as servile and submissive to kings as the sycophantish flatterers of a democratic multitude have been lavish in the praise of their intellectual wisdom. And the principle which rendered Bossuet and Fénelon the courageous assertors of eternal truth in the chapels and court of the Grand Monarque, was the same as that which inspired Latimer, the martyr of the English Church, with such heroic firmness in resisting the tyrannic injustice of Henry VIII. In the midst of the passions and cruelty of that blood-stained tyrant, the upright prelate preached a sermon in his presence at the Chapel-Royal, condemning, in the strongest terms, the very crimes to which every one knew the monarch was peculiarly addicted. Enraged beyond measure at the rebuke thus openly administered to his "pleasant vices," Henry sent for Latimer, and threatened him with instant death if he did not on the next occasion retract all his censures as openly as he had made them. The reproof got wind, and on the next Sunday the Royal Chapel was crowded with the courtiers, eager to hear the terms in which the inflexible prelate was to recant his censures on the voluptuous tyrant. But Latimer ascended the pulpit, and after a long pause, fixing his eyes steadily on Henry, exclaimed, in the quaint language of the time, to which its inherent dignity has communicated eloquence—"Be-
think thee, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy worldly sovereign, who hath power to terminate thy earthly life, and cast all thy worldly goods into the flames. But"

bethink thee also, Hugh Latimer! that thou art in the presence of thy Heavenly Father, whose right hand is mighty to destroy as to save, and who can cast thy soul into hell fire;" and immediately began, in terms even severer and more cutting than before, to castigate the favourite vices and crimes of his indignant sovereign. The issue of the tale was different from what the cruel character of the tyrant might have led us to expect. Henry, who, with all his atrocity, was not on some occasions destitute of generous sentiments, was penetrated by the heroic constancy of the venerable prelate, and instead of loading him with chains, and sending him, as every one expected, to the scaffold, openly expressed his admiration of his courage, and took him more into favour than ever.

The philosophical work of Bossuet, which has attained to most general celebrity, is his "Histoire Universelle;" and Chateaubriand has repeatedly, in his later writings, held it up as an unequalled model of religious generalization. We cannot concur in these eulogiums; and in nothing perhaps does the vast progress of the human mind, during the last hundred and fifty years, appear more conspicuous than in comparing this celebrated treatise with the works on similar subjects of many men of inferior intellects in later times. The design of the work was grand and imposing; nothing less than a sketch of the divine government of the world in past ages, and an elucidation of the hidden designs of Providence in all the past revolutions of mankind. In this magnificent attempt he has exhibited a surprising extent of erudition, and cast over the complicated thread of human affairs the eagle glance of genius and piety; but he has not, in our humble apprehension, caught the spirit, or traced the real thread of divine administration. He was too deeply read in the Old Testament, too strongly imbued with the Fathers of the Church, to apprehend the manner in which Supreme Wisdom, without any special or miraculous interposition, works out the moral government of the world, and develops the objects of eternal foresight by the agency of human passions, virtues, and vices. His Historic Theology is all tinged with the character of the Old Testament; it is the God of Battles whom he ever sees giving the victory to His chosen; it is His Almighty Arm which he discerns operating directly in the rise and the fall of nations. Voltaire said with truth that his "Universal History" is little more than the History of the Jews. It was reserved for a future age to discern, in the complicated thread of human affairs, the operation not less certain, but more impartial, of general laws; to see in human passions the moving springs of social improvement, and the hidden instruments of human punishment; to discern, in the rise and fall of nations, the operation, not so much of the active interposition, as of the general tendency of Divine power; and in the efforts which the wicked make for their own aggrandizement, or the scope which they afford to their own passions, the certain causes of approaching retribution. That Providence exercises an unceasing superintendence of

human affairs, and that the consequences of public actions are subjected to permanent laws, the tendency of which in national, as in private life, is to make the virtues or vices of men as instruments of their own reward or punishment, is obvious upon the most cursory survey of history, as well as private life; and though it cannot be affirmed that the sequence is invariable, yet it is sufficiently frequent to warrant certain inferences as to the general character of the laws. We cannot affirm that every day in summer is to be warm, and every day in winter cold; but nevertheless, the general character of those periods is such as to warrant the conclusion that the rotation of the season was intended, and in general does produce that variation on temperature, and the consequent checking and development of the fruits of the earth. But, as far as we can discern, the intentions of the Supreme Being are here, as elsewhere, manifested by general laws; the agents employed are the virtues, vices, and passions of men; and the general plan of divine administration is to be gathered rather from an attentive consideration of the experienced consequences of human actions, than any occasional interposition to check or suspend the natural course of events.

As a specimen of the mode in which Bossuet regards the course of events, we subjoin the concluding passage of his Universal History:—"This long chain of causes and effects, on which the fate of empires depends, springs at once from the secrets of Divine Providence. God holds on high the balance of all kingdoms—all hearts are in his hands; sometimes he lets loose the passions—sometimes he restrains them; by these means he moves the whole human race. Does he wish to raise up a conqueror—he spreads terror before his arms, and inspires his soldiers with invincible courage. Does he wish to raise up legislators—he pours into their minds the spirit of foresight and wisdom. He causes them to foresee the evils which menace the state, and lay deep in wisdom the foundations of public tranquillity. He knows that human intellect is ever contracted in some particulars. He then draws the film from its eyes, extends its views, and afterwards abandons it to itself—blinds it, precipitates it to destruction. Its precautions become the snare which entraps; its foresight the subtlety which destroys it. It is in this way that God exercises his redoubtable judgments according to the immutable laws of eternal justice. It is his invisible hand which prepares effects in their most remote causes, and strikes the fatal blows, the very rebound of which involves nations in destruction. When he wishes to pour out the vials of his wrath, and overturn empires, all becomes weak and vacillating in their conduct. Egypt, once so wise, became intoxicated, and faltered at every step, because the Most High had poured the spirit of madness into its counsels. It no longer knew what step to take; it faltered, it perished. But let us not deceive ourselves; God can restore when he pleases the blinded vision; and he who insulted the blindness of others, himself falls into the most profound darkness, without any other cause being

*Supplies finished
with historical
by Miss. Brown.*

carried into operation to overthrow the longest course of prosperity.

"It is thus that God reigns over all people. Let us no longer speak of hazard or fortune, or speak of it only as a veil to our weakness—an excuse to our ignorance. That which appears chance to our uncertain vision is the effect of intelligence and design on the part of the Most High—of the deliberations of that Supreme Council which disposes of all human affairs.

"It is for this reason that the rulers of mankind are ever subjected to a superior force which they cannot control. Their actions produce greater or lesser effects than they intended; their counsels have never failed to be attended by unforeseen consequences. Neither could they control the effect which the consequences of former revolutions produced upon their actions, nor foresee the course of events destined to follow the measures in which they themselves were actors. He alone who held the thread of human affairs—who knows what was, and is, and is to come—foresaw and predestined the whole in his immutable council.

"Alexander, in his mighty conquests, intended neither to labour for his generals, nor to ruin his royal house by his conquests. When the elder Brutus inspired the Roman people with an unbounded passion for freedom, he little thought that he was implanting in their minds the seeds of that unbridled license, destined one day to induce a tyranny more grievous than that of the Tarquins. When the Cæsars flattered the soldiers with a view to their immediate elevation, they had no intention of rearing up a militia of tyrants for their successors and the empire. In a word, there is no human power which has not contributed, in spite of itself, to other designs than its own. God alone is able to reduce all things to his own will. Hence it is that every thing appears surprising when we regard only secondary causes; and, nevertheless, all things advance with a regulated pace. Innumerable unforeseen results of human councils conducted the fortunes of Rome from Romulus to Charlemagne."—*Discours sur l'Hist. Univ. ad fin.*

It is impossible to dispute the grandeur of the glance which the Eagle of Meaux has cast over human affairs in the ancient world. But without contesting many of his propositions, and, in particular, fully conceding the truth of the important observation, that almost all the greater public actions of men have been attended in the end by consequences different from, often the reverse of, those which they intended, we apprehend that the *mode* of Divine superintendence and agency will be found to be more correctly portrayed in the following passage from Blair—an author, the elegance and simplicity of whose diction frequently disguises the profoundness of his thoughts, and the correctness of his observations of human affairs:—"The system upon which the Divine Government at present proceeds plainly is, that men's own weakness should be appointed to correct them; that sinners should be snared in the work of their own hand, and sunk in the pit which themselves have digged; that the

backslider in heart should be filled with his own ways. Of all the plans which could be devised for the government of the world, this approves itself to reason as the wisest and most worthy of God; so to frame the constitution of things, that the Divine laws should in a manner *execute themselves*, and carry their sanctions in their own bosom. When the vices of men require punishment to be inflicted, the Almighty is at no loss for ministers of justice. A thousand instruments of vengeance are at his command; innumerable arrows are always in his quiver. But such is the profound wisdom of his plan, that no peculiar interposals of power are requisite. He has no occasion to step from his throne, and to interrupt the order of nature. With the majesty and solemnity which befits Omnipotence, he pronounces, 'Ephraim has gone to his idols: let him alone.' He leaves transgressors to their own guilt, and punishment follows of course. Their sins do the work of justice. They lift the scourge; and with every stroke which they inflict on the criminal, they mix this severe admonition, that as he is only reaping the fruit of his own actions, he deserves all that he suffers."—BLAIR, iv. 268, *Serm. 14.*

The most eloquent and original of Bossuet's writings is his funeral oration on Henrietta, Queen of England, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. It was natural that such an occasion should call forth all his powers, pronounced as it was on a princess of the blood-royal of France, who had undergone unparalleled calamities with heroic resignation, the fruit of the great religious revolution of the age, against which the French prelate had exerted all the force of his talents. It exhibits accordingly a splendid specimen of genius and capacity; and imbued as we are in this Protestant land with the most favourable impressions of the consequences of this convulsion, it is perhaps not altogether uninteresting to observe in what light it was regarded by the greatest intellects of the Catholic world,—that between the two we may form some estimate of the light in which it will be viewed by an impartial posterity.

"Christians!" says he, in the exordium of his discourse; "it is not surprising that the memory of a great Queen, the daughter, the wife, the mother of monarchs, should attract you from all quarters to this melancholy ceremony; it will bring forcibly before your eyes one of those awful examples which demonstrate to the world the vanity of which it is composed. You will see in her single life the extremes of human things; felicity without bounds, miseries without parallel; a long and peaceable enjoyment of one of the most noble crowns in the universe, all that birth and grandeur could confer that was glorious, all that adversity and suffering could accumulate that was disastrous; the good cause, attended at first with some success, then involved in the most dreadful disasters. Revolutions unheard of, rebellion long restrained—at length reigning triumphant; no curb there to license, no laws in force. Majesty itself violated by bloody hands, usurpation, and tyranny, under the name

of liberty—a fugitive Queen, who can find no retreat in her three kingdoms, and was forced to seek in her native country a melancholy exile. Nine sea voyages undertaken against her will by a Queen, in spite of wintry tempests—a throne unworthily overturned, and miraculously re-established. Behold the lesson which God has given to kings! thus does He manifest to the world the nothingness of its pomps and its grandeur! If our words fail, if language sinks beneath the grandeur of such a subject, the simple narrative is more touching than aught that words can convey. The heart of a great Queen, formerly elevated by so long a course of prosperity, then steeped in all the bitterness of affliction, will speak in sufficiently touching language; and if it is not given to a private individual to teach the proper lessons from so mournful a catastrophe, the King of Israel has supplied the words—‘Hear! Oh ye Great of the Earth!—Take lessons, ye Rulers of the World!’

“But the wise and devout Princess, whose obsequies we celebrate, has not merely been a spectacle exhibited to the world in order that men might learn the counsels of Divine Providence, and the fatal revolutions of monarchies. She took counsel herself from the calamities in which she was involved, while God was instructing kings by her example. It is by giving and withdrawing power that God communicates his lessons to kings. The Queen we mourn has equally listened to the voice of these two opposite monitors. She has made use, like a Christian, alike of prosperous and adverse fortune. In the first she was beneficent, in the last invincible; as long as she was fortunate, she let her power be felt only by her unbounded deeds of goodness; when wrapt in misery, she enriched herself more than ever by the heroic virtues befitting misfortune. For her own good, she has lost that sovereign power which she formerly exercised only for the blessings of her subjects; and if her friends—if the universal church have profited by her prosperities, she herself has profited more from her calamities than from all her previous grandeur. That is the great lesson to be drawn from the ever-memorable life of Henrietta Maria of France, Queen of Great Britain.

“I need not dwell on the illustrious birth of that Princess; no rank on earth equals it in lustre. Her virtues have been not less remarkable than her descent. She was endowed with a generosity truly royal; of a truth, it might be said, that she deemed every thing lost which was not given away. Nor were her other virtues less admirable. The faithful depositary of many important complaints and secrets—it was her favourite maxim that princes should observe the same silence as confessors, and exercise the same discretion. In the utmost fury of the Civil Wars never was her word doubted, or her clemency called in question. Who has so nobly exercised that winning art which humbles without lowering itself, and confers so graciously liberty, while it commands respect? At once mild yet firm—condescending, yet dignified—she knew at the same time how to convince and persuade, and

to support by reason, rather than enforce by authority. With what prudence did she conduct herself in circumstances the most arduous; if a skilful hand could have saved the state, hers was the one to have done it. Her magnanimity can never be sufficiently extolled. Fortune had no power over her; neither the evils which she foresaw, nor those by which she was surprised, could lower her courage. What shall I say to her immovable fidelity to the religion of her ancestors? She knew well that that attachment constituted the glory of her house, as well as of the whole of France, sole nation in the world which, during the twelve centuries of its existence, has never seen on the throne but the faithful children of the church. Uniformly she declared that nothing should detach her from the faith of St. Louis. The King, her husband, has pronounced upon her the noblest of all eulogiums, that their hearts were in union in all but the matter of religion; and confirming by his testimony the piety of the Queen, that enlightened Prince has made known to all the world at once his tenderness, his conjugal attachment, and the sacred, inviolable fidelity of his incomparable spouse.”

All the world must admire the sustained dignity of this noble eulogium; but touching as were the misfortunes, heroic the character, of the unfortunate Henrietta, it more nearly concerns us to attend to the opinion of Bossuet on the great theological convulsion, in the throes of which she was swallowed up.

“When God permits the smoke to arise from the pits of the abyss which darkens the face of Heaven—that is, when he suffers heresy to arise—when, to punish the scandals of the church, or awaken the piety of the people and their pastors, He permits the darkness of error to deceive the most elevated minds, and to spread abroad throughout the world a haughty chagrin, a disquieted curiosity, a spirit of revolt, He determines, in his infinite wisdom, the limits which are to be imposed to the progress of error, the stay which is to be put to the sufferings of the church. I do not pretend to announce to you, Christians, the destiny of the heresies of our times, nor to be able to assign the fatal boundary by which God has restrained their course. But if my judgment does not deceive me; if, recurring to the history of past ages, I rightly apply their experience to the present, I am led to the opinion, and the wisest of men concur in the sentiment, that *the days of blindness are past, and that the time is approaching when the true light will return.*

“When Henry VIII., a prince in other respects so accomplished, was seduced by the passions which blinded Solomon and so many other kings, and began to shake the authority of the Church, the wise warned him, that if he stirred that one point, he would throw the whole fabric of government into peril, and infuse, in opposition to his wishes, a frightful license into future ages. The wise forewarned him; but when is passion controlled by wisdom; when does not folly smile at its predictions? That, however, which a prudent foresight could not persuade to men, a ruder instructor, experience, has compelled them to

believe. All that religion has that is most sacred has been sacrificed; England has changed so far that it no longer can recognise itself; and, more agitated in its bosom and on its own soil than even the ocean which surrounds it, it has been overwhelmed by a frightful inundation of innumerable absurd sects. Who can predict but what, repenting of its enormous errors concerning Government, it may not extend its reflections still farther, and look back with fond regret to the tranquil condition of religious thought which preceded the convulsions?"

Amidst all this pomp of language, and this sagacious intermixture of political foresight with religious prepossession, there is one reflection which necessarily forces itself upon the mind. Bossuet conceived, and conceived justly, that the frightful atrocities into which religious dissension had precipitated the English people would produce a general reaction against the theological fervour from which they had originated; and that the days of extravagant fervour were numbered, from the very extent of the general suffering which its aberrations had occasioned. In arriving at this conclusion, he correctly reasoned from the past to the present; and foretold a decline in false opinion, from the woful consequences which Providence had attached to its continuance. Yet how widely did he err when he imagined that the days of the Reformation were numbered, or that England, relapsing into the quiet despotism of former days, was to fall back again into the arms of the Eternal Church! At that very moment the broad and deep foundations of British freedom were in the act of being laid, and that power was arising, destined in future ages to be the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the vehicle of pure undefiled religion to the remotest corners of the earth. The great theological convulsions of the sixteenth century were working out their appropriate fruits; a new world was peopling by its energy, and rising into existence from its spirit; and from the oppressed and distracted shores of England those hosts of emigrants were embarking for distant regions, who were destined, at no remote period, to spread the Church of England and the Protestant faith through the countless millions of the American race. The errors, indeed the passions, the absurdities of that unhappy period, as Bossuet rightly conjectured, have passed away; the Fifth Monarchy men no longer disturb the plains of England; the chants of the Covenanters are no longer heard on the mountains of Scotland; transferred to the faithful record of history or the classic pages of romance, these relics of the olden time only furnish a heart-stirring subject for the talents of the historian or the genius of the novelist. But the human mind never falls back, though it often halts in its course. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* is the law of social affairs not less than of the fabled descent to the shades below; the descendants of the Puritans and the Covenanters have abjured the absurdities of their fathers, but they have not relapsed into the chains of Popery. Purified of its corruptions by the indignant voice of in-

urgent reason, freed from its absurdities by the experience of the calamities with which they were attended, the fair form of *Catholic Christianity* has arisen in the British Isles; imbued with the spirit of the universal Church, but destitute of the rancour of its deluded sectaries; borrowing from the religion of Rome its charity, adopting from the Lutheran Church its morality; sharing with reason its intellectual triumphs, inheriting from faith its spiritual constancy, not disdaining the support of ages, and yet not excluding the light of time; glorying in the antiquity of its descent, and, at the same time, admitting the necessity of recent reformation; it has approached as near as the weakness of humanity, and the limited extent of our present vision will permit, to that model of ideal perfection which, veiled in the silver robes of innocence, the faithful trust is one day to pervade the earth. And if present appearances justify any presentiments as to future events, the destinies of this church are worthy of the mighty collision of antiquity with revolution, of the independence of thought with the reverence for authority, from which it arose, and the vast part assigned to it in human affairs. The glories of the English nation, the triumphs of the English navy, have been the pioneers of its progress; the infidel triumphs of the French Revolution, the victorious career of Napoleon, have ministered to its success; it is indissolubly wound up with the progress of the Anglo-American race; it is spreading over the wilds of Australia; slowly but steadily it is invading the primeval deserts of Africa. It shares the destiny of the language of Milton, Shakspeare, and Scott; it must grow with the growth of a colonial empire which encircles the earth; the invention of printing, the discovery of steam navigation, are the vehicles of its mercies to mankind!

"I have spoken," says Bossuet, "of the license into which the human mind is thrown, when once the foundations of religion are shaken, and the ancient landmarks are removed.

"But as the subject of the present discourse affords so unique and memorable an example for the instruction of all ages of the lengths to which such furious passions will lead the people, I must, in justice to my subject, recur to the original sources of error, and conduct you, step by step, from the first contempt and disregard of the church to the final atrocities in which it has plunged mankind.

"The fountain of the whole evil is to be found in those in the last century, who attempted reformation by means of schism; finding the church an invincible barrier against all their innovations, they felt themselves under the necessity of overturning it. Thus the decrees of the Councils, the doctrines of the fathers, the traditions of the Holy See, and of the Catholic Church, have been no longer considered as sacred and inviolable. Every one has made for himself a tribunal, where he rendered himself the arbiter of his own belief; and yet the innovators did impose some limits to the changes of thought by restraining them within the bounds of holy writ, as if the moment that the principle is once admitted tha

every believer may put what interpretations upon its passages he pleases, and buoy himself up with the belief that the Holy Spirit has dictated to him his own peculiar explanation, there is no individual who may not at once conceive himself authorized to worship his own inventions, to consecrate his thoughts, and call the wanderings of his imagination divine inspiration. From the moment this fatal doctrine was introduced, it was distinctly foreseen by the wise that license of thought being now emancipated from all control, sects would multiply *ad infinitum*; obstinacy become invincible; disputes interminable; and that, while some would give to their reveries the name of inspiration, others, disgusted with such extravagant visions, and not being able to reconcile the majesty of religion with a faith torn by so many divisions, would seek a fatal repose in the indifference of irreligion, or the hardihood of atheism.

"Such, and more fatal still, have been the natural effects of the new doctrine. But, in like manner, as a stream which has burst its banks does not everywhere produce the same ravages, because its rapidity does not find everywhere the same inclinations and openings, thus, although that spirit of indocility and independence was generally diffused through all the heresies of latter times, it has not produced universally the same effects; it has in many quarters been restrained by fear, worldly interests, and the particular humour of nations, or by the Supreme Power, which can impose, where it seems good, effectual limits even to the utmost extravagance of human passion. If it has appeared in undisguised malignity in England—if its malignity has declared itself without reserve—if its kings have perished under its fury, it is because its kings have been the primary causes of the catastrophe. They have yielded too much to the popular delusion that the ancient religion was susceptible of improvement. Their subjects have in consequence ceased to revere its maxims; they could have no respect for it when they saw them daily giving place to the passions and caprices of princes. The earth, too frequently moved, has become incapable of consistence; the mountains, once so stable, have fallen on all sides, and ghastly precipices have started forth from their bared sides. I apply these remarks to all the frightful aberrations which we daily see rising up around us. Be not deluded with the idea that they are only a quarrel of the Episcopacy, or some disputes of the English Church, which have so profoundly moved the Commons. These disputes were nothing but the feeble commencement, slight essays by which the turbulent spirits made trial of their liberty. Something much more violent was stirring their hearts; a secret disgust at all authority—an insatiable craving after innovation, after they had once tasted its delicious sweets.

"Thus the Calvinists, more bold than the Lutherans, have paved the way for the Socinians, whose numbers increase every day. From the same source have sprung the infinite sects of the Anabaptists, and from their opinions, mingled with the tenets of Calvinism,

have sprung the Independents, to whose extravagances it was thought no parallel could be found till there emerged out of their bosom a still more fanatic race, the Tremblers, who believe that all their reveries are Divine inspiration; and the Seekers, who, seventeen hundred years after Christ, still look for the Saviour, whom they have never yet been able to find. It is thus, that when the earth was once stirred, ruins fell on ruins; when opinion was once shaken, sect multiplied upon sect. In vain the kings of England flattered themselves that they would be able to arrest the human mind on this perilous declivity by preserving the Episcopacy; for what could the bishops do, when they had themselves undermined their own authority, and all the reverence due to the power which they derived by succession from the apostolic ages, by openly condemning their predecessors, even as far back as the origin of their spiritual authority, in the person of St. Gregory and his disciple St. Augustin, the first apostle of the English nation? What is Episcopacy, when it is severed from the Church, which is its main stay, to attach itself, contrary to its divine nature, to royalty as its supreme head? Thus two powers, of a character so essentially different, can never properly unite; their functions are so different that they mutually impede each; and the majesty of the kings of England would have remained inviolable, if, content with its sacred rights, it had not endeavoured to draw to itself the privileges and prerogatives of the Church. Thus nothing has arrested the violence of the spirit, so fruitful is error; and God, to punish the irreligious irritability of his people, has delivered them over to the intemperance of their own vain curiosity, so that the ardour of their insensate disputes has become the most dangerous of their maladies.

"Can we be surprised if they lost all respect for majesty and the laws, if they became factious, rebellious, and obstinate, when such principles were instilled into their minds? Religion is fatally enervated when it is changed; the weight is taken away which can alone restrain mankind. There is in the bottom of every heart a rebellious spirit, which never fails to escape if the necessary restraint is taken away; no curb is left when men are once taught that they may dispose at pleasure of religion. Thence has sprung that pretended reign of Christ, heretofore unknown to Christendom, which was destined to annihilate royalty, and render all men equal, under the name of Independents; a seditious dream, an impious and sacrilegious chimera; but valuable as a proof of the eternal truth, that every thing turns to sedition and treason, when once the authority of religion is destroyed. But why seek for proofs of a truth, while the Divine Spirit has pronounced upon the subject an unalterable sentence? God has himself declared that he will withdraw from the people who alter the religion which he has established, and deliver them over to the scourge of civil war. Hear the prophet Zacharias! 'Their souls, saith the Lord, have swerved from me, and I have said I will no longer be

your shepherd; let him who is to die prepare for death; let he who is to be cut off perish, and the remainder shall prey on each other's flesh.'”—Bossuet's *Oraisons Funèbres de la Reine d'Angleterre*.

The character and the career of the triumph of Cromwell are thus sketched out by the same master-hand:—

“Contempt of the unity of the Church was doubtless the cause of the divisions of England. If it is asked how it happened that so many opposite and irreconcilable sects should have united themselves to overthrow the royal authority? the answer is plain—a man arose of an incredible depth of thought; as profound a hypocrite as he was a skilful politician; capable alike of undertaking and concealing every thing; active and indefatigable equally in peace as war; so vigilant and active, that he has never proved awanting to any opportunity which presented itself to his elevation; in fine, one of those stirring and audacious spirits which seem born to overturn the world. How hazardous the fate of such persons is, sufficiently appears from the history of all ages. But also what can they not accomplish when it pleases God to make use of them for his purposes? ‘It was given to him to deceive the people, and to prevail against kings.’† Perceiving that in that infinite assembly of sects, who were destitute of all certain rules, the pleasure of indulging in their own dogmas was the secret charm which fascinated all minds, he contrived to play upon that monstrous propensity so as to render that monstrous assembly a most formidable body. When once the secret is discovered of leading the multitude by the attractions of liberty, it follows blindly, because it hears only that name. The people, occupied with the first object which had transported them, go blindfold on, without perceiving that they are on the high road to servitude; and their subtle conductor, at once a soldier, a preacher, a combatant, and a dogmatizer, so enchanted the world, that he came to be regarded as a chief sent by God to work out the triumph of the cause of independence. He was so; but it was for its punishment. The design of the Almighty was to instruct kings, by this great example, in the danger of leaving his church: He wished to unfold to men to what lengths, both in temporal and spiritual matters, the rebellious spirit of schism can lead; and when, in order to accomplish this end, he has made choice of an instrument, nothing can arrest his course. ‘I am the Lord,’ said he, by the mouth of his prophet Jeremiah; ‘I made the earth, and all that therein is: I place it in the hands of whom I will.’”—*Ibid.*

It is curious to those who reflect on the pro-

gress of the human mind from one age to another, to observe the large intermixture of error with truth that pervades this remarkable passage. It is clear that the powerful and sagacious mind of the Bishop of Meaux had penetrated the real nature of the revolutionary spirit, whether in religion or politics; and, accordingly, there is a great deal of truth in his observations on the English Revolution. But he narrows too much the view which he took of it. He ascribes more than its due to the secession from the Church of Rome. No one can doubt, indeed, that religious fervour was the great lever which then moved mankind; and that Bossuet was correct in holding that it was the fervour of the Reformation running into fanaticism, which, spreading from spiritual to temporal concerns, produced the horrors of the Great Rebellion. But, on the other hand, the event has proved that it was no part of the design of Providence to compel the English by the experience of suffering, to fall again into the arms of the Church of Rome. An hundred and seventy years have elapsed since Bossuet composed these splendid passages, and the Church of England is not only still undecayed, but it is flourishing now in renovated youth, and has spread its colonial descendants through every part of the earth. The Church of Rome still holds its ground in more than half of old Europe; but Protestantism has spread with the efforts of colonial enterprise, and the Bible and the hatchet have gone hand in hand in exploring the wilds of the New World. And the hand of Providence is equally clear in both. Catholicism is suited to the stately monarchies, antiquated civilization, and slavish habits of Southern Europe; but it is totally unfit to animate the exertions and inspire the spirit of the dauntless emigrants who are to spread the seeds of civilization through the wilderness of nature. And one thing is very remarkable, and affords a striking illustration of that subjection of human affairs to an overruling Providence which Bossuet has so eloquently asserted in all parts of his writings. Mr. Hume has observed that the marriage of Queen Henrietta to Charles I., by the partiality for the Catholic faith which it infused into his descendants, is the principal reason of their being at this moment exiles from the British throne! It was deemed at the time a masterpiece of the Court of Rome to place a Catholic Queen on the throne of England; and the conversion of that bright jewel to the tiara of St. Peter was confidently anticipated from its effects; and its ultimate results have been not only to confirm the Protestant faith in the British isles, but diffuse its seed, by the distraction and suffering of the Civil Wars, through the boundless colonial empire of Great Britain.

* Zech. xi. 9.

† Rev. xiii. 5.

POLAND.*

THE recent events in Poland have awakened the old and but half-extinguished interest of the British people in the fate of that unhappy country. The French may regard the Polish legions as the vanguard only of revolutionary movement: the Radicals may hail their struggle as the first fruits of political regeneration: the great majority of observers in this country think of them only as a gallant people, bravely combating for their independence, and forget the shades of political difference in the great cause of national freedom. The sympathy with the Poles, accordingly, is universal. It is as strong with the Tories as the Whigs, with the supporters of antiquated abuse as the aspirants after modern improvement. Political considerations combine with generous feeling in this general interest. And numbers who regard with aversion any approach towards revolutionary warfare, yet view it with complacency when it seems destined to interpose Sarmatian valour between European independence and Muscovite ambition.

The history of Poland, however, contains more subjects of interest than this. It is fraught with political instruction as well as romantic adventure, and exhibits on a great scale the consequences of that democratic equality which, with uninformed politicians, is so much the object of eulogium. The French revolutionists, who sympathize so vehemently with the Poles in their contest with Russian despotism, little imagine that the misfortunes of that country are the result of that very equality which they have made such sacrifices to attain; and that in the weakness of Poland may be discerned the consequences of the political system which they consider as the perfection of society.

Poland, in ancient, possessed very much the extent and dominion of Russia in Europe in modern times. It stretched from the Baltic to the Euxine; from Smolensko to Bohemia; and embraced within its bosom the whole Scythia of antiquity—the storehouse of nations, from whence the hordes issued who so long pressed upon and at last overthrew the Roman empire. Its inhabitants have in every age been celebrated for their heroic valour: they twice, in conjunction with the Tartars, captured the ancient capital of Russia, and the conflagration of Moscow, and retreat of Napoleon, were but the repetition of what had resulted five centuries before from the appearance of the Polish eagles on the banks of the Moskwa. Placed on the frontiers of European civilization, they long formed its barrier against barbarian invasion: and the most desperate wars they ever maintained were those which they had to carry on with their own subjects, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, whose roving habits and pre-

datory life disdained the restraints of regular government. When we read the accounts of the terrible struggles they maintained with the great insurrection of these formidable hordes under Bogdan, in the 17th century, we are transported to the days of Scythian warfare, and recognise the features of that dreadful invasion of the Sarmatian tribes, which the genius of Marius averted from the Roman republic.

Nor has the military spirit of the people declined in modern times. The victories of Sobieski, the deliverance of Vienna, seem rather the fiction of romance than the records of real achievement. No victory so glorious as that of Kotzim had been gained by Christendom over the Saracens since the triumphs of Richard on the field of Ascalon: And the tide of Mahomedan conquest would have rolled resistlessly over the plains of Germany, even in the reign of Louis XIV., if it had not been arrested by the Polish hero under the walls of Vienna. Napoleon said it was the peculiar quality of the Polanders to form soldiers more rapidly than any other people. And their exploits in the Italian and Spanish campaigns justified the high eulogium and avowed partiality of that great commander. No swords cut deeper than theirs in the Russian ranks during the campaign of 1812, and alone, amidst universal defection, they maintained their faith inviolate in the rout at Leipzig. But for the hesitation of the French emperor in restoring their independence, the whole strength of the kingdom would have been roused on the invasion of Russia; and had this been done, had the Polish monarchy formed the support of French ambition, the history of the world might have been changed;

“From Fate’s dark book one leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn.”

How, then, has it happened that a country of such immense extent, inhabited by so martial a people, whose strength on great occasions was equal to such achievements, should in every age have been so unfortunate, that their victories should have led to no result, and their valour so often proved inadequate to save their country from dismemberment? The plaintive motto, *Quomodo Lapsus; Quid feci*, may with still more justice be applied to the fortunes of Poland than the fall of the Court-enays. “Always combating,” says Salvandy, “frequently victorious, they never gained an accession of territory, and were generally glad to terminate a glorious contest by a cession of the ancient provinces of the republic.”

Superficial observers will answer, that it was the elective form of government; their unfortunate situation in the midst of military powers, and the absence of any chain of mountains to form the refuge of unfortunate patriots.

* Salvandy's *Histoire de la Pologne*, 3 vols. Paris, 1830. Reviewed in Blackwood's Magazine, Aug. 1831. Written during the Polish war.

ism. But a closer examination will demonstrate that these causes were not sufficient to explain the phenomenon; and that the series of disasters which have so long overwhelmed the monarchy, have arisen from a more permanent and lasting cause than either their physical situation or elective government.

The Polish crown has not always been elective. For two hundred and twenty years they were governed by the race of the Jagellons with as much regularity as the Plantagenets of England; and yet, during that dynasty, the losses of the republic were fully as great as in the subsequent periods. Prussia is as flat, and incomparably more sterile than Poland, and, with not a third of the territory, it is equally exposed to the ambition of its neighbours: Yet Prussia, so far from being the subject of partition, has steadily increased in territory and population, and now numbers fifteen millions of souls in her dominion. The fields of Poland, as rich and fertile as those of Flanders, seem the prey of every invader, while the patriotism of the Flemings has studded their plains with defensive fortresses which have secured their independence, notwithstanding the vicinity of the most ambitious and powerful monarchy in Europe.

The real cause of the never-ending disasters of Poland, is to be found in the *democratic equality*, which, from the remotest ages, has prevailed in the country. The elective form of government was the consequence of this principle in their constitution, which has descended to them from Scythian freedom, and has entailed upon the state disasters worse than the whirlwind of Scythian invasion.

"It is a mistake," says Salvandy, "to suppose that the representative form of government was found in the woods of Germany. What was found in the woods was *Polish equality*, which has descended unimpaired in all the parts of that vast monarchy to the present times.* It was not to our Scythian ancestors, but the early councils of the Christian church, that we are indebted for the first example of representative assemblies." In these words of great and philosophic importance is to be found the real origin of the disasters of Poland.

The principle of government, from the earliest times in Poland, was, that every free man had an equal right to the administration of public affairs, and that he was entitled to exercise this right, not by representation, but in person. The result of this was, that the whole freemen of the country constituted the real government; and the diets were attended by an hundred thousand horsemen; the great majority of whom were, of course, ignorant, and in necessitous circumstances, while all were penetrated with an equal sense of their importance as members of the Polish state. The convocation of these tumultuous assemblies was almost invariably the signal for murder and disorder. Thirty or forty thousand lackeys, in the service of the nobles, but still possessing the rights of freemen, followed their masters to the place of meeting, and were ever ready to support their ambition by military

violence, while the unfortunate natives, ea up by such an enormous assemblage of armed men, regarded the convocation of the citizens in the same light as the inhabitants of the Grecian city did the invasion of Xerxes, whose hordes had consumed every thing eatable in their territory at breakfast, when they returned thanks to the gods that he had not dined in their neighbourhood, or every living creature would have perished.

So far did the Poles carry this equality among all the free citizens, that by an original and fundamental law, called the *Liberum Veto*, any one member of the diet, by simply interposing his negative, could stop the election of the sovereign, or any other measure the most essential to the public welfare. Of course, in so immense a multitude, some were always to be found fractious or venal enough to exercise this dangerous power, either from individual perversity, the influence of external corruption, or internal ambition; and hence the numerous occasions on which diets, assembled for the most important purposes, were broken up without having come to any determination, and the Republic left a prey to anarchy, at the time when it stood most in need of the unanimous support of its members. It is a striking proof how easily men are deluded by this phantom of general equality, when it is recollected that this ruinous privilege has, not only in every age, been clung to as the *Magna Charta* of Poland, but that the native historians, recounting distant events, speak of any infringement upon it as the most fatal measure that could possibly be figured, to the liberties and welfare of the country.

All human institutions, however, must be subject to some check, which renders it practicable to get through business on urgent occasions, in spite of individual opposition. The Poles held it utterly at variance with every principle of freedom to bind any free man by a law to which he had not consented. The principle, that the majority could bind the minority, seemed to them inconsistent with the most elementary ideas of liberty. To get quit of the difficulty, they commonly *massacred the recusant*; and this appeared, in their eyes, a much less serious violation of freedom than out-voting him; because, said they, instances of violence are few, and do not go beyond the individual sufferers; but when once the rulers establish that the majority can compel the minority to yield, no man has any security against the violation of his freedom.

Extremes meet. It is curious to observe how exactly the violation of freedom by popular folly coincides in its effect with its extinction by despotic power. The bow-string in the Seraglio, and assassination at St. Petersburg, are the limitations on arbitrary power in these despotic states. Popular murders were the means of restraining the exorbitant liberty of the Poles within the limits necessary for the maintenance of the forms even of regular government. Strange, as Salvandy has well observed, that the nation the most jealous of its liberty, should, at the same time adhere to a custom of all others the most destructive to freedom; and that, to avoid the government

* Salvandy, vol. i. Tableau Historique.

of one, they should submit to the despotism of all!

It was this original and fatal passion for *equality*, which has in every age proved fatal to Polish independence—which has paralyzed all the valour of her people, and all the enthusiasm of her character—and rendered the most warlike nation in Europe the most unfortunate. The measures of its government partook of the unstable and vacillating character of all popular assemblages. Bursts of patriotism were succeeded by periods of dejection; and the endless changes in the objects of popular inclination, rendered it impracticable to pursue any steady object, or adhere, through all the varieties of fortune, to one uniform system for the good of the state. Their wars exactly resembled the contests in La Vendee, where, a week after the most glorious successes, the victorious army was dissolved, and the leaders wandering with a few followers in the woods. At the battle of Kotzim, Sobieski commanded 40,000 men, the most regular army which for centuries Poland had sent into the field; at their head, he stormed the Turkish entrenchments, though defended by 80,000 veterans, and 300 pieces of cannon; he routed that mighty host, slew 50,000 men, and carried the Polish ensigns in triumph to the banks of the Danube. But while Europe resounded with his praises, and expected the deliverance of the Greek empire from his exertions, his army dissolved—the troops returned to their homes—and the invincible conqueror was barely able, with a few thousand men, to keep the field.

Placed on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, the Polish character and history have partaken largely of the effects of the institutions of both these quarters of the globe. Their passion for equality, their spirit of freedom, their national assemblages, unite them to European independence; their unstable fortune, perpetual vacillation, and chequered annals, partake of the character of Asiatic adventure. While the states by whom they are surrounded, have shared in the steady progress of European civilization, the Polish monarchy has been distinguished by the extraordinary vicissitudes of Eastern story. Elevated to the clouds during periods of heroic adventure, it has sunk to nothing upon the death of a single chief; the republic which had recently carried its arms in triumph to the neighbouring capitals, was soon struggling for its existence with a contemptible enemy; and the bulwark of Christendom in one age, was in the next razed from the book of nations.

Would we discover the cause of this vacillation, of which the deplorable consequences are now so strongly exemplified, we shall find it in the passion for equality which appears in every stage of their history, and of which M. Salvandy, a liberal historian, has given a powerful picture:—

"The proscription of their greatest princes," says he, "and, after their death, the calumnies of posterity, faithfully echoing the follies of contemporaries, have destroyed all those who in different ages have endeavoured, in Poland, to create a solid or protecting power. Nothing

is more extraordinary than to hear the modern annalists of that unfortunate people, whatever their country or doctrine may be, mechanically repeat all the national outcry against what they call their despotic tyrants. Facts speak in vain against such prejudices. In the eyes of the Poles, nothing was worthy of preservation in their country but *liberty and equality*—a high-sounding expression, which the French Revolution had not the glory of inventing, nor its authors the wisdom to apply more judiciously.

"Contrary to what has occurred everywhere else in the world, the Poles have never been at rest but under the rule of feeble monarchs. Great and vigorous kings were uniformly the first to perish; they have always sunk under vain attempts to accustom an independent nobility to the restraints of authority, or soften to their slaves the yoke of bondage. Thus the royal authority, which elsewhere expanded on the ruins of the feudal system, has in Poland only become weaker with the progress of time. All the efforts of its monarchs to enlarge their prerogative have been shattered against a compact, independent, courageous body of freemen, who, in resisting such attempts, have never either been weakened by division nor intimidated by menace. In their passion for equality, in their jealous independence, they were unwilling even to admit any distinction between each other; they long and haughtily rejected the titles of honour of foreign states, and even till the last age, refused to recognise those hereditary distinctions and oppressive privileges, which are now so fast disappearing from the face of society. They even went so far as to insist that one, in matters of deliberation, should be equal to all. The crown was thus constantly at war with a democracy of nobles. The dynasty of the Piasts strove with much ability to create, in the midst of that democracy, a few leading families; by the side of those nobles, a body of burghers. These things, difficult in all states, were there impossible. An hereditary dynasty, always stormy and often interrupted, was unfit for the persevering efforts requisite for such a revolution. In other states the monarchs pursued an uniform policy, and their subjects were vacillating; there the people were steady, and the crown changeable."—I. 71.

"In other states, time had everywhere introduced the hereditary descent of honours and power. Hereditary succession was established from the throne to the smallest fief, from the reciprocal necessity of subduing the vanquished people, and securing to each his share in the conquests. In Poland, on the other hand, the waywoods, or warlike chieftains, the magistrates and civil authorities, the governors of castles and provinces, so far from founding an aristocracy by establishing the descent of their honours or offices in their families, were seldom even nominated by the king. Their authority, especially that of the Palatins, excited equal umbrage in the sovereign who should have ruled, as the nobles who should have obeyed them. There was thus authority and order nowhere in the state.

"It is not surprising that such men should unite to the pride which could bear nothing

above, the tyranny which could spare nothing below them. In the dread of being compelled to share their power with their inferiors elevated by riches or intelligence, they affixed a stigma on every useful profession as a mark of servitude. Their maxim was, that nobility of blood was not lost by indigence or domestic service, but totally extinguished by commerce or industry. This policy perpetually withheld from the great body of serfs the use of arms, both because they had learned to fear, but still continued to despise them. In fine, jealous of every species of superiority as a personal outrage, of every authority as an usurpation, of every labour as a degradation, this society was at variance with every principle of human prosperity.

"Weakened in this manner in their external contests, by their equality not less than their tyranny, inferior to their neighbours in number and discipline, the Poles were the only warlike people in the world to whom victory never gave either peace or conquest. Incessant contests with the Germans, the Hungarians, the pirates of the north, the Cossacks of the Ukraine, the Osmanlis, occupy their whole annals; but never did the Polish eagles advance the frontiers of the republic. Poland saw Moravia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, escape from its rule, as Bohemia and Mecklenburg had formerly done, without ever being awakened to the necessity of establishing a central government sufficiently strong to coerce and protect so many discordant materials. She was destined to drink to the last dregs the bitter consequences of a pitiless aristocracy and a senseless equality.

"Vainly did Time, whose ceaseless course, by breaking through that fierce and oppressive equality, had succeeded where its monarchs had failed, strive to introduce a better order of things. Poland was destined, in all the ages of its history, to differ from all the other European states. With the progress of wealth, a race of burghers at length sprung up—an aristocracy of wealth and possessions arose; but both, contrary to the genius of the people, perished before they arrived at maturity. The first was speedily overthrown; in the convulsion consequent upon the establishment of the last, the national independence was destroyed."—I. 74.

Of the practical consequences of this fatal passion for equality in the legislature and the form of government, our author gives the following curious account:—

"The extreme difficulty of providing food for their *comitia* of an hundred thousand citizens on horseback, obliged the members of the diet to terminate their deliberations in a few days, or rather to separate, after having devoured all the food in the country, commenced a civil war, and determined nothing. The constant recurrence of such disasters at length led to an attempt to introduce territorial deputies, invested with full power to carry on the ordinary and routine business of the state. But so adverse was any delegation of authority to the original nature of Polish independence, that this beneficial institution never was established in Poland but in the most incom-

plete manner. Its introduction corrected none of the ancient abuses. The king was still the president of tumultuous assemblies; surrounded by obstacles on every side; controlled by generals and ministers not of his own selection; obliged to defend the acts of a cabinet which he could not control, against the cries of a furious diet. And these diets, which united, sabre in hand, under the eye of the sovereign, and still treated of all the important affairs of the state—of war and peace, the election of a sovereign, the formation of laws—which gave audience to ambassadors, and administered justice in important cases—were still the Champs de Mars of the northern tribes, and partook to the very last of all the vices of the savage character. There was the same confusion of powers, the same elements of disorder, the same license to themselves, the same tyranny over others.

"This attempt at a representative government was destructive to the last shadow of the royal authority; the meetings of the deputies became fixed and frequent; the power of the sovereign was lost without any permanent body arising to receive it in his room. The system of deputations made slow progress; and in several provinces was never admitted. General diets, where the whole nation assembled, became more rare, and therefore more perilous; and as they were convoked only on great occasions, and to discuss weighty interests, the fervour of passion was superadded to the inexperience of business.

"Speedily the representative assemblies became the object of jealousy on the part of this democratic race; and the citizens of the republic sought only to limit the powers which they had conferred on their representatives. Often the jealous multitude, terrified at the powers with which they had invested the deputies, were seized with a sudden panic, and hastened together from all quarters with their arms in their hands to watch over their proceedings. Such assemblies were styled 'Diets under the Buckler.' But generally they restricted and qualified their powers at the moment of election. The electors confined their parliaments to a circle of limited questions: gave them obligatory directions; and held, after every session, what they called post-comital diets; the object of which was to exact from every deputy a rigid account of the execution of his mandate. Thus every question of importance was, in effect, decided in the provinces before it was debated in the national assembly. And as unanimity was still considered essential to a decision, the passing of any legislative act became impossible when there was any variance between the instructions to the deputies. Thus the majority were compelled to disregard the protestations of the minority; and, to guard against that tyranny, the only remedy seemed to establish, in favour of the outvoted minority, the right of civil war. Confederations were established; armed leagues, formed of discontented nobles, who elected a marshal or president, and opposed decrees to decrees, force to force, diet to diet, tribune to tribune; and had alternately the king for its leader and its captive. What deplorable institutions, which opened to all the

discontented a legal channel for spreading anarchy through their country! The only astonishing thing is, that the valour of the Polish nobility so long succeeded in concealing these mortal defects in their institutions. One would have imagined that a nation, under such customs, could not exist a year; and yet it seemed never weary either of victories or folly."—I. 116.

No apology is necessary for the length of these quotations; for they are not only illustrative of the causes of the uniform disasters of Poland, but eminently instructive as to the tendency of democratic institutions all over the world.

There is no danger that the inhabitants of England or France will flock in person to the opening of Parliament, and establish diets of two or three hundred thousand freemen, with sabres by their sides; but there is a very great danger, that they will adopt the democratic jealousy of their representatives, and fix them down by fixed instructions to a course of conduct which will both render nugatory all the advantages of a deliberative assembly, and sow the seeds of dissension, jealousy, and civil war between the different members of the state. This is the more to be apprehended, because this evil was felt in the strongest manner in France during the progress of the Revolution, and has appeared in America most remarkably even during the brief period of its political existence.

The legislators of America are not in any sense *statesmen*; they are merely *delegates*, bound to obey the directions of their constituents, and sent there to forward the individual interest of the province, district, or borough which they represent. Their debates are languid and uninteresting; conducted with no idea whatever of convincing, but merely of showing the constituents of each member what he had done for his daily hire of seven dollars. The Constituents Assembly met, with *cahiers* or instructions to the deputies from all the electors; and so much did this jealousy of the legislature increase with the progress of the *movements* in France, that the surest road to popularity with the electors was soon found to be, the most abject professions of submission to their will. Every one knows how long and vehemently annual parliaments have been demanded by the English radicals, in order to give them an opportunity of constantly exercising this surveillance over their representatives; and how many members of the present House of Commons are under a positive pledge to their constituents on more than one momentous question. It is interesting to observe how much mankind, under all varieties of climate, situation, and circumstances, are governed by the same principles; and to trace the working of the same causes in Polish anarchy, French revolutions, American selfishness, and British democracy.

Whoever considers the matter dispassionately, and attends to the lessons of history, must arrive at the conclusion, that this democratic spirit cannot co-exist with regular government or national independence in ancient states: and that Polish anarchy is the neces-

sary prelude in all such communities to Moscovite oppression. The reason is eternal, and being founded in the nature of things, must be the same in all ages. When the true democratic spirit is once generally diffused, men invariably acquire such an inordinate *jealousy of their rulers*, that they thwart all measures, even of the most obvious and undeniable utility; and by a perpetual change of governors, gratify their own equalizing spirit, at the expense of the best interests of the state. This disposition appears at present in France, and England, in the rapid changes of administration which have taken place within the last few years, to the total destruction of any uniformity of government, or the prosecution of any systematic plan for the public good: it appears in America in the execrable system of rotation of office, in other words, of the expulsion of every man from official situations, the moment he becomes qualified to hold them, which a recent able observer has so well exposed;* it appeared in Poland in the uniform weakness of the executive, and periodical returns of anarchy, which rendered them, in despite of their native valour, unfortunate in every contest, and at last led to the partition of the republic.

Never was there a truer observation, than that wherever the tendency of prevailing institutions is hurtful, there is an under-current perpetually flowing, destined to correct them. As this equalising and democratic spirit is utterly destructive to the best interests of society, and the happiness of the very people who indulge in it, so by the wisdom of nature, it leads rapidly and certainly to its own destruction. The moment that it became paramount in the Roman Republic, it led to the civil convulsions which brought on the despotism of the Cæsars; its career was rapidly cut short in France by the sword of Napoleon; it exterminated Poland from the book of nations; it threatens to close the long line of British greatness; it will convulse or subjugate America, the moment that growing republic is brought in contact with warlike neighbours, or finds the safety-valve of the back settlements closed against the escape of turbulent multitudes.

The father of John Sobieski, whose estates lay in the Ukraine, has left a curious account of the manners and habits of the Cossacks in his time, which was about 200 years ago. "The great majority," said he, "of these wandering tribes, think of nothing but the affairs of their little families, and encamp, as it were, in the midst of the towns which belong to the crown or the noblesse. They interrupt the ennui of repose by frequent assemblies, and their *comitia* are generally civil wars, often attended by profuse bloodshed. It is there that they choose their hetman, or chief, by acclamation, followed by throwing their bearskin caps in the air. Such is the inconstancy in the multitude, that they frequently destroy their own work; but as long as the hetman remains in power, he has the right of life and death. The town of Tretchmiron, in Kiovia, is the

* Captain Hall.

arsenal of their warlike implements and their treasure. There is deposited the booty taken by their pirates in Romelia and Asia Minor; and there are also preserved, with religious care, the immunities granted to their nation by the republic. There are displayed the standards which the king sends them, whenever they take up arms for the service of the republic. It is round this royal standard that the nation assemble in their *comitia*. The hetman there does not presume to address the multitude but with his head uncovered, with a respectful air, ready to exculpate himself from all the charges brought against him, and to solicit humbly his share of the spoils taken from the enemies. These fierce peasants are passionately fond of war; few are acquainted with the use of the musket; the pistol and sabre are their ordinary weapons. Thanks to their light and courageous squadrons, Poland can face the infantry of the most powerful nations on earth. They are as serviceable in retreat as in success; when discomfited, they form, with their chariots ranged in several lines in a circular form, an entrenched camp, to which no other fortifications can be compared. Behind that tabor, they defy the attacks of the most formidable enemy."

Of the species of troops who composed the Polish army, our author gives the following curious account,—a striking proof of the national weakness which follows the fatal passion for equality, which formed their grand national characteristic:

"Five different kinds of soldiers composed the Polish army. There was, in the first place, the mercenaries, composed of Hungarians, Wallachians, Cossacks, Tartars, and Germans, who would have formed the strength and nucleus of the army, had it not been that on the least delay in their payments, they invariably turned their arms against the government: the national troops, to whose maintenance a fourth of the national revenue was devoted: the volunteers, under which name were included the levies of the great nobles, and the ordinary guards which they maintained in time of peace: the *Pospolite*, that is, the array of the whole free citizens, who, after three summonses from the king, were obliged to come forth under the banners of their respective palatines, but only to remain a few months in the field, and could not be ordered beyond the frontiers. This last unwieldy body, however brave, was totally deficient in discipline, and in general served only to manifest the weakness of the republic. It was seldom called forth but in civil wars. The legions of valets, grooms, and drivers, who encumbered the other force, may be termed a fifth branch of the military force of Poland; but these fierce retainers, naturally warlike and irascible, injured the army more by their pillage and dissensions than they assisted it by their numbers.

"All these different troops were deficient in equipment; obliged to provide themselves with every thing, and to collect their subsistence by their own authority, they were encumbered with an incredible quantity of baggage-wagons, destined, for the most part, less to

convey provisions than carry off plunder. They had no corps of engineers; the artillery, composed of a few pieces of small calibre, had no other officers than a handful of French adventurers, upon whose adherence to the republic implicit reliance could not be placed. The infantry were few in number, composed entirely of the mercenary and royal troops, but this arm was regarded with contempt by the haughty nobility. The foot soldiers were employed in digging ditches, throwing bridges, and cutting down forests, rather than actual warfare. Sobieski was exceedingly desirous of having in his camp a considerable force of infantry; but two invincible obstacles prevented it,—the prejudices of the country, and the penury of the royal treasury.

"The whole body of the *Pospolite*, the volunteers, the *valets d'armée*, and a large part of the mercenaries and national troops, served on horseback. The heavy cavalry, in particular, constituted the strength of the armies; there were to be found united, riches, splendour, and number. They were divided into cuirassiers and hussars; the former clothed in steel, man and horse bearing casque and cuirass, lance and sabre, bows and carabines; the latter defended only by a twisted hauberk, which descended from the head, over the shoulders and breast, and armed with a sabre and pistol. Both were distinguished by the splendour of their dress and equipage, and the number and costly array of their mounted servants, accoutred in the most bizarre manner, with huge black plumes, and skins of bears and other wild beasts. It was the boast of this body, that they were composed of men, all measured, as they expressed it, by the same standard; that is, equal in nobility, equally enjoying the rights to obey only their God and their swords, and equally destined, perhaps, to step one day into the throne of the Piasts and the Jagellons. The hussars and cuirassiers were called *Towarzisz*, that is, companions; they called each other by that name, and they were designated in the same way by the sovereign, whose chief boast would be *Primus inter pares*, the first among equals."—I. 129.

With so motley and discordant a force, it is not surprising that Poland was unable to make head against the steady ambition and regular forces of the military monarchies with which it was surrounded. Its history accordingly exhibits the usual feature of all democratic societies—occasional bursts of patriotism, and splendid efforts followed by dejection, anarchy, and misrule. It is a stormy night illuminated by occasional flashes of lightning, never by the steady radiance of the morning sun.

One of the most glorious of these flashes is the victory of Kotzim, the first great achievement of John Sobieski.

"Kotzim is a strong castle, situated four leagues from Kamaniek, on a rocky projection which runs into the Dneiper, impregnable from the river, and surrounded on the other side by deep and rocky ravines. A bridge thrown over one of them, united it to the entrenched camp, where Hussein Pacha had posted his army. That camp, defended by ancient fieldworks, extended along the banks

of the Dneiper, and was guarded on the side of Moldavia, the sole accessible quarter, by precipices cut in the solid rock, and impassable morasses. The art of the Ottomans had added to the natural strength of the position; the plain over which, after the example of the Romans, that military colony was intended to rule, was intersected to a great distance by canals and ditches, whose banks were strengthened by palisades. A powerful artillery defended all the avenues to the camp, and there reposed, under magnificent tents, the Turkish generalissimo and eighty thousand veterans, when they were suddenly startled by the sight of the Polish banners, which moved in splendid array round their entrenchments, and took up a position almost under the fire of their artillery.

"The spot was animating to the recollections of the Christian host. Fifty years before, James Sobieski had conquered a glorious peace under the walls of that very castle: and against its ramparts, after the disaster of the Koblitz, the power of the young Sultan Osman had dashed itself in vain. Now the sides were changed; the Turks held the entrenched camp, and the army of the son of James Sobieski filled the plain.

"The smaller force had now to make the assault; the larger army was entrenched behind ramparts better fortified, better armed with cannon, than those which Sultan Osman and his three hundred thousand Mussulmen sought in vain to wrest from the feeble army of Wladislaus. The Turks were now grown gray in victories, and the assailants were young troops, for the most part ill armed, assembled in haste, destitute of resources, magazines, or provisions—worn out with the fatigues and the privations of a winter campaign. Deep ditches, the rocky bed of torrents, precipitous walls of rock, composed the field of battle on which they were called on to combat an enemy reposing tranquilly under the laurels of victory, beneath sumptuous tents, and behind ramparts defended by an array of three hundred pieces of cannon. The night passed on the Polish side in mortal disquietude; the mind of the general, equally with the soldiers, was overwhelmed with anxiety. The enterprise which he had undertaken seemed above human strength; the army had no chance of safety but in victory, and there was too much reason to fear that treachery, or division in his own troops, would snatch it from his grasp, and deliver down his name with disgrace to posterity.

"Sobieski alone was inaccessible to fear. When the troops were drawn forth on the following morning, the Grand Hetman of Lithuania declared the attack desperate, and his resolution to retreat. 'Retreat,' cried the Polish hero, 'is impossible. We should only find a disgraceful death in the morasses with which we are surrounded, a few leagues from hence; better far to brave it at the foot of the enemy's entrenchments. But what ground is there for apprehension? Nothing disquiets me but what I hear from you. Your menaces are our only danger. I am confident you will not execute them. If Poland is to be effaced

from the book of nations, you will not allow our children to exclaim, that if a Paz had not fled, they would not have wanted a country.' Vanquished by the magnanimity of Sobieski, and the cries of Sapieha and Radziwik, the Lithuanian chief promised not to desert his countrymen.

"Sobieski then ranged his faltering battalions in order of battle, and the Turks made preparations to receive behind their entrenchments the seemingly hopeless attack of the Christians. Their forces were ranged in a semicircle, and their forty field-pieces advanced in front, battered in breach the palisades which were placed across the approaches to the Turkish palisades. Kouski, the commander of the artillery, performed under the superior fire of the enemy, prodigies of valour. The breaches were declared practicable in the evening; and when night came, the Christian forces of the two principalities of Walachia and Moldavia deserted the camp of the Infidels, to range themselves under the standard of the cross; a cheefing omen, for troops never desert but to the side which they imagine will prove successful.

"The weather was dreadful; the snow fell in great quantities; the ranks were obstructed by its drifts. In the midst of that severe tempest, Sobieski kept his troops under arms the whole night. In the morning they were buried in the snow, exhausted by cold and suffering. Then he gave the signal of attack. 'Companions, said he, in passing through the lines, his clothes, his hair, his mustaches covered with icicles, 'I deliver to you an enemy already half vanquished. You have suffered, the Turks are exhausted. The troops of Asia can never endure the hardships of the last twenty-four hours. The cold has conquered them to our hand. Whole troops of them are already sinking under their sufferings, while we, inured to the climate, are only animated by it to fresh exertions. It is for us to save the republic from shame and slavery. Soldiers of Poland, recollect that you fight for your country, and that Jesus Christ combats for you.'

"Sobieski had thrice heard mass since the rising of the sun. The day was the *fête* of St. Martin of Tours. The chiefs founded great hopes on his intercession: the priests, who had followed their masters to the field of battle, traversed the ranks, recounting the actions of that great apostle of the French, and all that they might expect from his known zeal for the faith. He was a Slavonian by birth. Could there be any doubt, then, that the Christians would triumph when his glory was on that day in so peculiar a manner interested in performing miracles in their favour?

"An accidental circumstance gave the highest appearance of truth to these ideas. The Grand Marshal, who had just completed his last reconnaissance of the enemy's lines, returned with his countenance illuminated by the presage of victory—'My companions,' he exclaimed, 'in half an hour we shall be lodged under these gilded tents.' In fact, he had discovered that the point against which he intended to direct his principal attack was not defended but by a few troops berumbed by the

cold. He immediately made several feigned assaults to distract the attention of the enemy, and directed against the palisades, by which he intended to enter, the fire of a battery already erected. The soldiers immediately recollected that the preceding evening they had made the utmost efforts to draw the cannon beyond that point, but that a power apparently more than human had chained them to the spot, from whence now they easily beat down the obstacles to the army's advance, and cleared the road to victory. Who was so blind as not to see in that circumstance the miraculous intervention of Gregory of Tours!

"At that moment the army knelt down to receive the benediction of Father Pizeborowski, confessor of the Grand Hetman; and his prayer being concluded, Sobieski, dismounting from his horse, ordered his infantry to move forward to the assault of the newly-opened breach in the palisades, he himself, sword in hand, directing the way. The armed valets followed rapidly in their footsteps. That courageous band were never afraid to tread the path of danger in the hopes of plunder. In a moment the ditches were filled up and passed; with one bound the troops arrived at the foot of the rocks. The Grand Hetman, after that first success, had hardly time to remount on horseback, when, on the heights of the entrenched camp, were seen the standard of the cross and the eagle of Poland. Petrikowski and Denhoff, of the royal race of the Piasts, had first mounted the ramparts, and raised their ensigns. At this joyful sight, a hurrah of triumph rose from the Polish ranks, and rent the heavens; the Turks were seized with consternation; they had been confounded at that sudden attack, made at a time when they imagined the severity of the weather had made the Christians renounce their perilous enterprise. Such was the confusion, that but for the extraordinary strength of the position, they could not have stood a moment. At this critical juncture, Hussein, deceived by a false attack of Czarnicki, hastened with his cavalry to the other side of the camp, and the spahis, conceiving that he was flying, speedily took to flight.

"But the Janizzaries were not yet vanquished. Inured to arms, they rapidly formed their ranks, and falling upon the valets, who had dispersed in search of plunder, easily put them to the sword. Fortunately, Sobieski had had time to employ his foot soldiers in leveling the ground, and rendering accessible the approaches to the summits of the hills. The Polish cavalry came rushing in with a noise like thunder. The hussars, the cuirassiers, with burning torches affixed to their lances, scaled precipices which seemed hardly accessible to foot soldiers. Inactive till that moment, Paz now roused his giant strength. Ever the rival of Sobieski, he rushed forward with his Lithuanian nobles in the midst of every danger, to endeavour to arrive first in the Ottoman camp. It was too late;—already the flaming lances of the Grand Hetman gleamed on the summits of the entrenchments, and ever attentive to the duties of a com-

mander, Sobieski was employed in re-forming the ranks of the assailants, disordered by the assault and their success, and preparing for a new battle in the midst of that city of tents, which, though surprised, seemed not subdued.

"But the astonishment and confusion of the besieged, the cries of the women, shut up in the Harems, the thundering charges of the heavy squadrons clothed in impenetrable steel, and composed of impetuous young men, gave the Turks no time to recover from their consternation. It was no longer a battle, but a massacre. Demetrius and the Lithuanian met at the same time in the invaded camp. A cry of horror now rose from the Turkish ranks, and they rushed in crowds to the bridge of boats which crossed the Dniester, and formed the sole communication between Kotzim, and the fortified city of Kamaniek. In the struggle to reach this sole outlet from destruction, multitudes killed each other. But Sobieski's foresight had deprived the vanquished even of this last resource. His brother-in-law, Radziwil, had during the tumult glided unperceived through the bottom of the ravines, and at the critical moment made himself master of the bridge, and the heights which commanded it. The only resource of the fugitives was now to throw themselves into the waves. 20,000 men perished at that fatal point, either on the shores or in the half-congealed stream. Insatiable in carnage, the hussars led by Maziniki pursued them on horseback into the bed of the Dneiper, and sabred thousands when struggling in the stream. 40,000 dead bodies were found in the precincts of the camp. The water of the river for several leagues ran red with blood, and corpses were thrown up with every wave on its deserted shores.

"At the news of this extraordinary triumph, the Captain Pacha, who was advancing with a fresh army to invade Poland, set fire to his camp, and hastened across the Danube. The Moldavians and Walachians made their submission to the conqueror, and the Turks, recently so arrogant, began to tremble for their capital. Europe, electrified with these successes, returned thanks for the greatest victory gained for three centuries over the infidels. Christendom quivered with joy, as if it had just escaped from ignominy and bondage."—II. 130—153.

"But while Europe was awaiting the intelligence of the completion of the overthrow of the Osmanlis, desertion and flight had ruined the Polish army. Whole Palatinates had abandoned their colours. They were desirous to carry off in safety the spoils of the East, and to prepare for that new field of battle which the election of the King of Poland, who died at this juncture, presented. Sobieski remained almost alone on the banks of the Dniester. At the moment when Walachia and Moldavia were throwing themselves under the protection of the Polish crown, when the Captain Pacha was flying to the foot of Balkan, and Sobieski was dreaming of changing the face of the world, his army dissolved. The Turks, at this unexpected piece of fortune, recovered from their terror; and the rule of the Mussul

man was perpetuated for two centuries in Europe."—II. 165.

This victory and the subsequent dissolution of the army, so characteristic both of the glories and the inconstancy of Poland, great as it was, was eclipsed by the splendours of the deliverance of Vienna. The account of the previous election of this great man to the throne of Poland is singularly characteristic of Polish manners.

"The plain of Volo to the west of Warsaw had been the theatre, from the earliest times, of the popular elections. Already the impatient Pospolite covered that vast extent with its waves, like an army prepared to commence an assault on a fortified town. The innumerable piles of arms; the immense tables round which faction united their supporters; a thousand jousts with the javelin or the lance; a thousand squadrons engaged in mimic war; a thousand parties of palatines, governors of castles, and other dignified authorities who traversed the ranks distributing exhortations, party songs, and largesses; a thousand cavalcades of gentlemen, who rode, according to custom, with their battle-axes by their sides, and discussed at the gallop the dearest interests of the republic; innumerable quarrels, originating in drunkenness, and terminating in blood: Such were the scenes of tumult, amusement, and war,—a faithful mirror of Poland,—which, as far as the eye could reach, filled the plain.

"The arena was closed in by a vast circle of tents, which embraced, as in an immense girdle, the plain of Volo, the shores of the Vistula, and the spires of Warsaw. The horizon seemed bounded by a range of snowy mountains, of which the summits were portrayed in the hazy distance by their dazzling whiteness. Their camp formed another city, with its markets, its gardens, its hotels, and its monuments. There the great displayed their Oriental magnificence; the nobles, the palatines, vied with each other in the splendour of their horses and equipage; and the stranger who beheld for the first time that luxury, worthy of the last and greatest of the Nomade people, was never weary of admiring the immense hotels, the porticoes, the colonnades, the galleries of painted or gilded stuffs, the castles of cotton and silk, with their draw-bridges, towers, and ditches. Thanks to the recent victory, a great part of these riches had been taken from the Turks. Judging from the multitude of stalls, kitchens, baths, audience chambers, the elegance of the Oriental architecture, the taste of the designs, the profusion of gilded crosses, domes, and pagodas, you would imagine that the seraglio of some Eastern sultan had been transported by enchantment to the banks of the Vistula. Victory had accomplished this prodigy; these were the tents of Mahomet IV., taken at the battle of Kozzim, and though Sobieski was absent, his triumphant arms surmounted the crescent of Mahomet.

"The Lithuanians were encamped on the opposite shores of the Vistula; and their Grand Hetman, Michel Paz, had brought up his whole force to dictate laws, as it were, to the Polish

crown. Sobieski had previously occupied the bridge over the river by a regiment of hussars, upon which the Lithuanians seized every house in the city which wealth could command. These hostile dispositions were too significant of frightful disorders. War soon ensued in the midst of the rejoicings between Lithuania and Poland. Every time the opposite factions met, their strife terminated in bloodshed. The hostilities extended even to the bloody game of the Klopiches, which was played by a confederation of the boys in the city, or of pages and valets, who amused themselves by forming troops, electing a marshal, choosing a field of battle, and fighting there to the last extremity. On this occasion they were divided into corps of Lithuanians and Poles; who hoisted the colours of their respective states, got fire-arms to imitate more completely the habits of the equestrian order, and disturbed the plain everywhere by their marches, or terrified it by their assaults. Their shock desolated the plain; the villages were in flames; the savage huts of which the suburbs of Warsaw were then composed, were incessantly invaded and sacked in that terrible sport, invented apparently to inure the youth to civil war, and extend even to the slaves the enjoyments of anarchy.

"On the day of the elections the three orders mounted on horseback. The princes, the palatines, the bishops, the prelates, proceeded towards the plain of Volo, surrounded by eighty thousand mounted citizens, any one of whom might, at the expiry of a few hours, find himself King of Poland. They all bore in their countenances, even under the livery or banners of a master, the pride arising from that ruinous privilege. The European dress nowhere appeared on that solemn occasion. The children of the desert strove to hide the furs and skins in which they were clothed under chains of gold and the glitter of jewels. Their bonnets were composed of panther-skin, plumes of eagles or herons surmounted them: on their front were the most splendid precious stones. Their robes of sable or ermine were bound with velvet or silver: their girdle studded with jewels; over all their furs were suspended chains of diamonds. One hand of each nobleman was without a glove; on it was the splendid ring on which the arms of his family were engraved; the mark, as in ancient Rome, of the equestrian order. A new proof of this intimate connection between the race, the customs, and the traditions of the northern tribes, and the founders of the Eternal City.

"But nothing in this rivalry of magnificence could equal the splendour of their arms. Double poniards, double scymitars, set with brilliants; bucklers of costly workmanship, battle-axes enriched in silver, and glittering with emeralds and sapphires; bows and arrows richly gilt, which were borne at festivals, in remembrance of the ancient customs of the country, were to be seen on every side. The horses shared in this melange of barbarism and refinement; sometimes cased in iron, at others decorated with the richest colours, they bent under the weight of the sabres, the lances, and javelins by which the senatorial order

marked their rank. The bishops were distinguished by their gray or green hats, and yellow or red pantaloons, magnificently embroidered with divers colours. Often they laid aside their pastoral habits, and signalized their address as young cavaliers, by the beauty of their arms, and the management of their horses. In that crowd of the equestrian order, there was no gentleman so humble as not to try to rival this magnificence. Many carried, in furs and arms, their whole fortunes on their backs. Numbers had sold their votes to some of the candidates, for the vanity of appearing with some additional ornament before their fellow-citizens. And the people, whose dazzled eyes beheld all this magnificence, were almost without clothing; their long beards, naked legs, and filth, indicated, even more strongly than their pale visages and dejected air, all the miseries of servitude."—II. 190—197.

The achievement which has immortalized the name of John Sobieski is the deliverance of Vienna in 1683—of this glorious achievement M. Salvandy gives the following interesting account:—

"After a siege of eight months, and open trenches for sixty days, Vienna was reduced to the last extremity. Famine, disease, and the sword, had cut off two-thirds of its garrison; and the inhabitants, depressed by incessant toil for the last six months, and sickened by long deferred hope, were given up to despair. Many breaches were made in the walls; the massy bastions were crumbling in ruins, and entrenchments thrown up in haste in the streets, formed the last resource of the German capital. Stahremberg, the governor, had announced the necessity of surrendering if not relieved in three days; and every night signals of distress from the summits of the steeples, announced the extremities to which they were reduced.

"One evening, the sentinel who was on the watch at the top of the steeple of St. Stephen's, perceived a blazing flame on the summits of the Calemberg; soon after an army was seen preparing to descend the ridge. Every telescope was instantly turned in that direction, and from the brilliancy of their lances, and the splendour of their banners it was easy to see that it was the Hussars of Poland, so redoubtable to the Osmanlis, who were approaching. The Turks were immediately to be seen dividing their vast host into divisions, one destined to oppose this new enemy, and one to continue the assaults on the besieged. At the sight of the terrible conflict which was approaching, the women and children flocked to the churches, while Stahremberg led forth all that remained of the men to the breaches.

"The Duke of Lorraine had previously set forth with a few horsemen to join the King of Poland, and learn the art of war, as he expressed it, under so great a master. The two illustrious commanders soon concerted a plan of operations, and Sobieski encamped on the Danube, with all his forces, united to the troops of the empire. It was with tears of joy, that the sovereigns, generals, and the soldiers of the Imperialists received the illustrious chief whom heaven had sent to their relief.

Before his arrival discord reigned in their camp, but all now yielded obedience to the Polish hero.

"The Duke of Lorraine had previously constructed at Tulin, six leagues below Vienna a triple bridge, which Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, allowed to be formed without opposition. The German Electors nevertheless hesitated to cross the river; the severity of the weather, long rains, and roads now almost impassable, augmented their alarms. But the King of Poland was a stranger alike to hesitation as fear; the state of Vienna would admit of no delay. The last despatch of Stahremberg was simply in these words: 'There is no time to lose.'—'There is no reverse to fear,' exclaimed Sobieski; 'the general who at the head of three hundred thousand men could allow that bridge to be constructed in his teeth, cannot fail to be defeated.'

"On the following day the liberators of Christendom passed in review before their allies. The Poles marched first; the spectators were astonished at the magnificence of their arms, the splendour of the dresses, and the beauty of the horses. The infantry was less brilliant; one regiment in particular, by its battered appearance, hurt the pride of the monarch—'Look well at those brave men,' said he to the Imperialists; 'it is an invincible battalion, who have sworn never to renew their clothing, till they are arrayed in the spoils of the Turks.' These words were repeated to the regiments; if they did not, says the annalist, clothe them, they encircled every man with a cuirass.

"The Christian army, when all assembled, amounted to 70,000 men, of whom only 30,000 were infantry. Of these the Poles were 18,000.—The principal disquietude of the king was on account of the absence of the Cossacks, whom Mynzwicki had promised to bring up to his assistance.—He well knew what admirable scouts they formed: the Tartars had always found in them their most formidable enemies. Long experience in the Turkish wars had rendered them exceedingly skilful in this species of warfare: no other force was equal to them in seizing prisoners and gaining intelligence. They were promised ten crowns for every man they brought in after this manner: they led their captives to the tent of their king, where they got their promised reward, and went away saying, 'John, I have touched my money, God will repay you.'—Bereaved of these faithful assistants, the king was compelled to expose his hussars in exploring the dangerous defiles in which the army was about to engage. The Imperialists, who could not comprehend his attachment to that undisciplined militia, were astonished to hear him incessantly exclaiming, 'Oh! Mynzwicki, Oh! Mynzwicki!'"

A rocky chain, full of narrow and precipitous ravines, of woods and rocks, called the Calemberg in modern times, the Mons Ætius of the Romans, separated the two armies: the cause of Christendom from that of Mahomet. It was necessary to scale that formidable barrier; for the mountains advanced with a rocky front into the middle of the Danube. Fortunately,

the negligence of the Turks had omitted to fortify these posts, where a few battalions might have arrested the Polish army.

"Nothing could equal the confidence of the Turks but the disquietude of the Imperialists. Such was the terror impressed by the vast host of the Mussulmen, that at the first cry of Allah! whole battalions took to flight. Many thousand peasants were incessantly engaged in levelling the roads over the mountains, or cutting through the forest. The foot soldiers dragged the artillery with their arms, and were compelled to abandon the heavier pieces. Chiefs and soldiers carried each his own provisions: the leaves of the oak formed the sole subsistence of the horses. Some scouts reached the summit of the ridge long before the remainder of the army, and from thence beheld the countless myriads of the Turkish tents extending to the walls of Vienna. Terrified at the sight, they returned in dismay, and a contagious panic began to spread through the army. The king had need, to reassure his troops, of all the security of his countenance, the gaiety of his discourse, and the remembrance of the multitudes of the infidels whom he had dispersed in his life. The Janizzaries of his guard, who surrounded him on the march, were so many living monuments of his victories, and every one was astonished that he ventured to attack the Mussulmen with such an escort. He offered to send them to the rear, or even to give them a safe conduct to the Turkish camp, but they all answered with tears in their eyes, that they would live and die with him. His heroism subjugated alike Infidels and Christians, chiefs and soldiers.

"At length, on Saturday, September 11th, the army encamped, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on the sterile and inhospitable summit of the Calemberg, and occupied the convent of Camaldoli and the old castle of Leopoldsburg. Far beneath extended the vast and uneven plain of Austria: its smoking capital, the gilded tents, and countless host of the besiegers; while at the foot of the ridge, where the mountain sunk into the plain, the forests and ravines were occupied by the advanced guards, prepared to dispute the passage of the army."

There it was that they lighted the fires which spread joy and hope through every heart at Vienna.

"Trusting in their vast multitudes, the Turks pressed the assault of Vienna on the one side, while on the other they faced the liberating army. The Turkish vizier counted in his ranks four Christian princes and as many Tartar chiefs. All the nobles of Germany and Poland were on the other side: Sobieski was at once the Agamemnon and Achilles of that splendid host.

"The young Eugene of Savoy made his first essay in arms, by bringing to Sobieski the intelligence that the engagement was commenced between the advanced guards at the foot of the ridge. The Christians immediately descended the mountains in five columns like torrents, but marching in the finest order: the leading divisions halted at every hundred

paces to give time to those behind, who were retarded by the difficulties of the descent, to join them. A rude parapet, hastily erected by the Turks to bar the five débouchés of the roads into the plain, was forced after a short combat. At every ravine, the Christians experienced fresh obstacles to surmount: the spahis dismounted to contest the rocky ascents, and speedily regaining their horses when they were forced, fell back in haste to the next positions which were to be defended. But the Mussulmen, deficient in infantry, could not withstand the steady advance and solid masses of the Germans, and the Christians everywhere gained ground. Animated by the continued advance of their deliverers, the garrison of Vienna performed miracles on the breach; and Kara Mustapha, who long hesitated which battle he should join, resolved to meet the avenging squadrons of the Polish king.

"By two o'clock the ravines were cleared, and the allies drawn up in the plain. Sobieski ordered the Duke of Lorraine to halt, to give time for the Poles, who had been retarded by a circuitous march, to join the army. At eleven they appeared, and took their post on the right. The Imperial eagles saluted the squadrons of gilded cuirasses with cries of 'Long live King John Sobieski!' and the cry, repeated along the Christian line, startled the Mussulmen force.

"Sobieski charged in the centre, and directed his attack against the scarlet tent of the sultan, surrounded by his faithful squadrons—distinguished by his splendid plume, his bow, and quiver of gold, which hung on his shoulder—most of all by the enthusiasm which his presence everywhere excited. He advanced, exclaiming, 'Non nobis, Domine, sed tibi sit gloria!' The Tartars and the spahis fled when they heard the name of the Polish hero repeated from one end to the other of the Ottoman lines. 'By Allah,' exclaimed Sultan Gieray, 'the king is with them!' At this moment the moon was eclipsed, and the Mahometans beheld with dread the crescent waning in the heavens.

"At the same time, the hussars of Prince Alexander, who formed the leading column, broke into a charge amidst the national cry, 'God defend Poland!' The remaining squadrons, led by all that was noblest and bravest in the country, resplendent in arms, buoyant in courage, followed at the gallop. They cleared, without drawing bridle, a ravine, at which infantry might have paused, and charged furiously up the opposite bank. With such vehemence did they enter the enemy's ranks, that they fairly cut the army in two,—justifying thus the celebrated saying of that haughty nobility to one of their kings, that with their aid no reverse was irreparable; and that if the heaven itself were to fall, they would support it on the points of their lances.

"The shock was so violent that almost all the lances were splintered. The Pachas of Aleppo and of Silistria were slain on the spot, four other pachas fell under the sabres of Jablonowski. At the same time Charles of Lorraine had routed the force of the principalities, and threatened the Ottoman camp. Kara

Mustapha fell at once from the heights of confidence to the depths of despair. 'Can you not aid me?' said he to the Kara of the Crimea. 'I know the King of Poland,' said he, 'and I tell you, that with such an enemy we have no chance of safety but in flight.' Mustapha in vain strove to rally his troops; all, seized with a sudden panic, fled, not daring to lift their eyes to heaven. The cause of Europe, of Christianity, of civilization, had prevailed. The wave of the Mussulman power had retired, and retired never to return.

"At six in the evening, Sobieski entered the Turkish camp. He arrived first at the quarters of the vizier. At the entrance of that vast enclosure a slave met him, and presented him with the charger and golden bridle of Mustapha. He took the bridle, and ordered one of his followers to set out in haste for the Queen of Poland, and say that he who owned that bridle was vanquished; then planted his standard in the midst of that armed caravanserai of all the nations of the East, and ordered Charles of Lorraine to drive the besiegers from the trenches before Vienna. It was already done; the Janizzaries had left their posts on the approach of night, and, after sixty days of open trenches, the imperial city was delivered.

"On the following morning the magnitude of the victory appeared. One hundred and twenty thousand tents were still standing, notwithstanding the attempts at their destruction by the Turks; the innumerable multitude of the Orientals had disappeared; but their spoils, their horses, their camels, their splendour, loaded the ground. The king at ten approached Vienna. He passed through the breach, whereby but for him on that day the Turks would have found an entrance. At his approach the streets were cleared of their ruins; and the people, issuing from their cellars and their tottering houses, gazed with enthusiasm on their deliverer. They followed him to the church of the Augustins, where, as the clergy had not arrived, the king himself chanted *Te Deum*. This service was soon after performed with still greater solemnity in the cathedral of St. Stephen; the king joined with his face to the ground. It was there that the priest used the inspired words—"There was a man sent from heaven, and his name was John."—III. 50, 101.

During this memorable campaign, Sobieski, who through life was a tender and affectionate husband, wrote daily to his wife. At the age of fifty-four he had lost nothing of the tenderness and enthusiasm of his earlier years. In one of them he says, "I read all your letters, my dear and incomparable Maria, thrice over; once when I receive them, once when I retire to my tent and am alone with my love, once when I sit down to answer them. I beseech you, my beloved, do not rise so early; no health can stand such exertions; if you do, you will destroy my health, and what is worse, injure your own, which is my sole consolation in this world." When offered the throne of Poland, it was at first proposed that he should divorce his wife, and marry the widow of the late king, to reconcile the contending faction. "I am not yet a king," said he, "and have contracted no obligations towards the nation: Let them resume their gift; I disdain the throne if it is to be purchased at such a price."

It is superfluous, after these quotations, to say any thing of the merits of M. Salvandy's work. It unites, in a rare degree, the qualities of philosophical thought with brilliant and vivid description; and is one of the numerous instances of the vast superiority of the Modern French Historians to most of those of whom Great Britain, in the present age, can boast. If any thing could reconcile us to the march of revolution, it is the vast development of talent which has taken place in France since her political convulsions commenced, and the new field which their genius has opened up in historical disquisitions. On comparing the historians of the two countries since the restoration, it seems as if they were teeming with the luxuriance of a virgin soil; while we are sinking under the sterility of exhausted cultivation. Steadily resisting, as we trust we shall ever do, the fatal march of French innovation, we shall yet never be found wanting in yielding due praise to the splendour of French talent; and in the turn which political speculation has recently taken among the most elevated minds in their active metropolis, we are not without hopes that the first rays of the dawn are to be discerned, which is destined to compensate to mankind for the darkness and blood of the revolution.

MADAME DE STAEL.*

AMIDST the deluge of new and ephemeral publications under which the press both in France and England is groaning, and the woful depravity of public taste, in all branches of literature, which in the former country has followed the Revolution of the Three Glorious Days, it is not the least important part of the duty of all those who have any share, however inconsiderable, in the direction of the objects to which public thought is to be applied, to recur from time to time to the great and standard works of a former age; and from amidst the dazzling light of passing meteors in the lower regions of the atmosphere, to endeavour to direct the public gaze to those fixed luminaries whose radiance in the higher heavens shines, and ever will shine, in imperishable lustre. From our sense of the importance and utility of this attempt, we are not to be deterred by the common remark, that these authors are in everybody's hands; that their works are read at school, and their names become as household sounds. We know that many things are read at school which are forgotten at college; and many things learned at college which are unhappily and permanently discarded in later years; and that there are many authors whose names are as household sounds, whose works for that very reason are as a strange and unknown tongue. Every one has heard of Racine and Molière, of Bossuet and Fénelon, of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, of Pascal and Rabelais. We would beg to ask even our best informed and most learned readers, with how many of their works they are really familiar; how many of their felicitous expressions have sunk into their recollections; how many of their ideas are engraven on their memory? Others may possess more retentive memories, or more extensive reading than we do; but we confess, when we apply such a question, even to the constant study of thirty years, we feel not a little mortified at the time which has been misapplied, and the brilliant ideas once obtained from others which have now faded from the recollection, and should rejoice much to obtain from others that retrospect of past greatness which we propose ourselves to lay before our readers.

Every one now is so constantly in the habit of reading the new publications, of devouring the fresh productions of the press, that we forget the extraordinary superiority of standard works; and are obliged to go back to the studies of our youth for that superlative enjoyment which arises from the perusal of authors, where every sentence is thought, and often every word conception; where new trains of contemplation or emotion are awakened in every page, and the volume is closed almost

every minute, to meditate on the novelty or justice of the reflections which arise from its study. And it is not on the first perusal of these authors that this exquisite pleasure is obtained. In the heyday of youth and strength, when imagination is ardent, and the world unknown, it is the romance of the story, or the general strain of the argument which carries the reader on, and many of the finest and most spiritual reflections are overlooked or unappreciated; but in later years, when life has been experienced, and joy and sorrow felt, when the memory is stored with recollections, and the imagination with images, it is reflection and observation which constitute the chief attraction in composition. And judging of the changes wrought by Time in others from what we have experienced ourselves, we anticipate a high gratification, even in the best informed readers, by a direction of their attention to many passages in the great French writers of the age of Louis XIV. and the Revolution, a comparison of their excellences, a criticism on their defects, and an exposition of the mighty influence which the progress of political events has had upon the ideas reflected, even to the greatest authors, from the age in which they lived, and the external events passing around them.

The two great eras of French prose literature are those of Louis XIV. and the Revolution. If the former can boast of Bossuet, the latter can appeal to Chateaubriand: if the former still shine in the purest lustre in Fénelon, the latter may boast the more fervent pages, and varied genius of De Staël; if the former is supreme in the tragic and comic muse, and can array Racine, Corneille and Molière, against the transient Lilliputians of the romantic school, the latter can show in the poetry and even the prose of Lamartine a condensation of feeling, a depth of pathos and energy of thought which can never be reached but in an age which has undergone the animating episodes, the heart-stirring feelings consequent on social convulsion. In the branches of literature which depend on the relations of men to each other, history—politics—historical philosophy and historical romance, the superiority of the modern school is so prodigious, that it is impossible to find a parallel to it in former days: and even the dignified language and eagle glance of the Bishop of Meaux sinks into insignificance, compared to the vast ability which, in inferior minds, experience and actual suffering have brought to bear on the investigation of public affairs. Modern writers were for long at a loss to understand the cause which had given such superior pathos, energy, and practical wisdom to the historians of antiquity; but the French Revolution at once explained the mystery. When modern times were brought into collision with the passions and the suffering consequent on democratic

* Blackwood's Magazine, June 1837.

ascendency and social convulsion, they were not long of feeling the truths which experience had taught to ancient writers, and acquiring the power of vivid description and condensed yet fervent narrative by which the great historians of antiquity are characterized.

At the head of the modern prose writers of France, we place Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and Guizot. The general style of the two first and the most imaginative of these writers—De Staël and Chateaubriand—is essentially different from that of Bossuet, Fénelon and Massillon. We have no longer either the thoughts, the language, or the images of these great and dignified writers! With the pompous grandeur of the Grande Monarque; with the awful splendour of the palace, and the irresistible power of the throne; with the superb magnificence of Versailles, its marbles, halls, and forests of statues, have passed away the train of thought by which the vices and corruption then chiefly prevalent in society were combated by these worthy soldiers of the militia of Christ. Strange to say, the ideas of that despotic age are more condemnatory of princes; more eulogistic of the people, more confirmatory of the principles which, if pushed to their legitimate consequences, lead to democracy, than those of the age when the sovereignty of the people was actually established. In their eloquent declamations, the wisdom, justice, and purity of the masses are the constant subject of eulogy; almost all social and political evils are traced to the corruptions of courts and the vices of kings. The applause of the people, the condemnation of rulers, in Telemachus, often resembles rather the frothy declamations of the Tribune in favour of the sovereign multitude, than the severe lessons addressed by a courtly prelate to the heir of a despotic throne. With a fearless courage worthy of the highest commendation, and very different from the base adulation of modern times to the Baal of popular power, Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue, incessantly rung in the ears of their courtly auditory the equality of mankind in the sight of heaven and the awful words of judgment to come. These imaginary and Utopian effusions now excite a smile, even in the most youthful student; and a suffering age, taught by the experienced evils of democratic ascendency, has now learned to appreciate, as they deserve, the profound and caustic sayings in which Aristotle, Sallust, and Tacitus have delivered to future ages the condensed wisdom on the instability and tyranny of the popular rule, which ages of calamity had brought home to the sages of antiquity.

In Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand we have incomparably more originality and variety of thought; far more just and experienced views of human affairs; far more condensed wisdom, which the statesman and the philosopher may treasure in their memories, than in the great writers of the age of Louis XIV. We see at once in their productions that we are dealing with those who speak from experience of human affairs; to whom years of suffering have brought centuries of wisdom; and whom the stern school of adver-

sity have learned to abjure both much of the fanciful El Dorado speculations of preceding philosophy, and the perilous effusions of succeeding republicanism. Though the one was by birth and habit an aristocrat of the ancient and now decaying school, and the other, a liberal nursed at the feet of the great Gamaliel of the Revolution, yet there is no material difference in their political conclusions; so completely does a close observation of the progress of a revolution induce the same conclusions in minds of the highest stamp, with whatever early prepossessions the survey may have been originally commenced. The *Dix Années d'Exil*, and the observations on the French revolution, might have been written by Chateaubriand, and Madame de Staël would have little wherefrom to dissent in the *Monarchie selon la Charte*, or later political writings of her illustrious rival.

It is by their works of imagination, taste, and criticism, however, that these immortal writers are principally celebrated, and it is with them that we propose to commence this critical survey. Their names are universally known: Corinne, Delphine, *De l'Allemagne*, the *Dix Années d'Exil*, and *De la Littérature*, are as familiar in sound, at least, to our ears, as the *Genie de Christianisme*, the *Itinéraire*, the *Martyrs*, *Atala* et *Réné* of the far-travelled pilgrim of expiring feudalism, are to our memories. Each has beauties of the very highest cast in this department, and yet their excellences are so various, that we know not to which to award the palm. If driven to discriminate between them, we should say that De Staël has more sentiment, Chateaubriand more imagination; that the former has deeper knowledge of human feelings, and the latter more varied and animated pictures of human manners; that the charm of the former consists chiefly in the just and profound views of life, its changes and emotions with which her works abound, and the fascination of the latter in the brilliant phantasmagoria of actual scenes, impressions, and events which his writings exhibit. No one can exceed Madame de Staël in the expression of the sentiment or poetry of nature, or the development of the varied and storied associations which historical scenes or monuments never fail to awaken in the cultivated mind; but in the delineation of the actual features she exhibits, or the painting of the various and gorgeous scenery or objects she presents, she is greatly inferior to the author of the *Genius of Christianity*. She speaks emotion to the heart, not pictures to the eye. Chateaubriand, on the other hand, has dipped his pencil in the finest and most radiant hues of nature: with a skill surpassing even that of the Great Magician of the North, he depicts all the most splendid scenes of both hemispheres; and seizing with the inspiration of genius on the really characteristic features of the boundless variety of objects he has visited, brings them before us with a force and fidelity which it is impossible to surpass. After all, however, on rising from a perusal of the great works of these two authors, it is hard to say which has left the most indelible impression on the mind; for if the one has

accumulated a store of brilliant pictures which have never yet been rivalled, the other has drawn from the objects on which she has touched all the most profound emotions which they could awaken; and if the first leaves a gorgeous scene painted on the mind, the latter has engraved a durable impression on the heart.

CORINNE is not to be regarded as a novel. Boarding-school girls, and youths just fledged from college, may admire it as such, and dwell with admiration on the sorrows of the heroine and the faithlessness of Lord Nevil; but considered in that view it has glaring faults, both in respect of fancy, probability, and story, and will bear no comparison either with the great novels of Sir Walter Scott, or the secondary productions of his numerous imitators. The real view in which to regard it is as a picture of Italy; its inhabitants, feelings, and recollections; its cloudless skies and glassy seas; its forest-clad hills and sunny vales; its umbrageous groves and mouldering forms; its heart-inspiring ruins and deathless scenes. As such it is superior to any work on that subject which has appeared in any European language. Nowhere else shall we find so rich and glowing an intermixture of sentiment with description; of deep feeling for the beauty of art, with a correct perception of its leading principles; of historical lore with poetical fancy; of ardour in the cause of social amelioration, with charity to the individuals who, under unfortunate institutions, are chained to a life of indolence and pleasure. Beneath the glowing sun and azure skies of Italy she has imbibed the real modern Italian spirit: she exhibits in the mouth of her heroine all that devotion to art, that rapturous regard to antiquity, that *insouciance* in ordinary life, and constant *besoin* of fresh excitement by which that remarkable people are distinguished from any other at present in Europe. She paints them as they really are; living on the recollection of the past, feeding on the glories of their double set of illustrious ancestors; at times exulting in the recollection of the legions which subdued the world, at others recurring with pride to the glorious though brief days of modern art; mingling the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, and Virgil with those of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Buonarrotti, and Correggio; repeating with admiration the stanzas of Tasso as they glide through the deserted palaces of Venice, and storing their minds with the rich creations of Ariosto's fancy as they gaze on the stately monuments of Rome.

Not less vividly has she portrayed, in the language, feelings, and character of her heroine, the singular intermixture with these animating recollections of all the frivolity which has rendered impossible, without a fresh impregnation of northern vigour, the regeneration of Italian society. We see in her pages, as we witness in real life, talents the most commanding, beauty the most fascinating, graces the most captivating, devoted to no other object but the excitement of a transient passion; infidelity itself subjected to certain restraints, and boasting of its fidelity to one attachment; whole classes of society

incessantly occupied with no other object but the gratification of vanity, the thralldom of attachment, or the imperious demands of beauty, and the strongest propensity of cultivated life, the *besoin d'aimer*, influencing, for the best part of their lives, the higher classes of both sexes. In such representation there would probably be nothing in the hands of an ordinary writer but frivolous or possibly pernicious details; but by Madame de Staël it is touched on so gently, so strongly intermingled with sentiment, and traced so naturally to its ultimate and disastrous effects, that the picture becomes not merely characteristic of manners, but purifying in its tendency.

The *DIX ANNEES D'EXIL*, though abounding with fewer splendid and enchanting passages, is written in a higher strain, and devoted to more elevated objects than the Italian novel. It exhibits the Imperial Government of Napoleon in the palmy days of his greatness; when all the Continent had bowed the neck to his power, and from the rock of Gibraltar to the Frozen Ocean, not a voice dared to be lifted against his commands. It shows the internal tyranny and vexations of this formidable power; its despicable jealousies and contemptible vanity; its odious restrictions and tyrannizing tendency. We see the censorship chaining the human mind to the night of the tenth in the opening of the nineteenth century: the commands of the police fettering every effort of independent thought and free discussion; forty millions of men slavishly following the car of a victor, who, in exchange for all the advantages of freedom, hoped but never obtained from the Revolution, dazzled them with the glitter only of gilded chains. In her subsequent migrations through Tyrol, Poland, Russia, and Sweden, to avoid his persecution during the years which preceded the Russian war, we have the noblest picture of the elevated feelings which, during this period of general oppression, were rising up in the nations which yet preserved a shadow of independence, as well as of the heroic stand made by Alexander and his brave subjects against the memorable invasion which ultimately proved their oppressor's ruin. These are animating themes; and though not in general inclined to dwell on description, or enrich her work with picturesque narrative, the scenery of the north had awakened profound emotions in her heart which appear in many touches and reflections of no ordinary sublimity.

Chateaubriand addresses himself much more habitually and systematically to the eye. He paints what he has seen, whether in nature, society, manners, or art, with the graphic skill of a consummate draughtsman; and produces the emotion he is desirous of awakening, not by direct words calculated to arouse it, but by enabling the imagination to depict to itself the objects which in nature, by their felicitous combination, produced the impression. Madame de Staël does not paint the features of the scene, but in a few words she portrays the emotion which she experienced on beholding it, and contrives by these few words to awaken it in her readers; Chateaubriand enumerates with a painter's power all the features of the

scene, and by the vividness of description succeeds not merely in painting it on the retina of the mind, but in awakening there the precise emotion which he himself felt on beholding it. The one speaks to the heart through the eye, the other to the eye through the heart. As we travel with the illustrious pilgrim of the Revolution, we see rising before us in successive clearness the lonely temples, and glittering valleys, and storied capes of Greece; the desert plains and rocky ridges and sepulchral hollows of Judea; the solitary palms and stately monuments of Egypt; the isolated remains of Carthage, the deep solitudes of America, the sounding cataracts, and still lakes, and boundless forests of the New World. Not less vivid is his description of human scenes and actions, of which, during his eventful career, he has seen such an extraordinary variety; the Janissary, the Tartar, the Turk; the Bedouins of the desert places, the Numidians of the torrid zone; the cruel revolutionists of France; the independent savages of America; the ardent mind of Napoleon, the dauntless intrepidity of Pitt. Nothing can exceed the variety and brilliancy of the pictures which he leaves engraven on the imagination of his reader; but he has neither touched the heart nor convinced the judgment like the profound hand of his female rival.

To illustrate these observations we have selected two of the most brilliant descriptions from Chateaubriand's *Genie de Christianisme*, and placed beside these two of the most inspired of Madame de Staël's passages on Roman scenery. We shall subjoin two of the most admirable descriptions by Sir Walter Scott, that the reader may at once have presented to his view the masterpieces, in the descriptive line, of the three greatest authors of the age. All the passages are translated by ourselves; we have neither translations at hand, nor inclination to mar so much eloquence by the slovenly dress in which it usually appears in an English version.

"There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him—the insect sports in his beams—the elephant salutes him with the rising orb of day—the bird sings him in the foliage—the thunder proclaims him in the heavens—the ocean declares his immensity—man alone has said, 'There is no God!'

"Unite in thought, at the same instant, the most beautiful objects in nature; suppose that you see at once all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, forests hoary with snow; fields gilded by the tints of autumn; then alone you will have a just conception of the universe. While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging under the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what unconceivable magic does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every instant of the day the

glorious orb is at once rising—resplendent a noonday, and setting in the west; or rather our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east, or south, or west, in the world. Every thing reduces itself to one single point, from whence the King of Day sends forth at once a triple light in one single substance. The bright splendour is perhaps that which nature can present that is most beautiful; for while it gives us an idea of the perpetual magnificence and resistless power of God, it exhibits, at the same time, a shining image of the glorious Trinity."

Human eloquence probably cannot, in description, go beyond this inimitable passage; but it is equalled in the pictures left us by the same author of two scenes in the New World.

"One evening, when it was a profound calm, we were sailing through those lovely seas which bathe the coast of Virginia,—all the sails were furled—I was occupied below when I heard the bell which called the mariners upon deck to prayers—I hastened to join my orisons to those of the rest of the crew. The officers were on the fore-castle, with the passengers; the priest, with his prayer-book in his hand, stood a little in advance; the sailors were scattered here and there on the deck; we were all above, with our faces turned towards the prow of the vessel, which looked to the west.

"The globe of the sun, ready to plunge into the waves, appeared between the ropes of the vessel in the midst of boundless space. You would have imagined, from the balancing of the poop, that the glorious luminary changed at every instant its horizon. A few light clouds were scattered without order in the east, where the moon was slowly ascending; all the rest of the sky was unclouded. Towards the north, forming a glorious triangle with the star of day and that of night, a glittering cloud arose from the sea, resplendent with the colours of the prism, like a crystal pile supporting the vault of heaven.

"He is much to be pitied who could have witnessed this scene, without feeling the beauty of God. Tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes, when my companions, taking off their hats, began to sing, in their hoarse strains, the simple hymn of Our Lady of Succour. How touching was that prayer of men, who, on a fragile plank, in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun setting in the midst of the waves! How that simple invocation of the mariners to the mother of woes, went to the heart! The consciousness of our littleness in the sight of Infinity—our chants prolonged afar over the waves—night approaching with its sable wings—a whole crew of a vessel filled with admiration and a holy fear—God bending over the abyss, with one hand retaining the sun at the gates of the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and yet lending an attentive ear to the voice of prayer ascending from a speck in the immensity—all combined to form an assemblage which can not be described, and of which the human heart could hardly bear the weight.

"The scene at land was not less ravishing. One evening I had lost my way in a forest, a short distance from the Falls of Niagara

Soon the day expired around me, and I tasted, in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

"An hour after sunset the moon showed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An embalmed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the East, preceded her with its freshening gales. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course, sometimes she reposed on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

"The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and reappeared brilliant with the constellations of night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the fall of a few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while, in the distance, at intervals the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, expired at length in the endless solitude of the forest.

"The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human tongue—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men; but in those savage regions the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God.

*Præsentiorum conspicimus Deum,
Fera per juga, clivisque præruptos,
Sonantes inter aquas nemorunq; noctem."*

We doubt if any passages ever were written of more thrilling descriptive eloquence than these; hereafter we shall contrast them with some of the finest of Lamartine, which have equalled but not exceeded them. But now mark the different style with which Madame de Staël treats the heart-stirring monuments of Roman greatness.

"At this moment St. Peter arose to their view; the greatest edifice which man has ever raised, for the Pyramids themselves are of less considerable elevation. I would perhaps have done better, said Corinne, to have taken you to the most beautiful of our edifices last; but that is not my system. I am convinced that, to render one alive to the charm of the fine

arts, we should commence with those objects which awaken a lively and profound admiration. When once that sentiment has been experienced, a new sphere of ideas is awakened, which renders us susceptible of the impression produced by beauties of an inferior order; they revive, though in a lesser degree, the first impression which has been received. All these gradations in producing emotion are contrary to my opinion; you do not arrive at the sublime by successive steps; infinite degrees separate it from the beautiful.

"Oswald experienced an extraordinary emotion on arriving in front of the façade of St. Peter's. It was the first occasion on which a work of human hands produced on him the effects of one of the marvels of nature. It is the only effort of human industry which has the grandeur which characterizes the immediate works of the Creator. Corinne rejoiced in the astonishment of Oswald. 'I have chosen,' said she, 'a day when the sun was shining in all its eclat to show you this monument for the first time. I reserve for you a more sacred religious enjoyment, to contemplate it by the light of the moon; but at this moment it was necessary to obtain your presence at the most brilliant of our fêtes, the genius of man decorated by the magnificence of nature.'

"The Place of St. Peter is surrounded by columns, which appear light at a distance, but massy when seen near. The earth, which rises gently to the gate of the church, adds to the effect it produces. An obelisk of eighty feet in height, which appears as nothing in presence of the cupola of St. Peter's, is in the middle of the place. The form of obelisks has something in it which is singularly pleasing to the imagination; their summit loses itself in the clouds, and seems even to elevate to the Heavens a great thought of man. That monument, which was brought from Egypt to adorn the baths of Caracalla, and which Sextus V. subsequently transported to the foot of the Temple of St. Peter; that contemporary of so many ages which have sought in vain to decay its solid frame, inspires respect; man feels himself so fleeting, that he always experiences emotion in presence of that which has passed unchanged through many ages. At a little distance, on each side of the obelisk, are two fountains, the waters of which perpetually are projected up and fall down in cascades through the air. That murmur of waters, which is usually heard only in the field, produces in such a situation a new sensation; but one in harmony with that which arises from the aspect of so majestic a temple.

"Painting or sculpture, imitating in general the human figure, or some object in external nature, awaken in our minds distinct and positive ideas; but a beautiful monument of architecture has not any determinate expression, and the spectator is seized, on contemplating it, with that reverie, without any definite object, which leads the thoughts so far off. The sound of the waters adds to these vague and profound impressions; it is uniform, as the edifice is regular.

'Eternal movement and eternal repose'

are thus brought to combine with each other. It is here, in an especial manner, that Time is without power; it never dries up those sparkling streams; it never shakes those immovable pillars. The waters, which spring up in fan-like luxuriance from these fountains, are so light and vapoury, that, in a fine day, the rays of the sun produce little rainbows of the most beautiful colour.

"Stop a moment here, said Corinne to Lord Nelvil, as he stood under the portico of the church; pause before drawing aside the curtain which covers the entrance of the Temple. Does not your heart beat at the threshold of that sanctuary? Do you not feel, on entering it, the emotion consequent on a solemn event? At these words Corinne herself drew aside the curtain, and held it so as to let Lord Nelvil enter. Her attitude was so beautiful in doing so, that for a moment it withdrew the eyes of her lover even from the majestic interior of the Temple. But as he advanced, its greatness burst upon his mind, and the impression which he received under its lofty arches was so profound, that the sentiment of love was for a time effaced. He walked slowly beside Corinne; both were silent. Every thing enjoined contemplation; the slightest sound resounded so far, that no word appeared worthy of being repeated in those eternal mansions. Prayer alone, the voice of misfortune was heard at intervals in their vast vaults. And, when under those stupendous domes, you hear from afar the voice of an old man, whose trembling steps totter along those beautiful marbles, watered with so many tears, you feel that man is rendered more dignified by that very infirmity of his nature which exposes his divine spirit to so many kinds of suffering, and that Christianity, the worship of grief, contains the true secret of man's sojourn upon earth.

"Corinne interrupted the reverie of Oswald, and said to him, 'You have seen the Gothic churches of England and Germany, and must have observed that they are distinguished by a much more sombre character than this cathedral. There is something mystical in the Catholicism of these Northern people; ours speaks to the imagination by exterior objects. Michael Angelo said, on beholding the cupola of the Pantheon, 'I will place it in the air;' and, in truth, St. Peter's is a temple raised on the basement of a church. There is a certain alliance of the ancient worship with Christianity in the effect which the interior of that church produces: I often go to walk here alone, in order to restore to my mind the tranquillity it may have lost. The sight of such a monument is like a continual and fixed music, awaiting you to pour its balm into your mind, whenever you approach it; and certainly, among the many titles of this nation to glory, we must number the patience, courage, and disinterestedness of the chiefs of the church, who consecrated, during a hundred and fifty years, such vast treasures and boundless labour to the prosecution of a work, of which none of them could hope to enjoy the fruits.'"

—Corinne, vol. i. c. 3.

In this magnificent passage, the words underlined are an obvious blemish. The idea

of Oswald turning aside at the entrance of St. Peter's from the gaze of the matchless interior of the temple, a spectacle unique in the world, to feast his eye by admiration of his *inamorata* is more than we, in the frigid latitudes of the north, can altogether understand. But Madame de Staël was a woman, and a French-woman; and apparently she could not resist the opportunity of signaling the triumph of her sex, by portraying the superiority of female beauty to the grandest and most imposing object that the hands of man have ever reared. Abstracting from this feminine weakness, the passage is one of almost uniform beauty, and well illustrates the peculiar descriptive style of the author; not painting objects, but touching the cords which cause emotions to vibrate. She has unconsciously characterized her own style, as compared with that of Chateaubriand, in describing the different characters of the cathedrals of the North and South.—"There is something mystical in the Catholicism of the Northern people; ours speaks to the imagination by exterior objects."

As another specimen of Madame de Staël's descriptive powers, take her picture of the Appian Way, with its long lines of tombs on either side, on the southern quarter of Rome.

"She conducted Lord Nelvil beyond the gates of the city, on the ancient traces of the Appian Way. These traces are marked in the middle of the Campagna of Rome by tombs, on the right and left of which the ruins extend as far as the eye can reach for several miles beyond the walls. Cicero says that, on leaving the gate, the first tombs you meet are those of Metellus, the Scipios, and Servillius. The tomb of the Scipios has been discovered in the very place which he describes, and transported to the Vatican. Yet it was, in some sort, a sacrilege to displace these illustrious ashes; imagination is more nearly allied than is generally imagined to morality; we must beware of shocking it. Some of these tombs are so large, that the houses of peasants have been worked out in them, for the Romans consecrated a large space to the last remains of their friends and their relatives. They were strangers to that arid principle of utility which fertilizes a few corners of earth, the more by devastating the vast domain of sentiment and thought.

"You see at a little distance from the Appian Way a temple raised by the Republic to Honour and Virtue; another to the God which compelled Hannibal to remeasure his steps: the Temple of Egeria, where Numa went to consult his tutelary deity, is at a little distance on the left hand. Around these tombs the traces of virtue alone are to be found. No monument of the long ages of crime which disgraced the empire are to be met with beside the places where these illustrious dead repose; they rest amongst the relics of the republic.

"The aspect of the Campagna around Rome has something in it singularly remarkable. Doubtless it is a desert; there are neither trees nor habitations; but the earth is covered with a profusion of natural flowers, which the energy of vegetation renews incessantly

These creeping plants insinuate themselves among the tombs, decorate the ruins, and seem to grow solely to do honour to the dead. You would suppose that nature was too proud there to suffer the labours of man, since *Cinnatus* no longer holds the plough which furrows its bosom; it produces flowers in wild profusion, which are of no sort of use to the existing generation. These vast uncultivated planes will doubtless have few attractions for the agriculturist, administrators, and all those who speculate on the earth, with a view to extract from it the riches it is capable of affording; but the thoughtful minds, whom death occupies as much as life, are singularly attracted by the aspect of that Campagna, where the present times have left no trace; that earth which cherishes only the dead, and covers them in its love with useless flowers—plants which creep along the surface, and never acquire sufficient strength to separate themselves from the ashes, which they have the appearance of caressing.”—*Corinne*, l. v. c. 1.

How many travellers have traversed the Appian Way, but how few have felt the deep impressions which these words are fitted to produce!

“The churches of modern Rome,” continues the same author, “are decorated with the magnificence of antiquity, but there is something sombre and striking in the intermingling of these beautiful marbles with the ornaments stripped from the Pagan temples. The columns of porphyry and granite were so numerous at Rome that they ceased to have any value. At St. John Lateran, that church, so famous from the councils of which it was the theatre, there were such a quantity of marble columns that many of them were covered with plaster to be converted into pilasters—so completely had the multitude of riches rendered men indifferent to them. Some of these columns came from the tomb of Adrian, and bear yet upon their capitals the mark of the geese which saved the Roman people. These columns support the ornaments of Gothic churches, and some rich sculptures in the arabesque order. The urn of Agrippa has received the ashes of a pope, for the dead themselves have yielded their place to other dead, and the tombs have changed tenants nearly as often as the mansions of the living.

“Near to St. John Lateran is the holy stair, transported from Jerusalem. No one is permitted to go up it but on his knees. In like manner Cæsar and Claudius ascended on their knees the stair which led to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Beside St. John Lateran is the Baptistery, where Constantine was baptized—in the middle of the place before the church is an obelisk, perhaps the most ancient monument which exists in the world—an obelisk contemporary of the War of Troy—an obelisk which the barbarian Cambyzes respected so much as to stop for its beauty the conflagration of a city—an obelisk for which a king put in pledge the life of his only son. The Romans in a surprising manner got it conveyed from the extremity of Egypt to Italy—they turned aside the course of the Nile to bring its waters so as to convey it to the sea.

Even then that obelisk was covered with hieroglyphics whose secrets have been kept for so many ages, and which still withstand the researches of our most learned scholars. Possibly the Indians, the Egyptians, the antiquity of antiquity, might be revealed to us in these mysterious signs. The wonderful charm of Rome consists, not merely in the beauty of its monuments, but in the interest which they all awaken, and that species of charm increases daily with every fresh study.”—*Ibid.* c. 3.

We add only a feeble prosaic translation of the splendid *improvisatore* effusion of Corinne on the Cape of Mesinium, surrounded by the marvels of the shore of Baiæ and the Phlegrian fields.

“Poetry, nature, history, here rival each other in grandeur—here you can embrace in a single glance all the revolutions of time and all its prodigies.

“I see the Lake of Avernus, the extinguished crater of a volcano, whose waters formerly inspired so much terror—Acheron, Phlegeton, which a subterraneous flame caused to boil, are the rivers of the infernals visited by Æneas.

“Fire, that devouring element which created the world, and is destined to consume it, was formerly an object of the greater terror that its laws were unknown. Nature, in the olden times, revealed its secrets to poetry alone.

“The city of Cumæ, the Cave of the Sibylle, the Temple of Apollo, were placed on that height. There grew the wood whence was gathered the golden branch. The country of Æneas is around you, and the fictions consecrated by genius have become recollections of which we still seek the traces.

“A Triton plunged into these waves the presumptive Trojan who dared to defy the divinities of the deep by his songs—these water-worn and sonorous rocks have still the character which Virgil gave them. Imagination was faithful even in the midst of its omnipotence. The genius of man is creative when he feels Nature—imitative when he fancies he is creating.

“In the midst of these terrible masses, gray witnesses of the creation, we see a new mountain which the volcano has produced. Here the earth is stormy as the ocean, and does not, like it, re-enter peaceably into its limits. The heavy element, elevated by subterraneous fire, fills up valleys, ‘rains mountains,’ and its petrified waves attest the tempests which once tore its entrails.

“If you strike on this hill the subterraneous vault resounds—you would say that the inhabited earth is nothing but a crust ready to open and swallow us up. The Campagna of Naples is the image of human passion—sulphurous, but fruitful, its dangers and its pleasures appear to grow out of those glowing volcanoes which give to the air so many charms, and cause the thunder to roll beneath our feet.

“Pliny boasted that his country was the most beautiful in existence—he studied nature to be able to appreciate its charms. Seeking the inspiration of science as a warrior does conquest, he set forth from this promontory to

observe Vesuvius athwart the flames, and those flames consumed him.

"Cicero lost his life near the promontory of Gaeta, which is seen in the distance. The Triumvirs, regardless of posterity, bereaved it of the thoughts which that great man had conceived—it was on us that his murder was committed.

"Cicero sunk beneath the poniards of tyrants—Scipio, more unfortunate, was banished by his fellow-citizens while still in the enjoyment of freedom. He terminated his days near that shore, and the ruins of his tomb are still called the 'Tower of our Country.' What a touching allusion to the last thought of that great spirit!

"Marius fled into those marshes not far from the last home of Scipio. Thus in all ages the people have persecuted the really great; but they are avenged by their apotheosis, and the Roman who conceived their power extended even unto Heaven, placed Romulus, Numa, and Cæsar in the firmament—new stars which confound in our eyes the rays of glory and the celestial radiance.

"Oh, memory! noble power! thy empire is in these scenes! From age to age, strange destiny! man is incessantly bewailing what he has lost! These remote ages are the depositaries in their turn of a greatness which is no more, and while the pride of thought, glorying in its progress, darts into futurity, our soul seems still to regret an ancient country to which the past in some degree brings it back."—Lib. xii. c. 4.

Enough has now been given to give the unlettered reader a conception of the descriptive character of these two great continental writers—to recall to the learned one some of the most delightful moments of his life. To complete the parallel, we shall now present three of the finest passages of a similar character from Sir Walter Scott, that our readers may be able to appreciate at a single sitting the varied excellences of the greatest masters of poetic prose who have appeared in modern times.

The first is the well-known opening scene of *Ivanhoe*.

"The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest, which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A con-

siderable open space, in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet."

The next is the equally celebrated description of the churchyard in the introductory chapter of *Old Mortality*.

"Farther up the narrow valley, and in a recess which seems scooped out of the side of the steep heathy bank, there is a deserted burial-ground which the little cowards are fearful of approaching in the twilight. To me, however, the place has an inexpressible charm. It has been long the favourite termination of my walks, and, if my kind patron forgets not his promise, will (and probably at no very distant day) be my final resting-place after my mortal pilgrimage.

"It is a spot which possesses all the solemnity of feeling attached to a burial-ground, without exciting those of a more unpleasant description. Having been very little used for many years, the few hillocks which rise above the level plain are covered with the same short velvet turf. The monuments, of which there are not above seven or eight, are half sunk in the ground and overgrown with moss. No newly-erected tomb disturbs the sober serenity of our reflections, by reminding us of recent calamity, and no rank springing grass forces upon our imagination the recollection, that it owes its dark luxuriance to the foul and festering remnants of mortality which ferment beneath. The daisy which sprinkles the sod, and the hair-bell which hangs over it, derive their pure nourishment from the dew of Heaven, and their growth impresses us with no degrading or disgusting recollections. Death has indeed been here, and its traces are before us; but they are softened and deprived of their horror by our distance from the period when they have been first impressed. Those who sleep beneath are only connected with us by the reflection, that they have once been what we now are, and that, as their relics are now identified with their mother earth, ours shall, at some future period, undergo the same transformation."

The third is a passage equally well known, but hardly less beautiful, from the *Antiquary*.

"The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire, and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, form

ing out of their unsubstantial gloom, the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was sitting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

"With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side, whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or bursting upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder."

Few objects are less beautiful than a bare sheet of water in heathy hills, but see what it becomes under the inspiration of genius.

"It was a mild summer day; the beams of the sun, as is not uncommon in Zetland, were moderated and shaded by a silvery haze, which filled the atmosphere, and, destroying the strong contrast of light and shade, gave even to noon the sober livery of the evening twilight. The

little lake, not three-quarters of a mile in circuit, lay in profound quiet; its surface undimpled, save when one of the numerous water-fowl, which glided on its surface, dived for an instant under it. The depth of the water gave the whole that cerulean tint of bluish green, which occasioned its being called the Green Loch; and at present, it formed so perfect a mirror to the bleak hills by which it was surrounded, and which lay reflected on its bosom, that it was difficult to distinguish the water from the land; nay, in the shadowy uncertainty occasioned by the thin haze, a stranger could scarce have been sensible that a sheet of water lay before him. A scene of more complete solitude, having all its peculiarities heightened by the extreme serenity of the weather, the quiet gray composed tone of the atmosphere, and the perfect silence of the elements, could hardly be imagined. The very aquatic birds, who frequented the spot in great numbers, forbore their usual flight and screams, and floated in profound tranquillity upon the silent water."

It is hard to say to which of these mighty masters of description the palm should be awarded. Scott is more simple in his language, more graphic in his details, more thoroughly imbued with the character of the place he is desirous of portraying: Chateaubriand is more resplendent in the images which he selects, more fastidious in the features he draws, more gorgeous from the magnificence with which he is surrounded: Madame de Staël, inferior to both in the power of delineating nature, is superior to either in rousing the varied emotions dependent on historical recollections or melancholy impressions. It is remarkable that, though she is a southern writer, and has thrown into Corinne all her own rapture at the sun and the recollections of Italy, yet it is with a northern eye that she views the scenes it presents—it is not with the living, but the mighty dead, that she holds communion—the chords she loves to strike are those melancholy ones which vibrate more strongly in a northern than a southern heart. Chateaubriand is imbued more largely with the genuine spirit of the south: albeit a Frank by origin, he is filled with the spirit of Oriental poetry. His soul is steeped in the cloudless skies, and desultory life, and boundless recollections of the East. Scott has no decided locality. He has struck his roots into the human heart—he has described Nature with a master's hand, under whatever aspects she is to be seen; but his associations are of Gothic origin; his spirit is of chivalrous descent; the nature which he has in general drawn is the sweet gleam of sunshine in a northern climate.

*Small states in history
of the world*

NATIONAL MONUMENTS.*

THE history of mankind, from its earliest period to the present moment, is fraught with proofs of one general truth, that it is in *small states*, and in consequence of the emulation and ardent spirit which they develop, that the human mind arrives at its greatest perfection, and that the freest scope is afforded both to the grandeur of moral, and the brilliancy of intellectual character. It is to the citizens of *small* republics that we are indebted both for the greatest discoveries which have improved the condition or elevated the character of mankind, and for the noblest examples of private and public virtue with which the page of history is adorned. It was in the republics of ancient Greece, and in consequence of the emulation which was excited among her rival cities, that the beautiful arts of poetry, sculpture, and architecture were first brought to perfection, and while the genius of the human race was slumbering among the innumerable multitudes of the Persian and Indian monarchies, the single city of Athens produced a succession of great men, whose works have improved and delighted the world in every succeeding age. While the vast feudal monarchies of Europe were buried in ignorance and barbarism, the little states of Florence, Bologna, Rome, and Venice were far advanced in the career of arts and in the acquisition of knowledge; and at this moment, the traveller neglects the boundless but unknown tracts of Germany and France, to visit the tombs of Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Tasso, to dwell in a country where every city and every landscape reminds him of the greatness of human genius, or the perfection of human taste. It is from the same cause that the earlier history of the Swiss confederacy exhibits a firmness and grandeur of political character which we search for in vain in the annals of the great monarchies; by which they are surrounded, that the classical pilgrim pauses awhile in his journey to the Eternal City to do homage to the spirit of its early republics, and sees not in the ruins which, at the termination of his pilgrimage, surround him, the remains of imperial Rome, the mistress and the capital of the world; but of Rome, when struggling with Corioli and Veii; of Rome, when governed by Regulus and Cincinnatus—and traces the scene of her infant wars with the Latian tribes, with a pious interest, which all the pomp and magnificence of her subsequent history has not been able to excite.

Examples of this kind have often led historians to consider the situation of small republics as that of all others most adapted to the exaltation and improvement of mankind.

To minds of an ardent and enthusiastic cast who delight in the contemplation of human genius, or in the progress of public improvement, the brilliancy and splendour of such little states form the most delightful of all objects; and accordingly, the greatest of living historians, in his history of the Italian republics, has expressed a decided opinion that in no other situation is such scope afforded to the expansion of the human mind, or such facility afforded to the progressive improvement of our species.

On the other hand, it is not to be concealed, that such little dynasties are accompanied by many circumstances of continued and aggravated distress. Their small dimensions, and the jealousies which subsist betwixt them, not only furnish the subject of continual disputes, but aggravate to an incredible degree the miseries and devastations of war. Between such states, it is not conducted with the dignity and in the spirit which characterizes the efforts of great monarchies, but rather with the asperity and rancour which belong to a civil contest. While the frontiers only of a great monarchy suffer from the calamities of war, its devastations extend to the very heart of smaller states. Insecurity and instability frequently mark the internal condition of these republics; and the activity which the historian admires in their citizens, is too often employed in mutually destroying and pillaging each other, or in disturbing the tranquillity of the state. It is hence that the sunny slopes of the Apennines are everywhere crowned by castellated villages, indicating the universality of the ravages of war among the Italian States in former times; and that the architecture of Florence and Genoa still bears the character of that massy strength which befitted the period when every noble palace was an independent fortress, and when war, tumult, and violence, reigned for centuries within their walls; while the open villages and straggling cottages of England bespeak the security with which her peasants have reposed under the shadow of her redoubted power.

The universality of this fact has led many wise and good men to regard small states as the prolific source of human suffering; and to conclude that all the splendour, whether in arts or in science, with which they are surrounded, is dearly bought at the expense of the peace and tranquillity of the great body of the people. To such men it appears, that the periods of history on which the historian dwells, or which have been marked by extraordinary genius, are not those in which the greatest public happiness has been enjoyed; but that it is to be found rather under the quiet and inglorious government of a great and pacific empire.

Without pretending to determine which of these opinions is the best founded, it is more

* Blackwood's Magazine, July 1819, and Edinburgh Review, August 1823.—Written when the National Monuments in London and Edinburgh to the late war were in contemplation, and in review of the Earl of Aberdeen's Essay on Grecian architecture.

important for our present purpose to observe, that the union of the three kingdoms in the British Empire, promises to combine for this country the advantages of both these forms of government without the evils to which either is exposed. While her insular situation, and the union and energy of her people, secure for Great Britain peace and tranquillity within her own bounds, the rivalry of the different nations of whom the empire is composed, promises, if properly directed, to animate her people with the ardour and enterprise which have hitherto been supposed to spring only from the collision of smaller states.

Towards the accomplishment of this most desirable object, however, it is indispensable that each nation should preserve the remembrance of its own distinct origin, and look to the glory of *its own people*, with an anxious and peculiar care. It is quite right that the Scotch should glory with their aged sovereign in the name of Britain: and that, when considered with reference to foreign states, Britain should exhibit a united whole, intent only upon upholding and extending the glory of that empire which her united forces have formed. But it is equally important that her ancient metropolis should not degenerate into a provincial town; and that an independent nation, once the rival of England, should remember, with pride, the peculiar glories by which her people have been distinguished. Without this, the whole good effects of the rivalry of the two nations will be entirely lost; and the genius of her different people, in place of emulating and improving each other, will be drawn into one centre, where all that is original and characteristic will be lost in the overwhelming influence of prejudice and fashion.

Such an event would be an incalculable calamity to the metropolis, and to the genius of this country. It is this catastrophe which Fletcher of Salton so eloquently foretold, when he opposed the union with England in the Scottish Parliament. Edinburgh would then become like Lyons, or Toulouse, or Venice, a provincial town, supported only by the occasional influx of the gentlemen in its neighbourhood, and the business of the courts of law which have their seat within its walls. The city and the nation which have produced or been adorned by David Hume, Adam Smith, Robert Burns, Dugald Stewart, Principal Robertson, and Walter Scott, would cease to exist; and the traveller would repair to her classical scenes, as he now does to Venice or Ferrara, to lament the decay of human genius which follows the union of independent states.

Nor would such an event be less injurious to the general progress of science and arts throughout the empire. It is impossible to doubt, that the circumstance of Scotland being a separate kingdom, and maintaining a rivalry with England, has done incalculable good to both countries—that it has given rise to a succession of great men, whose labours have enlightened and improved mankind, who would not otherwise have acted upon the career of knowledge. Who can say what would have been the present condition of England in philosophy or science, if she had

not been stimulated by the splendid progress which Scotland was making? and who can calculate the encouragement which Scottish genius has derived from the generous applause which England has always lavished upon her works? As Scotchmen, we rejoice in the exaltation and eminence of our own country; but we rejoice not less sincerely in the literary celebrity of our sister kingdom; not only from the interest which, as citizens of the united empire, we feel in the celebrity of any of its members, but as affording the secret pledges of the continued and progressive splendour of our own country.

It is impossible, however, to contemplate the effects of the union of the two kingdoms, from which this country has derived such incalculable benefits in its national wealth and domestic industry, without perceiving that in time, at least, a corresponding *decay* may take place in its literary and philosophic acquirements. There are few examples in the history of mankind, of an independent kingdom being incorporated with another of greater magnitude, without losing, in process of time, the national eminence, whether in arts or in arms, to which it had formerly arrived. A rare succession of great men in our universities, indeed, and an extraordinary combination of talents in the works of imagination, has hitherto prevented this effect from taking place. But who can insure a continuance of men of such extraordinary genius, to keep alive the torch of science in our northern regions? Is it not to be apprehended that the attractions of wealth, of power, and of fashion, which have so long drawn our nobles and higher classes to the seat of government, may, ere long, exercise a similar influence upon our national genius, and that the melancholy catastrophe which Fletcher of Salton described, with all its fatal consequences, may be, even now, approaching to its accomplishment?

Whatever can arrest this lamentable progress, and fix down, in a permanent manner, the genius of Scotland to its own shores, confers not only an incalculable benefit upon this country, but upon the united empire of which it forms a part. The erection of *National Monuments* in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, seems calculated, in a most remarkable manner, to accomplish this most desirable object.

To those, indeed, who have not been in the habit of attending to the influence of animating recollections upon the development of every thing that is great or generous in human character, it may appear that the effects we anticipate from such structures are visionary and chimerical. But when a train is ready laid, a spark will set it in flames. The Scotch have always been a proud and an ardent people and the spirit which animated their forefathers, in this respect, is not yet extinct. The Irish have genius, which, if properly directed, is equal to anything. England is the centre of the intellectual progress of the earth. Upon people so disposed, it is difficult to estimate the effects which splendid edifices filled with monuments to the greatest men whom their respective countries can boast, may ultimately produce.—It will give stability and consistence

to the national pride, a feeling which, when properly directed, is the surest foundation of national eminence.—It will perpetuate the remembrance of the brave and independent Scottish nation—a feeling, of all others, the best suited to animate the exertions of her remotest descendants.—It will teach her inhabitants to look to their own country for the scene of their real glory; and while Ireland laments the absence of a nobility insensible to her fame, and unworthy of the land of Burke and Goldsmith, it will be the boast of this country, to have erected on her own shores a monument worthy of her people's glory, and to have disdained to follow merely the triumphs of that nation, whose ancestors they have ere now vanquished in the field.

Who has not felt the sublime impression which the interior of Westminster Abbey produces, where the poets, the philosophers, and the statesmen of England, "sleep with her kings, and dignify the scene?" Who has viewed the church of *St. Croce* at Florence, and seen the tombs of Galileo, and Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, and Alfieri, under one sacred roof, without feeling their hearts swell with the remembrance of her ancient glory; and, among the multitudes who will visit the sacred pile that is to perpetuate the memory of Scottish or Irish greatness, how many may there be whom so sublime a spectacle may rouse to a sense of their native powers, and animate with the pride of their country's renown; and in whom the remembrance of the "illustrious of ancient days" may awaken the noble feeling of Correggio, when he contemplated the works of the Roman masters; "I too am a Painter."

Nor do we think that such monuments could produce effects of less importance upon the military character and martial spirit of the Scottish people in future ages. The memory of the glorious achievements of our age, indeed, will never die, and the page of history will perpetuate, to the higher orders, the recollection of the events which have cast so unrivalled a splendour over the British nation, in the commencement of the nineteenth century. But the study of history has been, hitherto at least, confined to few, comparatively speaking, of the population of a country; and the knowledge which it imparts can never extend universally to the poorer class, from whom the materials of an army are to be drawn. In the ruder and earlier periods of society, indeed, the traditions of warlike events are preserved for a series of years, by the romantic ballads, which are cherished by a simple and primitive people. The nature of the occupations in which they are principally engaged, is favourable to the preservation of such heroic recollections. But in the state of society in which we live, it is impossible that the record of past events can be thus engraven on the hearts of a nation. The uniformity of employments in which the lower orders are engaged—the severe and unrelenting toil to which they are exposed—the division of labour which fixes them down to one limited and unchanging occupation, the prodigious numbers in which they are drawn to certain centres of attraction far from the recollections of their early

years, all contribute to destroy those ancient traditions, on the preservation of which so much of the martial spirit of a people depends. The peasantry in the remoter parts of Scotland can still recount some of the exploits, and dwell with enthusiasm on the adventures of Bruce or Wallace; but you will search in vain among the English poor for any record of the victories of Cressy or Azincour, of Blenheim or Ramillies. And even among the higher orders, the experience of every day is sufficient to convince us that the remembrance of ancient glory, though not forgotten, may cease to possess any material influence on the character of our people. The historian, indeed, may recount the glorious victories of Vittoria, Trafalgar, and Waterloo; and their names may be familiar to every ear; but the name may be remembered when the heart stirring spirit which they should awaken is no longer felt. For a time, and during the life time of the persons who were distinguished in these events, they form a leading subject of the public attention; but when a new generation succeeds, and different cares and fashions and events occupy the attention of the nation, the practical effects of these triumphs is lost, how indelibly soever they may be recorded in the pages of history. The victories of Poitiers, and Blenheim, and Minden had long ago demonstrated the superiority of the English over the French troops; but though this fact appeared unquestionable to those who studied the history of past events, everybody knows with what serious apprehension a French invasion was contemplated in this country, within our own recollection.

It is of incalculable importance, therefore, that some means should be taken to preserve alive the martial spirit which the recent triumphs have awakened; and to do this, in so prominent a way as may attract the attention of the most thoughtless, and force them on the observation of the most inconsiderate. It is from men of this description—from the young, the gay, and the active, that our armies are filled; and it is on the spirit with which they are animated that the national safety depends. Unless they are impressed with the recollection of past achievements, and a sense of the glories of that country which they are to defend, it will little avail us in the moment of danger, that the victories on which every one now dwells with exultation, are faithfully recorded in history, and well known to the sedentary and pacific part of our population.

It is upon the preservation of this spirit that the safety of every nation must depend.—It is in vain that it may be encircled with fortresses, or defended by mountains, or begirt by the ocean; its real security is to be found in the spirit and the valour of its people. The army which enters the field in the conviction that it is to conquer, has already gained the day. The people, who recollect with pride the achievements of their forefathers, will not prove unworthy of them in the field of battle. The remembrance of their heroic actions preserved the independence of the Swiss republics, amidst the powerful empires by which they were surrounded; and the glory of her armies, joined

English
of France
warlike
spirit
by
history

to the terror of her name, upheld the Roman empire for centuries after the warlike spirit of the people was extinct. It is this which constitutes the strength and multiplies the triumphs of veteran soldiers; and it is this which renders the qualities of military valour and prowess hereditary in a nation.

Every people, accordingly, whose achievements are memorable in past history, have felt the influence of these national recollections, and received them as the most valuable inheritance from their forefathers. The statesmen of Athens, when they wished to rouse that fickle people to any great or heroic action, reminded them of the national glory of their ancestors, and pointed to the Acropolis crowned with the monuments of their valour; Demosthenes in the most heart-stirring apostrophe of antiquity invoked the shades of those who died at Marathon and Platea, to sanctify the cause in which they were to be engaged. The Swiss peasants, for five hundred years after the establishment of their independence, assembled on the fields of Morgarten and Laupen, and spread garlands over the graves of the fallen warriors, and prayed for the souls of those who had died for their country's freedom. The Romans attached a superstitious reverence to the rock of the capitol, and loaded its temples with the spoils of the world, and looked back with a mixture of veneration and pride, to the struggles which it had witnessed, and the triumphs which it had won.

"Capitoli immobile saxum."

So long as Manlius remained in sight of the capitol, his enemies found it impossible to obtain a conviction of the charges against him. When Scipio Africanus was accused by a faction in the forum, in place of answering the charge, he turned to the capitol, and invited the people to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and return thanks for the defeat of the Carthaginians. Such was the influence of local associations on that severe people; and so natural is it for the human mind to imbody its recollections in some external object; and so important an effect are these recollections fitted to have, when they are perpetually brought back to the public mind by the sight of the objects to which they have been attached.

The erection of a national monument, on a scale suited to the greatness of the events it is intended to commemorate, seems better calculated than any other measure to perpetuate the spirit which the events of our times have awakened in this country. It will force itself on the observation of the most thoughtless, and recall the recollection of danger and glory, during the slumber of peaceful life. Thousands who never would otherwise have cast a thought upon the glory of their country, will by it be awakened to a sense of what befits the descendants of those great men who have died in the cause of national freedom. While it will testify the gratitude of the nation to departed worth, it will serve at the same time to mark the distinction which similar victories may win. Like the Roman capitol, it will stand at once the monument of former greatness, and the pledge of future glory.

Nor is it to be imagined that the national monument in London is sufficient for this purpose, and that the commencement of a similar undertaking in Edinburgh or Dublin is an unnecessary or superfluous proceeding. It is quite proper, that in the metropolis of the United Empire, the trophies of its common triumphs should be found, and that the national funds should there be devoted to the formation of a monument, worthy of the splendid achievements which her united forces have performed. But the whole benefits of the emulation between the two nations, from which our armies have already derived such signal advantage, would be lost, if Scotland were to participate only in the triumphs of her sister kingdom, without distinctly marking its own peculiar and national pride, in the glory of her own people. The valour of the Scottish regiments is known and celebrated from one end of Europe to the other; and this circumstance, joined to the celebrity of the poems of Ossian, has given a distinction to our soldiers, to which, for so small a body of men, there is no parallel in the history of the present age. Would it not be a subject of reproach to this country, if the only land in which no record of their gallantry is to be found, was the land which gave them birth; and that the traveller who has seen the tartan hailed with enthusiasm on every theatre of Europe, should find it forgotten only in the metropolis of that kingdom which owes its salvation to the bravery by which it has been distinguished?

The animating effects, moreover, which the sight of a national trophy is fitted to have on a martial people, would be entirely lost in this country, if no other monument to Scottish or Irish valour existed than the monument in London.—There is not a hundredth part of our population who have ever an opportunity of going to that city; or to whom the existence even of such a record of their triumph could be known. Even upon those who may see it, the peculiar and salutary effect of a national monument would be entirely lost. It would be regarded as a trophy of *English* glory; and however much it might animate our descendants to maintain the character of Britain on the field of European warfare, it would leave wholly untouched those feelings of generous emulation by which the rival nations of England and Scotland have hitherto been animated towards each other, and to the existence of which, so much of their common triumphs have been owing.

It is in the preservation of this feeling of rivalry that we anticipate the most important effects of a national monument in this metropolis. There is no danger that the ancient animosity of the two nations will ever revive, or that the emulation of our armies will lead them to prove unfaithful to the common cause in which they must hereafter be engaged. The stern feelings of feudal hatred with which the armies of England and Scotland formerly met at Flodden or Bannockburn, have now yielded to the emulation and friendship which form the surest basis of their common prosperity. But it is of the last importance that these feel-

ings of national rivalry should not be extinguished. In every part of the world the good effects of this emulation have been experienced. It is recorded, that at the siege of Namur, when the German troops were repulsed from the breach, King William ordered his English guards to advance; and the veteran warrior was so much affected with the devoted gallantry with which they pressed on to the assault, that, bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "See how my brave English fight." At the storm of Bhurtpoor, when one of the British regiments was forced back by the dreadful fire that played on the breach, one of the native regiments was ordered to advance, and these brave men cheered as they passed the British troops, who lay trembling in the trenches. Everybody knows the distinguished gallantry with which the Scottish and Irish regiments, in all the actions of the present war, have sought to maintain their ancient reputation; and it is not to be forgotten, that the first occasion on which the steady columns of France were broken by a charge of cavalry, when the leading regiments of England, Scotland, and Ireland, bore down with rival valour on their columns; and in the enthusiastic cry of the Grays, "Scotland for ever," we may perceive the value of those national recollections which it is the object of the present edifice to reward and perpetuate.

If this spirit shall live in her armies; if the rival valour which was formerly excited in their fatal wars against each other, shall thus continue to animate them when fighting against their common enemies, and if the remembrance of former division is preserved only to cement the bond of present union, Britain and Ireland may well, like the Douglas and Percy, both together "be confident against the world in arms."

Foreign foe or false beguiling,
Shall our union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand, while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

There is no fact more certain than that a due appreciation of the grand or the beautiful in architectural design is not inherent in any individual or in any people; and that towards the formation of a correct public taste, the existence of *fine models* is absolutely essential. It is this which gives men who have travelled in Italy or Greece so evident a superiority in considering the merits of the works of art in this country over those who have not had similar advantages; and it is this which renders taste hereditary among a people who have the models of ancient excellence continually before their eyes. The taste of Athens continued to distinguish its people long after they had ceased to be remarkable for any other and more honourable quality; and Rome itself, in the days of its imperial splendour, was compelled to borrow, from a people whom she had vanquished, the trophies by which her victories were to be commemorated. To this day the lovers of art flock from the most distant parts of the world to the Acropolis, and dwell with rapture on its unrivalled beauties, and seek to inhale, amid the ruins that surround them, a portion of the spirit by which they were con-

ceived. The remains of ancient Rome still serve as the model of every thing that is great in the designs of modern architects; and in the Parthenon and the Coliseum we find the originals on which the dome of St. Peter's and the piazza St. Marco have been formed. It is a matter of general observation, accordingly, that the inhabitants of Italy possess a degree of taste both in sculpture, architecture, and painting, which few persons of the most cultivated understanding in transalpine countries can acquire. So true it is, that the existence of fine models lays the only foundation of a correct public taste; and that the transference of the model of ancient excellence to this country is the only means of giving to our people the taste by which similar excellence is to be produced.

Now it has unfortunately happened that the Doric architecture, to which so much of the beauty of Greece and Italy is owing, has been hitherto little understood, and still less put in practice in this country. We meet with few persons who have not visited the remains of classical antiquity, who can conceive the matchless beauties of the temples of Minerva at Athens, or of Neptune at Pæstum. And, indeed, if our conceptions of the Doric be taken from the few attempts at imitation of it which are here to be met with, they would fall very far short, indeed, of what the originals are fitted to excite.

We are far from underrating the genius of modern architects, and it would be ungrateful to insinuate, that sufficient ability for the formation of an original design is not to be found. But in the choice of designs for a building which is to stand for centuries, and from which the taste of the metropolis in future ages is in a greater measure to be formed, it is absolutely essential to fix upon some model of known and approved excellence. The erection of a monument in bad taste, or even of doubtful beauty, might destroy the just conceptions on this subject, which are beginning to prevail, and throw the national taste a century back at the time when it is making the most rapid advances towards perfection. It is in vain to expect that human genius can ever make any thing more beautiful than the Parthenon. It is folly, therefore, to tempt fortune, when certainty is in our hands.

There are many reasons besides, which seem in a peculiar manner to recommend the Doric temple for the proposed monuments. By the habits of modern times, a different species of architecture has been devoted to the different purposes to which buildings may be applied; and it is difficult to avoid believing, that there is something in the separate styles which is peculiarly adapted to the different emotions they are intended to excite. The light tracery, and lofty roof, and airy pillars of the Gothic, seem to accord well with the sublime feelings and spiritual fervour of religion. The massy wall, and gloomy character of the castle, bespeak the abode of feudal power and the pageantry of barbaric magnificence. The beautiful porticoes, and columns, and rich cornices of the Ionic or Corinthian,

seem well adapted for the public edifices in a great city; for those which are destined for amusement, or to serve for the purpose of public ornament. The Palladian style is that of all others best adapted for the magnificence of private dwellings, and overwhelms the spectator by a flood of beauty, against which the rules of criticism are unable to withstand. If any of these styles of architecture were to be transferred from buildings destined for one purpose to those destined for another, the impropriety of the change would appear very conspicuous. The gorgeous splendour of the Palladian front would be entirely misplaced, in an edifice destined for the purpose of religion; and the rich pinnacles and gloomy aisles of the Gothic, would accord ill with the scene of modern amusement or festivity.

Now a National Monument is an edifice of a very singular kind, and such as to require a style of architecture peculiar to itself. The Grecian Doric, as it is exhibited in the Parthenon, appears singularly well adapted for this purpose. Its form and character is associated in every cultivated mind with the recollections of classical history; and it recalls the brilliant conceptions of national glory as they were received during the ardent and enthusiastic period of youth; while its stern and massy form befits an edifice destined to commemorate the severe virtues and manly character of war. The effect of such a building, and the influence it would have on the public taste, would be increased to an indefinite degree, by the interest of the purpose to which it is destined. An edifice which recalled at once the interest of classical association, and commemorated the splendour of our own achievements, would impress itself in the most indelible manner on the public mind, and force the beauty of its design on the most careless observer. And there can be no doubt that this impression would be far greater, just because it arose from a style of building hitherto unknown in this country, and produced an effect as dissimilar from that of any other architectural design, as the national emotions which it is intended to awaken are from those to which ordinary edifices are destined.

We cannot help considering this as a matter of great importance to this city, and to the taste of the age in which we live. It is no inconsiderable matter to have one building of faultless design erected, and to have the youth of our people accustomed from their infancy to behold the work of Phidias. But the ultimate effect which such a circumstance might produce on the taste of the nation, and the celebrity of this metropolis, is far more important. It is in vain to conceal, that the wealth and the fashion of England is every day attracting the higher part of our society to another capital; and that Edinburgh can never possess attractions of the same description with London, sufficient to enable her to stand an instant in the struggle. But while London must always eclipse this city in all that depends on wealth, power, or fashionable elegance, nature has given to it the means of establishing a superiority of a higher and a

more permanent kind. The matchless beauty of its situation, the superb cliffs by which it is surrounded, the magnificent prospects of the bay, which it commands, have given to Edinburgh the means of becoming the most beautiful town that exists in the world. And the inexhaustible quarries of free-stone, which lie in the immediate vicinity, have rendered architectural embellishment an easier object in this city than in any other in the empire. It cannot be denied, however, that much still remains to be done in this respect, and that every stranger observes the striking contrast between the beauty of its private houses, and the deplorable scantiness of its public buildings. The establishment of a taste for edifices of an ornamental description, and the gradual purification of the popular taste, which may fairly be expected from the influence of so perfect a model as the Parthenon of Athens, would ultimately, in all probability, render this city the favourite residence of the fine arts; the spot to which strangers would resort, both as the place where the rules of taste are to be studied, and the models of art are to be found. And thus, while London is the Rome of the empire, to which the young, and the ambitious, and the gay, resort for the pursuit of pleasure, of fortune, or of ambition, Edinburgh might become another Athens, in which the arts and the sciences flourished, under the shade of her ancient fame, and established a dominion over the minds of men more permanent than even that which the Roman arms were able to effect.

The Greeks always fixed on an eminence for the situation of their temples, and whatever was the practice of a people of such exquisite taste is well worthy of imitation. The Acropolis of Athens, the Acrocorinthus of Corinth, the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in Ægina, are instances of the beauty of these edifices when placed on such conspicuous situations. At Athens, in particular, the temples of Jupiter Olympius and of Theseus are situated in the plain; but although the former is built in a style of magnificence to which there is no parallel, and is double the size of the Parthenon, its effect is infinitely less striking than that of the temple of Minerva, which crowns the Acropolis, and meets the eye from every part of the adjacent country. The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island of Ægina, is neither so large nor so beautiful as the temple of Theseus; but there is no one who ever thought of comparing the effect which the former produces, crowning a rich and wooded hill, to that which is felt on viewing the latter standing in the plain of Attica. The temple of Neptune, at Pæstum, has a sublime effect from the desolation that surrounds it, and from the circumstance of there being no eminence for many miles to interfere with its stern and venerable form; but there is no one who must not have felt that the grandeur of this edifice would be entirely lost if it was placed in a modern city, and overtopped by buildings destined for the most ordinary purposes. The temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, perched on the crag which overhangs the cataract, is admired by all the world; but

the temple to the same goddess, on the banks of the Tiber, at Rome, is passed over without notice, though the intrinsic beauty of the one is nearly as great as that of the other. In the landscapes too of Claude and Poussin, who knew so well the situation in which every building appears to most advantage, the ruins of temples are almost always placed on prominent fronts, or on the summit of small hills; in such a situation, in short, as the Calton Hill of Edinburgh presents. The practice of the ancient Greeks, in the choice of situations for their temples, joined to that of the modern Italian painters in their ideal representations of the same objects, leaving no room to doubt that the course which they followed was that which the peculiar nature of the building required.

But all objects of local interest sink into insignificance compared with the vast effect which a restoration of so perfect a relic of antiquity as the Parthenon of Athens would have on the national taste, and ultimately on the spread of refined and elevating feelings among the inhabitants of the country. As this is a subject of the very highest importance, and which is not generally so well understood as it should be, we crave the indulgence of our readers to a few observations, conceived in the warmest feeling of interest in modern art, but a strong sense of the only means by which it can be brought to the excellence of which it is susceptible.

It is observed by Madame de Staël, "that architecture is the only art which approaches, in its effects, to the works of nature," and there are few, we believe, who have not, at some period of their lives, felt the truth of the observation. The Cathedral of York, the Dome of St. Paul's, or the interior of St. Peter's, are scarcely eclipsed in our recollection with the glories of human creation; and the impression which they produce is less akin to admiration of the talent of an artist, than to the awe and veneration which the traveller feels when he first enters the defiles of the Alps.

It has often been a matter of regret to persons of taste in this country, that an art so magnificent in its monuments, and so powerful in its effect, has been so little the object of popular cultivation; nor is it perhaps easy to understand, how a people so much alive to the grand and beautiful in the other departments of taste, should so long have remained insensible to the attractions of one of its most interesting branches. Many causes have, doubtless, conspired to produce this effect; but among these, the principal, we are persuaded, is to be found in the absence of any monuments of approved excellence to form the taste, and excite the admiration of the public. And, in this respect, there is an important distinction, which is often overlooked, between architecture and the other departments of art or literature.

In poetry, painting, or sculpture, the great works of former times are in everybody's hands; and the public taste has long ago been formed on the study of those remains of ancient genius, which still continue, notwith-

standing the destruction of the people who gave them birth, to govern the imagination of succeeding ages. The poetry of Virgil, and the eloquence of Cicero, form the first objects to which the education of the young is directed; the designs of Raphael and Correggio have been multiplied by the art of engraving, to almost as great an extent as the classical authors; and casts, at least, of the Apollo and the Venus, are familiar to every person who has paid the smallest attention to the beauty of the human form. It is on the *habitual* study of these works that the public taste has been formed; and the facility of engraving and painting has extended our acquaintance with their excellencies, almost as far as knowledge or education have extended in the world.

But with architecture the case is widely different. Public edifices cannot be published and circulated with the same facility as an edition of Virgil, or a print of Claude Lorraine. To copy or restore such monuments, requires an expenditure of capital, and an exertion of skill, almost as great as their original construction. Nations must be far advanced in wealth and attainment before such costly undertakings can be attempted. And if the superstition of an earlier age has produced structures of astonishing magnitude and genius, they are of a kind which, however venerable or imposing, are not calculated to have the same effect in chastening the public taste, with those that arose in that auspicious period when all the finer powers of the mind had attained their highest exaltation. It thus unfortunately happens, that architecture cannot share in the progress which the other fine arts are continually making from the circulation and study of the works of antiquity; and successive nations are often obliged to begin anew the career which their predecessors have run, and fall inevitably into the errors which they had learned to avoid.

The possibility of multiplying drawings or engravings of the edifices of antiquity, or of informing distant nations of their proportions and dimensions, has but little tendency to obviate this disadvantage. Experience has shown that the best drawings convey a most inadequate conception of architectural grandeur, or of the means by which it is produced. To those, indeed, who have seen the originals, such engravings are highly valuable, because they awaken and renew the impression which the edifices themselves have made; but to those who have not had this advantage, they speak an unknown language. This is matter of common observation; and there is no traveller who has returned from Greece or Italy, who will not confirm its truth. It is as impossible to convey a conception of the exterior of the Parthenon, or the interior of St. Peter's, by the finest drawings accompanied by the most accurate statement of their dimensions, as to give the inhabitants of a level country a true sense of the sublimity of the Alps, by exhibiting a drawing of the snowy peaks of Mont Blanc, and informing him of its altitude according to the latest trigonometrical observations.

Even if drawings could convey a conception of the original structures, the taste for this art is so extremely limited that it could have but little effect in obviating the disadvantage of their remote situation. There is not one person in a hundred who ever looks at a drawing, or, if he does, is capable of deriving the smallest pleasure from the finest productions of that branch of art. To be reduced to turn over a portfolio of engravings, is proverbially spoken of as the most wretched of all occupations in a drawing-room; and it is no uncommon thing to see the productions of Claude, or Poussin, or Williams, abounding in all the riches of architectural ornament, passed over without the slightest indication of emotion, by persons of acknowledged taste in other respects. And yet the same individuals, who are utterly insensible to architectural excellence in this form, could not avoid acquiring a certain taste for its beauties, if they were the subject of *habitual* observation, in edifices at home, or obtruded upon their attention in the course of foreign travelling.

Besides this, the architect is exposed to insurmountable difficulties, if the cultivation of those around him has not kept pace with his own, and if they are incapable of feeling the beauty of the edifices on which his taste has been formed. It is to no purpose that his *own taste* may have been improved by studying the ruins of Athens or Rome, unless the taste of *his employers* has undergone a similar amelioration, his genius will remain dormant, and his architectural drawings be suffered to lie in unnoticed obscurity in the recesses of his portfolio. The architect, it should always be remembered, cannot erect edifices, as the poet writes verses, or the painter covers his canvas, without any external assistance. A great expenditure of capital is absolutely essential to the production of any considerable specimen of his art: and, therefore, unless he can communicate his own enthusiasm to the wealthy, and unless a growing desire for architectural embellishments is sufficient to overcome the inherent principle of parsimony, or the interested views of individuals, or the jealousy of public bodies, he will never have an opportunity of displaying his genius, or all his attempts will be thwarted by persons incapable of appreciating it. And unfortunately the talents of no artist, how great soever, can effect such a revolution; it can be brought about only by the *continued observation of beautiful edifices*, and the diffusion of a taste for the art among all the well-educated classes of the people.

The states of antiquity lay so immediately in the vicinity of each other, that the progress of architecture was uninterrupted; and thus people of each nation formed their taste by the study of the structures of those to whom they lay adjacent. The Athenians, in particular, in raising the beautiful edifices which have so long been the admiration of the world, proceeded entirely upon the model of the buildings by which they were surrounded, and the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the island of Ægina, which is said to have been built by Æacus before the Trojan War, remains to this

day to testify the species of edifices on which their national taste was formed. The Ionic order, as its name denotes, arose in the wealthy regions of Asia Minor; and when the Athenians turned their attention to the embellishment of their city, they had, in their immediate vicinity, edifices capable of pointing out the excellencies of that beautiful style. The Romans formed their taste upon the architecture of the people whom they had subdued, and adopted all their orders from the Grecian structures. Their early temples were exactly similar to those of their masters in the art of design; and when the national taste was formed upon that model, they combined them, as real genius will, into different forms, and left the Coliseum and the baths of Dioclesian as monuments of the grandeur and originality of their conceptions.

In modern times, the restoration of taste first began around the edifices of antiquity. "On the revival of the art in Italy," says Lord Aberdeen, "during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the great architects who adorned that country naturally looked for instruction to the monuments with which they were surrounded: the wrecks and fragments of Imperial Rome. These were not only successfully imitated, but sometimes even surpassed by the Italian artists; for Bramante and Michael Angelo, Palladio and Bernini, designed and executed works which, although of unequal merit, may fairly challenge a comparison with the boasted productions of the Augustan age." Italy and France, accordingly, have reaped the full advantage of their local proximity to the monuments of former genius; and the character of their buildings evinces a decided superiority to the works of architects in other states.

In the south of Europe, therefore, the progress of architecture has been uninterrupted, and each successive age has reaped the full benefit which the works of those which preceded it was fitted to confer. But the remoteness of their situation has deprived the inhabitants of the north of Europe of this advantage; and, while the revival of letters and the arts has developed the taste of the people of this country in other respects, to a very great degree, their knowledge of architecture is yet in its infancy. In this city the most remarkable proofs of this deficiency were annually exhibited till a very recent period. The same age which was illustrated by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, and Campbell, and Dugald Stewart, witnessed the erection of Nelson's monument and St. George's church.

The extraordinary improvement in the public taste, which has taken place since the peace of 1814, opened the Continent to so large a proportion of our population, evinces, in the most unequivocal manner, the influence of the *actual sight* of fine models in training the mind to the perception of architectural beauty. That architecture is greatly more an object both of study and interest than it was ten years ago, is matter of common observation; and the most convincing proof of the extension of a taste for its excellencies is to be found in the rapid increase and extensive circulation of engravings of the most interesting ruins on the

Continent, which has taken place of late years. These engravings, however incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the originals, to those who have never left this country, yet serve as an admirable auxiliary to the memory, in retaining the impression which they had produced on those who have had that advantage; and, accordingly, their sale is almost entirely confined to persons of that description.

Nor is the improvement less gratifying in the style of the edifices, and the genius of the architects who have arisen during that period. The churches of Marybone and St. Pancras, in London, notwithstanding some striking defects, are by far the finest buildings which have been raised in the metropolis since the days of Sir Christopher Wren. The new street in front of Carlton House, including the Quadrant, contains some most beautiful specimens of architecture; although the absurd rage for novelty has disfigured it by other structures of extraordinary deformity. The buildings which adjoin, and look into the Regent Park, are the most chaste and elegant examples of the application of the Grecian architecture to private edifices which the metropolis can boast. Nor is the improvement less conspicuous in our own capital, where the vicinity of free-stone quarries of uncommon beauty, and the advantages of unrivalled situation, have excited a very strong desire for architectural embellishment. It is hardly possible to believe that Waterloo Place, the Royal Terrace, Leopold Place, and the Melville Monument, have been erected in the same age which witnessed the building of Lord Nelson's monument on the Calton Hill, or the recent edifices in the Parliament Square. The remarkable start which the genius as well as the taste of our architects has taken since the public attention was drawn to this art, affords a striking proof of the influence of popular encouragement in fostering the conceptions of native genius, and illustrates the hopelessness of expecting that our artists will ever attain to excellence, when the taste of the people does not keep pace with their exertions.

But the causes which have recently given so remarkable a stimulus to architectural exertion are temporary in their nature. It is impossible to expect that the Continent will always be open to our youth, or that the public attention can be permanently directed to the arts of peace, with the interest which is so remarkable at this time. Other wars may arise which will shut us out from the south of Europe; the interest of politics may again withdraw the national attention from the fine arts; or the war of extermination, of which Greece is now the theatre, may utterly destroy those monuments which have so long survived to direct and improve the world. From the present aspect of affairs on the Continent, there seems every reason to apprehend that one or both of these effects may very soon take place. These circumstances render it the more desirable, that some steps should be taken to fix in this island the fleeting perception of architectural beauty which is now prevalent; and, if possible, render our people

independent of foreign travelling, or of the borrowed aid of foreign edifices.

Lord Aberdeen, like all other travellers of taste, speaks in the highest terms of the impression produced by the unrivalled edifices of ancient Greece; and contrasts the pure and faultless taste by which they are distinguished, with the ephemeral productions which in modern times have arisen, in the vain attempt to improve upon their proportions. If we seek for the manifestation of pure taste in the monuments which surround us, our search will but too often prove fruitless. We must turn our eyes towards those regions,

Where on the Egean shore a city stands,
Built nobly!

Here,—it has been little understood, for it has been rarely felt; its country is Greece,—its throne the Acropolis of Athens.

“By a person writing on the subject of architecture, the name of Athens can scarcely be pronounced without emotion, and, in the mind of one who has had the good fortune to examine at leisure its glorious remains, impressions are revived which time and distance can never obliterate. It is difficult to resist the desire of fondly dwelling on the descriptions of monuments, to the beauty of which, although they have been long well known, and accurately described, we feel that no language can do full justice. But, as it is not the purpose of this inquiry to give those practical or detailed instructions in the art, which may be so much better attained from other sources, I will only observe in this place, what it is of consequence to keep in view, because no descriptions or representations, however accurate, can give adequate notions of the effect of the originals, that, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, the injuries of barbarism, and fanatical violence, Athens still presents to the student the most faultless models of ornamental architecture; and is still, therefore, the best school for the acquisition of the highest attributes of his art.”—pp. 35, 36.

Speaking of the numerous attempts at novelty, which have been made in modern times, he observes:

“It may be observed in general, that few of those numerous changes of taste which an insatiable desire of novelty, or the caprice of fashion, may have sanctioned for a time, have been ultimately successful; for these ephemeral productions, however warmly supported, have been found successively to vanish before the steady and permanent attractions of Grecian beauty, and we shall probably feel disposed to admit, that the ornamental details of the standard models of antiquity, combined and modified by discretion and judgment, appear to offer a sufficient variety for the exercise of invention and genius in this province of the art.”—p. 30.

And comparing these with the remains of Grecian architecture, he observes:

“The precious remains of Grecian art were long neglected, and the most beautiful were, in truth, nearly inaccessible to the Christian world. It is almost in our own time, that obstacles, formerly insurmountable, have been since vanquished; and that the treasures of

art, still unfortunately in the custody of ignorance and barbarism, have not only been visited, but have been accurately measured and delineated. Henceforth, therefore, these exquisite remains should form the chief study of the architect who aspires to permanent reputation; other modes are transitory and uncertain, but the essential qualities of Grecian excellence, as they are founded on reason, and are consistent with fitness and propriety, will ever continue to deserve his first care."—pp. 215, 216.

The argument which is most commonly urged against the restoration of an ancient structure, is, that it is degrading to *copy* the architecture of another people. It is both humiliating to our artists, it is said, and injurious to the progress of art, to imitate what has been already done. The Romans never copied; but, borrowing merely the general forms of the Grecian architecture, moulded them into different combinations, which gave a different character to their style of building. Such also should be the course which we should adopt.

This very plausible argument proceeds upon an inattention to the *successive steps* by which excellence in the fine arts is attained, and a mistaken conception of the height to which we have already ascended in our taste or knowledge of architecture. It is quite true that the Romans did not copy the Grecian temples; and that the modern Italians have not thought of attempting a restoration of the Coliseum or the Pantheon. But it is to be recollected that the *originals were within their reach, and had already exercised their salutary influence upon the public taste.* The ancient Romans had only to go to Pæstum, Agrigentum, or Syracuse, to behold the finest Grecian temples; and their warlike youth, in the course of the military expeditions to which all the citizens were liable, had perpetually, in their eastern dominions, the Grecian edifices placed before their eyes. Michael Angelo, Poussin, and Claude Lorraine, lived amidst the ruins of ancient Rome, and formed their taste from their earliest youth, upon the *habitual* contemplation of those monuments. For them to have copied these buildings, with a view to the restoration of the public taste, would have been as absurd as for us to copy York or Lincoln Cathedrals, in order to revive an admiration for the Gothic architecture.

But is there no difference between the situation of a people, who, like the ancient Romans and modern Italians, had the great models of antiquity continually before their eyes, and that of a people, who, like the inhabitants of this island, have *no models* in the Ionic style, either to form their taste, or guide their exertions, and who have no means of reaching the remains of that order which exist, but by a journey of many thousand miles? Of the influence of the study of ancient excellence in improving the taste, both of architects and people, no one acquainted with the subject can have the smallest doubt; and it is stated in the strongest terms, by the author whose observations have just been mentioned. "Amidst the ruins of Rome, the great Italian architects

formed their taste. They studied the *relics* of ancient grandeur, with all the diligence of enthusiasm. They measured the proportions, and drew the details, and modelled the members. But when their artists were employed by the piety or magnificence of the age, they never restored the examples by which they were surrounded, and which were the objects of their *habitual study.* The architects did not *linger* in contemplation of their predecessors; former generations had advanced and they proceeded."

Now such being the influence of the remains of antiquity in guiding the inventions, and chastening the taste of modern artists, is there no advantage in putting our architects in this particular *on a level with those of Italy*, and compensating, in some degree, by the restoration of the finest monuments of ancient genius, the local disadvantages with which a residence in this *remote part of the world* is necessarily attended? By doing this, we are not precluding the development of modern invention; we are, on the contrary, laying the surest foundation for it, by bringing our artists to the point from which the Italian artists took their departure. When this is done, the inventive genius of the two nations will be able to commence their career with equal advantages. Till it is attempted, we can hardly hope that we shall overtake them in the race. Suppose, that instead of possessing the Coliseum and the Pantheon within their walls, and having made their proportions the continual subject of their study, the Roman artists had been obliged to travel into the interior of Asia to visit their ruins, and that this journey, from the expense with which it was attended, had been within the reach only of a few of the most opulent and adventurous of their nobility; can there be the slightest doubt that the fine arts in that city would have been greatly indebted to any Roman pontiff who restored those beautiful monuments in his own dominions? and yet this benefit is seriously made a matter of doubt, when the restoration of the Parthenon is proposed, in a part of the world where the remains of ancient genius are placed at the distance of two thousand miles.

The greatest exertions of original genius, both in literature and arts, by which modern Europe has been distinguished, have been made in an age when the wealth of ancient times was thoroughly understood. The age of Tasso and Machiavel followed the restoration of letters in Italy. If we compare their writings with those which preceded that great event, the difference appears almost incalculable. It was on the study of Grecian and Roman eloquence, that Milton trained himself to those sublime conceptions which have immortalized his name. Raphael and Michael Angelo gave but slight indications of original genius till their powers were awakened and their taste refined by the study of the Grecian sculpture. Statuary, in modern times, has nowhere been cultivated with such success as at Rome, amidst the works of former ages; and Chantry has declared that the arrival of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum is to be regarded as an era in the progress of art in this country. Architecture has attained its greatest perfection in France and

Italy, where the study of the remains of antiquity which those countries contain, has had so powerful an influence upon the public taste. Those who doubt the influence of the restoration of the Parthenon, in improving the efforts of original genius in this country, reason in opposition not only to the experience of past times, in all the other departments of literature and art, but to all that we know of the causes to which the improvement of architecture itself has been owing.

It is no answer to this to say that drawings and prints of these edifices are open to all the world; and that an architect may study the proportions of the Parthenon as well in Stuart's Athens, as on the Calton Hill of Edinburgh. An acquaintance with drawings is limited to a small number, even in the most polished classes of society, and to the middling and lower orders is almost unknown; whereas, public edifices are seen by all the world, and obtrude themselves on the attention of the most inconsiderate. There are few persons who return from Greece or Italy, without a considerable taste for architectural beauty; but, during the war, when travelling was impossible, the existence of Stuart's Athens and Piranesi's Rome produced no such effect. Our architects, during the war, had these admirable engravings constantly at their command: but how wretched were their conceptions before the peace had afforded them the means of studying the originals! The extraordinary improvement which both the style of our buildings, and the taste of our people have received, since the edifices of France and Italy were laid open to so large a proportion of the country, demonstrates the superior efficacy of actual observation, to the study of prints, in improving the public taste for architectural beauty. The engravings *never become an object of interest* till the originals have been seen.

The recent attempts to introduce a new order of architecture in this island, demonstrate, that we have not as yet arrived at the point where the study of ancient models can be dispensed with. In the new street in front of Carlton House, every thing, which, if formed on the model of the antique, is beautiful; every thing in which novelty has been attended is a deformity. It is evident, that more than one generation must pass away, before architecture is so thoroughly understood as to admit of the former landmarks being disregarded.

The belief that a Grecian temple cannot look beautiful, but in the climate and under the sun of Athens, is a total mistake. The clear atmosphere which prevails during the frosts of winter, or in the autumnal months, in Scotland, is as favourable to the display of architectural splendour, as the warm atmosphere of Greece. The Melville monument in St. Andrew's Square appears nowise inferior to the original in the Roman capitol. The gray and time-worn temples of Pæstum are perhaps more sublime than the Grecian structures which still retain the brightness and lustre by which they were originally characterized. Of all the edifices which the genius of man ever conceived, the Doric temple is

most independent of the adventitious advantages of light and shade, and rests most securely on the intrinsic grandeur and solidity of its construction.

To say, that every people have an architecture of their own, and that the Gothic is irretrievably fixed down upon this island, is a position unwarranted either by reason or authority. A nation is not bound to adhere to barbarous manners, because their ancestors were barbarous; nor is the character of their literature to be fixed by the productions of its earliest writers. It is by its works in the period of its meridian splendour, that the opinion of posterity is formed. The bow was once the national weapon of England, and to the skill with which it was used, our greatest victories have been owing; but that is no reason why it should be adhered to as the means of national defence after fire-arms have been introduced. If we must make something peculiar in the National Monument, let it be the peculiarity which distinguishes the period when architecture and the other fine arts have attained to their highest perfection, and not the period of their infancy. But the feudal and castellated forms arose during an age of ignorance and civil dissension. To compel us to continue that style as the national architecture, would be as absurd as to consider Chaucer as the standard of English literature, or Duns Scotus as the perfection of Scotch eloquence. We do not consider the writers in the time of the Jameses as the model of our national literature. Why then should we confer that distinction on the architecture which arose out of the circumstances of the barbarous period?

For these reasons, we are compelled to differ from the noble author, whose very interesting essay on Grecian architecture has done so much to awaken the world to a sense of its excellencies, in regard to the expediency of restoring the Parthenon in the National Monument of Scotland. From the taste which his work exhibits, and from the obvious superiority which he possesses over ourselves in estimating the beauties of Grecian architecture, we drew the strongest argument in favour of such a measure. It was from a study of the ruins of ancient Greece, that Lord Aberdeen acquired the information and taste which he possesses on this subject, and gained the superiority which he enjoys over his untravelled countrymen. If they had the same means of visiting and studying the originals which he has possessed, we should agree with him in thinking, that the genius of the age should be directed to new combinations. But when this is *not* the case, we must be content to proceed by slower degrees; and while nineteen-twentieths of our people do not know what the Parthenon is, and can perceive nothing remarkable in the finest models of architectural excellence, we must not think of forming new orders. It is enough if we can make them acquainted with those which already exist. The first step towards national excellence in the fine arts, is to feel the beauty of that which has already been done; the second, is to excel it. We must take the first

step, before we attempt the second. Having laid the foundation of national taste in architecture, by restoring the finest model of antiquity on the situation of all others the best adapted for making its excellencies known, we shall be prepared to form new edifices, and possibly to surpass those which antiquity has

left. But till this is done, there is every reason to apprehend, that the efforts of our artists will be as ineffectual in obtaining true beauty as the genius of our writers was in obtaining real excellence, until the restoration of the classic authors gave talent its true direction, and public taste an unexceptionable standard.

MARSHAL NEY.*

THE memoirs connected with the French Revolution furnish an inexhaustible source of interesting discussion. We shall look in vain in any other period of history for the same splendid succession of events; for a phantasmagoria in which characters so illustrious are passed before the view; or for individuals whose passions or ambition have exercised an equally important influence on human affairs. When we enter upon the era of Napoleon, biography assumes the dignity of history; the virtues and vices of individuals become inseparably blended with public measures; and in the memoirs of contemporary writers, we turn for the secret springs of those great events which have determined the fate of nations.

From the extraordinary interest, however, connected with this species of composition, has arisen an evil of no ordinary kind. Not France only, but Europe at large, being insatiable for works of this kind, an immense number have sprung up of spurious origin, or doubtful authority. Writing of memoirs has become a separate profession. A crowd of able young men devote themselves to this fascinating species of composition, which possesses the interest of history without its dryness, and culls from the book of Time only the most brilliant of its flowers. Booksellers engage in the wholesale manufacture, as a mercantile speculation; an attractive name, an interesting theme, is selected; the relations of the individuals whose memoirs are professed to be given to the world, are besought to furnish a few original documents or authentic anecdotes, to give an air of veracity to the composition; and at length the memoirs are ushered forth to the world as the work of one who never wrote one syllable of them himself. Of this description are the *soi-disant* Memoirs of Fouché, Robespierre, Une Femme de Qualite, Louis the Eighteenth, and many others, which are now admitted to be the work of the manufacturers for the Parisian booksellers, but are nevertheless interspersed with many authentic and interesting anecdotes, derived from genuine sources, and contain in consequence much valuable matter for future history.

In considering the credit due to any set of memoirs, one main point, of course, is, whether they are published by a living author of

character and station in society. If they are, there is at least the safeguard against imposture, which arises from the facility with which they may be disavowed, and the certainty that no man of character would permit a spurious composition to be palmed upon the world as his writing. The Memoirs, therefore, of Bourrienne, Madame Junot, Savary, and many others, may be relied on as at least the admitted work of the persons whose names they bear, and as ushered into the world under the sanction and on the responsibility of living persons of rank or station in society.

There are other memoirs, again, of such extraordinary ability as at once to bear the stamp of originality and veracity on their very face. Of this description are Napoleon's memoirs, dictated to Monthon and Gourgaud; a work which bears in every page decisive marks of the clear conceptions, lucid ideas, and *tranchant* sagacity of the Conqueror of Austerlitz and Rivoli. Judging from internal evidence, we are disposed to rank these invaluable Memoirs much higher than the rambling and discursive, though interesting work of Las Casas. They are not nearly so impassioned or rancorous; facts are not so obviously distorted; party spirit is not so painfully conspicuous. With regret, we must add, that even these genuine memoirs, dictated by Napoleon himself, as the groundwork for the history of his achievements, contain the marks of the weaknesses as well as the greatness of his mind; an incessant jealousy of every rival who approached even to his glory; an insatiable passion for magnifying his own exploits; a disregard of truth so remarkable in a person gifted with such extraordinary natural sagacity, that it can be ascribed only to the poisonous moral atmosphere which a revolution produces. The Memoirs of Thibaudeau perhaps exhibit the most valuable and correct, as well as favourable picture of the emperor's mind. In the discussions on the great public measures which were submitted to the Council of State at Paris, and, above all, in the clear and luminous speeches of Napoleon on every subject, whether of civil or military administration, that occurred during his consulship, is to be found the clearest proof of the vast grasp and great capacity of his mind; and in their superiority to those of the other speakers, and, above all, of Thibaudeau himself, the best evidence of the fidelity of his reports.

Next in value to those of Napoleon and Thibaudeau, we are inclined to place those of

* Memoires du Maréchal Ney, publiés par sa Famille. Paris, Fournier; Londres, E. Bul, 1833. Blackwood's Magazine, Oct. 1833.

Bourrienne and the Duchess of Abrantes. The first of these writers, in addition to considerable natural talents, enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having been the school-fellow of Napoleon, and his private secretary during the most interesting period of his life; that which elapsed from the opening of his Italian Campaign, in 1796, to his accession to the throne in 1804. If Bourrienne could be entirely relied on, his Memoirs, with such sources of information, would be invaluable; but unfortunately, it is evident that he labours under a feeling of irritation at his former school-fellow, which renders it necessary to take his statements with some grains of allowance. Few men can forgive the extraordinary and unlooked-for elevation of their former equals; and, in addition to this common source of prejudice, it is evident that Bourrienne labours under another and a less excusable feeling. It is plain, even from his own admission, that he had been engaged in some money transactions of a doubtful character with M. Ouvrard, which rendered his continuing in the highly confidential situation of private secretary to the emperor improper; and his dismissal from it has evidently tinged his whole narrative with a certain feeling of acrimony, which, if it has not made him actually distort facts, has at least caused them to appear in his hands through a medium coloured to a certain degree.

The Duchess of Abrantes, like most of the other annalists of Napoleon, labours under prepossessions of a different kind. She was intimate with Napoleon from his childhood; her mother had the future emperor on her knee from the day of his birth; and the intimacy between the two families continued so great, that when Napoleon arrived at the age of twenty-six, and felt, as he expresses it, the "besoin de se fixer," he actually proposed for the duchess's mother himself, who was a person of great natural attractions, while he wished at the same time to arrange a marriage between Joseph and the duchess, and Pauline and her brother. It may readily be imagined that, though these proposals were all declined, they left no unfavourable impression on the duchess's mind; and this, coupled with her subsequent marriage to Junot, and his rapid advancement by the emperor, has filled her mind with an admiration of his character almost approaching to idolatry. She sees every thing, in consequence, in the most favourable colours. Napoleon is worshipped with all a woman's fervour, and the days of triumph for the Grand Army looked back to as a dream of glory, which has rendered all the remainder of life worthless and insipid.

The Memoirs of Marshal Ney appear under different auspices from any others which have yet appeared regarding this eventful era. They do not profess to have been written by himself; and, indeed, the warlike habits, and sudden and tragic death of the marshal, preclude the possibility of their being ushered forth to the world under that character. But, on the other hand, they are unquestionably published by his family, from the documents

and papers in their possession; and the anecdotes with which they are interspersed have plainly been collected with great pains from all the early friends of that illustrious warrior. If they are not published, therefore, under the sanction of personal, they are under that of family responsibility, and may be regarded, as we would say in England, as "the Ney Papers," connected together by an interesting biography of the character to whom they refer.

In such a production, historical impartiality cannot be reasonably expected. To those of his family who still mourn the tragic end of the bravest of French heroes, his character must still be the object of veneration. Failings which would have been acknowledged, defects which would have been pointed out, if he had descended to an honoured tomb, are forgotten in his melancholy fate; and his family, with hearts ulcerated at the supposed injustice and perhaps real illegality of his condemnation, are rather disposed to magnify his character into that of a martyr, than acknowledge its alliance with any of the weaknesses or faults of mortality. In such feelings, there is not only every thing that is natural, but much that is commendable; and the impartial foreigner, in reviewing the history of his achievements, will not forget the painful sense of duty under which the British government acted at the close of his career, or the mournful feelings with which the axe of justice was permitted to descend on one of the bravest of the human race, under the feeling—whether right or not it is the province of history to inquire—of imperious state necessity.

Marshal Ney was born at Sarrelouis, on the 10th January, 1769; consequently, he was twenty years old when the Revolution first broke out. His father was an old soldier, who had served with distinction at the battle of Rosbach; but after his discharge, he continued the profession of a cooper, to which he had been early educated. At school, his son, the young Ney, evinced the turbulent vigour of his disposition, and the future general was incessantly occupied in drilling and directing his comrades. Napoleon gave tokens of the same disposition at an equally early period: there is no turn of mind which so early evinces itself as a taste for military achievements. He was at first destined for a notary's office; but in spite of the earnest entreaties of his parents, he resolved to change his profession. At the age of fifteen, our author gives the following interesting account of the circumstances which led to his embracing the profession of arms.

"So early as when he was fifteen, Ney had a presentiment of his future destiny. His father, incapable alike of estimating his powers, or sharing his hopes, in vain endeavoured to restrain him. The mines of Assenwider at that period were in full activity; he sent his son there, to endeavour to give a new direction to his thoughts. It had quite an opposite effect. His imagination soon resumed its wonted courses. He dreamed only of fields of battle, combats and glory. The counsels

of his father, the tears of his mother, were alike ineffectual: they lacerated without moving his heart. Two years passed away in this manner; but his taste for arms became every day more decided. The places where he dwelt, contributed to strengthen the natural bent of his genius. Almost all the towns on the Rhine are fortified; wherever he went, he saw garrisons, uniforms, and artillery. Ney could withstand it no longer; he resigned his humble functions, and set out for Metz, where a regiment of hussars was stationed, with the intention of enlisting. The grief which he well knew that sudden determination would cause to his mother, the chagrin which it would occasion to his father, agitated his mind; he hesitated long what to do, but at length filial piety prevailed over fear, and he returned to Sarrelouis to embrace his parents, and bid them adieu.

"The interview was painful, his reception stormy; reproaches, tears, prayers, menaces, alternately tore his heart. At length he tore himself from their arms, and flying in haste, without either baggage, linen, or money, he regained the route of Metz, from which he had turned. He walked on foot; his feet were soon blistered, his shoes were stained with blood. Sad, harassed, and worn out with fatigue, he nevertheless continued his march without flinching; and in his very first débüt, gave proof of that invincible determination which no subsequent obstacles were able to overcome.

"At an after period, when fortune had smiled on his path, he returned to Sarrelouis. The artillery sounded; the troops were under arms; all the citizens crowded to see their compatriot of whom they were so proud. Recognising then the road which thirteen years before he had traversed on foot, the marshal recounted with emotion his first fatigues to the officers who surrounded him."—I. 5, 6.

It has frequently been observed, that those who rise from humble beginnings are ashamed in subsequent life of their commencement, and degrade themselves by a puerile endeavour to trace their origin to a family of distinction. Ney, equally with Napoleon, was above that meanness.

"Never in subsequent life did the marshal forget the point from which he had started. After he had arrived at the highest point of his fortune, he took a pleasure in recurring to his humble origin. When some persons were declaiming in his presence on their connection with the noblesse, and what they had obtained from their rich families:—'You were more fortunate than I,' said he, interrupting them; 'I received nothing from my family, and deemed myself rich when, at Metz, I had two pieces of bread on the board.'

"After he was named a marshal of the empire, he held a splendid levee: every one offered his congratulations, and hastened to present his compliments. He interrupted the adulatory strain by addressing himself to an old officer who kept at a distance. 'Do you recollect, captain, the time when you said to me, on occasion of my presenting my report, *Weil done, Ney; I am well pleased with you;*

go on as you have begun, you will make your fortune.' 'Perfectly, marshal,' replied his old commander; 'I had the honour to command a man infinitely my superior. Such good fortune is not easily forgotten.'

"The satisfaction which he experienced at recurring to his origin, arose not merely from the noble pride of having been the sole architect of his fortune, but also from the warm affection which he ever felt for his family. He loved nothing so much as to recount the tenderness which he had experienced from his mother, and the good counsels which he had received from his father. Thus, when he was abandoning himself to all the dangers arising from an impetuous courage, he carefully concealed his perils from his parents and relations, to save them from useless anxiety. On one occasion, he commanded the advanced guard of General Colaud, and was engaged in a serious action. Overwhelmed with fatigue, he returned and recounted to his comrades the events of the day. One of his friends blamed him for his imprudence. 'It is very true,' replied Ney, 'I have had singular good fortune to-day; four different times I found myself alone in the midst of the Austrians. Nothing but the most extraordinary good fortune extricated me out of their hands.' 'You have been more fortunate than your brother.' 'What,' replied Ney, impetuously, and fixing his eyes anxiously on his friend, 'is my brother dead? Ah! my poor mother!' At length he learned the mournful news, that in a serious affair in Italy, Pierre Ney, his elder brother, had been killed. He burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'What would have become of my mother and sister, if I too had fallen! Write to them, I pray you; but conceal the dangers to which I am exposed, that they may not fear also for my life.' The father of the marshal died a few years ago, at the age of nearly a hundred years. He loved his son with tenderness mingled with respect, and although of a singularly robust habit of body, his family feared the effect of the shock which the sad events of 1815 might produce upon him. He was never informed of them: the mourning of his daughter, with whom he lived, and of his grandchildren, only made him aware that some dreadful calamity had befallen the family. He ventured to ask no questions, and ever since, sad and melancholy, pronouncing but rarely the name of his son, he lingered on till 1826, when he died without having learned his tragic fate."—I. 9, 10.

The great characteristic of Marshal Ney was his impetuous courage, which gained for him, even among the giants of the era of Napoleon, the surname of the Bravest of the Brave. This remarkable characteristic is thus described in these *Memoirs*:—

"It is well known with what power and energy he could rouse the masses of the soldiers, and precipitate them upon the enemy. Vehement and impetuous when heading a charge, he was gifted with the most imperturbable sang froid when it became necessary to sustain its movements. Dazzled by the lustre of that brilliant valour, many persons have imagined that it was the only illustrious

quality which the marshal possessed; but those who were nearer his person, and better acquainted with his character, will concede to him greater qualities than the enthusiasm which captivates and subjugates the soldier. Calm in the midst of a storm of grape-shot—imperturbable amid a shower of balls and shells, Ney seemed to be ignorant of danger; to have nothing to fear from death. This rashness, which twenty years of perils have not diminished, gave to his mind the liberty, the promptitude of judgment and execution, so necessary in the midst of the complicated movements of war. This quality astonished those who surrounded him, more even than the courage in action which is more or less felt by all who are habituated to the dangers of war. One of his officers, whose courage had repeatedly been put to the proof, asked him one day if he had never felt fear. Regaining instantly that profound indifference for danger, that forgetfulness of death, that elasticity of mind, which distinguished him on the field of battle, 'I have never had time,' replied the marshal with simplicity.

"Nevertheless, this extraordinary coolness in danger did not prevent his perceiving those slight shades of weakness, from which it is so rarely that a soldier is to be found entirely exempted. On one occasion, an officer was giving an account of a mission on which he had been sent: while he spoke, a bullet passed so near him that he involuntarily lowered his head, but nevertheless continued his narrative without exhibiting emotion—"You have done extremely well," said the marshal, "but next time do not bow quite so low."

"The marshal loved courage, and took the greatest pleasure in producing it in others. If he had witnessed it in a great degree in any one on the field of battle; if he had discovered vigour, capacity, or military genius, he never rested till he had obtained their promotion; and the army resounded for long with the efforts which he made for this purpose."—I. 21.

But it was not mere valour or capacity on the field of battle, which distinguished Ney; he was attentive also to the minutest wants of his soldiers, and indefatigable in his endeavours to procure for them those accommodations, of which, from having risen from the humblest rank himself, he so well knew how to appreciate the value. Of his efforts in this respect we have the following interesting account:—

"Quick in repressing excesses, the marshal omitted nothing to prevent them. A private soldier in early life, he had himself felt the sufferings endured by the private soldier, and when elevated to a higher station he did his utmost to assuage them in others. He knew that the soldier, naturally just and grateful to those who watched over his interests, was difficult to manage when his complaints were neglected, and it was evident that his superiors had no sympathy for his fatigues or his privations. Ney was sincerely attached to those great masses, which, though composed of men of such different characters, were equally ready every day to meet dangers and death in the discharge of duty. At that period our

troops, worn out with the fatigues of war, accustomed to make light of dangers, were much ruder in their manners, and haughty in their ideas, than those of these times, who lead a pacific life in great cities and garrisons. The marshal was incessant in his endeavours to discover and correct the abuses which affected them. He ever endeavoured to prevent their wishes, and to convince the officers who commanded them, that by elevating the soldier in his own eyes, and treating him with the respect which he deserves, but without any diminution of the necessary firmness, it was alone possible to obtain that forgetfulness of himself, that abandonment of military discipline, which constitutes so large a portion of military force.

"Avoiding, therefore, in the most careful way, the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the soldiers, he was equally careful to abstain from that vain ostentation of authority, that useless prodigality of escort, which generals of inferior calibre are so fond of displaying. His constant object was to spare the troops engaged in that fatiguing service, and not to diminish, but from absolute necessity, by such detachments, the numerical strength of the regiments under his orders. That solicitude did not escape the soldiers; and among their many subjects of gratitude, they ranked in the foremost place the continual care and perseverance with which their general secured for them the means of subsistence. The prodigies he effected in that particular will be found fully detailed in the campaign of Portugal, where he succeeded, in a country repeatedly devastated, in providing, by incredible exertions, not only provisions for his own corps, but the whole army, during the six months that it remained in Portugal. Constantly in motion on the Mondego, incessantly pushing columns in every direction, he contrived to procure bread, clothes, provisions, in fine, every thing which was required. The recollection of these things remained engraven on the minds of his soldiers, and when his division with Massena caused him to resign the command of his corps, the grief of the soldiers, the murmurs, the first symptoms of an insurrection ready to break forth, and which a single word from their chief would have blown into a flame, were sufficient to prove that his cares had not been thrown away on ungrateful hearts, and that his multiplied attentions had won all their affections.

"But his careful attention to his soldiers did not prevent him, from maintaining the most rigorous discipline, and punishing severely any considerable excess on the part of the troops under his command. An instance of this occurred in the country of Darmstadt. The Austrians had been defeated, and retired near to Swigernberg, where they were broken anew. The action was warmly contested, and our soldiers, irritated by so much resistance, broke open several houses and plundered them. The circumstances in which it occurred might excuse the transgression, but Ney resolved to make a signal example of reparation. While he proceeded with the utmost severity against the offenders, he published a proclamation in which he directed that the damage should be

estimated; and in order that it should not be fixed at an elusory sum, he charged the Landgrave himself with the valuation.

"When Governor of Galicia and Salamanca, these provinces, notwithstanding their hatred at the yoke of the stranger, cheerfully acknowledged the justice of his administration. One only object of spoil has been left by the marshal to his family, a relic of St. James of Compostella, which the monks of the convent of St. Jago presented to him, in gratitude for the humanity with which he treated them. He did not limit his care to the protection of property from pillage; he knew that there are yet dearer interests to which honour is more nearly allied, and he never ceased to cause them to be respected. The English army will bear testimony to his solicitude in that particular. Obligated, after the battle of Corunna, to embark in haste, they were unable to place on board the women by whom they were followed, and in consequence, fifty were left on the shore, where they were wandering about without protection, exposed to the insults of the soldiers. No sooner was Ney informed of their situation, than he hastened to come to their succour; he assembled them, assured them of his protection, and directed that they should be placed in a female convent. But the Superior refused to admit them; she positively refused to have any thing to do with heretics; no entreaties could persuade her to extend to these unfortunates the rites of hospitality.

"Be it so," replied the marshal; "I understand your scruples; and, therefore, instead of these Protestants, you shall furnish lodgings to two companies of Catholic grenadiers." Necessity, at length, bent the hard-hearted Abbess; and these unhappy women, for the most part the wives or daughters of officers or non-commissioned officers, whose bravery we had experienced in the field, were received into the convent, where they were protected from every species of injury."—I. 39—41.

We have no doubt of the truth of this last anecdote, and we may add that Ney not only respected the remains of Sir John Moore, interred in the ramparts of Corunna, but erected a monument to his memory. It is soothing to see the Freemasonry of generous feeling, which subsists between the really brave and elevated, under all the varieties of national rivalry or animosity, in every part of the world.

It is a pleasing task to record traits of generosity in an enemy; but war is not composed entirely of such actions; and, as a specimen of the mode in which the Republican troops, in the first years of their triumphs, oppressed the people whom they professed to deliver, we subjoin the following account of the mode in which they levied their requisitions, taken from the report of one of the Envoys of Government to the Convention.

"Cologne, 8th October, 1794.

"The agents sent to make requisitions, my dear colleagues, act in such a manner as to revolt all the world. The moment they arrive in a town, they lay a requisition on every thing; *literally every thing*. No one thereafter can either buy or sell. Thus we see com-

merce paralyzed, and for how long! For an indefinite time; for there are many requisitions which have been laid on a month ago, and on which nothing has yet been demanded; and during that whole period the inhabitants were *unable to purchase any articles even of the first necessity*. If such measures are not calculated to produce a counter-revolutionary reaction; if they are not likely to rouse against us the indignation of all mankind, I ask you what are they?

"Safety and fraternity.—GELLIV." I. 53.

Contrast this conduct on the part of the Friends of the People, as detailed by one of their own representatives to his democratic rulers, with the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, paying high prices for every article required by the English army in the south of France, and we have the best proof of the difference between the actions of a Conservative and Revolutionary Government.

The life of a soldier who spent twenty years in camps, of course furnishes abundant materials for the description of military adventure. We select, almost at random, the following description of the passage of the Rhine, opposite Ehrenbreitzin, by the corps of Kleber, in 1795.

"The fort of Ehrenbreitzin commanded the mouth of Moselle; the batteries of the right bank swept all the shores of the Rhine. The enemy were quite aware of our design; the moon shone bright; and his soldiers, with anxious eyes and listening ears, waited the moment when our boats might come within reach of his cannon. The danger was great; but that of hesitation was still greater; we abandoned ourselves to our fate, and pushed across towards Neuwied. Instantly the forts and the batteries thundered with unexampled violence; a shower of grape-shot fell in our boats. But there is something in great danger which elevates the mind. Our pontonniers made a sport of death, as of the batteries which were successively unmasked, and joining their efforts to the current which swept them along, at length reached the dikes on the opposite shore. Neuwied also opened its fire. That delicious town, embellished by all the arts of peace, now transformed into a warlike stronghold, overwhelmed us by the fire of its batteries. We replied with vigour, but for long felt a repugnance to direct our fire against that charming city. At length, however, necessity compelled us to make the attack, and in a few hours Neuwied was reduced to ashes.

"The difficulties of the enterprise nevertheless remained. It was necessary to overcome a series of redoubts, covered by chevaux-de-frize, palisades, and covered ways. We had at once to carry Dusseldorf and beat the Count d'Hirbauch, who awaited our approach at the head of 20,000 men. Kleber alone did not despair; the batteries on the left shore were ready, and the troops impatiently awaited the signal to land. The dispositions were soon made. Lefebvre attacked the left, Championnet the centre, Grenier the right. Such leaders could not but inspire confidence in the men. Soldiers and officers leapt ashore. We braved the storm of grape-shot; and on the 5th September

break of day, we were established on the German bank of the river."—I. 99—101.

These Memoirs abound with passages of this description; and if implicit faith is to be given to them, it appears certain that Ney from the very first was distinguished by a degree of personal gallantry, as well as military conduct, which has been rarely paralleled, and never exceeded. The description of his elevation to the rank of General Brigade, and the action which preceded it, is singularly descriptive of the character of the French armies at that period.

"Meanwhile Mortier made himself master of Ebermanstadt, Collaud advanced upon Forchiers. His orders were to drive back every opponent whom he found in the plain, and disperse every force which attempted to cover the place. The task was difficult; the avenues leading to it, the heights around it, were equally guarded; and Wartensleben, in the midst of his soldiers, was exhorting them not to permit their impregnable position to be carried. It presented, in truth, every obstacle that could well be imagined; they were abrupt, covered with woods, surrounded by deep ravines. To these obstacles of nature were joined all the resources of art; on this height were placed masses of soldiers, that was crowned with artillery; infantry was stationed at the summit of the defiles, cavalry at their mouths; on every side the resistance promised to be of the most formidable description. Ney, however, was not to be deterred by such obstacles; he advanced at the head of a handful of heroes, and opened his fire. He had only two pieces of artillery; the enemy speedily unmasked fourteen. His troop was for a moment shaken by the violence of the fire; but it was accustomed to all the chances of war. It speedily re-formed, continued the attack, and succeeded, after an obstinate struggle, in throwing the enemy's ranks into disorder. Some reinforcements soon afterwards arrived; the *mêlée* grew warmer; and at length the Austrians, overwhelmed and broken, evacuated the position, which they found themselves unable to defend.

"Kleber, charmed with that brilliant achievement, testified the warmest satisfaction with it to the young officer. He addressed to him, at the head of his troop, the most flattering expressions upon his activity, skill, and courage, and concluded with these words, 'I will no longer hurt your modesty by continuing my praises! My line is taken; you are a General of Brigade.' The chasseurs clapped their hands, and the officers loudly testified their satisfaction. Ney alone remained pensive; he even seemed to hesitate whether he should accept the rank, and did not utter a single word. 'Well,' continued Kleber, in the kindest manner, 'you seem very confused; but the Austrians are those who will speedily make you forget your ennui; as for me, I will forthwith report your promotion to the Directory.' He did so in effect, and it was confirmed by return of post."—I. 186.

It is still a question undecided, whether Napoleon intended seriously to invade England, or whether his great preparations in the Channel were a feint merely to give employment

to his troops, and cover other designs. Bourrienne maintains that he never in reality intended to attempt the descent; and that, unknown to every one, he was organizing his expedition into the heart of Germany at the time when all around him imagined that he was studying only the banks of the Thames. Napoleon himself affirms the contrary. He asserts that he was quite serious in his intention of invading England; that he was fully aware of the risks with which the attempt would have been attended, but was willing to have braved them for so great an object; and that the defeat of the combined squadron by Sir Robert Calder, frustrated the best combined plan he had ever laid during his whole career. His plan, as detailed in the instructions given to Villeneuve, printed in the appendix to his Memoirs, was to have sent the combined fleet to the West Indies, in order to draw after it Lord Nelson's squadron; and to have immediately brought it back, raised the blockade of Ferrol and Corunna, and proceeded with the combined fleet to join the squadrons of Rochelle and Brest, where twenty sail of the line were ready for sea, and brought the combined squadron into the Channel to cover the embarkation of the army. In this way, by a sudden concentration of all his naval force, he calculated upon having seventy sail of the line in the Channel; a much greater force than, in the absence of Lord Nelson, the British could have at once assembled to meet him. When we recollect that Lord Nelson fell into the snare, and actually pursued the combined fleets to the West Indies; that in pursuance of Napoleon's design, Villeneuve reached Ferrol, and that it was in consequence only of his unsuccessful action with Sir Robert Calder, that he was induced to fall back to Cadiz, and thereby cause the whole plan to miscarry; it is evident that the fate of Britain then hung upon a thread, and that if the English admiral had been defeated, and the combined fleet had proceeded up the Channel, the invasion might have been effected, and the fate of the civilized world been changed. It is a singular proof of the sagacity of Lord Collingwood, that at the very time when this well-combined plan was in progress on Napoleon's side, he divined the enemy's intentions, and in a memorial addressed to the Admiralty, and published in his Memoirs, pointed out the danger arising from the precise plan which his great antagonist was adopting; and it is a still more singular instance of the injustice and precipitance of public opinion, that the British government were compelled to bring the admiral to a court-martial, and dismiss him from the service, because, with fifteen ships of the line, he had maintained a glorious combat with twenty-seven, captured two of their line, and defeated the greatest and best combined project ever formed by the Emperor Napoleon.

As every thing relating to this critical period of the war is of the very highest interest in Great Britain, we shall translate the passages of Ney's Memoirs, which throw light upon the vast preparations then made on the other side of the Channel.

"Meanwhile time passed on, and England,

a little recovered from its consternation, but nevertheless the real place of attack, always escaped its government. Four thousand gun-boats covered the coast; the construction of praams and rafts went on without intermission; every thing announced that the invasion was to be effected by main force, and by means of the flotilla which made so much noise. If the strife was doubtful, it at least had its chance of success; but while England was daily becoming more confident of success in repelling that aggression, the preparations for the real attack were approaching to maturity. Napoleon never seriously intended to traverse the Channel under cover of a fog, by the aid of a favourable wind, or by the force of such frail vessels of war as gun-boats. His arrangements were better made; and all that splendid display of gun-boats was only intended to deceive the enemy. He wished to disperse the force which he could not combat when assembled together. In pursuance of this plan, his fleets were to have assembled from Toulon, Rochfort, Cadiz, Brest, and Ferrol, draw after them to the West Indies the British blockading squadrons, and return rapidly on their steps, and present themselves in the Channel before the English were well aware that they had crossed the Line. Master in this way of a preponderating force, riding irresistibly in the Channel, he would have embarked on board his flotilla the troops with which he would have made himself master of London, and revolutionized England, before that immense marine, which he could never have faced when assembled together, could have collected for its defence. These different expeditions, long retained in their different harbours, had at length set sail; the troops had received orders to be ready to put themselves instantly on board; the instructions to the general had foreseen every thing, provided for every emergency; the vessels assigned to each troop, the order in which they were to fall out of the harbour, were all fixed. Arms, horses, artillery, combatants, camp-followers, all had received their place, all were arranged according to their orders.

"Marshal Ney had nothing to do but follow out literally his instructions; they were so luminous and precise as to provide for every contingency. He distributed the powder, the tools, the projectiles, which were to accompany his corps on board the transports provided for that purpose. He divided that portion of the flotilla assigned to him into subdivisions; every regiment, every battalion, every company, received the praams destined for their use; every one, down to the very last man, was ready to embark at the first signal. He did more; rapidity of movement requires combined exertions, and he resolved to habituate the troops to embarkation. The divisions were successively brought down to the quay, and embarked in the finest order; but it was possible that when assembled hurriedly together, they might be less calm and orderly. The Marshal resolved to put it to the proof.

"Infantry, cavalry, artillery, were at once put under arms, and ranged opposite to the vessels on which they were to embark. The whole were formed in platoons for embarkation,

at small distances from each other. A cannon was discharged, the field-officers and staff-officers immediately dismounted, and placed themselves each at the head of the troop he was destined to command. The drums had ceased to beat; the soldiers had unfixed their bayonets; a second discharge louder than the first was heard; the generals of divisions pass the order to the colonels. 'Make ready to embark.' Instantly a calm succeeds to the tumult; every one listens attentively, eagerly watching for the next order, on which so much depended. A third cannon is heard, and the command 'Colonels, forward,' is heard with indescribable anxiety along the line. In fine a last discharge resounds, and is instantly followed by the order, 'March!'—Universal acclamations instantly broke forth; the soldiers hurried on board; in ten minutes and a half twenty-five thousand men were embarked. The soldiers never entertained a doubt that they were about to set sail. They arranged themselves, and each took quarters for himself; when the cannon again sounded, the drums beat to arms, they formed ready for action on the decks. A last gun is discharged; every one believed it was the signal to weigh anchor, and shouts of *Vive l'Empereur* rent the air, but it was the signal for debarkation, which was effected silently and with deep regret. It was completed, however, as rapidly as the embarkation, and in thirteen minutes from the time when the soldiers were on board, they were arranged in battle array on the shore.

"Meanwhile the English had completely fallen into the snare. The fleet which cruised before Rochfort had no sooner seen Admiral Missiessy running down before the wind, than it set sail in pursuit. Villeneuve, who started from Toulon in the middle of a violent tempest, was obliged to return to the harbour; but such was Nelson's anxiety to meet him, that he set sail first for Egypt, then for the West Indies. The Mediterranean was speedily cleared of English vessels; their fleets wandered through the Atlantic, without knowing where to find the enemy; the moment to strike a decisive stroke had arrived.

"The unlooked for return of Missiessy frustrated all these calculations. He had sailed like an arrow to Martinique, and returned still more rapidly: but the English now retained at home the squadrons which they had originally intended to have sent for the defence of Jamaica. Our situation in consequence was less favourable than we had expected; but, nevertheless, there was nothing to excite uneasiness. We had fifteen ships of the line at Ferrol, six at Cadiz, five at Rochfort, twenty-one at Brest. Villeneuve was destined to rally them, join them to the twenty which he had under his orders, and advancing at the head of an overwhelming force, make himself master of the Channel. He left Toulon on the 30th March, and on the 23d June he was at the Azores, on his return to Europe, leaving Nelson still in the West Indies. But at the very moment when every one flattered himself that our vessels would speedily arrive to protect the embarkation of the army, we learnt that

deterred by a cannonade of a few hours, and the loss of two ships, (Sir R. Calder's battle,) he had taken refuge in Ferrol. A mournful feeling took possession of our minds; every one complained that a man should be so immeasurably beneath his destiny.

"All hope, however, was not lost; the emperor still retained it. He continued his dispositions, and incessantly urged the advance of the marine. Every one flattered himself that Villeneuve, penetrated with the greatness of his mission, would at length put to sea, join Gautheme, disperse the fleet of Cornwallis, and at length make his appearance in the Channel. But an unhappy fatality drew him on. He only left Ferrol to throw himself into Cadiz. It was no longer possible to count on the support of his squadron. The emperor in vain attempted other expedients, and made repeated attempts to embark. Nothing could succeed for want of the covering squadron; and soon the Battle of Trafalgar and the Austrian war postponed the conquest of England to another age."—II. 259—262.

This passage, as well as all the others in Napoleon's Memoirs, which are of a similar import, are calculated, in our opinion, to excite the most singular feelings. They demonstrate, beyond a doubt, of what incalculable importance Sir Robert Calder's action was; and that, more than even the triumph of Trafalgar, it fixed the destinies of Britain. The great victory of Nelson did not occur till the 21st October, and months before that the armies of Napoleon had been transported from the shores of Boulogne to the heart of Germany, and were irrevocably engaged in a contest with Austria and Russia. It was Sir Robert Calder's action which broke the course of Napoleon's designs, and chained his armies to the shore, at the very time when they were ready to have passed over, with a second Cæsar, to the shores of Britain. It is melancholy to think of the fate of the gallant officer, under the dictation of that impartial judge, the popular voice, whose skill and bravery achieved these great results.

It is a curious speculation, now that the event is over, what would have been the fate of England, if Napoleon, with one hundred and fifty thousand men, had, in consequence of the success of these combinations, landed on the shores of Sussex. We are now compelled, with shame and sorrow, to doubt the doctrine which, till the last three years, we hold on this subject. We fear, there is a great probability that he would have achieved the overthrow of the British empire. Not that the mere force of Napoleon's army, great as it was, could have in the end subjugated the descendants of the conquerors of Cressy and Azicour. The examples of Vimiera, Maida, Alexandria, Corunna, and Waterloo, where English troops, who had never seen a shot fired in anger, at once defeated the veterans of France, even when commanded by the ablest officers, is sufficient to prove the reverse. England was invincible, if she remained faithful to herself. But would she have remained faithful to herself? That is the question. The events of the last three years have awakened

us to the mournful fear, that she would not. It is now proved, by sad experience, that we possess within ourselves a numerous, powerful, and energetic faction, insatiable in ambition, unextinguishable in resources, deaf to every call of patriotism, dead to every feeling of hereditary glory. To them national triumph is an object of regret, because it was achieved under the banners of their opponents; national humiliation an object of indifference, provided they are elevated by it to the reins of power. With burning hearts and longing eyes they watched the career of the French Revolution, ever eulogizing its principles, palliating its excesses, vituperating its adversaries. Mr. Fox pronounced in Parliament the Constitution framed by the Constituent Assembly, to be "the most astonishing fabric of wisdom and virtue which patriotism had reared in any age or country, on the ruins of ignorance and superstition." And when this astonishing fabric produced Danton and Robespierre, and hatched the Reign of Terror, he showed no disposition to retract the opinion. Two hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen, we are told by Wolfe Tone, were united, drilled, regimented and organized, to effect the separation of Ireland from Great Britain; and if we may believe Mr. Moore, in his Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Mr. Fox was no stranger to their treasonable intentions at the very time when he earnestly supported their demand for Parliamentary Reform. During the last three years we have seen this party systematically undo every thing which their predecessors had effected during half a century of unexampled glory; abandon, one by one, all the objects of our continental policy, the Dutch barrier, the protection of Portugal, the independence of Holland, the integrity of Turkey; unite the leopard and the tricolor in an inglorious crusade against the independence of the surrounding states; beat down Holland by open force, and subvert Portugal by feigned neutrality and real hostility; force the despots of Northern Europe into a dangerous defensive combination, and unite the arms of constitutional freedom with those of democratic ambition in the South; and, to gain a deceitful popularity for a few years, sacrifice the Constitution, which had for two hundred years conferred unexampled prosperity on their country. The men who have done these things, could not have been relied on when assailed by the insidious arts and deceitful promises of Napoleon.

Napoleon has told us, in his Memoirs, how he proposed to have subjugated England. He would have overcome it, as he overcame Switzerland, Venice, and all the states which did not meet him with uncompromising hostility. He would instantly, on landing, have published a proclamation, in which he declared that he came to deliver the English from the oligarchy under which they had groaned for three centuries; and for this end he would have promised annual parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, the confiscation of the Church property, the abolition of the Corn Laws, and all the objects of Whig or Radical ambition. By these offers he would have

thrown the apple of eternal discord and division into Great Britain. The republican transports which broke out with such vehemence on the announcement of the Reform Bill in 1831, would have been instantly heard on the landing of the tricolor-flag on the throne of England: and the divisions now so irrecoverably established amongst us, would have at once arisen in presence of a gigantic and enterprising enemy. There can be little doubt, we fear, what a considerable portion of the Movement party in England, and the whole of it in Ireland, would have done. They would, heart and hand, have joined the enemy of their country. Conceiving that they were doing what was best for its inhabitants—they would have established a republic in close alliance with France, and directed the whole resources of England to support the cause of democracy all over the world. Meanwhile, Napoleon, little solicitous about their political dogmas, would have steadily fixed his iron grasp on the great warlike establishments of the country; Portsmouth, Plymouth, Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, Deptford, and Carron, would have fallen into his hands; the army would have been exiled or disbanded; and if his new democratical allies proved at all troublesome in the House of Commons, he would have dispersed them with as little ceremony, by a file of grenadiers, as he did the Council of Five Hundred in the Orangery of St. Cloud.

It is with pain and humiliation that we make this confession. Five years ago we should have held any man a foul libeller on the English character who should have declared such conduct as probable in any part of the English opposition; and we should have relied with as much confidence on the whole liberal party to resist the aggressions of France, as we should on the warmest adherents of government. It is their own conduct, since they came into power, which has undeceived us, and opened our eyes to the immensity of the danger to which the country was exposed, when her firm patriots at the helm nailed her colors to the mast. But regarding, as we do, with perfect sincerity, the Reform Bill as the parent of a much greater change in our national institutions than a conquest by France would have been, and the passing of that measure as a far more perilous, because more irremediable leap in the dark, than if we had thrown ourselves into the arms of Napoleon, we cannot but consider the subsequent events as singularly illustrative of the prior dangers, and regard the expulsion of the Whigs from the ministry by the firmness of George III., in 1807, as a delivery from greater danger than the country had known since the Saxon arms were overthrown by William on the field of Hastings.

One of the most brilliant acts of Napoleon was his astonishing march from Boulogne to Swabia, in 1805, and the admirable skill with which he accumulated his forces, converging from so many different points round the unfortunate Mack, who lay bewildered at Ulm.—In this able undertaking, as well as in the combat at Elchingen, which contributed in so essential a manner to its success, and from

which his title of duke was taken, Ney bore a conspicuous part. The previous situation of the contending powers is thus described by our author:

"The troops which the emperor had under his command did not exceed 180,000 men.—This was little enough for the strife which was about to commence, for the coalition did not now merely oppose to us the troops which they had in the first line. The allied sovereigns already addressed themselves to the multitude, and loudly called on them to take up arms in defence of liberty, they turned against us the principles which they professed their desire to destroy. They roused in Germany national antipathies: flattered in Italy the spirit of independence, scattered every where the seeds of insurrection. The masses of the people were slow to swallow the bait. They appreciated our institutions, and did not behold without distrust this sudden burst of enthusiasm in sovereigns in favour of the popular cause: but they readily took fire at the recital of the sacrifices which we had imposed on them, the promised advantages which we had not permitted them to enjoy. The Coalition prepared to attack us on all the vast line which we occupied. Russians, Swedes, English, Hanoverians, hastened to take a part in the strife. The approach of such a mass of enemies might have occasioned dangerous results; a single reverse might have involved us in a strife with warlike and impatient nations; but the Austrians had imprudently spread themselves through Bavaria, at a time when the Russians had hardly as yet passed Poland. The emperor did not despair of anticipating the one and overwhelming the other, and thus dissipating that formidable league of sovereigns before they were in a situation to deploy their forces on the field of battle. The blow, according to these calculations, was to be struck in Swabia. But from that country to Boulogne, where our troops were stationed, the distance was nearly the same as to Podolia, where the Russians had arrived. He sought to steal a march upon them to conceal for some days the great manœuvre which he meditated. For this purpose, Marmont, whose troops were on the coast, when he set out for Germany, received orders to give out that he was about to take merely other quarters; and Bernadotte, who was stationed in Hanover, to encourage the opinion that he was about to spend the winter in that country. Meanwhile all had orders to hasten their march; all advanced with the same celerity; and when our enemies still believed us on the shores of the Channel, we were far advanced towards the Rhine. The first and second corps had reached Mayence; the third was grouped around Mannheim; the fourth had halted in the environs of Spire; the fifth was established at Strassbourg, and the sixth, which had started from Montreuil on the 28th August, had reached Lauterbourg on the 24th September. In that short interval, it had traversed three hundred leagues, being at the rate of above ten leagues a-day. History has nothing to show comparable to such celerity."—II. 268—270

From a soldier of such ability and experi-

ence much may be expected of value on the science of war. In the "Reflections" of the marshal, at the end of the second volume, the reader will find much interesting matter of that description. We select one example:—

"The defensive system accords ill with the disposition of the French soldier, at least if it is not to be maintained by successive diversions and excursions;—in a word, if you are not constantly occupied in that little warfare, inactivity destroys the force of troops who rest constantly on the defensive. They are obliged to be constantly on the alert, night and day; while, on the other hand, offensive expeditions, wisely combined, raise the spirit of the soldier, and prevent him from having time to ponder on the real cause of his dangerous situation.

"It is in the offensive that you find in the French soldier inexhaustible resources. His active disposition, and valour in assaults, double his power. A general should never hesitate to march with the bayonet against the enemy, if the ground is favourable for the use of that weapon. It is in the attack, in fine, that you accustom the French soldier to every species of warfare,—alike to brave the enemy's fire, which is generally little hurtful, and to leave the field open to the development of his intelligence and courage.

"One of the greatest difficulties in war is to accustom the soldier to the fatigues of marching. The other powers of Europe will attain with difficulty in this respect the degree of perfection which the French soldier possesses. His sobriety and physical constitution are the real causes of the marked superiority he has acquired over the Austrians in that particular.

"Rapidity of march, or rather an able combination of marches, almost invariably determine the fate of war. Colonels of infantry, therefore, should be indefatigable in their endeavours to train their soldiers progressively to ordinary and forced marches. To attain that object, so essential in war, it is indispensable

to oblige the soldier to carry his knapsack on his back from the outset of the campaign, in order to accustom him to the fatigues which in the course of it he must undergo. The health of the soldier depends on this being habitual; the men are economized by it; the continual loss by partial and frequently useless combats is avoided, as well as the considerable expenses of hospitals to government."—II. 410, 411.

We have room for no more extracts: those which have been already given will convey a clear idea of the character of this work. It possesses the merits, and exhibits the defects, of all the memoirs by the leaders of the ambitious or war party in France, regarding that period. Abounding in anecdote, full of patriotic spirit and military adventure, it at the same time presents all the prejudices and errors of that party,—a profound and unreasonable hatred of this country—an impassioned enthusiasm for the glory of France—a deliberate and apparently sincere belief, that whatever opposes its elevation is to be looked upon with instinctive and unconquerable aversion. In this respect, the opinions of this party in France are utterly extravagant, and not a little amusing. They make no allowances for the differences of national feeling—yield nothing to national rivalry—never transport themselves into the breasts of their antagonists in the strife, or of the people they are oppressing, but take for granted, as a matter concerning which there can be no dispute, that whatever resists the glory of France is an enemy of the human race. There are many writers of intelligence and ability in whom we cannot pardon this weakness; but, recollecting the tragic fate of Marshal Ney, and pitying the ulcerated hearts of his relations, we find more excuse for it in his biographer, and look forward with interest to the concluding volumes of this work, which will contain still more interesting matter—the Peninsular campaigns, the Russian retreat, the rout of Waterloo.

ROBERT BRUCE.*

A Freedom is a noble thing;
 Freedom makes man to have liking;
 Freedom all solace to men gives;
 He lives at ease that freely lives.

BARBOUR'S BRUCE.

THE discovery of the bones of ROBERT BRUCE, among the ruins of Dunfermline abbey, calls for some observations in a journal intended to record the most remarkable events, whether of a public or a domestic nature, which occur during the period to which it refers; and it will never, perhaps, be our good fortune to direct the attention of our readers to an event more interesting to the antiquary or the patriot of Scotland, than the discovery and reinterment of the remains of her greatest hero.

It is satisfactory, in the first place, to know that no doubt can exist about the remains which were discovered being really the bones of Robert Bruce. Historians had recorded that he was interred "*debito cum honore in medio Ecclesiæ de Dunfermline*;" but the ruin of the abbey at the time of the Reformation, and the subsequent neglect of the monuments which it contained, had rendered it difficult to ascertain where this central spot really was. Attempts had been made to explore among the ruins for the tomb; but so entirely was the form of cathedral churches forgotten in this northern part of the island, that the researches were made in a totally different place from the centre of the edifice. At length, in digging the foundations of the new church, the workmen came to a tomb, arched over with masonry, and bearing the marks of more than usual care in its construction. Curiosity being attracted by this circumstance, it was suspected that it might contain the remains of the illustrious hero; and persons of more skill having examined the spot discovered that it stood *precisely in the centre of the church*, as its form was indicated by the existing ruins. The tomb having been opened in the presence of the Barons of Exchequer, the discovery of the name of King Robert on an iron plate among the rubbish, and the cloth of gold in which the bones were shrouded, left no room to doubt that the long wished-for grave had at last been discovered; while the appearance of the skeleton, in which the breast-bone was sawed asunder, afforded a still more interesting proof of its really being the remains of that illustrious hero, whose heart was committed to his faithful associate in arms, and thrown by him, on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, amidst the ranks of the enemy, with the sublime expression, "Onwards, as thou wast wont, thou fearless heart."

Such an event demands a temporary pause in the avocations and amusements of life. We feel called on to go back, in imagination,

to the distant and barbarous period when the independence of our country was secured by a valour and ability that has never since been equalled; and in returning from his recent grave to take a nearer view of the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the beneficial effects which his unshaken patriotism has confirmed upon its people.—Had we lived in the period when his heroic achievements were fresh in the public recollection, and when the arms of England yet trembled at the name of Bannockburn, we would have dwelt with enthusiasm on his glorious exploits. A nation's gratitude should not relax, when the lapse of five subsequent centuries has not produced a rival to his patriotism and valour; and when this long period has served only to develope the blessings which they have conferred upon his country.

Towards a due understanding, however, of the extraordinary merits of Robert Bruce, it is necessary to take a cursory view of the power with which he had to contend, and of the resources of that kingdom, which, at that critical juncture, providence committed to his arms.

The power of England, against which it was his lot incessantly to struggle, was, perhaps, the most formidable which then existed in Europe. The native valour of her people, distinguished even under the weakest reign, was then led on and animated by a numerous and valiant feudal nobility. That bold and romantic spirit of enterprise which led the Norman arms to the throne of England, and enabled Roger de Hauteville, with thirty followers, to win the crown of the two Sicilies, still animated the English nobles; and to this hereditary spirit was added the remembrance of the matchless glories which their arms had acquired in the wars of Palestine. The barons, who were arrayed against Robert Bruce, were the descendants of those iron warriors who combated for christendom under the wall of Acre, and defeated the whole Saracen strength in the battle of Ascalon; the banners that were unfurled for the conquest of Scotland, were those which had waved victorious over the arms of Saladin; and the sovereign who led them, bore the crown that had been worn by Richard in the Holy Wars, and wielded in his sword the terror of that mighty name, at which even the accumulated hosts of Asia were appalled.

Nor were the resources of England less formidable for maintaining and nourishing the war. The prosperity which had grown up with the equal laws of our Saxon ancestors, and which the tyranny of the early Norman kings had never completely extinguished, had revived and spread under the wise and

* Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1819. Written at the time of the discovery of the remains of Robert Bruce in the church of Dunfermline.

beneficent reigns of Henry II. and Edward I. The legislative wisdom of the last monarch had given to the English law greater improvements than it had ever received in any subsequent reigns, while his heroic valour had subdued the rebellious spirit of his barons, and trained their united strength to submission to the throne. The acquisition of Wales had removed the only weak point of his wide dominion, and added a cruel and savage race to the already formidable mass of his armies. The navy of England already ruled the seas, and was prepared to carry ravage and desolation over the wide and defenceless Scottish coast; while a hundred thousand men, armed in the magnificent array of feudal war, and led on by the ambition of a feudal nobility, poured into a country which seemed destined only to be their prey.

But most of all, in the ranks of this army, were found the intrepid YEOMANRY of England; that peculiar and valuable body of men which has in every age contributed as much to the stability of the English character, as the celebrity of the English arms, and which then composed those terrible archers, whose prowess rendered them so formidable to all the armies of Europe. These men, whose valour was warmed by the consciousness of personal freedom, and whose strength was nursed among the enclosed fields and green pastures of English liberty, conferred, till the discovery of fire-arms rendered personal acquirements of no avail, a matchless advantage on the English armies. The troops of no other nation could produce a body of men in the least comparable to them either in strength, discipline, or individual valour; and such was the dreadful efficacy with which they used their weapons, that not only did they mainly contribute to the subsequent triumphs of Cressy and Azincour, but at Poitiers and Hamilton Hill they alone gained the victory, with hardly any assistance from the feudal tenantry.

These troops were well known to the Scottish soldiers, and had established their superiority over them in many bloody battles, in which the utmost efforts of undisciplined valour had been found unavailing against their practised discipline and superior equipment. The very names of the barons who headed them were associated with an unbroken career of conquest and renown, and can hardly be read yet without a feeling of national exultation.

Names that to fear were never known,
Bold Norfolk's Earl de Brotherton,
And Oxford's famed de Vere;
Ross, Montague, and Manly came,
And Courtney's pride, and Percy's fame,
Names known too well in Scotland's war
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,
Blazed broader yet in after years,
At Cressy red, and fell Poitiers.

Against this terrible force, before which, in the succeeding reign, the military power of France was compelled to bow, Bruce had to array the scanty troops of a barren land, and the divided forces of a turbulent nobility. Scotland was, in his time, fallen low indeed from that state of peace and prosperity in

which she was found at the first invasion of Edward I., and on which so much light has been thrown by the industrious research of our times.* The disputed succession had sown the seeds of unextinguishable jealousies among the nobles; the gold of England had corrupted many to betray their country's cause; and the fatal ravages of English invasion had desolated the whole plains from which resources for carrying on the war could be drawn. All the heroic valour, the devoted patriotism, and the personal prowess of Wallace, had been unable to stem the torrent of English invasion; and, when he died, the whole nation seemed to sink under the load against which his unexampled fortitude had long enabled it to struggle. These unhappy jealousies among the nobles, to which his downfall was owing, still continued, and almost rendered hopeless any attempt to combine their forces; while the thinned population and ruined husbandry of the country seemed to prognosticate nothing but utter extirpation from a continuance of the war. Nor was the prospect less melancholy from a consideration of the combats which had taken place. The short spear and light shield of the Scotch had been found utterly unavailing against the iron panoply and powerful horses of the English barons; while the hardy and courageous mountaineers perished in vain under the dreadful tempest of the English archery.

What then must have been the courage of that youthful prince, who after having been driven for shelter to an island on the north of Ireland, could venture, with only forty followers, to raise the standard of independence in the west of Scotland, against the accumulated force of this mighty power?—what the resources of that understanding, which, though intimately acquainted, from personal service, with the tried superiority of the English arms, could foresee, in his barren and exhausted country, the means of combating them?—what the ability of that political conduct which could re-unite the jarring interests, and smother the deadly feuds, of the Scottish nobles?—and what the capacity of that noble warrior, who, in the words of the contemporary historian,† could “unite the prowess of the first knight to the conduct of the greatest general of his age,” and was able, in the space of six years, to raise the Scottish arms from the lowest point of depression to such a pitch of glory, that even the redoubted archers and haughty chivalry of England fled at the sight of the Scottish banner!‡

Nor was it only in the field that the great and patriotic conduct of Robert Bruce was displayed. In the endeavour to restore the almost ruined fortunes of his country, and to heal the wounds which a war of unparalleled severity had brought upon its people, he exhibited the same wise and beneficent policy. Under his auspicious rule, husbandry revived, arts were encouraged, and the turbulent barons were awed into subjection. Scotland recovered, during his administration, in a great measure,

* Chalmers's *Caledonia*, vol. i. . † Froissart.

‡ Walsing. p. 106. Mon. Malms. p. 152. 153.

from the devastation that had preceeded it; and the peasants, forgetting the stern warrior in the beneficent monarch, long remembered his sway, under the name of the "good King Robert's reign."

But the greatness of his character appeared most of all from the events that occurred after his death. When the capacity with which he and his worthy associates, Randolph and Douglas, had counterbalanced the superiority of the English arms, was withdrawn, the fabric which they had supported fell to the ground. In the very first battle which was fought after his death, at Hamildon Hill, a larger army than that which conquered at Bannockburn was overthrown by the archers of England, without a single knight couching his spear. Never, at any subsequent period, was Scotland able to withstand the more powerful arms of the English yeomanry. Thenceforward, her military history is little more than a melancholy catalogue of continued defeats, occasioned rather by treachery on the part of her nobles, or incapacity in her generals, than any defect of valour in her soldiers; and the independence of the monarchy was maintained rather by the terror which the name of Bruce and the remembrance of Bannockburn had inspired, than by the achievements of any of the successors to his throne.*

The merits of Robert Bruce, as a warrior, are very generally acknowledged; and the eyes of Scottish patriotism turn with the greater exultation to his triumphs, from the contrast which their splendour affords to the barren and humiliating annals of the subsequent reigns. But the important consequences of his victories are not sufficiently appreciated. While all admit the purity of the motives by which he was actuated, there are many who lament the consequences of his success, and perceive in it the source of those continued hostilities between England and Scotland which have brought such incalculable calamities upon both countries, and from which the latter has only within half a century begun to recover. Better would it have been, it is said for the prosperity of this country, if, like Wales, she had passed at once under the dominion of the English government, and received, five centuries ago, the present of that liberty which she so entirely lost during her struggles for national independence, and which nothing but her subsequent union with a free people has enabled her to obtain.

There is something, we think, *a priori*, improbable in this supposition, that, from the assertion of her independence under Robert Bruce, Scotland has received any injury. The instinct to maintain the national independence, and resist aggression from foreign powers, is so universally implanted among mankind, that it may well be doubted whether an obedience to its impulse is likely in any case to produce injurious effects. In fact, subjugation by a foreign power is itself, in general, a greater calamity than any benefits with which it is accompanied can ever compensate; because, in the very act of receiving them *by force*, there

is implied an entire dereliction of all that is valuable in political blessings,—a security that they will remain permanent. There is no example, perhaps, to be found in the history of mankind, of political freedom being either effectually conferred by a sovereign in gift, or communicated by the force of foreign arms; but as liberty is the greatest blessing which man can enjoy, so it seems to be the law of nature that it should be the reward of intrepidity and energy alone; and that it is by the labour of his hands, and the sweat of his brow, that he is to earn his freedom as well as his subsistence.

Least of all are such advantages to be anticipated from the conquest of a *free* people. That the dominion of free states over conquered countries is always more tyrannical than that of any other form of government, has been observed ever since the birth of liberty in the Grecian states, by all who have been so unfortunate as to be subjected to their rule. If we except the Roman republic, whose wise and beneficent policy is so entirely at variance with every thing else which we observe in human affairs, that we are almost disposed to impute it to a special interposition of divine providence, there is no free state in ancient or modern times, whose government towards the countries whom it subdued has not been of the most oppressive description. We are accustomed to speak of the maternal government of free governments, but towards their subject provinces, it is generally the cruel tyranny of the step-mother, who oppresses her acquired children to favour her own offspring.

Nor is it difficult to perceive the reason why a popular government is naturally inclined, in the general case, to severity towards its dependencies. A single monarch looks to the *revenue* alone of the countries whom he has subdued, and as it necessarily rises with the prosperity which they enjoy, his obvious interest is to pursue the measures best calculated to secure it. But in republics, or in those free governments where the popular voice exercises a decided control, the leading men of the state *themselves* look to the *property* of the *subject country* as the means of their individual exaltation. Confiscations accordingly are multiplied, with a view to gratify the people or nobles of the victorious country with grants of the confiscated lands. Hatred and animosity are thus engendered between the ruling government and their subject provinces; and this, in its time, gives rise to new confiscations, by which the breach between the higher and lower orders is rendered irreparable. Whoever is acquainted with the history of the dominion which the Athenian and Syracusan populace held over their subject cities; with the government of Genoa, Venice, and Florence, in modern times; or with the sanguinary rule which England exercised over Ireland during the three centuries which followed her subjugation, will know that this statement is not overcharged.

On principle, therefore, and judging by the experience of past times, there is no room to doubt, that Bruce, in opposing the conquest of

*Henry's Britain, vol. vii.

Scotland by the English arms, doing what the real interest of his country required; and that how incalculable soever may be the blessings which she has since received by a union, on equal terms, with her southern neighbour, the result would have been very different had she entered into that government on the footing of *involuntary subjugation*. In fact, it is not difficult to perceive what would have been the policy which England would have pursued towards this country, had she prevailed in the contest for the Scottish throne; and it is by following out the consequences of such an event, and tracing its probable influence on the condition of our population at this day, that we can alone appreciate the immense obligations we owe to our forefathers, who fought and died on the field of Bannockburn.

Had the English then prevailed in the war with Robert Bruce, and finally succeeded in establishing their long wished-for dominion in this country, it cannot be doubted, that their first measure would have been to dispossess a large portion of the nobles who had so obstinately maintained the war against them, and substitute their own barons in their room. The pretended rebellion of Scotland against the legitimate authority of Edward, would have furnished a plausible pretext for such a proceeding, while policy would of course have suggested it as the most efficacious means, both of restraining the turbulent and hostile spirit of the natives, and of gratifying the great barons by whose force they had been subdued. In fact, many such confiscations and grants of the lands to English nobles actually took place, during the time that Edward I. maintained his authority within the Scottish territory.

The consequences of such a measure are very obvious. The dispossessed proprietors would have nourished the most violent and inveterate animosity against their oppressors; and the tenantry on their estates, attached by feudal and clanish affection to their ancient masters, would have joined in any scheme for their restoration. The seeds of continual discord and hatred would thus have been sown between the lower orders and the existing proprietors of the soil. On the other hand, the great English barons, to whom the confiscated lands were assigned, would naturally prefer the society of their own country, and the security of their native castles, to the unproductive soil and barbarous tribes on their northern estates. They would in consequence have relinquished these estates to factors or agents, and, without ever thinking of residing among a people by whom they were detested, have sought only to increase, by rigorous exactions, the revenue which they could derive from their labour.

In progress of time, however, the natural fervour of the Scottish people, their hereditary animosities against England, the exertions of the dispossessed proprietors, and the oppression of the English authorities, would have occasioned a revolt in Scotland. They would naturally have chosen for such an undertaking the moment when the English forces were engaged in the wars of France, and when the entire desertion of the northern frontier pro-

mised successful rapine to their arms. In such circumstances, it is not to be doubted that they would have been unable to withstand the seeds of resistance to the English arms, which the French emissaries would have sedulously spread through the country. And if the authority of England was again re-established, new and more extensive confiscations would of course have followed; the English nobles would have been gratified by grants of the most considerable estates on the north of the Tweed, and the bonds of military subjection would have been tightened on the unfortunate people who were subdued.

The continuance of the wars between France and England, by presenting favourable opportunities to the Scotch to revolt, combined with the temptation which the remoteness of their situation and the strength of their country afforded, would have induced continual civil wars between the peasantry and their foreign masters, until the resources of the country were entirely exhausted, and the people sunk in hopeless submission under the power that oppressed them.

But in the progress of these wars, an evil of a far greater and more permanent description would naturally arise, than either the loss of lives or the devastation of property which they occasioned. In the course of the protracted contest, the LANDED PROPERTY OF THE COUNTRY WOULD ENTIRELY HAVE CHANGED MASTERS; and in place of being possessed by natives of the country permanently settled on their estates, and attached by habit and common interest to the labourers of the ground, it would have come into the hands of foreign noblemen, forced upon the country by military power, hated by the natives, residing always on their English estates, and regarding the people of Scotland as barbarians, whom it was alike impolitic to approach, and necessary to curb by despotic power.

But while such would be the feelings and policy of the English proprietors, the stewards whom they appointed to manage their Scotch estates, at a distance from home, and surrounded by a fierce and hostile population, would have felt the necessity of some assistance, to enable them to maintain their authority, or turn to any account the estates that were committed to their care. Unable to procure military assistance, to enforce the submission of every district, or collect the rents of every property, they would, of necessity, have looked to some method of conciliating the people of the country; and such a method would naturally suggest itself in the attachment which the people bore to the families of original landlords, and the consequent means which they possessed of swaying their refractory dispositions. These unhappy men, on the other hand, despairing of the recovery of their whole estates, would be glad of an opportunity of regaining any part of them, and eagerly embrace any proposal by which such a compromise might be effected. The sense of mutual dependence, in short, would have led to an arrangement, by which the estates of the English nobles were to be *sublet to the Scottish proprietors for a fixed yearly rent, and they would take upon themselves the task to*

*Gradually
throughout
English
and French
wars
the English
nobles were to be sublet to
the Scottish proprietors for a fixed yearly rent, and they would take upon themselves the task to*

which they alone were competent, of recovering the rents from the actual cultivators of the soil.

As the numbers of the people increased, however, and the value of the immense farms which had been thus granted to the descendants of their original proprietors was enhanced, the task of collecting rents over so extensive a district would have become too great for any individual, and the increased wealth which he had acquired from the growth of his tenantry, would have led him to dislike the personal labour with which it would be attended. These great tenants, in consequence, would have subset their vast possessions to an inferior set of occupiers, who might each superintend the collection of the rents within his own farm, and have an opportunity of acquiring a personal acquaintance with the labourers by whom it was to be cultivated. As the number of the people increased, the same process would be repeated by the different tenants on their respective farms; and thus there would have sprung up universally in Scotland a class of MIDDLE MEN between the proprietor and the actual cultivator of the soil.

While these changes went on, the condition of the people, oppressed by a series of successive masters, each of whom required to live by their labour, and wholly debarred from obtaining any legal redress for their grievances, would have gradually sunk. Struggling with a barren soil, and a host of insatiable oppressors, they could never have acquired any ideas of comfort, or indulged in any hopes of rising in the world. They would, in consequence, have adopted that species of food which promised to afford the greatest nourishment for a family from the smallest space of ground; and from the universality of this cause, the POTATO would have become the staple food of the country.

The landed proprietors, on the other hand, who are the natural protectors, and ought always to be the best encouragers of the people on their estates, would have shrunk from the idea of leaving their English possessions, where they were surrounded by an affectionate and comfortable tenantry, where riches and plenty sprung from the natural fertility of the soil, and where power and security were derived from their equal law, to settle in a northern climate, amongst a people by whom they were abhorred, and where law was unable to restrain the licentiousness, or reform the barbarity of the inhabitants.—They would in consequence have universally become ABSENTEE PROPRIETORS; and not only denied to the Scottish people the incalculable advantages of a resident body of landed gentlemen; but, by their influence in Parliament, and their animosity towards their northern tenantry, prevented any legislative measure being pursued for their relief.

In such circumstances, it seems hardly conceivable that arts or manufactures should have made any progress in this country. But, if in spite of the obstacles which the unfavourable climate, and unhappy political circumstances of the country presented, manufactures should have begun to spring up amongst us, they would speedily have been checked by the com-

mercial jealousy of their more powerful southern rivals. Bills would have been brought into parliament, as was actually done in regard to a neighbouring island, proceeding on the preamble, "that it is expedient that the Scottish manufactures should be discouraged;" and the prohibition of sending their goods into the richer market of England, whither the whole wealth of the country were already drawn, would have annihilated the infant efforts of manufacturing industry.

Nor would the Reformation, which, as matters stand, has been of such essential service to this country, have been, on the hypothesis which we are pursuing, a lesser source of suffering, or a greater bar to the improvement of the people. From being embraced by their English landlords, the Reformed Religion would have been hateful to the peasants of Scotland; the Catholic priests would have sought refuge among them, from the persecution to which they were exposed in their native seats; and both would have been strengthened in their hatred to those persons to whom their common misfortune was owing. Religious hatred would thus have combined with all the previous circumstances of irritation, to increase the rancour between the proprietors of the soil, and the labouring classes in this country; and from the circumstance of the latter adhering to the proscribed religion, they would have been rendered yet more incapable of procuring a redress for their grievances in a legislative form.

Had the English, therefore, succeeded in subduing Scotland in the time of Robert Bruce, and in maintaining their authority from that period, we think it not going too far to assert, that the people of this country would have been now in an unhappy and distracted condition: that religious discussion and civil rancour would have mutually exasperated the higher and lower orders against each other; that the landed proprietors would have been permanently settled in the victorious country; that everywhere a class of middlemen would have been established to grind and ruin the labours of the poor; that manufactures would have been scanty, and the country covered with a numerous and indigent population, idle in their habits, ignorant in their ideas, ferocious in their manners, professing a religion which held them in bondage, and clinging to prejudices from which their ruin must ensue.

Is it said, that this is mere conjecture, and that nothing in the history of English government warrants us in concluding, that such would have been the consequence of the establishment of their dominion in this country? Alas! it is not conjecture. The history of IRELAND affords too melancholy a confirmation of the truth of the positions which we have advanced, and of the reality of the deduction which we have pursued. In that deduction we have not reasoned on hypothesis or conjecture. Every step which we have hinted at, has there been taken; every consequence which we have suggested, has there ensued. Those acquainted with the history of that unhappy country, or who have studied its present con-

dition, will recognise in the conjectural history which we have sketched, of what *would* have followed the annexation of this country to England in the time of Edward II., the *real history* of what has *followed* its subjugation in the time of Henry II., and perceive in the causes which we have pointed out, as what would have operated upon our people, the *real causes* of the misery and wretchedness in which its population is involved.

Nor is the example of the peaceful submission of Wales to the dominion of England, any authority against this view of the subject. Wales is so inconsiderable in comparison to England, it comes so completely in contact with its richest provinces, and is so enveloped by its power, that when once subdued, all thought of resistance or revolt became hopeless. That mountainous region, therefore, fell as quietly and as completely into the arms of England, as if it had been one of the Heptarchy, which in process of time was incorporated with the English monarchy. Very different is the situation of Scotland, where the comparative size of the country, the fervid spirit of the inhabitants, the remoteness of its situation, and the strength of its mountains, continually must have suggested the hope of successful revolt, and as necessarily occasioned the calamitous consequences which we have detailed. The rebellion of Owen Glendower is sufficient to convince us, that nothing but the utter insignificance of Wales, compared to England, prevented the continual revolt of the Welsh people, and the consequent introduction of all those horrors which have followed the establishment of English dominion among the inhabitants of Ireland.

Do we then rejoice in the prosperity of our country? Do we exult at the celebrity which it has acquired in arts and in arms? Do we duly estimate the blessings which it has long enjoyed from equal law and personal freedom? —Do we feel grateful for the intelligence, the virtue, and the frugality of our peasantry, and acknowledge, with thankfulness, the practical beneficence and energetic spirit of our landed proprietors? Let us turn to the grave of Robert Bruce, and feel as we ought the inexpressible gratitude due to him as the remote author of all these blessings. But for his bold and unconquerable spirit, Scotland might have shared with Ireland the severity of English conquest; and, instead of exulting now in the prosperity of our country, the energy of our peasantry, and the patriotic spirit of our resident landed proprietors, we might have been deploring with her an absent nobility, an oppressive tenantry, a bigotted and ruined people.

It was therefore, in truth, a memorable day for this country when the remains of this great prince were rediscovered amidst the ruins in which they had so long been hid; when the arms which slew Henry de Bohun were reentered in the land which they had saved from slavery; and the head which had beheld the triumph of Bannockburn was consigned to the dust, after five centuries of grateful remembrance and experienced obligation. It is by thus appreciating the merits of departed worth, that similar virtues in future are to be called forth; and by duly feeling the consequences of heroic resistance in time past, that the spirit is to be excited by which the future fortunes of the state are to be maintained.

In these observations we have no intention, as truly we have no desire, to depreciate the incalculable blessings which this country has derived from her union with England. We feel, as strongly as any can do, the immense advantage which this measure brought to the wealth, the industry, and the spirit of Scotland. We are proud to acknowledge, that it is to the efforts of English patriotism that we owe the establishment of liberty in our civil code; and to the influence of English example, the diffusion of a free spirit among our people. But it is just because we are duly impressed with these feelings that we recur, with such grateful pride, to the patriotic resistance of Robert Bruce; it is because we feel that we should be unworthy of sharing in English liberty, unless we had struggled for our own independence, and incapable of participating in its benefits, unless we had shown that we were capable of acquiring it. Nor are we ashamed to own, that it is the spirit which English freedom has awakened that first enabled us fully to appreciate the importance of the efforts which our ancestors made in resisting their dominion; and that but for the Union on equal terms with that power, we would have been ignorant of the debt which we owed to those who saved us from its subjugation. In our national fondness, therefore, for the memory of Robert Bruce, the English should perceive the growth of those principles from which their own unequalled greatness has arisen; nor should they envy the glory of the field of Bannockburn, when we appeal to it as our best title to be quartered in their arms.

Yet mourn not, land of Fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field
Since Norman William came.
Oft may thine annals justly boast,
Of battles there by Scotland lost,
Grudge not her victory;
When for her freeborn rights she strove,
Rights dear to all who freedom love,
To none so dear as thee.

PARIS IN 1814.*

With whatever sentiments a stranger may enter Paris, his feelings must be the same with regard to the monuments of ancient magnificence, or of modern taste, which it contains. All that the vanity or patriotism of a long series of sovereigns could effect for the embellishment of the capital in which they resided; all that the conquests of an ambitious and unprincipled army could accumulate from the spoils of the nations whom they had subdued, are there presented to the eye of the stranger with a profusion which obliterates every former prejudice, and stifles the feelings of national emulation in exultation at the greatness of human genius.

The ordinary buildings of Paris, as every traveller has observed, and as all the world knows, are in general mean and uncomfortable. The height and gloomy aspect of the houses; the narrowness of the streets, and the want of pavement for foot passengers, convey an idea of antiquity, which ill accords with what the imagination had anticipated of the modern capital of the French empire. This circumstance renders the admiration of the spectator greater when he first comes in sight of its *public edifices*; when he is conducted to the Place Louis Quinze or the Pont Neuf, from whence he has a general view of the principal buildings of this celebrated capital. With the single exception of the view of London from the terrace of the Adelphi, there is no point in Britain where the effect of architectural design is so great as in the situations which have now been mentioned. The view from the former of these, combines many of the most striking objects which Paris has to present. To the east, the long front of the Tuileries rises over the dark mass of foliage which cover its gardens; to the south, the picturesque aspect of the town is broken by the varied objects which the river presents, and the fine perspective of the Bridge of Peace, terminating in the noble front of the palace of the Legislative Body; to the west, the long avenues of the Elysian Fields are closed by the pillars of a triumphal arch which Napoleon had commenced; while, to the north, the beautiful façade of the Place itself, leaves the spectator only room to discover at a greater distance the foundation of the Temple of Glory, which he had commenced, and in the execution of which he was interrupted by those ambitious enterprises to which his subsequent downfall was owing.† To a painter's

eye, the effect of the whole scene is increased by the rich and varied fore-ground, which everywhere presents itself, composed of the shrubs with which the skirts of the square are adorned, and the lofty poplars which rise amidst the splendour of architectural beauty: while recent events give a greater interest to the spot from which this beauty is surveyed, by the remembrance, that it was here that Louis XVI. fell a martyr to the revolutionary principles, and that it was here that the Emperor Alexander and the other princes of Europe took their station when their armies passed in triumph through the walls of Paris.

The view from the Pont Neuf, though not striking upon the whole, embraces objects of greater individual beauty. The gay and animated quays of the city covered with foot passengers, and, with all the varied exhibitions of industrious occupation, which, from the warmth of the climate, are carried on in the open air;—the long and splendid front of the Louvre, and the Tuileries;—the bold projections of the Palais des Arts, of the Hotel de la Monnaie, and other public buildings on the opposite side of the river;—the beautiful perspective of the bridges, adorned by the magnificent colonnade which fronts the Palace of the Legislative Body;—and the lofty picturesque buildings of the centre of Paris, surrounding the more elevated towers of Notre Dame, form a scene, which, though less perfect, is more striking, and more characteristic than the scene from the centre of the Place Louis Quinze. It conveys at once a general idea of the French capital; of that mixture of poverty and splendour by which it is so remarkably distinguished; of that grandeur of national power, and that degradation of individual importance which marked the ancient dynasty of the French nation. It marks too, in an historical view, the changes of public feeling which the people of this country have undergone, from the distant period when the towers of Notre Dame rose amidst the austerity of Gothic taste, and were loaded with the riches of Catholic superstition, to that boasted æra, when the loyalty of the French people exhausted the wealth and the genius of the country, to decorate with classic taste the residence of their sovereigns; and lastly, to those later days, when the names of religion and of loyalty have alike been forgotten; when the national exultation reposed only on the trophies of military greatness, and the iron yoke of imperial power was forgotten in the monuments which record the deeds of imperial glory.

To the general observation on the inferiority of the common buildings in Paris, there are some remarkable exceptions. The Boulevards, which are the remains of the ancient ramparts which surrounded the city at a former period, are, in general, beautiful, both from the circu-

* Written in May and June, 1814, during a residence at Paris, when the allied armies occupied the city, and the great museum of the Louvre was untouched; and published in "Travels in France in 1814-15," which issued from the press in Edinburgh in 1815, to the first volume of which the author contributed a few chapters.

† Since completed, and forming the beautiful peristyle of the Madeleine.

lar form in which they are built, which prevents the view from being ever too extensive for the objects which it contains, and presents them in the most picturesque aspect; from the breadth which they everywhere preserve, and which affords room for the spectator to observe the magnificence of the detached palaces with which they abound; and from the rows of trees with which they are shaded, and which combine singularly well with the irregular character of the building which they generally present. In the skirts of the town, and more especially in the Faubourg St. Germain, the beauty of the streets is greatly increased by the detached hotels or villas, surrounded by gardens, which are everywhere to be met with, in which the lilac, the laburnum, the Bois de Judee, and the acacia, grow in the most luxuriant manner, and on the green foliage of which, the eye reposes with singular delight, amidst the bright and dazzling whiteness of the stone with which they are surrounded.

The Hotel des Invalides, the Chelsea Hospital of France, is one of the objects on which the Parisians principally pride themselves, and to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in that capital. The institution itself appears to be well conducted, and to give general satisfaction to the wounded men, who have there found an asylum from the miseries of war. These men live in habits of perfect harmony among each other; a state of things widely different from that of our veterans in Greenwich Hospital, and which is probably chiefly owing to the cheerfulness and equanimity of temper which form the best feature in the French character. There is something in the style of the architecture of this building, which accords well with the object to which it is devoted. The front is distinguished by a simple manly portico, and a dome of the finest proportion rises above its centre, which is visible from all parts of the city. This dome was gilded by order of Bonaparte: and however much a fastidious taste may regret the addition, it certainly gave an air of splendour to the whole, which was in perfect unison with the feelings of exultation which the sight of this monument of military glory was then fitted to awaken among the French people. The exterior of this edifice was formerly surrounded by cannon captured by the armies of France at different periods: and ten thousand standards, the trophies of victory during the wars of two centuries, waved under its splendid dome, and enveloped the sword of Frederic the Great, which hung from the centre, until the 31st of March, 1814, when they were all burnt by order of Maria Louisa, to prevent their falling into the victorious hands of the allied powers.

If the character of the architecture of the Hotel des Invalides accords well with the object to which that building is destined; the character of the Louvre is not less in unison with the spirit of the fine arts, to which it is consecrated. It is impossible for language to convey any adequate idea of the impression which this exquisite building awakens in the mind of a stranger. The beautiful proportions, and the fine symmetry of the great façade, give

an air of simplicity to the distant view of this edifice, which is not diminished, on nearer approach, by the unrivalled beauty of its ornaments and detail; but when you cross the threshold of the portico, and pass under it, noble archway into the inner court, all considerations are absorbed in the throb of admiration, which is excited by the sudden display of all that is lovely and harmonious in Grecian architecture. You find yourself in the midst of the noblest and yet chastest display of architectural beauty, where every ornament possesses the character by which the whole is distinguished, and where the whole possesses the grace and elegance which every ornament presents:—You find yourself on the spot, where all the monuments of ancient art are deposited,—where the greatest exertions of mortal genius are preserved—and where a palace has at last been raised worthy of being the depository of the collected genius of the human race.—It bears a higher character than that of being the residence of imperial power; it seems destined to loftier purposes than to be the abode of earthly greatness; and the only forms by which its halls would not be degraded, are those models of ideal perfection which the genius of ancient Greece created to exalt the character of a heathen world.

Placed in a more elevated spot, and destined to a still higher object, the Pantheon bears in its front the traces of the noble purpose for which it was intended.—It was intended to be the cemetery of all the great men who had deserved well of their country; and it bears the inscription, above its entrance, *Aux grands Ames La Patrie reconnoissante*. The character of its architecture is well adapted to the impression it is intended to convey, and suits the simplicity of the noble inscription which its portico presents. Its situation has been selected with singular taste, to aid the effect which was thus intended. It is placed at the top of an eminence, which shelves in a declivity on every side; and the immediate approach is by an immense flight of steps, which form the base of the building, and increase the effect which its magnitude produces. Over the entrance rises a portico of lofty pillars, finely proportioned, supporting a magnificent entablature of the Corinthian order; and the whole terminates in a dome of vast dimensions, forming the highest object in the whole city. The impression which every one must feel in crossing its threshold, is that of religious awe; the individual is lost in the greatness of the objects with which he is surrounded, and he dreads to enter what seems the abode of a greater power, and to have been framed for the purposes of more elevated worship. The Louvre might have been fitted for the gay scenes of ancient sacrifice; it suits the brilliant conceptions of heathen mythology; and seems the fit abode of those ideal forms, in which the imagination of ancient times embodied their conceptions of divine perfection; but the Pantheon is adapted for a holier worship, and accords with the character of a purer belief; and the vastness and solitude of its untrodden chambers awaken those feelings of human weakness, and that sentiment of human im-

mortality which befit the temple of a spiritual faith.

The spectator is led, by the sight of this great monument of sacred architecture in the Grecian style, to compare it with the Gothic churches of France, and, in particular, with the Cathedral of Beauvais, the interior of which is finished with greater delicacy, and in finer proportions, than any other edifice of a similar kind in that country. The impression which the inimitable choir of Beauvais produces is widely different from that which we felt on entering the lofty dome of the Pantheon at Paris. The light pinnacles, the fretted roof, the aspiring form of the Gothic edifice, seemed to have been framed by the hands of aerial beings; and produced, even from a distance, that impression of grace and airiness which it was the peculiar object of this species of Gothic architecture to excite. On passing the high archway which covers the western door, and entering the immense aisles of the Cathedral, the sanctity of the place produces a deeper impression, and the grandeur of the forms awakens profounder feelings. The light of day is excluded, the rays of the sun come mellowed through the splendid colours with which the windows are stained, and cast a religious light over the marble pavement which covers the floor; while the eye reposes on the harmonious forms of the lancet windows, or is bewildered in the profusion of ornament with which the roof is adorned, or is lost in the deep perspective of its aisles. The impression which the whole produces, is that of religious emotion, singularly suited to the genius of Christianity; it is seen in that obscure light which fits the solemnity of religious duty, and awakens those feelings of intense delight, which prepare the mind for the high strain of religious praise. But it is not the deep feeling of humility and weakness which is produced by the dark chambers and massy pillars of the Pantheon at Paris; it is not in the mausoleum of the dead that you seem to wander, nor on the thoughts of the great that have gone before you, that the mind revolves; it is in the scene of thanksgiving that your admiration is fixed; it is with the emblems of hope that your devotion is awakened, and with the enthusiasm of gratitude that the mind is filled. Beneath the gloomy roof of the Grecian temple, the spirit is concentrated within itself; it seeks the repose which solitude affords, and meditates on the fate of the immortal soul; but it loves to follow the multitude into the Gothic cathedral, to join in the song of grateful praise which peals through its lengthened aisles, and to share in the enthusiasm which belongs to the exercise of common devotion.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is the only Gothic building of note in Paris, and it is by no means equal to the expectations that are naturally formed of it. The style of its architecture is not that of the finest Gothic; it has neither the exquisite lightness of ornament which distinguish the summit of Gloucester Cathedral, nor the fine lancet windows which give so unrivalled a beauty to the interior of Beauvais, nor the richness of roof which covers the tombs of Westminster Abbey. Its

character is that of massy greatness; its ornaments are rich rather than elegant, and its interior striking, more from its immense size than the beauty of the proportion in which it is formed. In spite of all these circumstances, however, the Cathedral of Notre Dame produces a deep impression on the mind of the beholder: its towers rise to a stupendous height above all the buildings which surround them; while the stone of every other edifice is of a light colour, they alone are black with the smoke of centuries; and exhibit a venerable aspect of ancient greatness in the midst of the brilliancy of modern decoration with which the city is filled. Even the crowd of ornaments with which they are loaded, and the heavy proportion in which they are built, are forgotten in the effect which their magnitude produces; they suit the gloomy character of the building they adorn, and accord with the expression of antiquated power by which its aged forms are now distinguished.

To those who have been accustomed to the form of worship which is established in Protestant countries, there is nothing so striking in the Catholic churches as the complete oblivion of rank, or any of the distinctions of established society which there universally prevails. There are no divisions of seats, nor any places fixed for any particular classes of society. All, of whatever rank or station, kneel alike upon the marble pavement; and the whole extent of the church is open for the devotion of all classes of the people. You frequently see the poorest citizens with their children kneeling on the stone, close to those of the highest rank, or the most extensive fortunes. This custom may appear painful to those who have been habituated to the forms of devotion in the English churches; but it produces an impression on the mind of the spectator which nothing in our service is capable of effecting. To see the individual form lost in the immensity of the objects with which he is surrounded; to see all ranks and ages blended in the exercise of common devotion; to see all distinction forgotten in the sense of common infirmity, suits the spirit of that religion which was addressed to the poor as well as to the rich, and fits the presence of that being before whom all ranks are equal.

Nor is it without a good effect upon the feelings of mankind, that this custom has formed a part of the Catholic service. Amidst that degradation of the great body of the people, which marks the greater part of the Catholic countries—amidst the insolence of aristocratic power, which the doctrines of the Catholic faith are so well suited to support, it is fitting there should be some occasions on which the distinctions of the world should be forgotten; some moments in which the rich as well as the poor should be humbled before a greater power—in which they should be reminded of the common faith in which they have been baptized, of the common duties to which they are called, and the common hopes which they have been permitted to form.

High Mass was performed in Notre Dame, with all the pomp of the Catholic service, for the souls of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette and

the Dauphin, on May 9, 1814, soon after the king's arrival in Paris. The cathedral was hung with black in every part; the brilliancy of day wholly excluded, and it was lighted only by double rows of wax tapers, which burned round the coffins, placed in the centre of the choir. It was crowded to excess in every part; all the marshals, peers, and dignitaries of France were stationed with the royal family near the centre of the cathedral, and all the principal officers of the allied armies attended at the celebration of the service. The king was present, though, without being perceived by the vast assembly by whom he was surrounded; and the Duchess d'Angoulême exhibited, in this melancholy duty, that mixture of firmness and sensibility by which her character has always been distinguished.

It was said, that there were several persons present at this solemn service who had voted for the death of the king; and many of those assembled must doubtless have been conscious, that they had been instrumental in the death of those for whose souls this solemn service was now performing. The greater part, however, exhibited the symptoms of genuine sorrow, and seemed to participate in the solemnity with unfeigned devotion. The Catholic worship was here displayed in its utmost splendour; all the highest prelates of France were assembled to give dignity to the spectacle; and all that art could devise was exhausted to render the scene impressive in the eyes of the people. To those, however, who had been habituated to the simplicity of the English form, the variety of unmeaning ceremony, the endless gestures and unceasing bows of the clergy who officiated, destroyed the impression which the solemnity of the service would otherwise have produced. But though the service itself appeared ridiculous, the effect of the whole scene was sublime in the greatest degree. The black tapestry hung in heavy folds round the sides of the cathedral, and magnified the impression which its vastness produced. The tapers which surrounded the coffins threw a red and gloomy light over the innumerable multitude which thronged the floor; their receding rays faintly illuminated the further recesses, or strained to pierce the obscure gloom in which the summits of the pillars were lost; while the sacred music pealed through the distant aisles, and deepened the effect of the thousands of voices which joined in the strains of repentant prayer.

Among the exhibitions of art to which a stranger is conducted immediately after his arrival in the French metropolis, there is none which is more characteristic of the disposition of the people than the *Musée des Monumens François*, situated in the Rue des Petits Augustins. This is a collection of all the finest sepulchral monuments from different parts of France, particularly from the Cathedral of St. Denis, where the cemetery of the royal family had, from time immemorial, been placed. It is said by the French, that the collection of these monuments into one museum was the only means of preserving them from the fury of the people during the

Revolution; and certainly nothing but absolute necessity could have justified the barbarous idea of bringing them from the graves they were intended to adorn, to one spot, where all associations connected with them are destroyed. It is not the mere survey of the monuments of the dead that is interesting,—not the examination of the specimens of art by which they may be adorned;—it is the remembrance of the deeds which they are intended to record,—of the virtues they are destined to perpetuate,—of the pious gratitude of which they are now the only testimony—above all, of the dust they actually cover. They remind us of the great men who formerly filled the theatre of the world,—they carry us back to an age which, by a very natural illusion, we conceive to have been both wiser and happier than our own, and present the record of human greatness in that pleasing distance when the great features of character alone are remembered, when time has drawn its veil over the weaknesses of mortality, and its virtues are sanctified by the hand of death. It is a feeling fitted to elevate the soul; to mingle the thoughts of death with the recollection of the virtues by which life had been dignified, and renovate in every heart those high hopes of religion which spring from the grave of former virtue.

All this delightful, this purifying illusion, is destroyed by the way in which the monuments are collected in the museum at Paris. They are there brought together from all parts of France; severed from the ashes of the dead they were intended to cover; and arranged in systematic order to illustrate the history of the art whose progress they unfold. The tombs of all the kings of France, of all the generals by whom its glory has been extended, of the statesmen by whom its power, and the writers by whom its fame has been established, are crowded together in one collection, and heaped upon each other, without any other connection than that of the time in which they were originally raised. The museum accordingly exhibits, in the most striking manner, the power of arrangement and classification which the French possess; it is valuable, as containing fine models of the greatest men which France has produced, and exhibits a curious specimen of the progress of art, from its first commencement, to the period of its greatest perfection; but it has wholly lost that deep and peculiar interest which belongs to the monuments of the dead in their original situation.

Adjoining to the museum, is a garden planted with trees, in which many of the finest monuments are placed; but in which the depravity of the French taste appears in the most striking manner. It is surrounded with high houses, and darkened by the shade of lofty buildings: yet in this gloomy situation, they have placed the tomb of Fenelon, and the united monument of Abelard and Eloise: profaning thus, by the barbarous affectation of artificial taste, and the still more shocking imitation of ancient superstition, the remains of those whose names are enshrined in every heart which can feel the beauty of

noral excellence, or share in the sympathy with youthful sorrow.

How different are the feelings with which an Englishman surveys the untouched monuments of English greatness!—and treads the floor of that venerable building which shrouds the remains of all who have dignified their native land—in which her patriots, her poets, and her philosophers “sleep with her kings, and dignify the scene,” which the rage of popular fury has never dared to profane, and the hand of victorious power has never been able to violate; where the ashes of the immortal dead still lie in undisturbed repose, under that splendid roof which covered the tombs of its earliest kings, and witnessed, from its first dawn, the infant glory of the English people.—Nor could the remembrance of these national monuments ever excite in the mind of a native of France, the same feeling of heroic devotion which inspired the sublime expression of Nelson, as he boarded the Spanish Admiral's ship at St. Vincent's—“Westminster Abbey or victory!”

Though the streets in Paris have an aged and uncomfortable appearance, the form of the houses is such, as, at a distance, to present a picturesque aspect. Their height, their sharp and irregular tops, the vast variety of forms which they assume when seen from different quarters, all combine to render a distant view of them more striking than the long rows of uniform houses of which London is composed. The domes and steeples of Paris, however, are greatly inferior, both in number and magnificence, to those of the English capital.

The gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, of which the Parisians think so highly, and which are constantly filled with all ranks of citizens, are laid out with a singularity of taste, of which, in this country, we can scarcely form any conception. The straight walks—the cleft trees—the marble fountains are fast wearing out in all parts of England; they are to be met with only round the mansions of ancient families, and, even there are kept rather from the influence of ancient prejudice, or from the affection to hereditary forms, than from their coincidence with the present taste of the English people. They are seldom, accordingly, disagreeable, with us, to the eye of the most cultivated taste; their singularity forms a pleasing variety to the continued succession of lawns and shrubberies which are everywhere to be met with; and they are regarded rather as the venerable marks of ancient splendour, than as the barbarous affectation of modern distinction. In France, the native deformity of this taste appears in its real light, without the colouring of any such adventitious circumstances as conceal it in this country. It does not exist under the softening veil of ancient manners; its avenues do not conduct to the decaying abode of hereditary greatness—its gardens do not mark the scenes of former festivity—its fountains are not covered with the moss which has grown for centuries. It appears as the model of present taste; it is considered as the indication of existing splendour; and sought after

as the form in which the beauty of nature is now to be admired. All that association blends in the mind with the style of ancient gardening in England is instantly divested by its appearance in France; and the whole importance is then felt of that happy change in the national taste, whereby variety has been made to succeed to uniformity, and the imitation of nature to come in the place of the exhibition of art.

The remarkable characteristic of the taste of France is, that this love of artificial beauty continues with undiminished force, at a period when, in other nations, it has given place to a more genuine love for the beauty of nature. In them, the natural progress of refinement has led from the admiration of the art of imitation to the love of the subjects imitated. In France, this early prejudice continues in its pristine vigour at the present moment: they never lose sight of the effort of the artist; their admiration is fixed not on the quality or object in nature, but on the artificial representation of it; not on the thing signified, but the sign. It is hence that they have such exalted ideas of the perfection of their artist David, whose paintings are nothing more than a representation of the human figure in its most extravagant and phrenzied attitudes; that they are insensible to the simple display of real emotion, but dwell with delight upon the vehement representation of it which their stage exhibits; and that, leaving the charming heights of Belleville, or the sequestered banks of the Seine almost wholly deserted, they crowd to the stiff alleys of the Elysian Fields, or the artificial beauties of the gardens of Versailles.

In the midst of Paris this artificial style of gardening is not altogether unpleasing; it is in unison, in some measure, with the regular character of the buildings with which it is surrounded; and the profusion of statues and marble vases continues the impression which the character of their palaces is fitted to produce. But at Versailles, at St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau, amidst the luxuriance of vegetation, and surrounded by the majesty of forest scenery, it destroys altogether the effect which arises from the irregularity of natural beauty. Every one feels straight borders, and square porticoes and broad alleys, to be in unison with the immediate neighbourhood of an antiquated mansion; but they become painful when extended to those remoter parts of the grounds, when the character of the scene is determined by the rudeness of uncultivated nature.

There are some occasions, nevertheless, on which the gardens of the Tuileries present a beautiful spectacle, in spite of the artificial taste in which they are formed. From the warmth of the climate, the Parisians, of all classes, live much in the open air, and frequent the public gardens in great numbers during the continuance of the fine weather. In the evening especially, they are filled with citizens, who repose themselves under the shade of the lofty trees, after the heat and the fatigues of the day; and they there present a spectacle of more than ordinary interest and beauty. The disposition of the French suits

the character of the scene, and harmonizes with the impression which the stillness of the evening produces on the mind. There is none of that rioting or confusion by which an assembly of the middling classes in England is too often disgraced; no quarrelling or intoxication even among the poorest ranks, nor any appearance of that degrading want which destroys the pleasing idea of public happiness. The people appear all to enjoy a certain share of individual prosperity; their intercourse is conducted with unbroken harmony, and they seem to resign themselves to those delightful feelings which steal over the mind during the stillness and serenity of a summer evening. It would seem as if all the angry passions of the breast were soothed by the voice of reposing nature—as if the sounds of labour were stilled, lest they should break the harmony of the scene—as if vice itself had concealed its deformity from the overpowering influence of natural beauty.

Still more beautiful, perhaps, is the appearance of this scene during the stillness of the night, when the moon throws her dubious rays over the objects of nature. The gardens of the Tuileries remain crowded with people, who seem to enjoy the repose which universally prevails, and from whom no sound is to be heard which can break the stillness or the serenity of the scene. The regularity of the forms is wholly lost in the masses of light and shadow that are there displayed; the foliage throws a checkered shade over the ground beneath, while the distant vistas of the Elysian Fields are seen in that soft and mellow light by which the radiance of the moon is so peculiarly distinguished. After passing through the scenes of gaiety and festivity which mark these favourite scenes of the French people, small encampments were frequently to be seen, of the allied troops, in the remote parts of the grounds. The appearance of these bivouacs, composed of Cossack squadrons, Hungarian hussars, and Prussian artillery, in the obscurity of moonlight, and surrounded by the gloom of forest scenery, was beyond measure striking. The picturesque forms of the soldiers, sleeping on their arms under the shade of the trees, or half hid by the rude huts which they had erected for their shelter; the varied attitudes of the horses standing amidst the wagons by which the camp was followed, or sleeping beside the veterans whom they had borne through all the fortunes of war; the dark masses of the artillery, dimly discerned in the shades of night, or faintly reflecting the pale light of the moon, presented a scene of the most beautiful description, in which the rude features of war were softened by the tranquillity of peaceful life: and the interest of present repose was enhanced by the remembrance of the wintry storms and bloody fields through which these brave men had passed, during the memorable campaigns in which they had been engaged. The effect of the whole was increased by the perfect stillness which everywhere prevailed, broken only at intervals by the slow step of the sentinel, as he paced his rounds, or the sweeter sounds of those beautiful airs, which, in a far distant country, recalled to the Russian

soldier the joys and the happiness of his native land.

St. Cloud was the favourite residence of Bonaparte, and, from this circumstance, possesses an interest which does not belong to the other imperial palaces. It stands high, upon a lofty bank overhanging the Seine, which takes a bold sweep in the plain below; and the steep declivity which descends to its banks, is clothed with magnificent woods of aged elms. The character of the scenery is bold and rugged;—the trees are of the wildest forms, and the most stupendous height, and the banks, for the most part, steep and irregular. It is here, accordingly, that the French gardening appears in all its genuine deformity; and that its straight walks and endless fountains display a degree of formality and art, destructive to the peculiar beauty by which the scene is distinguished. These gardens, however, were the favourite and private walks of the emperor;—it was there that he meditated those schemes of ambition which were destined to shake the established thrones of Europe;—it was under the shade of its luxuriant foliage that he formed the plan of all the mighty projects which he had in contemplation;—it was in the splendid apartments of its palace that the Councils of France assembled, to revolve on the means of permanently destroying the English power:—It was here too, by a most remarkable coincidence, that his destruction was finally accomplished;—that the last convention was concluded, by which his second dethronement was completed;—and that the victorious arms of England dictated the terms of surrender to his conquered capital.

St. Cloud, in 1814, was the head-quarters of Prince Schwartzberg; and the Austrian grenadiers mounted guard at the gates of the Imperial Palace. The banks of the Seine, below the palace, were covered by an immense bivouac of Austrian troops, and the fires of their encampment twinkled in the obscurity of twilight, amidst the low brushwood with which the sides of the river were clothed. The appearance of this bivouac, dimly discerned through the rugged stems of lofty trees, or half hid by the luxuriant branches which obscured the view—the picturesque and varied aspect of the camp, covered with wagons, and all the accompaniments of military service;—the columns of smoke rising from the fires with which it was interspersed, and the innumerable horses crowded amidst the confused multitude of men and carriages, or resting in more sequestered spots on the sides of the river, with their forms finely reflected in its unruffled waters—presented a spectacle which exhibited war in its most striking aspect, and gave a character to the scene which would have suited the romantic strain of Salvator's mind.

St. Germain, though less picturesquely situated than St. Cloud, presents features, nevertheless, of more than ordinary magnificence. The Palace, now converted into a school of military education by Napoleon, is a mean irregular building; though it possesses a certain interest, by having been long the residence

of the exiled house of Stuart. The situation, however, is truly fitted for an imperial dwelling; it stands on the edge of a high bank, overhanging the Seine, at the end of a magnificent terrace, a mile and a half long, built on the projecting heights which edge the river. The walk along this terrace is the finest spectacle which the vicinity of Paris has to present. It is backed along its whole extent by the immense forest of St. Germain, the foliage of which overhangs the road, and in the recesses of which you can occasionally discern those beautiful peeps which form the peculiar characteristic of forest scenery. The steep bank which descends to the river is clothed with orchards and vineyards in all the luxuriance of a southern climate, and, in front, there is spread beneath your feet the immense plain in which the Seine wanders, whose waters are descried at intervals through the woods and gardens with which its banks are adorned; while, in the farthest distance, the towers of St. Denis, and the heights of Paris, form an irregular outline on the verge of the horizon. It is a scene exhibiting the most beautiful aspect of cultivated nature, and would have been the fit residence for a monarch who loved to survey his subjects' happiness: but it was deserted by the miserable weakness of Louis XIV., because the view terminated in the cemetery of the kings of France, and his enjoyment of it would have been destroyed by the thoughts of mortal decay.

Versailles, which that monarch chose as the ordinary abode of his splendid court, is less favourably situate for a royal dwelling, though the view from the great front of the palace is beautifully clothed with luxuriant woods. The palace itself is a magnificent building of immense extent, loaded with the riches of architectural beauty, but destitute of that fine proportion and lightness of ornament, which spread so indescribable a charm over the palace of the Louvre. The interior is in a state of lamentable decay, having been pillaged at the commencement of the revolutionary fury, and formed into a barrack for the republican soldiers, the marks of whose violence are still visible in the faded splendour of its magnificent apartments. They still show, however, the favourite apartments of Maria Antoinette, the walls of which are covered with the finest mirrors, and some remains of the furniture are still preserved, which even the licentious fury of the French army seems to have been afraid to violate. The gardens, on which all the riches of France, and all the efforts of art were so long lavished, present a painful monument of the depravity of taste: but the *Petit Trianon*, which is a little palace built of marble, and surrounded by shrubberies in the English style, exhibits the genuine beauty of which the imitation of nature is susceptible. This palace contains a suite of splendid apartments, fitted up with singular taste, and adorned with a number of charming pictures; it was the favourite residence of Maria Louise, and we were there shown the drawing materials which she used, and some unfinished sketches which she left, in which,

we were informed, she much delighted, and which bore the marks of a cultivated taste.

The Empress Maria Louise was everywhere represented as cold, proud, and haughty in her manner, and unconciliating in her ordinary address. Her time was much spent in private, in the exercise of religious duty, or in needlework and drawing; and her favourite seat at St. Cloud was between two windows, from one of which she had a view over the beautiful woods which clothe the banks of the river, and from the other a distant prospect of the towers and domes of Paris.

Very different was the character which belonged to the former empress, the first wife of Bonaparte, Josephine. She passed the close of her life at the delightful retreat of Malmaison, a villa charmingly situated on the banks of the Seine, seven miles from Paris, on the road to St. Germain. This villa had been her favourite residence while she continued empress, and formed her only home after the period of her divorce;—here she lived in obscurity and retirement, without any of the pomp of a court, or any of the splendour which belonged to her former rank, occupied entirely in the employment of gardening, or in alleviating the distresses of those around her. The shrubberies and gardens were laid out with singular beauty, in the English taste, and contained a vast variety of rare flowers, which she had for a long period been collecting. These grounds were to her the source of never-failing enjoyment; she spent many hours in them every day, working herself, or superintending the occupations of others; and in these delightful occupations seemed to return again to all the innocence and happiness of youth. She was beloved, to the greatest degree, by all the poor who inhabited the vicinity of her retreat, both for the gentleness of her manner, and her unwearied attention to their sufferings and their wants; and during the whole period of her retirement, she retained the esteem and affection of all classes of French citizens. The Emperor Alexander visited her repeatedly during the stay of the allied armies in Paris; and her death occasioned an universal feeling of regret, rarely to be met with amidst the corruption and selfishness of the French metropolis.

There was something singularly striking in the history and character of this remarkable woman:—Born in an humble station, without any of the advantages which rank or education could afford, she was early involved in all the unspeakable miseries of the French revolution, and was extricated from her precarious situation only by being united to that extraordinary man whose crimes and whose ambition have spread misery through every country of Europe; rising through all the gradations of rank through which he passed, she everywhere commanded the esteem and regard of all who had access to admire her private virtues; and when at length she was raised to the rank of Empress, she graced the imperial throne with all the charities and virtues of an humbler station. She bore, with unexampled magnanimity, the sacrifice of power and of influence which

she was compelled to make: she carried into the obscurity of humble life all the dignity of mind which befitted the character of an empress of France; and exercised, in the delightful occupations of country life, or in the alleviation of the severity of individual distress, that firmness of mind and gentleness of disposition with which she had lightened the weight of imperial dominion, and softened the rigour of despotic power.

The Forest of Fontainebleau exhibits scenery of a more picturesque and striking character than is to be met with in any other part of the north of France. It is situated forty miles from Paris, on the great road to Rome, and the appearance of the country through which this road runs, is, for the most part, flat and uninteresting. It runs through a continued plain, in a straight line between tall rows of elm trees, whose lower branches are uniformly cut off for fire-wood to the peasantry; and exhibits, for the most part, no other feature than the continued riches of agricultural produce. At the distance of seven miles from the town of Fontainebleau, you first discern the forest, covering a vast ridge of rocks, stretching as far as the eye can reach, from right to left, and presenting a dark irregular outline on the surface of the horizon. The cultivation continues, with all its uniformity, to the very foot of the ridge; but the moment you pass the boundaries of the forest, you find yourself surrounded at once with all the wildness and luxuriance of natural scenery. The surface of the ground is broken and irregular, rising at times into vast piles of shapeless rocks, and enclosing at others small valleys, in which the wood grows in luxuriant beauty, unlighted by the chilling blasts of northern climates. In these valleys, the oak, the ash, and the beech, exhibit the peculiar magnificence of forest scenery, while, on the neighbouring hills, the birch waves its airy foliage round the dark masses of rock which terminate the view. Nothing can be conceived more striking than the scenery which this variety of rock and wood produces in every part of this romantic forest. At times you pass through an unbroken mass of aged timber, surrounded by the native grandeur of forest scenery, and undisturbed by any traces of human habitation, except in those rude paths which occasionally open a passing view into the remoter parts of the forest. At others, the path winds through great masses of rock, piled in endless confusion upon each other, in the crevices of which, the fern and the heath grow in all the luxuriance of southern vegetation; while their summits are covered by aged oaks of the wildest forms, whose crossing boughs throw an eternal shade over the ravines below, and afford room only to discern at the farthest distance the summits of those beautiful hills, on which the light foliage of the birch trembles in the ray of an unclouded sun, or waves on the blue of a summer heaven.

To those who have had the good fortune to see the beautiful scenery of the Trosachs in Scotland, of Matlock in Derbyshire, or of the wooded Fells in Cumberland, it may afford some idea of the Forest of Fontainebleau, to

say that it combines scenery of a similar description with the aged magnificence of Windsor Forest. Over its whole extent there are scattered many detached oaks of vast dimensions, which seem to be of an older race in the growth of the forest,—whose lowest boughs stretch above the top of the wood which surrounds them,—and whose decayed summits afford a striking contrast to the young and luxuriant foliage with which their stems are enveloped. In May, 1814, it was occupied by the old imperial guard, which still remained in that station after the abdication of Bonaparte; and parties, or detached stragglers of them, were frequently to be met with wandering in the most solitary parts of the forest. Their warlike and weather-beaten appearance; their battered arms and worn accoutrements; the dark feathers of their caps, and the sallow ferocious aspect of their countenances, suited the savage character of the scenery with which they were surrounded, and threw over the gloom and solitude of the forest that wild expression with which the genius of Salvator dignified the features of uncultivated nature.

The town and palace of Fontainebleau is situated in a small plain near the centre of the forest, and surrounded on all sides by the rocky ridges with which it is everywhere intersected. The palace is a large irregular building, composed of many squares, and fitted up in the inside with the utmost splendour of imperial magnificence. The apartments in which Napoleon dwelt during his stay in the palace, after the capture of Paris by the allied troops; and the desk at which he always wrote, and where his abdication was signed, are there shown. It is covered with white leather, scratched over in every direction, and marked with innumerable wipings of the pen, among which his own name, Napoleon, frequently written as in a hurried and irregular hand, was to be seen; and one sentence which began, "Que Dieu, Napoleon, Napoleon." The servants in the palace agreed in stating, that the emperor's gaiety and fortitude of mind never deserted him during the ruin of his fortune; that he was engaged in his writing-chamber during the greater part of the day, and walked for two hours on the terrace, in close conversation with Marshal Ney. Several officers of the imperial guard repeated the speech which he made to his troops on leaving them after his abdication of the throne, which was precisely what appeared in the English newspapers. So great was the enthusiasm produced by this speech among the soldiers present, that it was received with shouts and cries of *Vive l'Empereur, à Paris, à Paris!* and when he departed under the custody of the allied commissioners, the whole army wept; there was not a dry eye in the multitude who were assembled to witness his departure. Even the imperial guard, who had been trained in scenes of suffering from their first entry into the service—who had been inured for a long course of years to the daily sight of human misery, and had constantly made a sport of all the afflictions which are fitted to move the human

heart, shared in the general grief; they seemed to forget the degradation in which their commander was involved, the hardships to which they had been exposed, and the destruction which he had brought upon their brethren in arms; they remembered him when he stood victorious on the field of Austerlitz, or passed in triumph through the gates of Moscow, and shed over the fall of their emperor those tears of genuine sorrow which they denied to the deepest scenes of private suffering, or the most aggravated instances of individual distress.

The infantry of the old guard was frequently to be seen drawn up in line in the streets of Fontainebleau, and their appearance was such as fully answered the idea we had formed of that body of veteran soldiers, who had borne the French eagles through every capital of Europe. Their aspect was bold and martial; there was a keenness in their eyes which bespoke the characteristic intelligence of the French soldiers, and a ferocity in the expression of their countenances which seemed to have been unsubdued even by the unparalleled disasters in which their country had been involved. The people of the town itself complained in the bitterest terms of their licentious conduct, and repeatedly said that they dreaded them more as friends than the Cossacks themselves as enemies. They seemed to harbour the most unbounded resentment against the people of this country; their countenances bore the expression of the strongest enmity against the English. Whatever the atrocity of their conduct; however it might have been to the people of their own, as well as every other country, it was impossible not to feel the strongest emotion at the sight of the veteran soldiers whose exploits had so long riveted the attention of all who felt an interest in the civilized world. These were the men who first raised the glory of the republican armies on the plains of Italy; who survived the burning climate of Egypt, and chained victory to the imperial standards at Jena, at Friedland and Austerlitz—who followed the career of victory to the walls of the Kremlin, and marched undaunted through the ranks of death amid the snows of Russia;—who witnessed the ruin of France under the walls of Leipsic, and struggled to save its falling fortune on the heights of Laon; and who preserved, in the midst of national humiliation, and when surrounded by the mighty foreign powers, that undaunted air and unshaken firmness, which, even in the moment of defeat, commanded the respect of their antagonists in arms.

There is no scenery round Paris so striking as the Forest of Fontainebleau, but the heights of Belleville exhibit nature in a more pleasing aspect, and are distinguished by features of a gentler character. Montmartre, and the ridge of Belleville, form those celebrated heights which command Paris on the northern side, and which were so obstinately contested between the allies and the French, on the 30th March, 1814, previous to the capture of Paris by the allied sovereigns. Montmartre is covered for the most part with houses, and presents nothing to attract the eye of the observer, ex-

cept the extensive view which is to be met with at its summit. The heights of Belleville are varied with wood, with orchards, vineyards, and gardens, interspersed with cottages and villas, and cultivated with the utmost care. There are few enclosures, but the whole extent of the ground is thickly studded with walnuts, fruit-trees, and forest timber, which, from a distance, give it the appearance of one continued wood. On a nearer approach, however, you find it intersected in every direction by small paths, which wind among the vineyards, or through the woods with which the hills are covered, and present, at every turn, those charming little scenes which form the peculiar characteristic of woodland scenery. The cottages, half hid by the profusion of fruit-trees, or embosomed in the luxuriant woods, with which they are everywhere surrounded, increase the interest which the scenery itself is fitted to produce; they combine the delightful idea of the peasant's enjoyment with the beauty of the spot on which his dwelling is placed; and awaken, in the midst of the boundless luxuriance of vegetable nature, those deeper feelings of moral delight, which spring from the contemplation of human happiness.

The effect of the charming scenery on the heights of Belleville, is much increased by the distant objects which terminate some parts of the view. To the east, the high and gloomy towers of Vincennes rise over the beautiful woods with which the sides of the hill are adorned; and give an air of solemnity to the scene, arising from the remembrance of the tragic events of which it was the theatre. To the south, the domes and spires of Paris can occasionally be discovered through the openings of the wood with which the foreground is enriched, and present the capital at that pleasing distance, when the minuter parts of the buildings are concealed, when its prominent features alone are displayed, and the whole is softened by the obscure light which distance throws over the objects of nature. To an English mind, the effect of the whole is infinitely increased, by the animating associations with which this scenery is connected,—by the remembrance of the mighty struggle between freedom and slavery, which was here terminated;—of the heroic deeds which were here performed, and the unequalled magnanimity which was here displayed. It was here that the expiring efforts of military despotism were overthrown—that the armies of Russia stood triumphant over the power of France, and nobly avenged the ashes of their own capital, by sparing that of their prostrate enemy.

At this time the traces of the recent struggle were visibly imprinted on the villages and woods with which the hill is covered. The marks of blood were still to be discerned on the chausseé which leads through the village of Pantin; the elm trees which line the road were cut asunder or bored through with cannon shot, and their stems riddled in many parts, with the incessant fire of the grape shot. The houses in La Villette, Belleville, and Pantin, were covered with the marks of musket shot; the windows of many were shattered, or wholly

destroyed, and the interior of the rooms broken by the balls which seemed to have pierced every part of the building. So thickly were the houses in some places covered with these marks, that it appeared almost incredible how any one could have escaped from so destructive a fire. Even the beautiful gardens with which the slope of the heights are adorned, and the inmost recesses of the wood of Romainville, bore, throughout, the marks of the desperate struggles which they had lately witnessed, and exhibited the symptoms of fracture or destruction in the midst of the luxuriance of natural beauty;—yet, though they had so recently been the scene of mortal combat; though the ashes of the dead lay yet in heaps on different parts of the field of battle, the prolific powers of nature were undecayed: the vines clustered round the broken fragments of the instruments of war,—the corn spread a sweeter green over the fields, which were yet wet with human blood, and the trees waved with renovated beauty over the unconfined remains of the departed brave; emblematic of the decay of man, and of the immortality of nature.

The French have often been accused of selfishness, and the indifference which they often manifest to the fate of their relations affords too much reason to believe that the social affections have little permanent influence on their minds. They exhibit, however, in misfortunes of a different kind—in calamities which really press upon their own enjoyments of life—the same gayety of heart, and the same undisturbed equanimity of disposition. That gayety in

misfortune, which is so painful to every observer, when it is to be found in the midst of family distress, becomes delightful when it exists under the deprivation of the selfish gratification to which the individual had been accustomed. Both here, and in other parts of France, where the houses of the peasants had been wholly destroyed by the allied armies, there was much to admire in the equanimity of mind with which these poor people bore the loss of all their property. For an extent of thirty miles in one direction, towards the north of Champagne, every house near the great road had been burned or pillaged for the firewood which it contained, both by the French and allied armies, and the people were everywhere compelled to sleep in the open air. The men were everywhere rebuilding their fallen walls, with a cheerfulness which never would have existed in England under similar circumstances; and the little children laboured in the gardens during the day, and slept under the vines at night, without exhibiting any signs of distress for their disconsolate situation. In many places we saw groups of these little children in the midst of the ruined houses, or under the shattered trees, playing with the musket shot, or trying to roll the cannon balls by which the destruction of their dwellings had been effected:—exhibiting a picture of youthful joy and native innocence, while sporting with the instruments of human destruction, which the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds would have moulded into the expression of pathetic feeling, or employed as the means of moral improvement.

*Allegory
Views on Art*

THE LOUVRE IN 1814.*

To those who have had the good fortune to see the pictures and statues which are preserved in the Louvre, all description of these works must appear superfluous; and to those who have not had this good fortune, such an attempt could convey no adequate idea of the objects which are described. There is nothing more uninteresting than the catalogue of pictures which are to be found in the works of many modern travellers; nor any thing in general more ridiculous than the ravings of admiration with which this catalogue is described, and with which the reader in general is little disposed to sympathize. Without attempting, therefore, to enumerate the great works which are there to be met with, it is better to aim at nothing but the delineation of the general character by which the different schools of painting are distinguished, and the great features in which they all differ from the sculpture of ancient times.

For an attempt of this kind, the Louvre presents singular advantages, from the unparalleled collection of paintings of every school and description which are there to be met with, and the facility with which you can there trace the progress of the art from its first beginning to the period of its greatest perfection. And it is in this view that the collection of these works into one museum, however much to be deplored as the work of unprincipled ambition, and however much it may have diminished the impression which particular objects, from the influence of association, produced in their native place, is yet calculated to produce the greatest of all improvements in the progress of the art; by divesting particular schools and particular works of the unbounded influence which the effect of early association, or the prejudices of national feeling, have given them in their original situation, and placing them where their real nature is to be judged of by a more extended circle, and subjected to the examination of more impartial sentiments.

The first hall of the Louvre, in the picture

* Written during a residence at Paris in May and June, 1814, and published in "Travels in France," in 1814-15, to the first volume of which the author contributed a few chapters.

gallery, is filled with paintings of the French school. The principal artists whose works are here exhibited, are Le Brun, Gaspar and Nicolas Poussin, Claude Lorrain, Vernet, and the modern painters Gerard and David. The general character of the school of French historical painting, is the expression of *passion and violent emotion*. The colouring is for the most part brilliant; the canvas crowded with figures, and the incident selected, that in which the painter might have the best opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the human frame, or the varied expression of the human countenance. In the pictures of the modern school of French painting, this peculiarity is pushed to an extravagant length, and, fortunately for the art, displays the false principles on which the system of their composition is founded. The moment seized is uniformly that of the strongest and most violent passion; the principal actors in the piece are represented in a state of phrenzied exertion, and the whole anatomical knowledge of the artist is displayed in the endless contortions into which the human frame is thrown. In David's celebrated picture of the three Horatii, this peculiarity appears in the most striking light. The works of this artist may excite admiration, but it is the limited and artificial admiration of the schools; of those who have forgot the end of the art in the acquisition of the technical knowledge with which it is accompanied, or the display of the technical powers which its execution involves.

The paintings of Vernet, in this collection, are perhaps the finest specimens of that beautiful master, and they entitle him to a higher place in the estimation of mankind than he seems yet to have obtained from the generality of observers. There is a delicacy of colouring, a unity of design, and a harmony of expression in his works, which accord well with the simplicity of the subjects which his taste has selected, and the general effect which it was his object to produce. In the representation of the sun dispelling the mists of a cloudy morning; of his setting rays gilding the waves of a western sea; or of that undefined beauty which moonlight throws over the objects of nature, the works of this artist are perhaps unrivalled.

The paintings of Claude are by no means equal to what might have been expected, from the celebrity which his name has acquired, or the matchless beauty which the engravings from him possess. They are but eleven in number, and cannot be, in any degree, compared with those which are to be found in Mr. Angerstein's collection. To those, however, who have been accustomed to study the designs of this great master, through the medium of the engraved copies, and above all, in the unrivalled works of Woollet, the sight of the original pictures must, perhaps at all times, create a feeling of disappointment. There is a unity of effect in the engravings which can never be met with amidst the distraction of colouring in the original pictures; and the imagination clothes the beautiful shades of the copy with finer tints than even the pencil of Claude has been able to supply.

"I have shown you," said Corinne to Oswald, "St. Peter's for the first time, when the brilliancy of its decorations might appear in full splendour, in the rays of the sun: I reserve for you a finer, and a more profound enjoyment, to behold it by the light of the moon." Perhaps there is a distinction of the same kind between the gaudy brilliancy of varied colours, and the chaster simplicity of uniform shadows; and it is probably for this reason, that on the first view of a picture which you have long admired in the simplicity of engraved effect, you involuntarily recede from the view, and seek in the obscure light, and uncertain tint, which distance produces, to recover that uniform tone and general character, which the splendour of colouring is so apt to destroy. It is a feeling similar to that which Lord Byron has so finely described, as arising from the beauty of moonlight scenery:—

"Mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies."

The Dutch and Flemish school, to which you next advance, possesses merit, and is distinguished by a character of a very different description. It was the well-known object of this school, to present an exact and faithful *imitation of nature*; to exaggerate none of its faults, and enhance none of its excellencies, but exhibit it as it really appears to the eye of an ordinary spectator. Its artists selected, in general, some scene of humour or amusement, in the discovery of which, the most ignorant spectators might discover other sources of pleasure from those which the merit of the art itself afforded. They did not pretend to aim at the exhibition of passion or powerful emotion: their paintings, therefore, are free from that painful display of theatrical effect, which characterizes the French school; their object was not to represent those deep scenes of sorrow or suffering, which accord with the profound feelings which it was the object of the Italian school to awaken; they want, therefore, the dignity and grandeur which the works of the greater Italian painters possess. Their merit consists in the faithful delineation of those ordinary scenes and common occurrences which are familiar to the eye of the most careless observer. The power of the painter, therefore, could be displayed only in the minuteness of the finishing, or the brilliancy of the effect: and he endeavoured, by the powerful contrast of light and shade, to give a higher character to his works than the nature of their subjects could otherwise admit. The pictures of Teniers, Ostade, and Gerard Dow, possess these merits, and are distinguished by this character in the highest degree; but their qualities are so well known in this country, as to render any observations on them superfluous. There is a very great collection here preserved, of the works of Rembrandt, and their design and effect bear, in general, a higher character than belongs to most of the works of this celebrated master.

In one respect, the collection in the Louvre is altogether unrivalled; in the number and beauty of the Wouvermans which are there to be met with; nor is it possible, without having seen it, to appreciate, with any degree of

justice, the variety of design, the accuracy of drawing, or delicacy of finishing, which distinguish his works from those of any other painter of a similar description. There are forty of his pieces there assembled, all in the finest state of preservation, and all displaying the same unrivalled beauty of colouring and execution. In their design, however, they widely differ; and they exhibit, in the most striking manner, the real object to which painting should be applied, and the causes of the errors in which its composition has been involved. His works, for the most part, are crowded with figures; his subjects are in general battle-pieces, or spectacles of military pomp, or the animated scenes which the chase presents; and he seems to have exhausted all the efforts of his genius, in the variety of incident and richness of execution, which these subjects are fitted to afford. From the confused and indeterminate expression however, which the multitude of their objects exhibit, the spectator turns with delight to those simpler scenes in which his mind seems to have reposed, after the fatigues which it had undergone; to the representation of a single incident, or the delineation of a certain occurrence—to the rest of the traveller after the fatigues of the day—to the repose of the horse in the intermission of labour—to the return of the soldier, after the dangers of the campaign;—scenes in which every thing combines for the uniform character, and where the genius of the artist has been able to give to the rudest occupations of men, and even to the objects of animal life, the expression of genuine poetical feeling.

The pictures of Vandyke and Rubens belong to a much higher school than that which rose out of the wealth and the limited taste of the Dutch people. There are sixty pictures of the latter of these masters in the Louvre, and, combined with the celebrated gallery in the Luxembourg palace, they form the finest assemblage of them which is to be met with in the world. The character of his works differs essentially from that both of the French and the Dutch schools: he was employed, not in painting cabinet pictures for wealthy merchants, but in designing great altar pieces for splendid churches, or commemorating the glory of sovereigns in imperial galleries. The greatness of his genius rendered him fit to attempt the representation of the most complicated and difficult objects; but in the confidence of this genius, he seems to have lost sight of the genuine object of composition in his art. He attempts what it is impossible for painting to accomplish. He aims at telling a whole story by the expression of a single picture; and seems to pour forth the profusion of his fancy, by crowding his canvas with a multiplicity of figures, which serve no other purpose than that of showing the endless power of creation which the author possessed. In each figure, there is great vigour of conception, and admirable power of execution; but the whole possesses no general character, and produces no permanent emotion. There is a mixture of allegory and truth in many of his greatest works, which is always painful; a

grossness in his conception of the female form, which destroys the symmetry of female beauty and a wildness of imagination in his general design, which violates the feelings of ordinary taste. You survey his pictures with astonishment—and the power of thought and the brilliancy of colouring which they display; but they produce no lasting impression on the mind; they have struck no chord of feeling or emotion, and you leave them with no other feeling, than that of regret, that the confusion of objects destroys the effect which each in itself might be fitted to produce. And if one has made a deeper impression; if you dwell on it with that delight which it should ever be the object of painting to produce, you find that your pleasure proceeds from a single figure, or the expression of a detached part of the picture; and that in the contemplation of it you have, without being conscious of it, detached your mind from the observation of all that might interfere with its characteristic expression, and thus preserved that unity of emotion which is essential to the existence of the emotion of taste, but which the confusion of incident is so apt to destroy.

It is in the Italian school, however, that the collection in the Louvre is most unrivalled, and it is from its character that the general tendency of the modern school of historical painting is principally to be determined.

The general object of the Italian school appears to be the expression of *passion*. The peculiar subjects which its painters were called on to represent, the sufferings and death of our Saviour, the varied misfortunes to which his disciples were exposed, or the multiplied persecutions which the early fathers of the church had to sustain, inevitably prescribed the object to which their genius was to be directed, and the peculiar character which their works were to assume. They have all, accordingly, aimed at the expression of passion, and endeavoured to excite the pity, or awaken the sympathy of the spectator; though the particular species of passion which they have severally selected has varied with the turn of mind which the artist possessed.

The works of Dominichino and of the Caraccis, of which there are a very great number, incline, in general, to the representation of what is dark or gloomy in character, or what is terrific and appalling in suffering. The subjects which the first of these masters has in general selected, are the cells of monks, the energy of martyrs, the death of saints, or the sufferings of the crucifixion; and the dark-blue coldness of his colouring, combined with the depth of his shadows, accord well with the gloomy character which his compositions possess. The Caraccis, amidst the variety of objects which their genius has embraced, have dwelt, in general, upon the expression of sorrow—of that deep and profound sorrow which the subjects of sacred history were so fitted to afford, and which was so well adapted to that religious emotion which it was their object to excite.

Guido Reni, Carlo Maratti, and Murillo, are distinguished by a gentler character; by the expression of tenderness and sweetness of dis

position: and the subjects which they have chosen are, for the most part, those which were fitted for the display of this predominant expression;—the Holy Family, the flight into Egypt, the youth of St. John, the penitence of the Magdalene. While, in common with all their brethren, they have aimed at the expression of emotion, it was an emotion of a softer kind than that which arose from the energy of passion, or the violence of suffering; it was the emotion produced by more permanent feelings, and less turbulent affections; and from the character of this emotion, their execution has assumed a peculiar cast, and their composition been governed by a peculiar principle. Their colouring is seldom brilliant; there is a subdued tone pervading the greater part of their pictures; and they have limited themselves, in general, to the delineation of a single figure, or a small group, in which a single character of mind is prevalent.

There are only six paintings by Salvator Rosa in this collection, but they bear that wild and original character which is proverbially known to belong to the works of this great artist. One of his pieces is particularly striking, a skirmish of horse, accompanied by all the scenery in which he so peculiarly delighted. In the foreground is the ruins of an old temple, with its lofty pillars finely displayed in shadow above the summits of the horizon;—in the middle distance the battle is dimly discerned through the driving rain, which obscures the view; while the back ground is closed by a vast ridge of gloomy rocks, rising into a dark and tempestuous sky. The character of the whole is that of sullen magnificence; and it affords a striking instance of the power of great genius, to mould the most varied objects in nature into the expression of one uniform poetical feeling.

Very different is the expression which belongs to the softer pictures of Correggio—of that great master, whose name is associated in every one's mind with all that is gentle or delicate in the imitation of nature. Perhaps it was from the force of this impression that his works seldom completely come up to the expectations which are formed of them. They are but eight in number, and do not comprehend the finest of his compositions. Their general character is that of tenderness and delicacy: there is a softness in his shading of the human form which is quite unrivalled, and a harmony in the general tone of his colouring, which is in perfect unison with the characteristic expression which it was his object to produce. There is a want of unity, however, in the composition of his figures, which does not accord with this harmony of execution; you dwell rather on the fine expression of individual form, than the combined tendency of the whole group, and leave the picture with the impression of the beauty of a single countenance, rather than the general character of the whole design. He has represented nature in its most engaging aspect, and given to individual figures all the charms of ideal beauty; but he wants that high strain of spiritual feeling, which belongs only to the works of Raphael.

There is but one picture by Carlo Dolci in the Louvre; but it alone is sufficient to mark the exquisite genius which its author possessed. It is of small dimensions, and represents the Holy Family, with the Saviour asleep. The finest character of design is here combined with the utmost delicacy of execution; the softness of the shadows exceeds that of Correggio himself; and the dark-blue colouring which prevails over the whole, is in perfect unison with the expression of that rest and quiet which the subject requires. The sleep of the Infant is perfection itself—it is the deep sleep of youth and of innocence, which no care has disturbed, and no sorrow embittered—and in the unbroken repose of which the features have relaxed into the expression of perfect happiness. All the features of the picture are in unison with this expression, except in the tender anxiety of the virgin's eye; and all is at rest in the surrounding objects, save where her hand gently removes the veil to contemplate the unrivalled beauty of the Saviour's countenance.

Without the softness of shading or the harmony of colour which Correggio possessed, the works of Raphael possess a higher character, and aim at the expression of a sublimer feeling than those of any other artist whom modern Europe has produced. Like all his brethren, he has often been misled from the real object of his art, and tried, in the energy of passion, or the confused expression of varied figures, to multiply the effect which his composition might produce. Like all the rest, he has failed in effecting what the constitution of the human mind renders impossible, and in this very failure, warned every succeeding age of the vanity of the attempt which his transcendent genius was unable to effect. It is this fundamental error that destroys the effect, even of his finest pieces; it is this, combined with the unapproachable nature of the presence which it reveals, that has rendered the transfiguration itself a chaos of genius rather than a model of ideal beauty; nor will it be deemed a presumptuous excess, if such sentiments are expressed in regard to this great author, since it is from his own works alone that we have derived the means of appreciating his imperfections.

It is in his smaller pieces that the genuine character of Raphael's paintings is to be seen—in the figure of St. Michael subduing the demon; in the beautiful tenderness of the Virgin and Child; in the unbroken harmony of the Holy Family; in the wildness and piety of the infant St. John;—scenes, in which all the objects of the picture combine for the preservation of one uniform character, and where the native fineness of his mind appears undisturbed by the display of temporary passion, or the painful distraction of varied suffering.

There are no pictures of the English school in the Louvre, for the arms of France never prevailed in our island. From the splendid character, however, which it early assumed under the distinguished guidance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and from the high and philosophical principles which he at first laid down for the

government of the art, there is every reason to believe that it ultimately will rival the celebrity of foreign genius: And it is in this view that the continuance of the gallery of the Louvre, in its present situation, is principally to be wished by the English nation—that the English artists may possess so near their own country so great a school for composition and design; that the imperfections of foreign schools may enlighten the views of English genius; and that the conquests of the French arms, by transferring the remains of ancient taste to these northern shores, may throw over its rising art that splendour which has hitherto been confined to the regions of the sun.

The great object, therefore, of all the modern schools of historical painting, seems to have been the delineation of an *affecting scene or interesting occurrence*; they have endeavoured to tell a story by the variety of incidents in a single picture; and seized, for the most part, the moment when passion was at its greatest height, or suffering appeared in its most ex-cruciating form. The general character, accordingly, of the school, is the expression of passion or violent suffering; and in the prosecution of this object, they have endeavoured to exhibit it under all its aspects, and display all the effects which it could possibly produce on the human form, by the different figures which they have introduced. While this is the general character of the whole, there are of course numerous exceptions; and many of its greatest painters seem, in the representation of single figures, or in the composition of smaller groups, to have had in view the expression of less turbulent affections; to have aimed at the display of settled emotion or permanent feeling, and to have excluded every thing from their composition which was not in unison with this predominant expression.

The *Sculpture Gallery*, which contains above two hundred remains of ancient statuary, marks in the most decided manner the different objects to which this noble art was applied in ancient times. Unlike the paintings of modern Europe, their figures are almost uniformly at rest; they exclude passion or violent suffering from their design; and the moment which they select is not that in which a particular or transient emotion may be displayed, but in which the settled character of mind may be expressed. With the two exceptions of the Laocoon and the fighting Gladiator, there are none of the statues in the Louvre which are not the representation of the human figure in a state of repose; and the expression which the finest possess, is invariably that permanent expression which has resulted from the habitual frame and character of mind. Their figures seem to belong to a higher class of beings than that in which we are placed; they indicate a state in which passion, anxiety, and emotion are no more; and where the unruined repose of mind has moulded the features into the perfect expression of the mental character. Even the countenance of the Venus de Medicis, the most beautiful which it has ever entered into the mind of man to conceive, and of which no copy gives the slightest idea, bears no trace of emotion, and none of the marks of human

feeling; it is the settled expression of celestial beauty, and even the smile on her lip is not the fleeting smile of temporary joy, but the lasting expression of that heavenly feeling which sees in all around it the grace and loveliness which belongs to itself alone. It approaches nearer to that character which sometimes marks the countenance of female beauty when death has stilled the passions of the world; but it is not the cold expression of past character which survives the period of mortal dissolution; it is the living expression of present existence, radiant with the beams of immortal life, and breathing the air of eternal happiness.

The paintings of Raphael convey the most perfect idea of earthly beauty; and they denote the expression of all that is finest and most elevated in the character of the female mind. But there is a "human meaning in their eye," and they bear the marks of that anxiety and tenderness which belong to the relations of present existence. The Venus displays the same beauty, freed from the cares which existence has produced; and her lifeless eye-balls gaze upon the multitude which surround her, as on a scene fraught only with the expression of universal joy.

In another view, the Apollo and the Venus appear to have been intended by the genius of antiquity, as expressive of the character of mind which distinguishes the different sexes; and in the expression of this character, they have exhausted all which it is possible for human imagination to produce upon the subject. The commanding air, and advanced step of the Apollo, exhibit *man* in his noblest aspect, as triumphing over the evils of physical nature, and restraining the energy of his disposition, in the consciousness of resistless power: the averted eye, and retiring grace of the Venus, are expressive of the modesty, gentleness and submission, which form the most beautiful features of the *female* character.

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed,
For valour He, and contemplation, formed,
For beauty She, and sweet attractive grace,
He for God only, She for God in Him.

These words were said of our first parents by our greatest poet, after the influence of a pure religion had developed the real nature of the female character, and determined the place which woman was to hold in the scale of nature; but the idea had been expressed in a still finer manner two thousand years before, by the sculptors of antiquity; and amidst all the degradation of ancient manners, the prophetic genius of Grecian taste contemplated that ideal perfection in the character of the sexes, which was destined to form the boundary of human progress in the remotest ages of human improvement.

The Apollo strikes a stranger with all its grandeur on the first aspect; subsequent examination can add nothing to the force of the impression which is then received. The Venus produces at first less effect, but gains upon the mind at every renewal, till it rivets the affections even more than the greatness of its unequalled rival.

The Dying Gladiator is perhaps, after the

two which have been mentioned, the finest statue which the Louvre contains. The moment chosen is finely adapted for the expression of ideal beauty, from a subject connected with painful ideas. It is not the moment of energy or struggling, when the frame is convulsed with the exertion it is making, or the countenance is deformed by the tumult of passion; it is the moment of expiring nature, when the figure is relaxed by the weakness of decay, and the mind is softened by the approach of death; when the ferocity of combat is forgotten in the extinction of the interest which it had excited, when every unsocial passion is stilled by the weakness of exhausted nature, and the mind, in the last moments of life, is fraught with finer feelings than had belonged to the character of previous existence. It is a moment similar to that in which Tasso has so beautifully described the change in Clorinda's mind, after she had been mortally wounded by the hand of Tancred, but in which he was enabled to give her the inspiration of a greater faith, and the charity of a more gentle religion:—

Amico h'ai vinto: io te perdon. Perdona
Tu ancora, al corpo no che nulla pava
All' alma sì: deh per lei prega; e dona
Battesmo a me, ch'ogni mia colpa lave;
In queste voci languide risuona
Un non so che di flebile e soave
Ch' al cor gli scende, ed ogni sdegno ammorza,
Egli occhi a lagrimar gl' invoglia e sforza.

The statues of antiquity were addressed to the multitude of the people; they were intended to awaken the devotion of all classes of citizens—to be felt and judged by all mankind. They are free, therefore, from all the peculiarities of national taste; they are purified from all the peculiarities of local circumstances; they have been rescued from that miserable degradation to which art is uniformly exposed, by taste being confined to a limited society. They have assumed, in consequence, that general character, which might suit the universal feelings of our nature, and that permanent expression which might speak to the heart of men through every succeeding age. The admiration, accordingly, for those works of art has been undiminished by the lapse of time; they excite the same feelings at the present time, as when they came fresh from the hand of the Grecian artist, and are regarded by all nations with the same veneration on the banks of the Seine, as when they sanctified the temples of Athens, or adorned the gardens of Rome.

Even the rudest nations seem to have felt the force of this impression. The Hungarians and the Cossacks, during the stay of the allied armies in Paris, ignorant of the name or the celebrity of those works of art, seemed yet to take a delight in the survey of the statues of antiquity, and in passing through the long line of marbled greatness which the Louvre presents, stopt involuntarily at the sight of the Venus, or clustered round the foot of the pedestal of the Apollo;—indicating thus, in the expression of unaffected feeling, the force of that genuine taste for the beauty of nature, which all the rudeness of savage manners, and all the ferocity of war had not been able to de-

stroy. The poor Russian soldier, whose knowledge of art was limited to the crucifix which he had borne in his bosom from his native land, still felt the power of ancient beauty, and in the spirit of the Athenians, who erected an altar to the Unknown God, did homage in silence to that unknown spirit which had touched a new chord in his untutored heart.

The character of art in every country appears to have been determined by the disposition of the people to whom it was addressed, and the object of its composition to have varied with the purpose it was called on to fulfil. The Grecian statues were designed to excite the devotion of a cultivated people; to embody their conceptions of divine perfection; to realize the expression of that character of mind which they imputed to the deities whose temples they were to adorn: it was grace, or strength, or majesty, or youthful power, which they were to represent by the figures of Venus, of Hercules, of Jupiter, or of Apollo. Their artists accordingly were led to aim at the expression of general character: to exclude passion, or emotion, or suffering, from their design, and represent their figures in that state of repose where the permanent expression of mind ought to be displayed. It is perhaps in this circumstance that is to be found the cause both of the peculiarity and the excellence of the Grecian statuary.

The Italian painters were early required to effect a different object. Their pictures were destined to represent the sufferings of nature; to display the persecution or death of our Saviour, the anguish of the Holy Family, the heroism of martyrs, the resignation of devotion. In the infancy of the arts, accordingly, they were led to study the expression of passion, of suffering, and emotion; to aim at rousing the pity, or exciting the sympathy of the spectators; and to endeavour to characterize their paintings by the representation of temporary passion, not the expression of permanent character. Those beautiful pictures in which a different object seems to have been followed—in which the expression is that of permanent emotion, not transient passion, while they captivate our admiration, seem to be exceptions from the general design, and to have been suggested by the peculiar nature of the subject represented, or a particular firmness of mind in the artist. In these causes we may perhaps discern the origin of the peculiar character of the Italian school.

In the French school, the character and manners of the people seem to have carried this peculiarity to a still greater length. Their character led them to seek in every thing for stage effect; to admire the most extravagant and violent representations, and to value the efforts of art, not in proportion to their imitation of the qualities of nature, but in proportion to their resemblance to those artificial qualities on which their admiration was founded. The vehemence of their manner, on the most ordinary occasions, rendered the most extravagant gestures requisite for the display of real passion; and their drama accordingly exhibits a mixture of dignity of sentiment, with violence of gesture, beyond mea-

sure surprising to a foreign spectator. The same disposition of the people has influenced the character of their historical painting; and it is to be remembered, that the French school of painting succeeded the establishment of the French drama. It is hence that they have generally selected the moment of theatrical effect—the moment of phrenzied passion, or unparalleled exertion, and that their composition is distinguished by so many striking contrasts, and so laboured a display of momentary effect.

The Flemish or Dutch school of painting was neither addressed to the devotional nor the theatrical feelings of mankind; it was neither intended to awaken the sympathy of religious pity, nor excite the admiration of artificial dispositions—it was addressed to wealthy men of vulgar capacities, capable of appreciating only the merit of minute detail, or the faithfulness of exact imitation. It is hence that their painting possesses excellencies and defects of so peculiar a description; that they have carried the minuteness of finishing to so unparalleled a degree of perfection; that the brilliancy of their lights has thrown a splendour over the vulgarity of their subjects, and that they are in general so utterly destitute of all the refinement and sentiment which sprang from the devotional feelings of the Italian people.

The subjects which the Dutch painters chose were subjects of low humour, calculated to amuse a rich and uncultivated people: the subjects of the French school were heroic adventure, suited to the theatrical taste of a more elevated society: the subjects of the Italian school were the incidents of sacred history, suited to the devotional feelings of a religious people. In all, the subjects to which painting was applied, and the character of the art itself, was determined by the peculiar circumstances or disposition of the people to whom it was addressed: so that, in these instances, there has really happened what Mr. Addison stated should ever be the case, that “the taste should not conform to the art, but the art to the taste.”

The object of statuary should ever be the same to which it was always confined by the ancients, viz. the representation of CHARACTER. The very materials on which the sculptor has to operate, render his art unfit for the expression either of emotion or passion; and the figure, when finished, can bear none of the marks by which they are to be distinguished. It is a figure of cold, and pale, and lifeless marble, without the varied colour which emotion produces, or the living eye which passion animates. The eye is the feature which is expressive of present emotion; it is it which varies with all the changes which the mind undergoes; it is it which marks the difference between joy and sorrow, between love and hatred, between pleasure and pain, between life and death. But the eye, with all the endless expressions which it bears, is lost to the sculptor; its gaze must ever be cold and lifeless to him; its fire is quenched in the stillness of the tomb. A statue, therefore, can never be expressive of living emotion; it can never express those transient feelings which mark the

play of the living mind. It is an abstraction of character which has no relation to present existence; a shadow in which all the permanent features of the mind are expressed, but none of the passions of the mind are shown: like the figures of snow, which the magic of Okba formed to charm the solitude of Leila's dwelling, it bears the character of the human form, but melts at the warmth of human feeling.

While such is the object to which statuary would appear to be destined, painting embraces a wider range, and is capable of more varied expression: it is expressive of the living form; it paints the eye and opens the view of the present mind; it imitates all the fleeting changes which constitute the signs of present emotion. It is not, therefore, an abstraction of character which the painter is to represent; not an ideal form, expressive only of the qualities of permanent character; but an actual being, alive to the impressions of present existence, and bound by the ties of present affection. It is in the delineation of these affections, therefore, that the power of the painter principally consists; in the representation, not of simple character, but of character influenced or subdued by emotion. It is the representation of the joy of youth, or the repose of age; of the sorrow of innocence, or the penitence of guilt; of the tenderness of parental affection, or the gratitude of filial love. In these, and a thousand other instances, the expression of the emotion constitutes the beauty of the picture; it is that which gives the tone to the character which it is to bear; it is that which strikes the chord which vibrates in every human heart. The object of the painter, therefore, is the expression of EMOTION, of that emotion which is blended with the character of the mind which feels, and gives to that character the interest which belongs to the events of present existence.

The object of the painter being the representation of emotion in all the varied situations which life produces, it follows, that every thing in his picture should be in unison with the predominant expression which he wishes it to bear; that the composition should be as simple as is consistent with the development of this expression; and the colouring, such as accords with the character by which this emotion is distinguished. It is here that the genius of the artist is principally to be displayed, in the selection of such figures as suit the general impression which the whole is to produce; and the choice of such a tone of colouring, as harmonizes with the feeling of mind which it is his object to produce. The distraction of varied colours—the confusion of different figures—the contrast of opposite expressions, completely destroy the effect of the composition; they fix the mind to the observation of what is particular in the separate parts, and prevent that uniform and general emotion which arises from the perception of one uniform expression in all the parts of which it is composed. It is in this very perception, however, that the source of the beauty is to be found; it is in the undefined feeling to which it gives rise, that the delight of the emotion of taste consists. Like the harmony of sounds in musical composi-

tion, it produces an effect, of which we are unable to give any account; but which we feel to be instantly destroyed by the jarring sound of a different note, or the discordant effect of a foreign expression. It is in the neglect of this great principle that the defect of many of the first pictures of modern times is to be found—in the confused multitude of unnecessary figures—in the contradictory expression of separate parts—in the distracting brilliancy of gorgeous colours: in the laboured display, in short, of the power of the artist, and the utter dereliction of the object of the art. The great secret, on the other hand, of the beauty of the most exquisite specimens of modern art, lies in the *simplicity* of expression which they bear, in their production of one uniform emotion, from all the parts of one harmonious composition. For the production of this unity of emotion the surest means will be found to consist in the selection of *as few figures* as is consistent with the development of the characteristic expression of the composition; and it is, perhaps, to this circumstance, that we are to impute the unequalled charm which belongs to the pictures of single figures, or small groups, in which a single expression is alone attempted.

Both painting and sculpture are wholly unfit for the representation of **PASSION, AS EXPRESSED BY MOTION**; and that to attempt to delineate it, necessarily injures the effect of the composition. Neither, it is clear, can express actual motion: they should not attempt, therefore, to represent those passions of the mind which motion alone is adequate to express. The attempt to delineate violent passion, accordingly, uniformly produces a painful or a ridiculous effect: it does not even convey any conception of the passion itself, because its character is not known by the expression of any single moment, but by the rapid changes which result from the perturbed state into which the mind is thrown. It is hence that passion seems so ridiculous when seen at a distance, or without the cause of its existence being known: and it is hence, that if a human figure were petrified in any of the stages of passion it would have so painful or insane an appearance. As painting, therefore, cannot exhibit the rapid changes in which the real expression of passion consists, it should not attempt its delineation at all. Its real object is, the expression of *emotion*, of that more settled state of the human mind when the changes of passion are gone—when

the countenance is moulded into the **expression** of permanent feeling, and the existence of this feeling is marked by the permanent expression which the features have assumed.

The greatest artists of ancient and modern times, accordingly, have selected, even in the representation of violent exertion, that moment of temporary repose, when a permanent expression is given to the figure. Even the *Laocöon* is not in a state of actual exertion: it is represented in that moment when the last effort has been made; when straining against an invincible power has given to the figure the aspect at last of momentary repose; and when despair has placed its settled mark on the expression of the countenance. The fighting Gladiator is not in a state of present activity, but in that moment when he is preparing his mind for the future and final contest, and when, in this deep concentration of his powers, the pause which the genius of the artist has given, expresses more distinctly to the eye of the spectator the determined character of the combatant, than all that the struggle or agony of the combat itself could afterwards display.

The Grecian statues in the Louvre may be considered as the most perfect works of human genius, and every one must feel those higher conceptions of human form, and of human nature, which the taste of ancient statuary had formed. It is not in the moment of action that it has represented man, but in the moment after action, when the tumult of passion has ceased, and all that is great or dignified in moral nature remains. It is not *Hercules* in the moment of earthly combat, when every muscle was swollen with the strength he was exerting; but *Hercules*, in the moment of transformation into a nobler being, when the exertion of mortality has passed, and his powers seem to repose in the tranquillity of heaven; not *Apollo*, when straining his youthful strength in drawing the bow; but *Apollo*, when the weapon was discharged, watching, with unexulting eye, its resistless course, and serene in the enjoyment of immortal power. And inspired by these mighty examples, it is not *St. Michael* when struggling with the demon, and marring the beauty of angelic form by the violence of earthly passion, that *Raphael* represents; but *St. Michael*, in the moment of unruffled triumph, restraining the might of almighty power, and radiant with the beams of eternal mercy.

TYROL.*

It is a common observation, that the character of a people is in a great measure influenced by their local situation, and the nature of the scenery in which they are placed; and it is impossible to visit the *Tyrol* without being convinced of the truth of the remark. The entrance of the mountain region is marked by as great a diversity in the aspect and manners of the population, as in the external objects with which they are surrounded; nor is the transition, from the level plain of Lombardy to the rugged precipices of the Alps, greater than from the squalid crouching appearance of the Italian peasant to the martial air of the free-born mountaineer.

This transition is so remarkable, that it attracts the attention of the most superficial observer. In travelling over the states of the north of Italy, he meets everywhere with the symptoms of poverty, meanness, and abject depression. The beautiful slopes which descend from the Alps, clothed with all that is beautiful and luxuriant in nature, are inhabited for the most part by an indigent and squalid population, among whom you seek in vain for any share of that bounty with which Providence has blessed their country. The rich plains of Lombardy are cultivated by a peasantry whose condition is hardly superior to that of the Irish cottager; and while the effeminate proprietors of the soil waste their days in inglorious indolence at Milan and Verona, their unfortunate tenantry are exposed to the merciless rapacity of bailiffs and stewards, intent only upon augmenting the fortunes of their absent superiors. In towns, the symptoms of general distress are, if possible, still more apparent. While the opera and the Corso are crowded with splendid equipages, the lower classes of the people are involved in hopeless indigence:—The churches and public streets are crowded with beggars, whose wretched appearance marks but too truly the reality of the distress of which they complain—while their abject and crouching manner indicates the entire political degradation to which they have so long been subjected. At Venice, in particular, the total stagnation of employment, and the misery of the people, strikes a stranger the more forcibly from the contrast which they afford to the unrivalled splendour of her edifices, and the glorious recollections with which her history is filled. As he admires the gorgeous magnificence of the piazza St. Marco, or winds through the noble palaces that still rise with undecaying beauty from the waters of the Adriatic, he no longer wonders at the astonishment with which the stern crusaders of the north gazed at her marble piles, and feels the rapture of the Roman emperor, when he approached, “where Venice sat in state throned on her hundred isles;” but in the mean and

pusillanimous race by which they are now inhabited, he looks in vain for the descendants of those great men who leapt from their gallees on the towers of Constantinople, and stood forth as the bulwark of Christendom against the Ottoman power; and still less, when he surveys the miserable population with which he is surrounded, can he go back in imagination to those days of liberty and valour, when

“Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.”

From such scenes of national distress, and from the melancholy spectacle of despotic power ruling in the abode of ancient freedom, it is with delight that the traveller enters the fastnesses of the Alps, where liberty has imprinted itself in indelible characters on the character and manners of the people. In every part of the Tyrol the bold and martial air of the peasantry, their athletic form and fearless eye, bespeak the freedom and independence which they have enjoyed. In most instances the people go armed; and during the summer and autumn they wear a musket hung over their shoulders, or some other offensive weapon. Universally they possess offensive weapons and are trained early to the use of them, both by the expeditions in search of game, of which they are passionately fond—and by the annual duty of serving in the trained bands, to which every man capable of bearing arms is, without exception, subjected. It was in consequence of this circumstance, in a great measure, that they were able to make so vigorous a resistance, with so little preparation, to the French invasion; and it is to the same cause that is chiefly to be ascribed that intrepid and martial air by which they are distinguished from almost every other peasantry in Europe.

Their dress is singularly calculated to add to this impression. That of the men consists, for the most part, of a broad-brimmed hat, ornamented by a feather; a jacket tight to the shape, with a broad girdle, richly ornamented, fastened in front by a large buckle of costly workmanship; black leather breeches and gaiters, supported over the shoulders by two broad bands, generally of scarlet or blue, which are joined in front by a cross belt of the same colour. They frequently wear pistols in their girdle, and have either a rifle or cloak slung over their shoulders. The colours of the dresses vary in the different parts of the country, as they do in the cantons of Switzerland; but they are always of brilliant colours, and ornamented, particularly round the breast, with a degree of richness which appears extraordinary in the labouring classes of the community. Their girdles and clasps, with the other more costly parts of their clothing, are handed down from generation to generation, and worn on Sundays and festi-

* Blackwood's Magazine, Sept. 1819. Written from notes made during a tour in Tyrol in the preceding year.

vals, with scrupulous care, by the great-grandsons of those by whom they were originally purchased.

The dress of the women is grotesque and singular in the extreme. Generally speaking, the waists are worn long, and the petticoats exceedingly short; and the colours of their clothes are as bright and various as those of the men. To persons habituated however to the easy and flowing attire of our own countrywomen, the form and style of this dress appears particularly unbecoming; nor can we altogether divest ourselves of those ideas of ridicule which we are accustomed to attach to such antiquated forms, both on the stage and in the pictures of the last generation. Among the peasant girls, you often meet with much beauty; but, for the most part, the women of the Tyrol are not nearly so striking as the men; an observation which seems applicable to most mountainous countries, and to none more than to the West Highlands of Scotland.

It is of more importance to observe that the Tyrolese peasantry are everywhere courteous and pleasing in their demeanor, both towards strangers and their own countrymen. In this respect, their manners have sometimes been misrepresented. If a traveller addresses them in a style of insolence or reproach, which is too often used towards the lower orders in France or Italy, he will in all probability meet with a repulse, and if the insult is carried further, he may, perhaps, have cause permanently to repent the indiscretion of his language. For the Tyrolese are a free people; and though subject to a despotic government, their own state preserves its liberty as entire as if it acknowledged no superior to its own authority. The peasantry too are of a keen and enthusiastic temper; grateful to the last degree for kindness or condescension, but feelingly alive on the other hand to any thing like contempt or derision in the manner of their superiors. Dwelling too in a country where all are equal, and where few noble families or great proprietors are to be found, they are little accustomed to brook insults of any kind, or to submit to language from strangers which they would not tolerate from their own countrymen. A similar temper of mind may be observed among the Scotch Highlanders; it has been noticed in the mountains of Nepaul and Cabul, and has long characterized the Arabian tribes; and indeed it belongs generally to all classes of the people in those situations where the debasing effects of the progress of wealth, and the division of labour have not been felt, and where, from whatever causes, the individuals in the lower ranks of life are called into active and strenuous exertion, and compelled to act for themselves in the conduct of life.

If a stranger, however, behaves towards the Tyrolese peasantry with the ordinary courtesy with which an Englishman is accustomed to address the people of his own country, there is no part of the world in which he will meet with a more cordial reception, or where he will find a more affectionate or grateful return for the smallest acts of kindness. Among these untutored people, the gratitude for any good deed on the part of their superiors, is not, as in

more civilized states, the result of any habitual awe for their rank, or of any selfish consideration of the advantage to be derived from cultivating their good will. It is the spontaneous effusion of benevolent feeling, of feeling springing from the uncorrupted dictates of their hearts, and enhanced by the feudal attachment with which they naturally are inclined to regard those in a higher rank than themselves. Though the Tyrolese are entirely free, and though the emperor possesses but a nominal sovereignty over them, yet the warm feelings of feudal fidelity have nowhere maintained their place so inviolate as among their mountaineers; and this feeling of feudal respect and affection is extended by them to the higher classes, whenever they behave towards them with any thing like kindness or gentleness of manners. It has arisen from the peculiar situation of their country, in which there are few of the higher orders, where the peasantry possess almost the entire land of which it consists, and where, at the same time, the bonds of feudal attachment have been preserved with scrupulous care, for political reasons, by their indulgent government, that the peasantry have united the independence and pride of republican states with the devoted and romantic fidelity to their sovereign, which characterizes the inhabitants of monarchical realms. Like the peasants of Switzerland, they regard themselves as composing the state, and would disdain to crouch before any other power. Like the Highlanders of Scotland, they are actuated by the warmest and most enthusiastic loyalty towards their sovereign, and like them they have not scrupled on many occasions to expose their lives and fortunes in a doubtful and often hopeless struggle in his cause. From these causes has arisen, that singular mixture of loyalty and independence, of stubbornness and courtesy, of republican pride and chivalrous fidelity, by which their character is distinguished from that of every other people in Europe.

Honesty may be regarded as a leading feature in the character of the Tyrolese, as indeed it is of all the German people. In no situation and under no circumstances is a stranger in danger of being deceived by them. They will, in many instances, sacrifice their own interests rather than betray what they consider so sacred a duty as that of preserving inviolate their faith with foreigners. In this respect their conduct affords a very striking contrast to the conduct of the French and Italians, whose rapacity and meanness have long been observed and commented on by every traveller. Yet, amidst all our indignation at that character, it may well be doubted, whether it does not arise naturally and inevitably from the system of government to which they have had the misfortune to be subjected. Honesty is a virtue practised and esteemed among men who have a character to support, and who feel their own importance in the scale of society. Generally it will be found to prevail in proportion to the weight which is attached to individual character; that is, to the freedom which the people enjoy. Cheating, on the other hand, is the usual and obvious resource of slaves, of men

who have never been taught to respect themselves, and whose personal qualities are entirely overlooked by the higher orders of the state. If England and Switzerland and the Tyrol had been subjected by any train of unfortunate events to the same despotism which has degraded the character of the lower orders in France and Italy, they would probably have had as little reason as their more servile neighbours to have prided themselves on the honesty and integrity of their national character.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the character of the Tyrolese, is their uniform **PIETY**, a feeling which is nowhere so universally diffused as among their sequestered valleys. The most cursory view of the country is sufficient to demonstrate the strong hold which religion has taken of the minds of the peasantry. Chapels are built almost at every half mile on the principal roads, in which the passenger may perform his devotions, or which may awaken the thoughtless mind to a recollection of its religious duties. The rude efforts of art have there been exerted to portray the leading events in our Saviour's life; and innumerable figures, carved in wood, attest, in every part of the country, both the barbarous taste of the people, and the fervour of their religious impressions. Even in the higher parts of the mountains, where hardly any vestiges of human cultivation are to be found, in the depth of untrodden forests, or on the summit of seemingly inaccessible cliffs, the symbols of devotion are to be found, and the cross rises everywhere amidst the wilderness, as if to mark the triumph of Christianity over the greatest obstacles of nature. Nor is it only in solitudes or deserts that the vestiges of their devotion are to be found. In the valleys and in the cities it still preserves its ancient sway over the people. On the exterior of most houses the legend of some favourite saint, or the sufferings of some popular martyr, are to be found; and the poor inhabitant thinks himself secure from the greater evils of life under the guardianship of their heavenly aid. In every valley numerous spires are to be seen rising amidst the beauty of the surrounding scene, and reminding the traveller of the piety of its simple inhabitants. On Sunday the *whole* people flock to church in their neatest and gayest attire; and so great is the number who thus frequent these places of worship, that it is not infrequent to see the peasants kneeling on the turf in the churchyard where mass is performed, from being unable to find a place within its walls. Regularly in the evening prayers are read in every family; and the traveller who passes through the villages at the hour of twilight, often sees through their latticed windows the young and the old kneeling together round their humble fire, or is warned of his approach to human habitation, by hearing their evening hymns stealing through the silence and solitude of the forest.

Nor is their devotion confined to acts of external homage, or the observance of an unmeaning ceremony. Debased as their religion is by the absurdities and errors of the Catholic form of worship, and mixed up as it is with innumerable legends and visionary tales, it yet

preserves enough of the pure spirit of its divine origin to influence, in a great degree, the conduct of their private lives. The Tyrolese have not yet learned that immorality in private life may be pardoned by the observance of certain ceremonies, or that the profession of faith purchases a dispensation from the rules of obedience. These, the natural and the usual attendants of the Catholic faith in richer states, have not reached their poor and sequestered valleys. The purchase of absolution by money is there almost unknown. In no part of the world are the domestic or conjugal duties more strictly or faithfully observed: and in none do the parish priests exercise a stricter or more conscientious control over the conduct of their flock. Their influence is not weakened, as in a more advanced state of society, by a discordance of religious tenets; nor is the consideration due to this sacred function, lost in the homage paid to rank, or opulence, or power. Placed in the midst of a people who acknowledge no superiors, and who live almost universally from the produce of their little domains, and strangers alike to the arts of luxury, and the seductions of fashion, the parish-priest is equally removed from temptation himself, and relieved from guarding against the great sources of wickedness in others. He is at once the priest, and the judge of his parish; the infallible criterion in matters of faith, and the umpire, in the occasional disputes which happen among them. Hence has arisen that remarkable veneration for their spiritual guides, by which the peasantry are distinguished; and it is to this cause that we are to ascribe the singular fact that their priests were their principal leaders in the war with France, and that while their nobles almost universally kept back, the people followed with alacrity the call of their pastors, to take up arms in support of the Austrian cause.

In one great virtue, the peasants in this country (in common it must be owned with most Catholic states) are particularly worthy of imitation. The virtue of *charity*, which is too much overlooked in many Protestant kingdoms, but which the Catholic religion so uniformly and sedulously enjoins, is there practised, to the greatest degree, and by all classes of the people. Perhaps there are few countries in which, owing to the absence of manufactures and great towns, poverty appears so rarely, or in which the great body of the people live so universally in a state of comfort. Yet, whenever wretchedness does appear, it meets with immediate and effectual relief. Nor is their charity confined to actual mendicants, but extends to all whom accident or misfortune has involved in casual distress. Each valley supports its own poor; and the little store of every cottage, like the meal of the Irish cottager, is always open to any one who really requires its assistance. This benevolent disposition springs, no doubt, in a great measure from the simple state in which society exists among these remote districts: but it is to be ascribed not less to the efforts of the clergy, who incessantly enjoin this great Christian duty, and point it out as the chief means of atoning for past transgressions.

Much as we may lament the errors of the Catholic, and clearly as we may see its tendency (at least in its more corrupt forms) to nourish private immorality, and extinguish civil liberty, it is yet impossible to deny, that, in the great duty of Christian charity, which it invariably enjoins, it has atoned for a multitude of sins; and to suspect that amidst the austerity and severity of the presbyterian discipline, we have too much lost sight of the charity of the gospel; and that with us a pretended indignation for the vices which involve so many of the poor in distress, too often serves as a pretext for refusing to minister that relief to which, from whatever cause it has arisen, our Saviour tells us that it is entitled.

There is something singularly delightful in the sway which religion thus maintains in these savage and sequestered regions. In ancient times, we are informed these mountains were inhabited by the Rhetians, the fiercest and most barbarous of the tribes, who dwelt in the fastnesses of the mountains, and of whose savage manners Livy has given so striking an account in his description of Hannibal's passage of the Alps. Many Roman legions were impeded in their progress, or thinned of their numbers, by these cruel barbarians; and even after they were reduced to subjection, by the expedition of Drusus, it was still esteemed a service of the utmost danger to leave the high road, or explore the remote recesses of the country. Hence the singular fact, almost incredible in modern times, that even in the days of Pliny, several hundred years after the first passage of these mountains by the Roman troops, the source of both the Rhine and the Iser were unknown; and that the naturalist of Rome was content to state, a century after the establishment of a Roman station at Sion, that the Rhone took its rise "in the most hidden parts of the earth, in the region of perpetual night, amidst forests for ever inaccessible to human approach." Hence it is too, that almost all the inscriptions on the votive offerings which have been discovered in the ruins of the temple of *Jupiter Penninus*, at the summit of the great St. Bernard, and many of which come down to a late period in the history of the empire, speak of the gratitude of the passengers for having escaped the extraordinary perils of the journey. The Roman authors always speak of the Alps with expressions of dismay and horror, as the scenes of only winter and desolation, and as the abodes of barbarous tribes. "*Nives cælo prope immixtæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus pecora jumenta que torrida frigore homines intonsi et inculi, animalia inanimæ omnia rigentia gelu cetera visu quam dictu fœdiora terrorem renovarunt.*"* No attempt accordingly appears to have been made by any of the Romans in later times to explore the remoter recesses of the mountains now so familiar to every traveller; but while the emperors constructed magnificent highways across their summits to connect Italy with the northern provinces of the empire, they suffered the valleys on either side to remain in their pristine state of barbarism, and hastened into remoter

districts to spread the cultivation of which the Alps, with their savage inhabitants, seemed to them incapable.

What is it then which has wrought so wonderful a change in the manners, the habits, and the condition of the inhabitants of those desolate regions? What is it which has spread cultivation through wastes, deemed in ancient times inaccessible to human improvement, and humanized the manners of a people remarkable only, under the Roman sway, for the ferocity and barbarism of their institutions? From what cause has it happened that those savage mountaineers, who resisted all the acts of civilization by which the Romans established their sway over mankind, and continued, even to the overthrow of the empire, impervious to all the efforts of ancient improvement, should, in later times, have so entirely changed their character, and have appeared, even from the first dawn of modern civilization, mild and humane in their character and manners? From what but from the influence of *RELIGION*—of that religion which calmed the savage feelings of the human mind, and spread its beneficial influence among the remotest habitations of men; and which prompted its disciples to leave the luxuries and comforts of southern climates, to diffuse knowledge and humanity through inhospitable realms, and spread, even amidst the regions of winter and desolation, the light and the blessings of a spiritual faith.

Universally it has been observed throughout the whole extent of the Alps, that the earliest vestiges of civilization, and the first traces of order and industry which appeared after the overthrow of the Roman empire, were to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of the religious establishments; and it is to the unceasing efforts of the clergy during the centuries of barbarism which followed that event, that the judicious historian of Switzerland ascribes the early civilization and humane disposition of the Helvetic tribes.* Placed as we are at a distance from the time when this great change was effected, and accustomed to manners in which its influence has long ago been established, we can hardly conceive the difficulties with which the earlier professors of our faith had to struggle in subduing the cruel propensities, and calming the revengeful passions, that subsisted among the barbarous tribes who had conquered Europe; nor would we, perhaps, be inclined to credit the accounts of the heroic sacrifices which were then made by numbers of great and good men who devoted themselves to the conversion of the Alpine tribes, did not their institutions remain to this day as a monument of their virtue; and did we not still see a number of benevolent men who seclude themselves from the world, and dwell in the regions of perpetual snow, in the hope of rescuing a few individuals from a miserable death. When the traveller on the summit of the St. Bernard reads the warm and touching expressions of gratitude with which the Roman travellers recorded in the temple of Jupiter their gratitude for having escaped the dangers of the pass,

* Liv. lib. 21.

* Planta, vol. i. p. 17, &c.

even in the days of Adrian and the Antonines, and reflects on the perfect safety with which he can now traverse the remotest recesses of the Alps, he will think with thankfulness of the religion by which this wonderful change has been effected, and with veneration of the saint whose name has for a thousand years been affixed to the pass where his influence first reclaimed the people from their barbarous life; and in crossing the defile of Mount Brenner, where the abbey of Wilten first offered an asylum to the pilgrim, he will feel, with a late eloquent and amiable writer, how fortunate it is "that religion has penetrated these fastnesses, impervious to human power, and spread her influence over solitudes where human laws are of no avail; that where precaution is impossible and resistance useless, she spreads her invisible ægis over the traveller, and conducts him secure under her protection through all the dangers of his way. When, in such situations, he reflects upon his security, and recollects that these mountains, so savage and so well adapted to the purposes of murderers and banditti, have not, in the memory of man, been stained with human blood, he ought to do justice to the cause, and gratefully acknowledge the beneficial influence of religion. Impressed with these reflections, he will behold, with indulgence, perhaps even with interest, the crosses which frequently mark the brow of a precipice, and the little chapels hollowed out of the rock where the road is narrowed; he will consider them as so many pledges of security; and rest assured, that, as long as the pious mountaineer continues to adore the 'Good Shepherd,' and to beg the prayer of the 'afflicted mother,' he will never cease to befriend the traveller, nor to discharge the duties of hospitality."*

It must be admitted, at the same time, that the Tyrolese are in the greatest degree superstitious, and that their devotion, warm and enthusiastic as it is, is frequently misplaced in the object of its worship. There is probably no country in which the belief in supernatural powers, in the gift of prophecy to particular individuals, and the agency of spiritual beings in human affairs, is more universally established. It forms, indeed, part of their religious creed, and blends in the most singular manner with the legendary tales and romantic adventures which they have attached to the history of their saints. But we would err most egregiously, if we imagined that this superstition with which the whole people are tinged, savours at all of a weak or timid disposition, or that it is any indication of a degraded national character. It partakes of the savage character of the scenery in which they dwell, and is ennobled by the generous sentiments which prevail among the lowest classes of the people. The same men who imagine that they see the crucifix bend its head in the dusk of the evening, and who hear the rattle of arms amid the solitude of the mountains, are fearless of death when it approaches them through the agency of human power. It is a strong feeling of religion, and a disposition to

see, in all the events by which they are surrounded, the marks of divine protection, which is the foundation of *their* superstition; and the more strongly that they feel reliance on spiritual interposition, the less inclined are they to sink under the reverses of a temporary life.

There is a wide distinction between *superstition* and the belief in sorcery or witchcraft. The latter is the growth of weakness and credulity, and prevails most among men of a timid disposition, or among ignorant and barbarous nations. The former, though it is founded on ignorance, and yields to the experience and knowledge of mankind, yet springs from the noblest principles of our nature, and is allied to every thing by which the history of our species has been dignified in former times. It will not be pretended, that the Grecian states were deficient either in splendour of talents or heroism of conduct, yet superstition, in its grossest form, attached itself to all their thoughts, and influenced alike the measures of their statesmen and the dreams of their philosophers. The Roman writers placed in that very feeling which we would call superstition, the most honourable characteristic of their people, and ascribed to it the memorable series of triumphs by which the history of the republic was distinguished. "Nulla inquam republiâ aut major aut sanctorum fuit," says Livy; and it is to their deep sense of religion that Cicero imputes the unparalleled success with which the arms of the republic were attended.* Yet the religious feeling which was so intimately blended with the Roman character, and which guided the actions and formed the minds of the great men who adorned her history, was for the most part little else than that firm reliance on the *special* interposition of Providence, which is the origin of superstition. The Saracens, during the wars which followed the introduction of the Mohammedan faith, were superstitious to the highest degree, yet with how many brilliant and glorious qualities was their character distinguished, when they triumphantly carried the Crescent of Mohammed from the snows of the Himmaleh to the shores of the Atlantic. The crusaders even of the highest rank, believed firmly in the miracles and prophecies which were said to have accompanied the march of the Christian army; nor is it perhaps possible to find in history an example of such extraordinary consequences as followed the supposed discovery of the Holy Lance in the siege of Antioch; yet who will deny to these great men the praise of heroic enterprise and noble manners? Human nature has nowhere appeared in such glorious colours as in the Jerusalem Delivered of Tasso, where the firmness and constancy of the Roman patriot is blended with the courtesy of chivalrous manners, and the exalted piety of Christian faith; yet superstition formed a part of the character of all his heroes; the courage of Tancred failed when he heard the voice of Clorinda in the charmed tree; and the bravest of his comrades trembled when they entered the enchanted forest, where

* Eustace, i. 98.

* Liv. lib. i.; Cic. de Off. lib. i. c. 11

"Esce all hor de la selva un suon repente,
Che par rimbombo di terren che treme,
E'l mormorar degli Austri in lui si sente,
E'l pianto d'onda, che fra scogli geme."

Examples of this kind may teach us, that although superstition in the age and among the society in which we live is the mark of a feeble mind, yet that in less enlightened ages or parts of the world, it is the mark only of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, such as is the foundation of every thing that is great or generous in character, or elevated and spiritual in feeling. A people, in fact, strongly impressed with religious feeling, and to whom experience has not taught the means by which Providence acts in human affairs, *must be superstitious*; for it is the universal propensity of un-instructed man, to imagine that a special interposition of the Deity is necessary to accomplish the manifestation of his will, or the accomplishment of his purposes in human affairs. Nor is there any thing impossible or absurd in such a supposition. It *might* have been, that future events were to be revealed on particular occasions to mankind, as they were during the days of ancient prophecy, and that the course of human events was to be maintained by special interpositions of divine power. Experience alone teaches us, that this is *not* the case; it alone shows, that the intentions of Providence are carried into effect through the intervention of human agents, and that the laws of the moral world work out their own accomplishment by the voluntary acts of free agents. When we see how difficult it is to make persons even of cultivated understanding comprehend this subject even in the present age, and with all the experience which former times have furnished, we may cease to wonder at the superstition which prevails among the peasants of the Tyrol; we may believe, that situated as they are, it is the natural effusion of a pious spirit untaught by the experience of other ages; and we may discern, in the extravagancies of their legendary creed, not less than in the sublime piety of Newton, the operation of those common laws by which man is bound to his Creator.

The scenery of Tyrol, and of the adjacent provinces of Styria and Carinthia, is singularly adapted to nourish romantic and superstitious ideas among the peasantry. In every part of the world the grandeur of mountain scenery has been found to be the prolific parent of superstition. It was the mists, and the blue lakes, and the sounding cataracts of Caledonia, which gave birth to the sublime but gloomy dreams of Ossian. The same cause has operated to a still greater degree among the Alps of Tyrol. The sublimity of the objects with which man is there surrounded—the resistless power of the elements which he finds continually in action—the utter insignificance of his own species, when compared with the gigantic objects in which he is placed, conspire to produce that distrust of himself, and that disposition to cling to higher powers, which is the foundation of superstitious feeling. In cities and in plains, the labour of man effaces in a certain degree these impressions: the works which he has there accumu-

lated, come to withdraw the attention from the distant magnificence of nature; while the weakness of the individual is forgotten in the aggregate force of numbers, or in the distractions of civilized life. But amidst the solitude of the Alps no such change can take place. The greatest works of man appear there as nothing amidst the stupendous objects of nature; the distractions of artificial society are unknown amongst its simple inhabitants; and the individual is left in solitude to receive the impressions which the sublime scenery in which he is placed is fitted to produce. Upon minds so circumstanced the changes of external nature come to be considered as the immediate work of some invisible power; the shadows that fall in the lakes at sunrise, are interpreted as the indication of the approach of hostile bands—the howl of the winds through the forests is thought to be the lamentations of the dead, who are expiating their sins—and the mists that flit over the summits of the mountains, seem to be the distant skirts of vast armies borne in the whirlwind, and treading in the storm.

The Gothic ruins with which the Tyrol is filled, contribute in a remarkable manner to keep alive these superstitious feelings. In many of the valleys old castles of vast dimensions are perched on the summit of lofty crags or raise their mouldering towers high on the mountains above the aged forests with which they are surrounded. These castles, once the abode of feudal power, have long since been abandoned, or have gradually gone to decay, without being actually dismantled by the proprietors. With all of them the people connect some romantic or terrible exploit; and the bloody deeds of feudal anarchy are remembered with terror by the peasants who dwell in the villages at their feet. Lights are often observed at night in towers which have been uninhabited for centuries; and bloody figures have been distinctly seen to flit through their deserted halls. The armour which still hangs on the walls in many of the greater castles, has been observed to move, and the plumes to wave, when the Tyrolese army were victorious in war. Groans are still heard in the neighbourhood of the dungeons where the victims of feudal tyranny were formerly slain; and the cruel baron, who persecuted his people in his savage passion for the chase, is often heard to shriek in the forests of the Unterberg, and to howl as he flies from the dogs, whom he had trained to the scent of human blood.

Superstitions, too, of a gentler and more holy kind, have arisen from the devout feelings of the people, and the associations connected with particular spots where persons of extraordinary sanctity have dwelt. In many of the farthest recesses of the mountains, on the verge of perpetual desolation, hermits in former times fixed their abode; and the imagination of the peasants still fancies that their spirits hover around the spot where their earthly trials were endured. Shepherds who have passed in the gloom of the evening by the cell where the bones of a saint are laid, relate that they distinctly heard his voice as he repeated his

evening prayers, and saw his form as he knelt before the crucifix which the piety of succeeding ages had erected in his hermitage. The image of many a patron saint has been seen to shed tears, when a reverse has happened to the Tyrolese arms; and the garlands which are hung round the crosses of the Virgin wither when the hand which raised them has fallen in battle. Peasants who have been driven by a storm to take shelter in the little chapels which are scattered over the country, have seen the crucifix bow its head; and solemn music is heard at the hour of vespers, in the higher chapels of the mountains. The distant pealing of the organ, and the chant of innumerable voices is there distinctly perceptible; and the peasant, when returning at night from the chase, often trembles when he beholds funereal processions, clothed in white, marching in silence through the gloom of the forests, or slowly moving on the clouds that float over the summit of the mountains.

A country so circumstanced, abounding with every thing that is grand and beautiful in natural scenery, filled with Gothic castles, over which ruin has long ago thrown her softening hand, peopled by the phantoms of an extravagant yet sublime superstition, and still inhabited by a valiant and enthusiastic people, seems of all others to be the fit theatre of *poetical* fancy. It is truly extraordinary therefore, that no poet has appeared to glean the legends and ballads that are scattered through this interesting country, to perpetuate the aerial beings with which superstition has filled its wilds, and to dignify its mouldering castles with the recital of the many heroic and romantic adventures which have occurred within their walls. When we recollect the unparalleled interest which the genius of the present day has given to the traditions and the character of the Scottish people, it is impossible not to regret, that no kindred mind has immortalized the still more wild and touching incidents that have occurred amidst the heroic inhabitants and sublime scenery of the Tyrol Alps. Let us hope, that the military despotism of Austria will not long continue to smother the genius, by restraining the freedom of those higher classes of her people where poetical talents are to be found; and that, before the present traditions are forgotten, or the enthusiasm which the war has excited is subsided, there may yet arise the Scorr of the south of Europe.

The great circumstance which distinguishes the Tyrolese from their neighbours, the Swiss, to whom in many respects they bear a close resemblance, is in the animation and *cheerfulness* of their character. The Swiss are by nature a grave and heavy people; nor is this peculiar character the result of their republican institutions, for we are told by Planta, that their stupidity had become proverbial in France before the time of their republic. The Tyrolese, on the other hand, are a cheerful and lively people, full of fire and animation, enthusiastically devoted to their favourite pursuits, and extremely warm in their resentments. Public games are frequent in every valley; and the keen penetrating look of the peasants shows with what alacrity they enter into any subject

in which they are interested. This striking difference in the national character of the two people appears in their different modes of conducting war. Firm in the maintenance of their purpose, and undaunted in the discharge of military duty, the Swiss are valuable chiefly for their *stubborn* qualities—for that obstinate courage on which a commander can rely with perfect certainty for the maintenance of any position which may be assigned for their defence. It was their stubborn resistance, accordingly, which first laid the foundation of the independence of their republic, and which taught the Imperialists and the Burgundians at Laupen and Morat, that the pride of feudal power, and the ardour of chivalrous enterprise, may seek in vain to crush "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." In later times the same disposition has been evinced in the conduct of the Swiss Guards, in the Place Caroussel, all of whom were massacred at their post, without the thought of capitulation or retreat being once stirred amongst them. The Tyrolese, on the other hand, are more distinguished by their fiery and impetuous mode of fighting. In place of waiting, like the Swiss infantry, the charges of their enemies, they rush on unbidden to the attack, and often accomplish, by the hardihood of the enterprise, what more cautious troops could never succeed in effecting. In this respect they resemble more nearly the Highland clans, who, in the rebellion in 1745, dashed with the broadsword on the English regiments; or the peasants of La Vendee, who, without cannon or ammunition, assaulted the veteran bands of the republic, and by the fury of their onset, frequently destroyed armies with whom they would have been utterly unable to cope in a more regular system of warfare.

One reflection there is, which may be drawn from the determined valour of the Tyrolese, and their success against the disciplined armies of France, which it is of the utmost importance to impress steadily on our minds. It is this; that the changes in the art of war in modern times has produced *no alteration* on the ability of freedom to resist the aggressions of despotic powers; but that still, as in ancient times, the discipline and the numbers of arbitrary governments are alike unavailing against the stubborn valour of a free people. In every age, and in every part of the world, examples are to be found of the defeat of great and powerful armies by the cool and steady resistance which characterizes the inhabitants of free states. This is matter of proverbial remark; but it is of the more importance to observe, that this general steadiness and valour, which seek for no support but in the courage of the individual, can be attained only by the diffusion of *civil liberty*, and that the value of such qualities is as strongly felt in modern wars as it was in any former period of the world. It is related by Homer, that at the siege of Troy, the Trojan troops, in whom the vicinity of Asia had introduced the customs of oriental warfare, and the feelings of oriental despotism, supported each other's courage by shouts and cries during the heat of the battles; while the Grecians, in whom, as Mitford has observed

the monarchical form of government was even then tempered by a strong mixture of republican freedom,* stood firm, in perfect silence, waiting the command of their chiefs. The passage is remarkable, as it shows how early, in the history of mankind, the great lines of distinction between the courage of freemen and slaves was drawn; nor can we perhaps anywhere find, in the subsequent annals of the world, a closer resemblance to what occurred in the struggle between English freedom and French despotism on the field of Waterloo. "The Grecian phalanx," says the poet, "marched in close order, the leaders directing each his own band. The rest were mute; in so much, that you would say, in so great a multitude there was no voice. Such was the silence with which they respectfully watched for the word of command from their officers. But the cries of the Trojan army resembled the bleating of sheep, when they are driven into the fold, and hear the cries of their lambs. Nor did the voice of one people rise from their lines, but a confused mixture of many tongues."† The same distinction has been observed in all periods of the world, between the native unbending courage of freemen, and the artificial or transitory ardour of the troops of despotic states. It was thus that the three hundred Spartans stood the shock of a mighty army in the defile of Thermopylæ; and it was from the influence of the same feeling, that, with not less devoted valour, the fifteen hundred Swiss died in the cemetery of St. James, in the battle of Basle. The same individual determination which enabled the citizens of Milan to overthrow the whole feudal power of Frederic Barbarossa on the plain of Legnano, animated the shepherds of the Alps, when they trampled under foot the pride of the imperial nobility on the field of Sempach, and annihilated the chivalry of Charles the Bold on the shores of Morat. It was among the free inhabitants of the Flemish provinces, that Count Tilly found the materials of those brave Walloon guards, who, as contemporary writers inform us, might be knocked down or trampled under foot, but could not be constrained to fly by the arms of Gustavus at the battle of Leipsic;‡ and the celebrity of the Spanish infantry declined from the time that the liberties of Arragon and Castile were extinguished by Charles V. There

is ample room," as a late eminent writer* has well observed, "for national exultation at the names of Cressy, Poitiers, and Azincour. So great was the disparity of numbers upon those famous days, that we cannot, with the French historian, attribute the discomfiture of their hosts merely to mistaken tactics and too impetuous valour. They yielded rather to the intrepid steadiness in danger, which had already become the characteristic of our English soldiers, and which, during four centuries, has ensured their superiority wherever ignorance or infatuation has not led them into the field. But these victories, and the qualities that secured them, must chiefly be ascribed to the freedom of our constitution, and the superior condition of the people. Not the nobility of England, not the feudal tenants, won the battles of Cressy and Poitiers, for these were fully matched in the ranks of France, but the yeomen who drew the bow with strong and steady arms, accustomed to its use in their native fields, and rendered fearless by personal competence and civil freedom.†

Now, after all that we have heard of the art of war being formed into a regular system, of the soldier being reduced to a mere machine, and of the progress of armies being made the subject of arithmetical calculation; it is truly consoling to find the discomfiture of the greatest and most disciplined army which the world has ever seen, brought about by the same cause which, in former times, have so often given victory to the cause of freedom; to find the victories of Næfels and Morgarten renewed in the triumph of the Tyrolese patriots, and the ancient superiority of the English yeomanry asserted, as in the days of Cressy and Azincour, on the field of Waterloo. Nor is it perhaps the least remarkable fact of that memorable day, that while the French army, like the Trojans of old, animated their courage by incessant cries; the English battalions, like the Greek phalanxes, waited in silence the charge of their enemies: proving thus, in the severest of all trials, that the art of war has made no change on the qualities essential in the soldier; and that the determined courage of freemen is still able, as in the days of Marathon and Plataea, to overcome the utmost efforts of military power. It is interesting to find the same qualities distinguishing the armies of a free people in such distant periods of the world; and it is the fit subject, not merely of national pride, but of universal thankfulness, to discover, that there are qualities in the composition of a great army which it is beyond the power of despotism to command; and that the utmost efforts of the military art, aided by the strongest incitements to military distinction, cannot produce that steady and unbending valour which springs from the enjoyment of CIVIL LIBERTY.

* Mitford, i. 158.

† *Ἰς τὸν ἐπασσώτερον Δαναῶν κίνητο φάλαγγες*
Πολυέως πολέμονος, κέλευε δὲ οἷσιν ἕκαστος
Ἡγεμόνων· οἱ δ' ἄλλοι ἀκὴν ἴσαν—οὐδὲ κε φαίης
Τόσσον λαὸν ἐπικταί ἔχον· ἐν στήθεσιν αὐδὴν—
Σιγῇ δεϊδίστες σμῖντόρας· ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσιν
Τεύχεα ποικίλ' ἔλαμπε, τὰ εἰμένοι ἐσχεδόντο.
Τῶες δ', ὥστ' ὅτις πολυπύμονος ἀνδρὸς ἐν αὐτῇ
Μυρία ἐσῆκασιν ἀμελγόμενοι γὰρ λα λευκόν,
'Αἰχμῆς μεμακύναι, ἀκούονται ὅπα ἀνών·
'Αἱ Τρώων ἀλαλήτος ἀνὰ στρατὸν εὐρὺν ὄρωσι.
Οὐ γὰρ πάντων ἦεν βρὸς ἑρὸς, οὐδ' ἴα γήρως,
'Αλλὰ γλῶσσ' ἐμμεκτο· πολέκλητοι δ' ἔσαν ἄνδρες.
Iliad iv. 427.

‡ *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, by Defoe.

* Hallam's Middle Ages, i. 74.

† Froissart, i. c. 162.

FRANCE IN 1833.*

OBSERVATIONS made on the spot by one who has long regarded the political changes of France with interest, may possibly be of service, in conveying to the public on the other side of the Channel some idea of the present state and future prospects of a nation, avowedly followed as the leader by the liberal party all over the world, in the great work of political regeneration. Such a sketch, drawn with no feeling of political or national animosity, but with every wish for the present and future happiness of the great people among whom it is composed, may possibly cool many visionary hopes, and extinguish some ardent anticipations; but it will at least demonstrate what is the result, in the circumstances where it has been most triumphant, of democratic ascendancy; and prepare the inhabitants of Great Britain for the fate, and the government which awaits them, if they continue to follow the footsteps of the French liberals in the career which has been recently brought, on this side of the channel, to so triumphant a conclusion.

Most of the educated inhabitants of Great Britain visited France, during the restoration; many of them at different times. Every one thought he had acquired some idea of the political state and prospects of the country, and was enabled to form some anticipations as to its future destiny. We are now enabled to say, that most of these views were partial or erroneous. They were so, not so much from defect in the observation of France, as ignorance of the political principles and passions which were at work amongst its inhabitants; from want of experience of the result of democratic convulsions; from judging of a country over which the wave of revolution had passed, with the ideas drawn from one which had expelled its fury. We observed France accurately enough; but we did so with English eyes; we supposed its inhabitants to be actuated by the feelings and interests, and motives, which were then at work among ourselves; and could form no conception of the new set of principles and desires which are stirred up during the agitation of a revolution. In this respect our powers of observation are now materially improved. We have had some experience during the last three years of democratic convulsion; we know the passion and desires which are developed by arraying the lower orders against the higher. We have acquired an acquaintance with the signs and marks of revolutionary terror. Standing thus on the confines of the two systems; at the extremity of English liberty, and the entrance of French democracy, we are now peculiarly qualified to form an accurate opinion of the tendency of these opposite principles of go-

vernment; we know the landmarks of the civilization which is receding from the view and have gained some acquaintance with the perils of that which is approaching; and combining recent with former experience in our own and the neighbouring country, can form a tolerably accurate idea of the fate which awaits them and ourselves.

The leading circumstance in the present condition of France, which first strikes an English observer, and is the most important feature it exhibits in a political point of view, is the enormous and apparently irresistible power of the *central government* at Paris over all the rest of France. This must appear rather a singular result after forty years of ardent aspirations after freedom, but nevertheless nothing is more certain, and it constitutes the great and distinguishing result of the Revolution.

Such has been the centralization of power by the various democratic assemblies, who, at different times, have ruled the destinies of this great country, that there is hardly a vestige of power or influence now left to the provinces. All the situations of emolument of every description, from the highest to the lowest, in every department and line of life, are in the gift of government. No man, in a situation approaching to that of a gentleman, can rise either in the civil or military career in any part of France, unless he is promoted by the central offices at Paris. These are general expressions, which convey no definite idea. A few examples will render the state of the country in this particularly more intelligible.

The Chamber of Peers, who now hold their situations only for life, are appointed by the Crown.

The whole army, now four hundred thousand strong, is at the disposal of government. All the officers in that great body of course receive their appointment from the War-office at Paris.

The navy, no inconsiderable force, is also appointed by the same power.

The whole artificers and officers connected with the engineers and artillery, a most numerous body in a country so beset with fortifications and fortresses as France, derive their appointments from the central government.

The custom-house officers, an immense body, whose huts and stations are set down at short distances all round France, are all nominated by the central office at Paris.

The whole mayors of communes, with their "adjoints," amounting over all France to eighty-eight thousand persons, are appointed by the central government, or the prefects of departments whom they have nominated.

The post-office, in every department throughout the kingdom, is exclusively filled by the servants of government.

* Blackwood's Magazine, October and December, 1833.—Written during a residence at Paris, and in the north of France, in the autumn of that year.

The police, an immense force, having not less than eighty thousand employés in constant occupation, and which extends its iron net over the whole country, are all appointed by the minister at the head of that department.

The clergy over the whole country receive their salaries from government, and are appointed by the crown.

The whole teachers of youth of every description, in all public or established seminaries, whether parochial or departmental, are appointed by the minister of public instruction.

The management of the roads, bridges, and chaussées, throughout all the kingdom, is intrusted to persons appointed by the crown. No man can break a stone, or mend a bridge, or repair a pavement, from Calais to Bayonne, unless he is in the service of government; and all the labourers on the roads have an uniform hat, with the words "Cantonnier," or "Pontonnier," upon it, indicating that they are in the service of the state.

The post-horses over all France are under the control of the crown. Not only the postmasters, but every postillion from Brest to Marseilles, and Strasburg to Bourdeaux, are nominated by the government. No additional hand can be added in the remotest relay of horses without the authority of the Parisian bureaux. On all the great roads in the north of France there are too few postillions, and travellers are daily detained hours on the road, not because horses are wanting, but because it has not pleased the ministers of the interior to appoint a sufficient number of postillions for the different stations. In the south, the case is the reverse; the postillions are too numerous, and can hardly live, from the division of their business among so many hands; but the mandate has gone forth from the Tuileries, and obedience must be the order of the day.

The whole diligences, stage-coaches, mails, and conveyances of every description which convey travellers by relays of horses in every part of France, must employ the post-horses and postillions appointed at the different stations by the crown. No private individual or company can run a coach with relays with their own horses. They may establish as many coaches as they choose, but they must all be drawn by the royal horses and postillions, if they do not convey the travellers *en voiturier* with the same horses all the way. This great monopoly was established by an *arrêt* of the Directory, 9th December, 1798, which is in these terms; "Nul autre que les maîtres de poste, munis d'une commission spéciale, ne pourra établir de relais particuliers, relayer ou conduire à titre de louage des voyageurs d'un relais à un autre, à peine d'être contraint de payer par forme d'indemnité le prix de la course, au profit des maîtres de poste et des postillons qui auront été frustrés."

The whole firemen throughout France are organized in battalions, and wear a uniform like soldiers, and are appointed by government.

The whole judges, superior and inferior, over the whole kingdom, as well as the prefects,

sous-prefets, procureurs du roi, and in general all the legal offices of every description, are appointed by government. The only exception are the judges du paix, a sort of arbiters and mediators in each canton, to settle the trifling disputes of the peasants, whom they are permitted to name for themselves.

The whole officers employed in the collection of the revenue, over the whole country, are appointed by the government. They are an extremely numerous body, and add immensely to the influence of the central authority, from whom all their appointments emanate.

It would be tedious to carry this enumeration farther. Suffice it to say, that the government of France has now drawn to itself the whole patronage in every department of business and line of life over the whole country. The army, the navy, the law, the church, the professors and teachers of every description; the revenue, the post-office, the roads, bridges and canals, the post-horses, the postillions, the firemen, the police, the *gen-d'armes*, the prefects, the mayors, the magistrates, constitute so many different branches in which the whole patronage is vested in the central government at Paris, and in which no step can be taken, or thing attempted, without the authority of the minister for that department, or the deputy in the capital. In consequence of this prodigious concentration of power and patronage in the public offices of Paris, and the total stripping of every sort of influence from the department, the habit has become universal in every part of France, of looking to Paris, not only for the initiation in every measure and thought, but for the means of getting on in every line of life. Has a man a son to put into the army or navy, the law, the church, the police, or revenue? He finds that he has no chance of success unless he is taken by the hand by the government. Is he anxious to make him a professor, a teacher, or a schoolmaster? He is obliged to look to the same quarter for the means of advancement. Is his ambition limited to the humbler situation of a postmaster, a bridge contractor, a courier, or a postillion? He must pay his court to the prefect of the department, in order to obtain a recommendation to the minister of the interior, or the director of bridges and roads. Is he even reduced to earn his bread by breaking stones upon the highways, or paving the streets of the towns? He must receive the wages of government, and must wear their livery for his twenty sous a day. Thus in every department and line of life, government patronage is indispensable, and the only way in which success is to be obtained is by paying court to some person in authority.

In a commercial and manufacturing country such as England, many and various means exist of rising to wealth and distinction, independent of government; and in some the opposition line is the surer passport to eminence of the two. Under the old constitution of England, when political power was vested in the holders of great property, and the great body of the people watched their proceedings with distrust and jealousy, eminence was to be attained in any public profession, as the

bar or the senate, chiefly by acquiring the suffrages of the greater number of the citizens; and hence the popular independent line was the one which in general led soonest to fame and eminence. Commerce and manufactures opened up a thousand channels of lucrative industry, independent altogether of government support; and many of the most important branches of patronage, great part of the church, and the majority of all establishments for education, were in the hands of corporations or private individuals, often in opposition to, or unconnected with, ministerial influence. But the reverse of all this obtains in France. There little commerce or manufactures are, comparatively speaking, to be found. With the exception of Paris, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Rouen, and Marseilles, no considerable commercial cities exist, and the innumerable channels for private adventure which the colonial possessions and immense trade of Britain open up are unknown. All the private establishments or corporations vested with patronage in any line, as the church, education, charity, or the like, were destroyed during the Revolution of 1793, and nothing left but the great and overwhelming power of government, standing the more prominently forward, from the extinction of every rival authority which might compete with its influence.

From the same cause has arisen a degree of slavish submission, in all the provinces of France, to the will or caprice of the metropolis, which is almost incredible, and says but little for the independence of thought and character which has grown up in that country since the schoolmaster has been abroad. From the habit of looking to Paris for directions in every thing, from the making of a king to the repairing of a bridge, from overturning a dynasty to breaking a stone, they have absolutely lost the power of judging for themselves, or taking the initiative in any thing either of the greatest or the smallest moment. This appears, in the most striking manner, in all the political changes which have taken place in the country for the last forty years. Ever since the bones of old France were broken by the Constituent Assembly: since the parliaments, the provinces, the church, the incorporations, were swept away by their gigantic acts of democratic despotism, the departments have sunk into absolute insignificance, and every thing has been determined by the will of the capital, and the acts of the central government at its head. When the Girondists, the illustrious representatives of the country districts, were proscribed, the most violent feelings of indignation spread through the south and west of France. Sixty-five, out of the eighty-four departments, rose in insurrection against the despotism of the capital; but the unwonted exertion surpassed their strength, and they soon yielded, without a struggle worth the notice of history, to its usurped authority. When Robespierre executed Danton and his adherents; when he himself sunk under the stroke of the Thermidorians; when Napoleon overthrew the national guard of Paris, in October, 1795; when the Directory were expelled by the bayonets of Augereau, on the 18th Fructidor,

1797; when Napoleon seized the reins of power in November, 1799; when he declared himself emperor, and overturned all the principles of the Revolution in 1804; when he was vanquished by the allies in 1814; when he resumed the helm in 1815; when he was finally dethroned after the battle of Waterloo; when the revolt of the barricades established a revolutionary government in the capital; when the suppression of the insurrection at the cloister of St. Merri defeated a similar attempt two years afterwards, the obedient departments were equally ready with their addresses of congratulation, and on every one of these various, contradictory, and inconsistent changes, France submitted at once to the dictatorial power of Paris; and thirty millions of men willingly took the law from the caprices or passions of a few hundred thousands. The subjection of Rome to the Prætorian guards, or of Turkey to the Janizaries, was never more complete.

It was not thus in old France. The greatest and most glorious efforts of her people, in favour of freedom, were made when the capital was in the hands of foreign or domestic enemies. The English more than once wrested Paris from their grasp; but the forces of the south rallied behind the Loire, and at length expelled the cruel invaders from their shores. The forces of the League were long in possession of the capital; but Henry IV., at the head of the militia of the provinces, at length conquered its citizens, and Paris received a master from the roots of the Pyrenees. The Revolution of 1789 commenced with the provinces: it was their parliaments, which, under Louis XV. and XVI., spread the spirit of resistance to arbitrary power through the country; and it was from their exertions, that the unanimous spirit, which compelled the court to convoke the states-general, arose. Now all is changed; not a murmur, not a complaint against the acts of the capital, is to be heard from Calais to Bayonne; but the obedient departments are equally ready at the arrival of the mail, or the receipt of the telegraph, to hail with shouts a republic or an empire; a dictator or a consul; a Robespierre or a Napoleon; a monarch, the heir of fourteen centuries; or a hero, the child of an hundred victories.

All the great and useful undertakings, which in England, and all free countries, emanate from the capital or skill of individuals, or associated bodies, in France spring from the government, and the government alone. Their universities, schools, and colleges; academies of primary and secondary instruction; military and polytechnic schools; hospitals, charitable institutions, libraries, museums, and public establishments of all sorts; their harbours, bridges, roads, canals—every thing, in short, originates with, and is directed by, the government. Hence, individuals in France seldom attempt any thing for the public good: private advantage, or amusement, the rise of fortune, or the increase of power, constitute the general motives of action. Like the passengers in a ship, or the soldiers in an army, the French surrender themselves, without a struggle, to the guidance of those in possession

of the helm; or if they rise in rebellion against them, it is not so much from any view to the public good, as from a desire to secure to themselves the advantages which the possession of political power confers.

This extraordinary concentration of every thing in the central government at Paris, always existed to a certain extent in France; but it has been increased, to a most extraordinary degree, under the democratic rule of the last forty years. It was the Constituent Assembly, borne forward on the gales of revolutionary fervour, which made the greatest additions to the power of government—not merely by the concentration of patronage and direction of every kind in ministers, but by the destruction of the aristocracy, the church, the incorporations;—every thing, in short, which could withstand or counterbalance the influence of government. The people, charmed with the installation of their representatives in supreme power, readily acquiesced in, or rather strenuously supported, all the additions made by the democratic legislature to the powers of the executive; fondly imagining that, by so doing, they were laying the surest foundation for the continuance of their own power. They little foresaw, what the event soon demonstrated, that they were incapable, in the long run, of preserving this power; that it would speedily fall into the hands of ambitious or designing men, who flattered their passions, in order to secure the possession of arbitrary authority for themselves; and that, in the end, the absolute despotism, which they had created for the purpose of perpetuating the rule of the multitude, would terminate in imposing on them the most abject servitude. When Napoleon came to the throne, he found it unnecessary to make any great changes in the practical working of government; he found a despotism ready made to his hand, and had only to seize the reins, so tightly bitten on the nation by his revolutionary predecessors.

The Revolution of July made no difference in this respect; or rather it tended to concentrate still farther in the metropolis the authority and power of government. The able and indefatigable leaders, who during the fifteen years of the Restoration had laboured incessantly to subvert the authority of the royalists, had no sooner succeeded, than they quietly took possession of all the powers which they enjoyed, and, supported with more talent, and a greater display of armed force, exercised them with far greater severity. No concessions to real freedom were made—no division of the powers of the executive took place. All appointments in every line still flow from Paris: not a postillion can ride a post-horse, nor peasant break a stone on the highways, from the Channel to the Pyrenees, unless authorized by the central authority. The legislature convoked by Louis Philippe has done much to abridge the authority of others, but nothing to diminish that which is most to be dreaded. They have destroyed the hereditary legislature, the last remnant of European civilization which the convulsions of their predecessors had left, but done nothing to weaken the authority of the executive. Louis Philippe enjoys, during the

precarious tenure of his crown, at the will of the Prætorian Guards of Paris, more absolute authority than ever was held by the most despotic of the Bourbon race.

France being held in absolute subjection by Paris, all that is necessary to preserve this authority is to secure the mastery of the capital. Marshal Soult has taught the citizen king how this is to be done. He keeps an immense military force, from 35,000 to 40,000 men, constantly in the capital; and an equal force is stationed within twelve miles round, ready to march at a signal from the telegraph on Montmartre, in a few hours, to crush any attempt at insurrection. In addition to this, there are 50,000 National Guards in Paris, and 25,000 more in the Banlieue, or rural district round its walls, admirably equipped, well drilled, and, to appearance at least, quite equal to the regular soldiers. Of this great force, above 5000, half regulars and half National Guards, are every night on duty as sentinels, or patrols, in the capital. There is not a street where several sentinels, on foot or horseback, are not stationed, and within call of each a picquet or patrol, ready to render aid, if required, at a minute's notice. Paris, in a period of profound peace, without an enemy approaching the Rhine, resembles rather a city in hourly expectation of an assault from a beleaguering enemy, than the capital of a peaceful monarchy.

In addition to this prodigious display of military force, the civil employés, the police, constitute a body nearly as formidable, and, to individuals at least, much more dangerous. Not only are the streets constantly traversed by this force in their appropriate dress, but more than half their number are always prowling about, disguised as workmen or tradesmen, to pick up information, mark individuals, and arrest discontented characters. They enter coffee-houses, mingle in groups, overhear conversations, join in discussions, and if they discover any thing seditious or dangerous, they either arrest the delinquent at once, and hand him over to the nearest guard, or denounce him to their superiors, and he is arrested at night by an armed force in his bed. Once incarcerated, his career, for a long time at least, is terminated: he is allowed to lie there till his projects evaporate, or his associates are dispersed, without either being discharged or brought to trial. There is not a night at this time, (August, 1833), that from fifteen to twenty persons are not arrested in this way by the police; and nothing is heard of their subsequent trial.

From the long continuance of these arrests by the police, the prisons of Paris, spacious as they are, and ample as they were found during the Reign of Terror, have become unable to contain their numerous inmates. Fresh and extraordinary places of confinement have become necessary. A new jail, of great dimensions, guarded by an ample military force, has been constructed by the citizen king, near the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where the overflowings of the other prisons in Paris are safely lodged. The more dangerous characters are conveyed to fortresses in the interior, or the

Chateau of Mount St. Michael in Normandy. This great state-prison, capable of holding many hundred prisoners, is situated in the sea, on the coast of the Channel, and amply tenanted now by the most unruly part of the population of Paris, under a powerful military and naval garrison.

Above fifteen hundred persons were arrested after the great revolt at the Cloister of St. Merri, in June, 1832, and, though a few have been brought to trial or discharged, the great majority still remain in prison, in the charge of the police, under warrants apparently of interminable duration. The nightly arrests and numerous domiciliary visits are constantly adding to this immense number, and gradually thinning that ardent body who effected the Revolution of July, and have proved so formidable to every government of France, since the beginning of the revolutionary troubles in 1789. The fragment of this body, who fought at the Cloister of St. Merri, evinced such heroic courage and invincible determination, that the government have resolved on a *bellum ad internecionem* with such formidable antagonists, and, by the continued application of arrests and domiciliary visits, have now considerably weakened their numbers, as well as damped their hopes. Still it is against this democratic rump that all the vigilance of the police is exerted. The royalists are neglected or despised; but the republicans, whom it is not so easy to daunt, are sought out with undecaying vigilance, and treated with uncommon severity.

Public meetings, or any of the other constitutional modes of giving vent to general opinion in Great Britain, are unknown in France. If twenty or thirty thousand men were collected together in that way, they would infallibly be assailed by the military force, and their dispersion, or the overthrow of the government, would be the consequence.

The only relic of freedom, which has survived the Revolution of July, is the liberty of the press. It is impossible to read the journals which are in every coffee-house every morning, without seeing that all the efforts of despotism have failed in coercing this mighty instrument. The measures of public men are canvassed with unsparing severity: and not only liberal, but revolutionary measures advocated with great earnestness, and no small share of ability. It is not, however, without the utmost efforts on the part of government to suppress it, that this licentiousness exists. Prosecutions against the press have been instituted with a degree of rigour and frequency, since the Revolution of July, unknown under the lenient and feeble government of the Restoration. The Tribune, which is the leading republican journal, has reached its *eighty-second* prosecution, since the Three Glorious Days. More prosecutions have been instituted since the accession of the Citizen King, than during the whole fifteen that the elder branch of the Bourbons was on the throne. The government, however, have not ventured on the decisive step of suppressing the seditious journals, or establishing a censorship of the press. The recollection of the Three Days, which commenced with the attempts to shut up the

printing-offices of some newspapers, prevents this last act of despotism. The National Guard, in all probability, would resist such an attempt, and if not supported by them, it would endanger the crown of Louis Philippe. Government has apparently discovered that the retention of the power of abuse consoles the Parisians for the loss of all their other liberties. They read the newspapers and see the ministry violently assailed, and imagine they are in full possession of freedom, though they cannot travel ten leagues from Paris without a passport, nor go to bed in the evening with any security that they will not be arrested during the night by the police, and consigned to prison, without any possibility of redress, for an indefinite period.

The present government appears to be generally disliked, and borne from despair of getting any other, more than any real attachment. You may travel over the whole country without discovering one trace of affection to the reigning family. Their names are hardly ever mentioned; by common consent they appear to be consigned to oblivion by all classes. A large and ardent part of the people are attached to the memory of Napoleon, and seize every opportunity of testifying their admiration of that illustrious man. Another large and formidable body have openly espoused the principles of democracy, and are indefatigable in their endeavours to establish their favourite dream of a republic. The Royalists, few in number in Paris and the great commercial towns, abound in the south and west, and openly proclaim their determination, if Paris will take the lead, to restore the lawful race of sovereigns. But Louis Philippe has few disinterested partisans, but the numerous civil and military employés who wear his livery or eat his bread. Not a vestige of attachment to the Orleans dynasty is to be seen in France. Louis Philippe is a man of great ability, vast energy, and indomitable resolution: but though these are the qualities most dear to the French, he has no hold of their affections. His presence in Paris is known only by the appearance of a mounted patrol on each side of the arch in the Place Carousel, who are stationed there only when the king is at the Tuileries. He enters the capital, and leaves it, without any one inquiring or knowing anything about him. If he is seen in the street, not a head is uncovered, not a cry of *Vive le Roi* is heard. Nowhere is a print or bust of any of the royal family to be seen. Not a scrap of printing narrating any of their proceedings, beyond the government journals, is to be met with. You may travel across the kingdom, or, what is of more consequence, traverse Paris in every direction, without being made aware, by any thing you see or hear, that a king exists in France. The royalists detest him, because he has established a revolutionary throne—the republicans, because he has belied all his professions in favour of freedom, and reared a military despotism on the foundation of the Barricades.

The French, in consequence of these circumstances, are in a very peculiar state. They are discontented with *every thing*, and what is

worse, they know not to what quarter to look for relief. They are tired of the Citizen King, whom they accuse of saving money, and preparing for America; of having given them the weight of a despotism without its security, and the exhaustion of military preparation without either its glory or its advantages. They (excluding the royalists) abhor the Bourbons, whom they regard as priest-ridden, and superstitious, weak and feeble, men unfit to govern the first nation in the world. They dread a republic as likely to strip them of their sons and their fortunes, to induce an interminable war with the European powers; deprive them of their incomes, and possibly endanger the national independence. They are discontented with the present, fearful of the future, and find their only consolation in reverting to the days of Napoleon and the Grand Army, as a brilliant drama now lost for ever. They are in the situation of the victim of passion, or the slave of pleasure, worn out with enjoyment, *blasé* with satiety, who has no longer any enjoyment in life, but incessantly revolts with the prurient restlessness of premature age to the orgies and the excesses of his youth.

What then, it may be asked, upholds the reigning dynasty, if it is hated equally by both the great parties who divide France, and can number none but its own official dependents among its supporters? The answer is to be found in the immense extent of the pecuniary losses which the Revolution of July occasioned to all men of any property in the country, and the recollection of the Reign of Terror, which is still vividly present to the minds of the existing generation.

On the English side of the channel, few are aware of the enormous pecuniary losses with which the triumph of democracy, in July, 1830, was attended. In Paris, all parties are agreed that the depreciation of property of every description in consequence of that event was about a *third*: in other words, every man found himself a third poorer after the overthrow of Charles X. than he was before it. Over the remainder of France the losses sustained were nearly as great, in some places still heavier. For the two years which succeeded the Barricades, trade and commerce of every description was at a stand; the import of goods declined a fourth, and one half of the shopkeepers in Paris and all the great towns became bankrupt. The distress among the labouring classes, and especially those who depended on the sale of articles of manufactured industry or luxury, was unprecedented. It is the recollection of this long period of national agony which upholds the throne of Louis Philippe. The National Guard of Paris, who are in truth the ruling power in France, know by bitter experience to what a revolution, even of the most bloodless kind, leads—decay of business, decline of credit, stoppage of sales, pressure of creditors. They recollect the innumerable bankruptcies of 1830 and 1831, and are resolved that their names shall not enter the list. They know that the next convulsion would establish a republic in unbridled sovereignty: they know the principles of these apostles of democracy; they recollect their

actions; the Reign of Terror, the massacres in the prisons float before their eyes. They have a vivid impression also of the external consequences of such an event: they know that their hot-headed youth would instantly press forward to regain the frontier of the Rhine; they foresee an European war, a cessation of the influx of foreign wealth into Paris, and possibly a third visit by the Cossacks to the Champs Elysées. These are the considerations which maintain the allegiance of the National Guard, and uphold the throne of Louis Philippe, when there is hardly a spark of real attachment to him in the whole kingdom. He is supported, not because his character is loved, his achievements admired, or his principles venerated, but because he is the last barrier between France and revolutionary suffering, and because the people have drunk too deep of that draught to tolerate a repetition of its bitterness.

Although, therefore, there is a large and energetic and most formidable party in France, who are ardently devoted to revolutionary principles, and long for a republic, as the commencement of every imaginable felicity; yet the body in whom power is at present really vested, is essentially conservative. The National Guard of Paris, composed of the most reputable of the citizens of that great metropolis, equipped at their own expense, and receiving no pay from government, consists of the very persons who have suffered most severely by the late convulsions. They form the ruling power in France; for to them more than the garrison of the capital, the government look for that support which is so necessary amidst the furious factions by whom they are assailed; and to their opinions the people attach a degree of weight which does not belong to any other body in France. The Chamber of Peers are disregarded, the legislative body despised; but the National Guard is the object of universal respect, because every one feels that they possess the power of making or unmaking kings. The crown does not hesitate to act in opposition to a vote of both Chambers; but the disapprobation of a majority of the National Guard is sure to command attention. In vain the Chamber of Deputies refused a vote of supplies for the erection of detached forts round Paris; the ground was nevertheless purchased, and the sappers and miners, armed to the teeth, were busily employed from four in the morning till twelve at night, in their construction; but when several battalions of the National Guard, in defiling before the king, on the anniversary of the Three Days, exclaimed, "A bas les forts détachés," the works were suspended, and are now going on only at Vincennes, and two other points. That which was refused to the collected wisdom of the Representatives of France is conceded at once to the cries of armed men: the ultimate decision is made by the bayonet; and the boasted improvements of modern civilization, terminate in the same appeal to physical strength which characterize the days of Clovis.

This contempt into which the legislature has fallen, is one of the great features of

France, since the Revolution of July; but it is one which is least known or understood on the English side of the channel. The causes which produced it had been long in operation, but it was that event which brought them fully and prominently into view. The supreme power has now passed into other hands. It was neither the Peers nor the Commons, but the Populace in the streets, the heroes of the Barricades, who seated Louis Philippe on the throne. The same force, it is acknowledged, possesses the power to dethrone him; and hence the National Guard of the capital, as the organized concentration of this power, is looked to with respect. The departments, it is known, will hail with shouts whatever king, or whatever form of government the armed force in the capital choose to impose; the deputies, it is felt, will hasten to make their submission to the leaders who have got possession of the treasury, the bank, the telegraph, and the war office. Hence, the strife of faction is no longer carried on by debates in the Chambers, or efforts in the legislature. The National Guard of Paris is the body to which all attention is directed; and if the departments are considered, it is not in order to influence their representatives, but to procure addresses or petitions from members of their National Guards, to forward the views of the great parties at work in the metropolis. Such petitions or addresses are daily to be seen in the public papers, and are referred to with undisguised satisfaction by the parties whose views they support. No regard is paid but to the men who have bayonets in their hands. Every thing directly, or indirectly, is referred to physical strength, and the dreams of modern equality are fast degenerating into the lasting empire of the sword.

The complete insignificance of the Chambers, however, is to be referred to other and more general causes than the successful revolt of the Barricades. That event only tore aside the veil which concealed the weakness of the legislature; and openly proclaimed what political wisdom had long feared, that the elements of an authoritative and paramount legislature do not exist in France. When the National Assembly destroyed the nobility, the landed proprietors, the clergy, and the incorporations of the country, they rendered a respectable legislature impossible. It is in vain to attempt to give authority or weight to ordinary individuals not gifted with peculiar talents, by merely electing them as members of parliament. If they do not, from their birth, descent, fortune, or estates, already possess it, their mere translation in the legislature will never have this effect. The House of Commons under the old English constitution was so powerful, because it contained the representatives of all the great and lasting interests of the country, of its nobles, its landed proprietors, its merchants, manufacturers, burghers, tradesmen, and peasants. It commanded universal respect, because every man felt that his own interests were wound up with and defended by a portion of that body. But this is not and cannot be the case in France—the classes are destroyed from whom the re-

presentatives of such varied interests must be chosen: the interests in the nation do not exist whose intermixture is essential to a weighty legislature. Elected by persons possessed of one *uniform* qualification—the payment of direct taxes to the amount of two hundred francs, or eight pounds sterling a-year—the deputies are the representatives only of one class in society, the small proprietors. The other interests in the state either do not exist or are not represented. The persons who are chosen are seldom remarkable either for their fortune, family, talent, or character. They are, to use a homely expression, “neighbour like;” individuals of a bustling character, or ambitious views, who have taken to politics as the best and most lucrative profession they could choose, as opening the door most easily to the innumerable civil and military offices which are the object of universal ambition in France. Hence they are not looked up to with respect even by their own department, who can never get over the homeliness of their origin or moderation of their fortune, and by the rest of France are unknown or despised.

The chief complaint against the legislature in France is, that it is swayed by corruption and interested motives. That complaint has greatly increased since the lowering of the freehold qualification from three hundred to two hundred francs of direct taxes, in consequence of the Revolution of July. This change has opened the door to a lower and more corruptible class of men; numbers of whom got into the legislature by making the most vehement professions of liberal opinions to their constituents, which they instantly forgot when the seductions of office and emolument were displayed before their eyes. The majority of the Chamber, it is alleged, are gained by corruption; and the more that the qualification is lowered the worse has this evil become. This is founded on the principles of human nature, and is of universal application. The more that you descend in society, the more will you find men accessible to base and selfish considerations, because bribes are of greater value to those who possess little or nothing than those who possess a great deal. Many of the higher ranks are corrupt, but the power of resisting seduction exists to a greater degree among them than their inferiors. You often run the risk of insult if you offer a man or woman of elevated station a bribe, but seldom if it is insinuated into the hand of their valet or lady's maid; and when the ermine of the bench is unspotted, so much can frequently not be said of the clerks or servants of those elevated functionaries. Where the legislature is elected by persons of that inferior description, the influence of corruption will always be found to increase. It is for the people of England to judge whether the Reformed Parliament is or is not destined to afford another illustration of the rule.

To whatever cause it may be owing, the fact is certain, and cannot be denied by any person practically acquainted with France, that the Chamber of Deputies has fallen into the most complete contempt. Their debates have almost disappeared; they are hardly reported by the public press; seldom is any opposition

so be seen amongst them. When Louis Philippe's crown was in jeopardy in June, 1832, it was to the National Guard, and not to either branch of the legislature, that all parties looked with anxiety. A unanimous vote of the old English Parliament would probably have had great weight with an English body of insurgents, as it certainly disarmed the formidable mutineers at the Nore; but a unanimous vote of both Chambers at Paris would have had little or no effect. A hearty cheer from three battalions of National Guards would have been worth a hundred votes of the Chambers; and an insurrection, which all the moral force of Parliament could not subdue, fell before the vigour of two regiments of National Guards from the Banlieue.

It is owing apparently to this prodigious ascendancy of the National Guard of Paris, that the freedom of discussion in the public journals has survived all the other liberties of France. These journals are, in truth, the pleaders before the supreme tribunals which govern the country, and they are flattered by the fearlessness of the language which is employed before them. They are as tenacious of the liberty of the press at Paris, in consequence, as the Prætorian Guards or Janizaries were of their peculiar and ruinous privileges. The cries of the National Guard, the ruling power in France, are prejudiced by the incessant efforts of the journals on the different sides, who have been labouring for months or years to sway their opinions. Thus the ultimate appeal in that country is to the editors of newspapers, and the holders of bayonets, perhaps the classes of all others who are most unfit to be intrusted with the guidance of public affairs; and certainly those the least qualified, in the end, to maintain their independence against the seductions or offers of a powerful executive.

The central government at Paris is omnipotent in France; but it does by no means follow from that, that this central government is itself placed on a stable foundation. The authority of the seraglio is paramount over Turkey: but within its precincts the most dreadful contests are of perpetual recurrence. The National Assembly, by concentrating all the powers of government in the capital, necessarily delivered over its inhabitants to an interminable future of discord and strife. When once it is discovered that the mainspring of all authority and influence is to be found in the government offices of Paris, the efforts of the different parties who divide the state are incessant to make themselves masters of the talisman. This is to be done, not by any efforts in the departments, any speeches in the legislature, or any measures for the public good, but by incessant working at the armed force of the capital. By labouring in the public journals, in pamphlets, books, reviews, and magazines, for a certain number of years, the faction in opposition at length succeed in making an impression on the holders of bayonets in Paris, or on the ardent and penniless youth who frequent its coffee-houses; and when once this is done, by a well organized *revue*, the whole is concluded. The people

are roused; the National Guard hesitate, or join the insurgents; the troops of the line refuse to act against their fellow-citizens; the reigning dynasty is dethroned; a new flag is hoisted at the Tuileries; and the submissive departments hasten to declare their allegiance to the reigning power now in possession of the treasury and the telegraph, and disposing of some hundred thousand civil and military offices throughout France.

No sooner is this great consummation effected, than the fruits of the victory begin to be enjoyed by the successful party. Offices, honours, posts, and pensions, are showered down on the leaders, the officers, and pioneers in the great work of national regeneration. The editors of the journals whose side has proved victorious, instantly become ministers: all their relations and connections, far beyond any known or computable degree of consanguinity, are seated in lucrative or important offices. Regiments of cavalry, préfetships, sous-préfetships, procureurships, mayorships, adjointships, offices in the customs, excise, police, roads, bridges, church, universities, schools, or colleges, descend upon them thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. Meanwhile the vanished party are universally and rigidly excluded from office, their whole relations and connections in every part of France find themselves suddenly reduced to a state of destitution, and their only resource is to begin to work upon the opinions of the armed force or restless population of the capital, in the hope that, after the lapse of a certain number of years, another revolution may be effected, and the golden showers descend upon themselves.

In the Revolution of July, prepared as it had been by the efforts of the liberal press for fifteen years in France, and organized as it was by the wealth of Lafitte, and a few of the great bankers in Paris, this system was successful. And accordingly, Thiers, Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, and the whole coterie of the doctrinaires, have risen at once, from being editors of newspapers, or lecturers to students, to the station of ministers of state, and dispensers of several hundred thousand offices. They are now, in consequence, the objects of universal obloquy and hatred with the remainder of the liberal party, who accuse them of having sacrificed all their former opinions, and embraced all the arbitrary tenets of the royalist faction, whom they were instrumental in subverting. Their conduct since they came into office, and especially since the accession of Casimir Perier's administration on the 13th March, 1831, has been firm and moderate, strongly inclined to conservative principles, and, in consequence, odious to the last degree to the anarchical faction by whose aid they rose to greatness.

The great effort of this excluded faction was made on the 5th and 6th of June, 1832, on occasion of the funeral of Lamarque. In England it was not generally known how formidable that insurrection was, and how nearly it had subverted the newly erected throne of the Barricades. Above eighty thousand persons, including a considerable por-

tion of the National Guard from the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, and other manufacturing districts of Paris, walked in regular military array, keeping the step in that procession: no one could see them without being astonished how the government survived the crisis. In truth, their existence hung by a thread;—for several hours a feather would have cast the balance—established a republican government, and plunged Europe in an interminable war. Till six o'clock in the evening the insurgents were continually advancing; and, at that hour, they had made themselves masters of about one-half of Paris, including the whole district to the eastward of a line drawn from the Port St. Martin through the Hotel de Ville to the Pantheon. At the first alarm the government surrounded the Fauxbourg St. Antoine with troops, and would have perished, but for the fortunate cutting off of that great revolutionary quarter from the scene of active preparations. Though deprived of the expected co-operation in that district, however, the insurgents bravely maintained the combat; they entrenched themselves in the neighbourhood of the cloister of St. Merri, and among the narrow streets of that densely peopled quarter, maintained a doubtful struggle. The ministers, in alarm, sent for the king, with intelligence that his crown was at stake: above sixty thousand men, with an immense train of artillery, were brought to the spot; but still the issue seemed suspended. The National Guard of the city, for the most part, hung back; the cries of others were openly in favour of the insurgents; if a single battalion, either of the line or the National Guard, at that crisis had openly joined the rebels, all was lost. In this extremity a singular circumstance changed the fortune of the day, and fixed his tottering crown on the head of Louis Philippe. The little farmers round Paris, who live by sending their milk and vegetables to the capital, found their business suspended by the contest which was raging in the centre of the city, where the markets for their produce are held; their stalls and paniers were seized by the rebels, and run up into barricades. Enraged at this invasion of their property and stoppage of their business, these little dealers joined their respective banners, and hastened with the National Guard of the Banlieue to the scene of action: they were plentifully supplied with wine and spirits on the outside of the barrier; and before the excitation had subsided, were hurried over the barricades, and determined the conflict. In its last extremity the crown of Louis Philippe was saved, neither by his boasted guards, nor the civic force of the metropolis, but the anger of a body of hucksters, gardeners, and milk-dealers, roused by the suspension of their humble occupations.

It is this peculiarity in the situation of the French government which renders it necessary to watch the state of parties in Paris with such intense anxiety, and renders the strife in its streets the signal for peace or war all over the civilized world. The government of France, despotic as it is over the remainder of the country, is entirely at the mercy of the

metropolis. Having no root in the provinces being based on no great interests in the state it depends entirely on the armed force of the capital—a well organized *emule*, the defection of a single regiment of guards, a few seditious cries from the National Guard, the sight of a favourite banner, a fortunate allusion to heart-stirring recollections, may at any moment consign it to destruction. If the insurgents of the city of Paris can make themselves masters of the Hotel de Ville, France is more than half conquered; if their forces are advanced to the Marché des Innocens, the throne is in greater danger than if the Rhine had been crossed by two hundred thousand men: but if their flag is hoisted on the Tuileries, the day is won, and France, with its eighty-four departments and thirty-two millions of inhabitants, is at the disposal of the victorious faction. If the rebels who sold their lives so dearly in the cloister of St. Merri could have openly gained over to their side one regiment, and many only waited an example to join their colours, they would speedily have been in possession of the treasury, and the telegraph, and France was at their feet. No man knew this peculiarity in the political situation of the great nation better than Napoleon. He was little disquieted by the failure of the Russian campaign, till intelligence of the conspiracy of Mallet reached his ears; and that firmness which the loss of four hundred thousand men could not shake, was overturned by the news that the rebels in Paris had imprisoned the minister of police, and were within a hair's breadth of making themselves masters of the telegraph.

It is not surprising that Paris should have acquired this unbridled sovereignty over the rest of the country, if the condition in which the provinces have been left by the Revolution is considered. You travel through one of the departments—not a gentleman's house or a chateau is to be seen. As far as the eye can reach, the country is covered with sheets of grain, or slopes covered with vines or vegetables, raised by the peasants who inhabit the villages, situated at the distance of a few miles from each other. Does this immense expanse belong to noblemen, gentlemen, or opulent proprietors capable of taking the lead in any common measures for the defence of the public liberties? On the contrary, it is partitioned out among an immense body of little proprietors, the great majority of whom are in a state of extreme poverty, and who are chained to the plough by the most imperious of all laws—that of absolute necessity. Morning, noon, and night, they are to be seen labouring in the fields, or returning weary and spent to their humble homes. Is it possible from such a class to expect any combined effort in favour of the emancipation of the provinces from the despotism of the capital? The thing is utterly impossible: as well might you look for an organized struggle for freedom among the serfs of Russia or the ryots of Hindostan.

A certain intermixture of peasant proprietors is essential to the well-being of society; and the want of such a class to a larger extent in England, is one of the circumstances most to be lamented in its social condition. But

there is a medium in all things. As much as the total want of little landowners is a serious evil, so much is the total want of any other class to be deprecated. In the time of the Duke de Gaeta, (1816,) that able statesman calculated that there were *four millions* of landed proprietors in France, and 14,000,000 of souls constituting their families, independent of the wages of labour.* At present the number is computed at twenty-five millions, and there are above *ten millions* of separate properties enrolled and rated for taxation in the government book. Generally speaking, they occupy the whole land in the country. Here and there an old chateau, still held by a remnant of the old noblesse, is to be seen; or a modern villa, inhabited in summer by an opulent banker from one of the great manufacturing towns. But their number is too inconsiderable, they are too far separated from each other, to have any weight in the political scale. France is, in fact, a country of peasants, interspersed with a few great manufacturing towns, and ruled by a luxurious and corrupted capital.

Even the great manufacturing towns are incapable of forming any counterpoise to the power of the capital. They are situated too far from each other, they depend too completely on orders from Paris, to be capable of opposing any resistance to its authority. If Rouen, Marseilles, Lyons, or Bourdeaux were to attempt the struggle, the central government would quickly crush each singly, before it could be aided by the other confederates. They tried to resist, under the most favourable circumstances, in 1793, when the Convention were assailed by all the powers of Europe, when two-thirds of France joined their league, and the west was torn by the Vendean war, and totally failed. Any repetition of the attempt is out of the question.

The representative system, the boast of modern civilization, has been found by experience to be incapable of affording any remedy for this universal prostration of the provinces. That system is admirably adapted for a country which contains a gradation of classes in society from the prince to the peasant; but it must always fail where the intermediate classes are destroyed, and there exist only the government and the peasantry. Where this is the case, the latter body will always be found incapable of resisting the influence of the central authority. Who, in every age, from the signing of Magna Charta, have taken the lead in the support of English freedom? The barons, and great landed proprietors, who possessed at once the resolution, influence, and power of combination, which are indispensable to such an attempt. Even the Reform Bill, the last and greatest triumph of democratic ambition, was forced through the legislature, by the aid of a large and opulent portion of the aristocracy. If the Revolution of 1642 or 1688 had destroyed this intermediate body in the state, the representative system would speedily have fallen into contempt. The humble, needy representatives

of humble and needy constituents would in the end have found themselves overshadowed by the splendour of the court, the power of the metropolis, or the force of the army. In periods of agitation, when the public mind is in a ferment, and the chief powers of the state pulled in one direction, they would have been irresistible; but in times of tranquillity, when the voice of passion was silent, and that of interest constantly heard, they would have certainly given way. What is required in the representatives of the people, is a permanent resistance at all times to the various dangers which threaten the public freedom; in periods of democratic agitation, a firm resistance to precipitate innovation; in times of pacific enjoyment, a steady disregard of government seduction. Human nature is weak, and we must not expect from any body of men, however constituted, a steady adherence to duty under such circumstances of varied trial and difficulty; but experience has proved, that it may be expected, with some probability, among an aristocratic body, because their interests are permanent, and equally endangered by each set of perils; but that it is utterly chimerical to look for it among the representatives of a body of peasants or little proprietors, unmingled with any considerable intermixture of the higher classes of society. But the Revolution has extinguished these classes in France, and therefore it has not left the elements out of which to frame a constitutional monarchy.

These circumstances explain a fact singularly illustrative of the present state of parties in France, and the power to whom the ultimate appeal is made, viz. the eminent and illustrious persons by whom the daily press is conducted. Every one knows by what class in society the daily press is conducted in England; it is in the hands of persons of great ability, but in general of inferior grade in society. If the leading political characters do occasionally contribute an article, it is done under the veil of secrecy, and is seldom admitted by the author, with whatever fame it may have been attended. But in France the case is quite the reverse. There the leading political characters, the highest of the nobles, the first men in the state, not only contribute regularly to the daily or periodical press, but avow and glory in their doing so. Not only the leading literary characters, as Chateaubriand, Guizot, Thiers, and others, regularly write for the daily press; but many of the Peers of France conduct, or contribute to, the public newspapers. The Gazette de France and Quotidienne are supported by contributions from the royalist nobility; the Journal des Debats is conducted by a Peer of France. So far from being considered as a discredit, or a thing to be concealed, these eminent men pride themselves on the influence they thus have on public opinion. The reason is obvious; they are the speakers before the real National Assembly of France, the National Guard and armed force of Paris. Consideration and dignity will ever attend the persons whose exertions directly lead to the possession of political power. When, in the progress of

* Duc de Gaeta, ii. 334.

democratic changes, the Reformed Parliament of England has sunk as low in public estimation as the Chamber of Deputies in France, the dukes and earls of England, if such a class exist, will become the editors of newspapers, and pride themselves on the occupation.

The taxation of France is extremely heavy, and has been increased to a most extraordinary degree since the Revolution of July. In a table below,* will be found a return of the budgets of the last ten years, lately published in Paris by authority of government. From this it appears that the expenditure of the last year of Charles X., was 950,000,000 francs, or about £39,000,000 sterling, while that of the first year of Louis Philippe, was above 1,500,000,000 francs, or £60,000,000. Thus, while the Three Glorious Days diminished every man's property by a *third*, it added to the national burdens by a *half*. Such are the blessings of democratic ascendancy.

The taxation of France has become an evil of the very greatest magnitude, and with every addition made to democratic power, it has become worse. The property-tax is *thirteen per cent.* on the annual value; but by the arbitrary and unfair way in which valuations are taken, it frequently amounts to twenty, sometimes to thirty per cent. on what is really received by the proprietor. Professional persons, whose income is fluctuating, pay an income-tax on a graduated scale; and the indirect taxes bring in about 500,000,000 francs, or £20,000,000 sterling. The direct taxes amount to about 350,000,000 francs, or £14,000,000 sterling; a much heavier burden than the income-tax was on England, for the national income of England is much greater than that of France. As the result of their democratic efforts, the French have fixed on themselves national burdens, nearly three times as heavy as those which were so much complained of in the time of Louis XVI.† and greatly more oppressive than those which the revolutionary war has imposed on the English people.

Nor is this all. In addition to this enormous increase of taxation, the Revolution of July has occasioned the sale of a very large portion of the royal domains. In every part of France the crown lands and forests have been alienated to a very great extent; and the words which so often meet a traveller's eyes, "*Biens patrimoniaux de la Couronne à vendre*," indicate too clearly how universally the ruthless hand of the spoiler has been laid on the remaining public estates of the realm.

Notwithstanding this, however, the character of the French government has been essentially changed by the Revolution of the Barricades. It possesses now a degree of power,

vigour, and despotic authority, to which there has been nothing comparable since the days of Napoleon. The facility with which it overturned the great democratic revolt at the cloister of St. Merri, in June, 1832, and at Lyons in November, 1831, both of which were greatly more formidable than that of the Three Days, is a sufficient proof of this assertion. The deeds of despotism, the rigorous acts of government, which are now in daily operation under the citizen king, could never have been attempted during the restoration. Charles X. declared Paris in a state of siege, and issued an edict against the liberty of the press; and in a few days, in consequence, he was precipitated from his throne: Marshal Soult declared Paris in a state of siege, and still more rigidly fettered the press; and the act of vigour confirmed instead of weakening his sovereign's authority. It is the daily complaint of the republican press, that the acts of government are now infinitely more rigorous than they have ever been since the fall of Napoleon, and that the nation under the restoration would never have tolerated the vexatious restraints which are now imposed upon its freedom. To give one or two examples from the newspapers lying before us.

"Yesterday evening, twenty-eight persons, accused of seditious practices, were arrested and sent to prison by the agents of the police. Never did tyranny advance with such rapid strides as it is doing at the present time."—*Tribune*, Aug. 20.

"Yesterday night, eighteen more persons, accused of republican practices, were sent to prison. How long will the citizens of Paris permit a despotism to exist among them, to which there has been nothing comparable since the days of Napoleon?"—*Tribune*, Aug. 21.

"More barracks are in course of being erected in the neighbourhood of Graulle. If matters go on much longer at this rate, Paris will contain more soldiers than citizens."—*Tribune*, Aug. 23.

If Charles X. or Louis XVIII. had adventured upon the extraordinary steps of sending state prisoners by the hundred to the castle of mount St. Michael in Normandy, or erecting an additional prison of vast dimensions near Père la Chaise, to receive the overflowings of the other jails in Paris, maintaining forty or fifty thousand men constantly in garrison in the capital, or placing a girdle of fortified bastiles round its walls, the vehemence of the public clamour would either have rendered necessary the abandonment of the measures, or straightway precipitated them from the throne. All parties now admit that France possessed as much real freedom as was consistent with public order under the Bourbons; there is not one which pretends that any of that liberty is still enjoyed. They are completely at variance, indeed, as to the necessity of its removal; the republicans maintaining that an unnecessary and odious despotism has been established; the just milieu, that a powerful government is the only remaining barrier between France and democratic anarchy, and, as such, is absolutely indispensable for the preservation of order; but all are agreed that the constitu-

* Budgets of France for the last ten years.

1824	951,992,000 francs, or £38,100,000
1825	916,098,000 do. 37,100,000
1826	942,518,000 do. 37,500,000
1827	956,327,000 do. 38,730,000
1828	939,345,000 do. 37,330,000
1829	875,703,000 do. 35,840,000
1830	951,510,000 do. 38,930,000
1831	1,511,500,000 do. 60,000,000
1832	1,100,506,000 do. 44,000,000
1833	1,120,394,000 do. 44,500,000

† They were then about £19,000,000 a year.

tional freedom of the Restoration no longer exists.

An attentive observation of the present state of France is all that is requisite to show the causes of these apparently anomalous facts;—of the tempered rule, limited authority, and constitutional sway of the Bourbons, in spite of the absolute frame of government which they received from Napoleon and the Revolution; and the despotic rigour and irresistible force of the present dynasty, notwithstanding the democratic transports which seated it upon the throne. Such a survey will, at the same time, throw a great and important light upon the final effect of the first Revolution on the cause of freedom, and go far to vindicate the government of that superintending wisdom, which, even in this world, compels vice to work out its own deserved and memorable punishment.

The practical and efficient control upon the executive authority, in every state, is to be found in the jealousy of the middling and lower orders of the rule of the higher, who are in possession of the reins of power. This is the force which really coerces the government in every state; it is to be found in the tumults of Constantinople, or the anarchy of Persia, as well as in the constitutional opposition of the British parliament. The representative system only gives a regular and constitutional channel to the restraining power, without which society might degenerate into the anarchy of Poland, or be disgraced by the strife of the Seraglio.

As long as this jealousy remains entire among the people, and the fabric of government is sufficiently strong to resist its attacks on any of its necessary functions—as long as it is a drag on its movements, not the ruling power, the operations of the executive are subjected to a degree of restraint which constitutes a limited monarchy, and diffuses general freedom. This is the natural and healthful state of society; where the people, disqualified by their multitude and their habits from the task of government, fall into their proper sphere of observing and controlling its movements; and the aristocracy, disqualified by their limited number from the power of effectually controlling the executive, if possessed by the people, occupy their appropriate station in forming part of the government, and supporting the throne. The popular body is as unfit to govern the state, as the aristocracy is to defend its liberties against a democratic executive. History has many instances to exhibit, of liberty existing for ages with a senate holding the reins, and a populace checking its encroachments; it has not one to show of the same blessing being found under a democracy in possession of the executive, with the defence of public freedom intrusted to a displaced aristocracy. From the Revolution of 1688 to that of 1832, the annals of England presented the perfect specimen of public freedom flourishing under the first form of government; it remains to be seen whether it will subsist for any length of time under the second.

Experience, accordingly, has demonstrated, what theory had long asserted, that the overgrowth of the liberty of all free states has arisen

from the usurpation of the executive authority by the democracy; and that, as long as the reins of power are in the hands of the nobles the jealousy of the commons was an adequate security to the cause of freedom. Rome long maintained its liberties, notwithstanding the contests of the patricians and plebeians, while the authority of the senate was unimpaired; but when the aristocracy, under Cato, Brutus, and Pompey, were overturned by the democracy headed by Cæsar, the tyranny of the emperors rapidly succeeded. The most complete despotism of modern times is to be found in the government of Robespierre and Napoleon, both of whom rose to power on the democratic transports of a successful revolution. Against the encroachments of their natural and hereditary rulers, the sovereign and the nobles, the people, in a constitutional monarchy, are in general sufficiently on their guard; and against their efforts, the increasing power which they acquire from the augmentation of their wealth and intelligence in the later stages of society, is a perfectly sufficient security. But of the despotism of the rulers of their own party,—the usurpation of the leaders whom they have themselves seated in the chariot,—they are never sufficiently jealous, because they conceive that their own power is deriving fresh accessions of strength from every addition made to the chiefs who have so long combated by their side; and this delusion continues universally till it is too late to shake their authority, and on the ruins of a constitutional monarchy, an absolute despotism has been constructed.

"Le leurre du despotisme qui commence est toujours," says Guizot, "d'offrir aux hommes les trompeurs avantages d'une honteuse égalité."* (Guzot)

Had the first Revolution of France, like the great rebellion of England, merely passed over the state without uprooting all its institutions, and destroying every branch of its aristocracy, there can be little doubt that a constitutional monarchy might have been established in France, and possibly a hundred and forty years of liberty and happiness formed, as in Britain, the maturity of its national strength. But the total destruction of all these classes in the bloody convulsion, and the division of their estates among an innumerable host of little proprietors, rendered the formation of such a monarchy impossible, because one of the elements was wanting which is indispensable to its existence, and no counterpoise remained to the power of the democracy at one time, or of the executive at another. You might as well make gunpowder without sulphur, as rear up constitutional freedom without an hereditary aristocracy to coerce the people and restrain the throne. "A monarchy," says Bacon, "without an aristocracy, is ever an absolute despotism, for a nobility attempts somewhat the reverence for the line royal." "The Revolution," says Napoleon, "left France absolutely without an aristocracy; and this rendered the formation of a mixed constitution impossible. The government had no lever to rest upon to

* Guizot, Essais sur l'histoire de France 13.

direct the people; it was compelled to navigate in a single element. The French Revolution has attempted a problem as insoluble as the direction of balloons!"*

When Napoleon seized the helm, therefore, he had no alternative but to see revolutionary anarchy continue in the state, or coerce the people by a military despotism. He chose the latter; and under his firm and resolute government, France enjoyed a degree of prosperity and happiness unknown since the fall of the monarchy. Those who reproach him with departing from the principles of the Revolution, and rearing up a military throne by means of a scaffolding of democratic construction, would do well to show how he could otherwise have discharged the first of duties in governments,—the giving protection and security to the people; how a mixed and tempered constitution could be established, when the violence of the people had totally destroyed their natural and hereditary rulers; and how the passions of a populace, long excited by the uncontrolled riot in power, were to be coerced by a senate composed of salaried dignitaries, destitute either of property or importance, and a body of ignoble deputies, hardly elevated, either in station or acquirements, above the citizens to whom they owed their election.

The overthrow of Napoleon's power by the arms of Europe, for a time established a constitutional throne in France, and gave its inhabitants fifteen years of undeserved freedom and happiness. But this freedom rested on an unstable equilibrium; it had not struck its roots into the substratum of society; it was liable to be overturned by the first shock of adverse fortune. As it was, however, it contributed, in a most essential manner, to deceive the world,—to veil the irreparable consequences of the first convulsion,—and make mankind believe that it was possible, on the basis of irreligion, robbery, and murder, to rear up the fair fabric of regulated freedom. We have to thank the Revolution of the Baricades for drawing aside the veil,—for displaying the consequences of national delinquency on future ages; and beneath the fair colours of the whited sepulchre, exhibiting the foul appearances of premature corruption and decay.

What gave temporary freedom to France under the Restoration was the prodigious exhaustion of the democratic spirit by the calamities which attended the close of Napoleon's reign; the habits of submission to which his iron government had accustomed the people; the terror produced by the double conquest of Paris by the Allies, the insecure and obnoxious tenure by which the Bourbons held their authority, and the pacific character and personal weakness of that race of sovereigns themselves.

1. The exhaustion of France by the calamities which hurled Napoleon from the throne, undoubtedly had a most powerful effect in coercing for a time the fierce and turbulent passions of the people. It is in the young that the spirit of liberty and the impatience of

restraint is ever most fervent, and from their energy that the firmest principles of freedom and the greatest excesses of democracy have equally arisen. But the younger generations of France were, to a degree unprecedented in modern times, mowed down by the revolutionary wars. After seventeen years of more than ordinary consumption of human life, came the dreadful campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814; in the first of which, between Spain and Russia, not less than 700,000 men perished by the sword or sickness, while, in the two latter, the extraordinary levy of 1,200,000 men was almost entirely destroyed. By these prodigious efforts, France was literally exhausted; these copious bleedings reduced the body politic to a state of almost lethargic torpor; and, accordingly, neither the invasion and disasters of 1814, nor the return of Napoleon in 1815, could rouse the mass of the nation to any thing like a state of general excitement. During the first years of the Bourbons' reign, accordingly, they had to rule over a people whose fierce passions had been tamed by unprecedented misfortunes, and hot blood drained off by a merciless sword; and it was not till the course of time, and the ceaseless powers of population had in some degree repaired the void, that that general impatience and restlessness began to be manifested which arises from the difficulty of finding employment, and is the common precursor of political changes.

2. The government of Napoleon, despotic and unfettered in its original construction, after the 18th Brumaire, had become, in process of time, the most arbitrary and powerful of any in Europe. Between the destruction of all ancient, provincial, and corporate authorities, by the successive revolutionary assemblies, and the complete centralization of all the powers and influence of the state in the government at Paris, which took place during his government, there was not a vestige of popular power left in France. The people had been accustomed, for fourteen years, to submit to the préfets, sous-préfets, mayors, adjoints, and other authorities appointed by the central government at Paris, and they had in a great degree lost the recollection of the intoxicating powers which they exercised during the Revolution. The habit of submission to an absolute government, which enforced its mandates by 800,000 soldiers, and had three hundred thousand civil offices in its gift, had in a great degree prepared the country for slavery. To the direction of this immense and strongly constructed machine the Bourbons succeeded; and it went on for a number of years working of itself, without the people generally being conscious of the helm having passed from the firm and able grasp of Napoleon to the inexperienced and feeble hands of his legitimate successors. Louis XVIII., indeed, gave a charter to his subjects: "Vive la Charte" became the cry of the supporters of his throne: deputies were chosen, who met at Paris; a Chamber of Peers was established, and the forms of a constitutional monarchy prevailed. But it is not by conferring the forms of a limited monarchy that its spirit can

* Napoleon's Memoirs.

be acquired, or the necessary checks either on the throne or the populace established. France, under the Bourbons, went through the forms of a representative government, but she had hardly a vestige of its spirit. Her people were composed of a few hundred thousand ardent citizens in the towns, who longed for democratic power and a republican government, and thirty millions of peasants and workmen, who were ready to submit to any government established by the ruling population of the capital. To coerce the former, or invigorate the latter, no means remained; and therefore it is that a constitutional monarchy no longer exists in France.

3. The consternation produced by the overthrow of Napoleon's throne, and the double occupation of Paris by the allied troops, went far to uphold a government which had risen up under their protection. While all the army and ardent patriots of the capital insisted that it had been surrendered by treachery in both cases, and could never have been conquered by force of arms, the astounding events produced a great and awful impression throughout France, which is far from being as yet eradicated. There are some calamities which remain long in the recollection of mankind. Volatile, susceptible of new impressions, and inconsiderate as great part of the French undoubtedly are, the successive capture of their capital in two campaigns sunk deep and heavily in their minds. It wounded them in the most sensitive part, the feeling of national glory; and excited a painful doubt, heretofore unknown, of the ability of the great nation to resist a combined attack from the northern powers. This feeling still subsists; it may have little influence with the young and warlike youth of the capital, but it is strongly impressed upon the more thoughtful and better informed classes of society, and is in an especial manner prevalent among the National Guard of the metropolis, to whom, even more than the regular army, the nation looks for the regulation of its movements. It was to the prevalence of this feeling that the existence of the Bourbon government, during the fifteen years of the Restoration, was mainly owing; and so prevalent was it even on the eve of their overthrow, that the revolt of the Barriades originated with, and was long supported solely by the very lowest classes; and it was not till the defection of the army, and the imbecility of the government, had rendered it more than doubtful whether a revolution was not at hand, that they were joined by any considerable accession of strength from the educated or middling classes of society. The same feeling of secret dread at the northern powers still exists, notwithstanding the accession of England to the league of revolutionary governments; and, whatever the republican party may say to the contrary, nothing is more certain than that the cabinet of Louis Philippe has been supported in all its principal measures, and especially in the proclamation of a state of siege by Marshal Soult, and the pacific system with the continental powers, by a great majority of all the persons of any wealth or consideration in Paris, now in possession,

through the National Guard, of a preponderating influence in the capital, and, consequently, over all France.

The circumstances which have been mentioned, contributed strongly to establish a despotic government under the Bourbons,—the only kind of regular authority which the convulsions of the Revolution have rendered practicable in France; but to counteract these, and temper the rigour of the executive, there were other circumstances of an equally important character, which gradually went on increasing in power, until they finally overbalanced the others, and overturned the government of the Restoration.

1. The first of these circumstances was the extreme national dissatisfaction which attended the way in which the Bourbons reascended the throne. For a monarch of France to enter its capital, in the rear of a victorious invader, is the most unlikely way that can be imagined to gain the affections of its inhabitants; but to do this twice over, and regain the throne on the second occasion, in consequence of such a thunderbolt as the battle of Waterloo, was a misfortune which rendered the popularity of the dynasty out of the question. The people naturally connected together the two events; they associated the republican sway with the tricolour flag and the conquest of Europe, and the Bourbon dynasty with the disasters which had preceded their restoration: forgetting, what was the truth, that it was under the tricolour that all these disasters had been incurred; and that the white flag was the olive branch which saved them from calamities, which they themselves had felt to be intolerable.

This general feeling of irritation at the unparalleled calamities in which Napoleon's reign terminated, was naturally and skillfully turned to account by the republican party. They constantly associated together the Bourbon reign with the Russian bayonets; and held out the sovereigns of the Restoration, rather as the viceroys of Wellington, or the satraps of Alexander, than the monarchs either by choice or inheritance of the Franks. This prejudice, which had too much support from the unfortunate coincidence of Napoleon's disasters with the commencement of their reign, soon spread deeply and universally among the liberal part of the people; and the continuance of the Bourbon dynasty on the throne came to be considered as the badge of national servitude, which, on the first dawn of returning liberation, should be removed.

2. The abolition of the national colours by the Bourbon princes, and the studious endeavour made to obliterate the monuments and recollection of Napoleon, was a puerile weakness, from which the worst possible effects ensued to their government. To suppose that it was possible to obliterate the remembrance of his mighty achievements, and substitute Henry IV. and Saint Louis for the glories of the empire, was worse than childish, and, as might have been expected, totally ineffectual. In vain his portrait was prescribed, his letters effaced from the edifices, his name hardly mentioned, except with vituperation by the ministerial organs; the admiration for his

greatness only increased from the efforts made to suppress it; and of his, as the images of Brutus and Cassius at the funeral of Junia, it might truly be said, "*Viginti clarissimarum familiarum imagines antelatae sunt, sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, et eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur.*"

The universal burst of public enthusiasm when the tricolour flag was rehoisted on the Tuileries, and the statue of the hero replaced on the pillar in the Place Vendôme, in July last, and the innumerable pictures and statues which have been exposed in every town and village of France since the prohibition was removed, demonstrate how powerful and general this feeling was, and expose the enormity of the error which the Bourbons committed in endeavouring to bury it in oblivion. The tricolour flag was associated in the minds of the whole young and active part of the French population with the days of their glory; the white standard with the commencement of their humiliation. To compel them to adopt the one and abandon the other, was an error in policy of the most enormous kind. It was to perpetuate the feeling of national disgrace; to impose upon the nation what they considered as the livery of servitude; to debar them from openly giving vent to feelings which swelled their hearts even to bursting. The Revolution of July was less against the edicts of Polignac than the white standard on the dome of the Tuileries; and the Citizen King owes his throne mainly to the tricolour flag which waves above his head in that august abode.

3. The religious feelings of the exiled family, natural and estimable in persons exposed to the calamities which they had undergone, was undoubtedly an inherent weakness in the government of the Restoration, to which their fall was in a great degree owing. From whatever cause it may have arisen, the fact is certain, that hatred at every species of religious observance is the most profound and inveterate feeling which has survived the Revolution. Not that the French are wholly an irreligious people; for in a numerous portion of the community, especially in the rural districts, the reverence for devotion is undiminished, nay, is now visibly on the increase; but that the active and energetic class in towns, upon whom the centralization of power produced by the Revolution has exclusively conferred political importance and the means of influencing the public mind, are almost entirely of that description. To these men, the sight of priests in their sacerdotal habits crossing the Place Carousal, and entering the royal apartments, was absolute gall and wormwood. The royalists had not discernment enough to see, that they might encourage the substantial parts of religion, without perpetually bringing before the public eye the obnoxious parts of its external ceremonial: they fell at once under the government of pious and estimable, but weak and ignorant ecclesiastics, who were totally incapable of steering the vessel of the state through the shoals and quicksands with which it was on all sides beset. Thence arose an inherent weakness in the government of

the Restoration, which went far to counterbalance the vast political authority which the centralization of every species of influence in the public offices in Paris had occasioned. They received a machine of vast power, and apparently irresistible strength, but the prejudice of the people at their political and religious principles was so strong that they could not find the firm hands requisite to direct it.

4. The pacific and indolent character of the Bourbon princes, and the timorous policy which they were constrained to adopt, from the disastrous circumstances which had preceded their accession to the throne, prevented them from reviving by personal qualities or brilliant achievements, any of that popularity which so many circumstances had contributed to weaken. A thirst for military glory ever has been the leading characteristic of the French people. A pacific and popular king of France is a contradiction in terms. The princes who dwell most strongly in their recollection, Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Napoleon, were all distinguished either for their military achievements, or the great conquests which were effected in their reign. If a king of France were to possess the virtue of Aristides, the integrity of Cato, the humanity of Marcus Aurelius, and the wisdom of Solomon, and remain constantly at peace, he would speedily become unpopular.* The only regal activity which, in their estimation, can in some degree compensate the want of military distinction, is a decided turn for the embellishment of Paris. Napoleon's vast popularity, after his external victories, was mainly owing to his internal decorations; the Pillar of Austerlitz and the Bourse, almost rivalled, in public effect, the overthrow of Austria and the subjugation of Prussia. But in neither of these lines of activity was the family of the Restoration calculated to acquire a distinction. They remained, partly from inclination, partly from necessity, almost constantly at peace; they languidly and slowly completed the great works undertaken by Napoleon, but commenced little new themselves; they neither pushed their armies across the Rhine, nor their new constructions into the obscurer parts of Paris. The Parisians could neither recount to strangers the victories they had won, nor point with exultation to the edifices they had constructed. They remained, in consequence, for the whole fifteen years that they sat upon the throne, tolerated and obeyed, but neither admired nor loved; and the load of obloquy which attached to them from the disasters which preceded their accession, was lightened by no redeeming achievements which followed their elevation.

From the combination of these singular and opposing circumstances, there resulted a mixed and tempered government in France, for the brief period of the Restoration, without any of the circumstances existing, by which that blessing can be permanently secured,—without either a powerful aristocracy, or an efficient and varied representation of the people. The machine of government was that of an abso-

* Mr. Burke was perfectly right when he said, that the restored monarch must be constantly in the saddle.

ute despotism, from the complete centralization of every species of influence in the public offices at Paris, and the total absence of any authority in the provinces to counterbalance their influence; but the royal family had neither the energy nor the qualities, nor the fortune, requisite to wield its irresistible powers. Nothing can be more extraordinary, accordingly, than the state of France under Louis XVIII. and Charles X. The government were almost constantly declining in popularity; the republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies was, with some variations, almost constantly increasing; at last it rose to such a height as to choke up the wheels of administration, and render a *coup d'état*, or a resignation of the throne, an unavoidable alternative. But although the *Family of the Bourbons* was thus declining in influence, the *power of government* was undergoing no serious alteration; no efficient checks upon the executive, arising from the combination of the lasting interests of the state to coerce its encroachment, were growing up; the weakness of the throne arose from dislike to the reigning family, not aversion to the power with which they were invested. They were at last overturned, like the sultans in the Seraglio, or the Roman emperors on the Palatine Mount, by a vast and well-concerted urban tumult, seconded to a wish by the imbecility and weakness of the ruling administration; and the vast machine of a despotic government passed unimpaired into the hands of their more energetic assailants.

The Revolution of the Barricades at once put an end to the temporizing system of the Restoration, and drew aside the veil which, retained by Bourbon weakness, had so long concealed the stern features of despotic power. The fatal succession, bequeathed to France, by the sins and the atrocities of the first Revolution, was then apparent; the bonds, the inevitable and perpetual bonds of servitude, were exposed to public gaze. In all the particulars which constituted the weakness of the Restoration, and paralyzed the machine of despotic government, from hatred at the hands which wielded it, the Citizen King had the advantage. The white flag had been a perpetual eye-sore to the ardent youth of France, and the white flag was torn down: the tricolour had been the object of their secret worship, and the tricolour was displayed from every tower in France: the recollection of defeat had clouded the first days of the Restoration, and the first days of the Revolution of July were those of astounding triumph: the observance of Sunday and religious forms had exasperated an infidel metropolis, under a priest-ridden dynasty; and their successors allowed them to revel in every species of amusement and license on the seventh day: the long continuance of peace had thrown into sullen discontent the ardent youth of the metropolis; and the establishment of a revolutionary throne promised, sooner or later, to bring about a desperate conflict with the legitimate monarchs of Europe. The prospect of the convulsions into which England was speedily thrown by the contagion of this great example, contri-

buted not a little to fan this exulting flame, and in the passing of the Reform Bill, the French democrats beheld a lasting triumph to the Gallican party in this country, and an achievement which consoled them for the disasters of Trafalgar and Waterloo.

These combined circumstances completely restored the vigour and efficiency of the central authority at Paris over all France. In possession of a frame of government the strongest and most despotic of any in Europe, supported by the ardent and influential part of the population in the capital, fanned by the gales of public passion and prejudice, they speedily became irresistible. Every thing contributed to increase the power of government. The public hatred at hereditary succession, which forced on the abolition of the House of Peers and the appointment of their successors by the crown, demolished the last barrier (and it was but a feeble one) which the preceding convulsions had left between the throne and universal dominion. The public impatience for war, which made them bear without murmuring an increase of the national expenditure, on the accession of Louis Philippe, from 980,000,000 francs to 1,511,000,000 in one year, enabled the government to raise the army from 180,000 to 420,000 men, and fan the military spirit through all France, by the establishment of National Guards. The Chamber of Deputies, thrown into the shade by the tricolour flag, and the reviews in the Place Caroussel, was soon forgotten; its members, destitute, for the most part, of property, consideration, or weight in their respective departments, speedily fell into contempt; the opposition was gained over or withdrew in despair from a hopeless cause; and a party which, under the white flag, and the priest-ridden government, had risen to a majority in the legislature, was soon reduced to a miserable remnant of six or eight members. The debates in the Chamber have almost disappeared; they are hardly ever reported; all eyes are turned from the legislature to the war-office; from the declamations of disappointed patriots, to the acclamations of brilliant battalions; from a thought on the extinction of public freedom, to the exhilarating prospect of foreign conquest.

It is this combination of a despotic executive in possession of all the influence in the state, with the infusion of popularity into the *system of government*, which has enabled Louis Philippe, aided by his own great ability, notwithstanding his extreme *personal* unpopularity, to carry through obnoxious and tyrannical measures never contemplated by Napoleon in the zenith of his power. One of the most remarkable of these, is the encircling Paris with fortified posts, or, as the republicans call it, the project "d'embastiller Paris." To those who recollect the transports of enthusiasm with which the storming of the Bastille was received over all France in 1789, it must appear the most extraordinary of all things, that a revolutionary government should venture upon the step of constructing *TEN BASTILES*, many larger, all stronger, than the old one, around Paris, in such situation, as absolutely to command the metropolis, by enabling the

government, at pleasure, to intercept its supplies of provisions; yet this has been done, and is now doing. Vincennes, situated a league beyond the Barricade de Trone, is undergoing a thorough repair; and its cannon, placed within a regular fortification, will completely command the great road leading into the Fauxbourg St. Antoine. Other, and similar fortresses, are in the course of construction, in a circle round Paris, at the distance of about two miles from each other, and a mile, or a mile and a half beyond the external barrier. When completed, they will at once give the government the command of the rebellious capital; not a pound of provisions can enter a circle inhabited by nearly a million of souls, but under the guns of these formidable fortresses. The plans were completed, the ground was all purchased, the works were going forward, when they were interrupted by the cries of part of the National Guard, in defiance before the king on the 29th July last. The Chamber of Deputies had in vain refused, in accordance with the wishes of the capital, a grant of money for the purpose; the crown was going on of its own authority, and from its own funds. And though the undertaking has been suspended for a time from the cause above mentioned, excepting at Vincennes, which is rapidly advancing, government openly announce their intention of resuming it next spring, when a majority of the Chamber will be won over to give it their support.*

The most singular circumstance connected with the present political state of France, is the co-existence of a despotic military government, with a wild and intemperate republican press in the capital. This may appear incredible, but nevertheless it is certain that it exists; and it constitutes an element by no means to be overlooked, in considering its future prospects, because it may, in a moment, hurl the present dynasty from the throne, and elevate a new family, or different executive, to the possession of its despotic powers. To give only a single example of the length to which this extravagance is carried, we select by mere chance, an article which recently appeared in the *Tribune*.

"Those who place themselves in the current of political change should consider well whither it will lead them, before they embark on its waves. The authors of the revolt on the 9th Thermidor,† were far from intending to extinguish public freedom; but, nevertheless, the reaction against liberty has been incessant since the fall of Robespierre, with the exception perhaps of the Three Days of July.

"It is in vain to say that it was Napoleon, or the Restoration, or Louis Philippe, who extinguished the freedom of France; it was the overthrow of Robespierre which was the fatal stroke. We have never since known what liberty was, we have lived only under a succession of tyrants.

"Impressed with these ideas, a band of patriots have commenced the republication of the

speeches of Robespierre, St. Just, and Marat, which will be rendered accessible to the very humblest of the people, by the moderate price of a sous a number, at which it is to be sold. We earnestly recommend the works of these immortal patriots to our readers. They will find every thing that philosophy could discover, or learning reveal, or humanity desire, or eloquence enforce, in their incomparable productions."—*Tribune*, Aug. 20.

Again, in the next number we read as follows:—

"The *soi-disant* patriots of the day are in a total mistake when they pretend that it is an erroneous system of taxation which is the root of the public discontents. This is no doubt an evil, but it is nothing compared to that which flows from a defective system of social organization.

"The tyranny of the rich over the poor is the real plague which infests society; the eternal source of oppression, in comparison of which all others are but as dust in the balance. What have we gained by the Revolution? The substitution of the *Chausée d'Antin* for the Fauxbourg St. Germain. An aristocracy of bankers for one of nobles. What have the people gained by this change? Are they better fed, or clothed, or lodged, than before? What is it to them that their oppressors are no longer counts or dukes? Tyranny can come from the bureau as well as the palace:—there will be no real regeneration to France till a more equal distribution of PROPERTY strikes at the root of all the calamities of mankind.

"The principles of pure and unmixed democracy are those of absolute wisdom, of unwearied philanthropy, of universal happiness. When the rule of the people is completely established, the reign of justice, freedom, equality, and happiness will commence; all the evils of humanity will disappear before the awakened energies of mankind."—*Tribune*, Aug. 21.

When principles such as these, clothed in insinuating language, and enforced with no small share of ability, are daily poured forth from the Parisian press, and read by admiring multitudes among its ardent and impassioned population, we are led to examine how society can exist with such doctrines familiarly spread among the lower orders. But the phenomenon becomes still more extraordinary, when it is perceived that these anarchical doctrines are in close juxtaposition to the most complete and rigorous despotism to which the people under successive governments submit without any practical attempt at resistance; that the citizens who indulge in these absurd speculations are content to wait for hours at the police office, before they can go ten leagues from the capital, and go quietly to jail with the first gens d'armes who meet them on the road without their passports.

The truth is, that the French, during all the phases of the Revolution, as Napoleon remarked, not only never tasted one hour of real freedom, but never formed a conception of what it was. The efforts of the factions who for forty years have torn its bosom, have all

* It has since been completed by the aid of the war party, headed by M. Thiers.

† The day when Robespierre was overthrown

been directed to one object, *the acquisition of political power by themselves*, without bestowing a thought on the far more important matter of how that power is to be restrained towards others. The consequence is, that the exertions of the party in opposition are all directed to one object, the displacing of their adversaries from their places in administration, or overturning the family on the throne, without the slightest intention of remodelling the frame of government, so as to impose any effectual check on the executive. If the republican opposition were to succeed to the helm, they would probably push through such a change in the composition of the electoral colleges, as might secure for their party the predominance in the legislature, but they would make as few concessions to public freedom as was done by their predecessors Robespierre and St. Just. The police would still fetter the actions of every man in France; the *impôt foncière* would still carry off from thirteen to twenty per cent. of every income from property; the government officers at Paris would still dispose of every office in the kingdom, from the minister at the head of the army, to the scavenger at the tail of the cleaning department.

The party in opposition, who long for the enjoyment of power and offices, has been immensely weakened by the result of the Three Days. The royalists, indeed, are everywhere excluded from the slightest participation in the government; but so are they from any influence in the legislature; and a miserable minority of twenty or thirty members finds it quite in vain to attempt any struggle in parliament. The great body of the popular party have got into office in consequence of their triumph: it may safely be affirmed that not less than 300,000 liberals are now the *employés* in civil government alone. Thus the patriots of France are now very generally and comfortably ensconced in official situations; and it is utterly impossible, in consequence, to rouse them to any hostility to the ruling power. In this way the republican party are, to a great extent, won over to the government, and they can afford to allow the disappointed remnant of their faction to vent their discontent in democratic publications. This complete division of the liberal party, and secure anchoring of four-fifths of its members by the strong tenure of official emolument, which has followed the Revolution of July, is the true secret of the present strength of government; for the discontented royalists in the provinces, though numerous and brave, will never be able to throw off the central authority of the capital.

It is not to be imagined, however, from all this, that the government of Louis Philippe is established on a solid foundation. No government can be so, which is founded not on the great and lasting interests of the state, but its fleeting passions—which depends not on the property of the country, but the mob of the metropolis. The throne of the Barricades rests entirely on the armed force of the capital. "A breath may *unmake* it, as a breath has made." A well-concerted urban revolt, the defection of a single regiment, supported by a majority of the National Guards, may any day

seat a consul, a general, or Henry V. on the throne. It has lost popularity immensely with the movement party, *out of office*, comprehending all the ardent and desperate characters, by persisting in an anti-republican policy, and remaining steadily at peace. Its incessant and rigorous prosecution of the press, though inadequate hitherto to extirpate that last remnant of popular sovereignty, has exposed it to the powerful assaults of that mighty engine. The sovereign on the throne, and the whole royal family, are neglected or disliked, notwithstanding the great abilities of its head and estimable qualities of many of its members. A vigorous and successful foreign war would at once restore its popularity, and utterly silence all the clamour about the loss of freedom; but without the aid of that powerful stimulant, it is impossible to say how soon the present dynasty may be overturned, and a fresh race or government be thrown up by another eruption of the revolutionary volcano.

But come what race or form of sovereignty there may, the government of Paris will equally remain a perfect and uncontrolled despotism over France. This is the great and final result of the first Revolution, which should ever be kept steadily in view by the adjoining states. Let Henry V. or the Duke of Orleans, Marshal Soult, or Odillon Barrot, succeed to supreme power, the result will be the same. The bones of Old France have been broken by the vast rolling-stone which has passed over the state; New France has not the elements within it to frame a constitutional throne. The people must remain slaves to the central government, because they have destroyed the superior classes who might shield them from its oppression. Asiatic has succeeded to European civilization, and political power is no longer to be found independent of regal appointment. All superiority depends upon the possession of office; the distinctions of hereditary rank, the descent of considerable property, have alike disappeared; over a nation of ryots, who earn a scanty subsistence by the sweat of their brow, is placed a horde of Egyptian taskmasters, who wring from them the fruits of their toil, and a band of Pretorian guards who dispose at pleasure of their government.

In one particular, little understood on the English side of the Channel, the similarity of the result of French regeneration to the institutions of Oriental despotism, is most striking. The weight of *direct* taxation is at once the mark and the result of despotic government. It is remarked by Gibbon, that the great test of the practical power of government is to be found in the extent to which it can carry the *direct payments* by the people to the treasury; and that whenever the majority of imposts are indirect, it is a proof that it is compelled to consult the inclinations and feelings of its subjects. He adduces as an illustration of this profound yet obvious remark, (all profound remarks, when once made, appear obvious,) the excessive weight of direct taxation in the latter period of the Roman empire. In Gaul, in the time of Constantine, the capitation-tax had risen to the enormous sum of nine pounds sterling for every freeman; an impost so ex

cessive, that among the poorer citizens it could be made up only by several being allowed to club together to form one head. Sismondi, in like manner, observes, that the exorbitant weight of direct taxes was the great cause of the progressive depopulation of the Roman empire. At this moment the burden of the fixed payment exacted from a Turkish pashalic which is never allowed to diminish, and consequently with the decline of the inhabitants becomes intolerable, is the great cause of the rapid depopulation of the Ottoman empire. In Hindostan and China, the proportion of the fruits of the soil which goes directly to the government varies from 30 to 50 per cent.

Akin to this, the last and well-known result of despotic oppression, is the enormous weight of the direct taxes in France. The tax on proprietors is fixed at present at 13 per cent.; but this, oppressive as it would appear in this country, where the weight of democratic despotism is only beginning to be felt, is nothing to the real burden which falls on the unhappy proprietors. By the valuation or *cadastre* made by the government surveyor, the real weight of the burden is liable to indefinite increase, and in general brings it up to 20, sometimes 30 per cent.* The valuation is taken, not from the actual receipt of the owner, but what it is estimated his property is worth; and as the smiles of government are directed towards these official gentlemen nearly in proportion to the amount to which they can raise the valuation of their district, the injustice committed in this way is most extreme. We know many properties on the Garonne and Rhone, where, from the exorbitance of the valuation, the tax comes to 35 and 40 per cent. on the produce. Its weight may be judged of by the fact, that this direct impost produces yearly 350,000,000 francs, or about 14,000,000l. sterling, which almost entirely comes from the land-owners.† Now the income-tax of Great Britain during the war produced just that sum; and most certainly the income from all sources of the British empire at that period was double the amount of that now enjoyed by the landed proprietors of France.‡ The result of this is, that the French land-owners pay, on the whole, 20 per cent. on the annual worth of their incomes. In forty years from the commencement of their revolutionary troubles, the French have got nearly to the standard fixed on the ryots of Hindostan, in the lightest taxed districts of India; and more than tripled the *taille*, which was held forth as an insupportable burden at their commencement! Let them go on as they are doing, and in half a century they will again find the enormous capitation-

tax of Constantine fixed about their necks. Thus the result of human folly and iniquity is the same in all ages and countries; and the identical consequences which flowed fifteen hundred years ago, remotely but surely, from the madness of Gracchus and the democrats of Rome, in destroying the Roman aristocracy is evidently approaching, though with infinitely swifter steps from the corresponding madness of the French republicans in extirpating the higher classes of their monarchy.

We have often asked the proprietors in different parts of France, why they did not endeavour to diminish or equalize this enormous burden, which, in the wine provinces especially, is felt as so oppressive? They universally answered, that the thing was impossible; that they had memorialized Napoleon and Louis XVIII., the Chamber of Deputies and Peers, Villele and the Duc de Richelieu, but all to no purpose. The weight of the *impôt fonciere*, the injustice of the *cadastre*, remains unchanged and unchangeable. Four or five millions of little proprietors, scattered over the vast expanse of France, a majority of whom have not 5l. yearly from their land, can effect nothing against the despotic central government of Paris. They themselves say, that the direct burdens on the land are becoming so excessive, that the sovereign is, as in Oriental dynasties, the *real proprietor*, and they are but tenants who labour for his benefit more than their own. Herein may be discerned the hand of Providence, causing the sins of men to work out their own punishment. If the French people had not committed the frightful injustice of confiscating the property of their nobles and clergy, they would now have possessed within themselves a vast body of influential proprietors, capable, as in England, under the old Constitution, either in the Upper or Lower House, of preventing or arresting the oppression of the central government, and the enormous burden of 20 per cent. directly laid on land would never have been permitted. But proceeding, as they have done, by destroying all the intermediate classes in the state, and leaving only government *employés* and peasant proprietors, they have cut away the shield which would have protected the poor from the vexation of the central authority, and left themselves and their children for ever exposed to its oppression. They imagined that by laying hold of the land of others, they would step into the comforts and opulence of separate property; but the wages of iniquity seldom prosper in the end, either in nations or individuals. They have fallen in consequence under an oppressive taxation, which has more than counterbalanced all the advantages of the spoil they have acquired; the sovereign has grown up into the real land-owner, and the cultivators, instead of becoming the peasants of Switzerland, have degenerated into the ryots of Hindostan.

The effects of the Revolution of July on the Religion of France, is precisely the same as on its political situation. It has drawn aside the thin veil which concealed the effects of the irreligious spirit of the first convulsion and displayed in its native deformity the con-

* From the infinite subdivision of land in France, and the continual change of hands through which it passes, it in fact belongs in property to no one individual, but to the Public Treasury, from the excessive weight of direct taxation and the duties on alienations of any kind.—*Donnadieu*, 256.

† Dupin estimates the income of proprietors in France at 1,626,000,000 francs, or 65,060,000l., so that if 350,000,000 francs, or 14,000,000l. sterling, is taken from them in the form of direct taxes, the burden is as 14 to 66 on their whole income, or 21 per cent.—See DUPIN, *Force Commerciale de France*, ii. 266.

‡ The income of official persons is taken at a different rate, varying from 6½ to 8 per cent.; but it forms a trifling part of the direct taxation.

sequence of unmooring the human mind from the secure haven of faith and virtue.

That the first Revolution was essentially irreligious in its spirit, that it destroyed not only the teachers and the property, but the very name of Christianity, is universally known. But in this, as in every other respect, the Restoration drew a veil over its ultimate and final consequences. The exiled family returned to the palaces of their fathers, with a profound sense of religion, rendered only the more indelible from the disasters which had preceded their restoration. By the combined effect of their authority and influence, a gloss was thrown over the infidel consequences of the first Revolution; the priests were reinstated in the smiles of court favour; the Tuileries again resounded with the strains of devotion; religious observances were tolerably attended to; the churches were filled, if not with the faithful, at least with the ambitious, and promotion, dependent in some degree on attention to the ceremonial of the Catholic faith, drew multitudes to the standard of St. Louis. Marshal Soult was to be seen every Sunday parading to church, preceded by an enormous breviary; he cared not whether the road to power lay by the chapel of the Virgin, or the altar of the Goddess of reason. Sunday, especially in the last ten years, was well observed in the great towns. Travellers perceived no material difference between the appearance of London and Paris during divine service. Literature, encouraged by this transient glance of sunshine, resumed its place by the side of devotion; the mighty genius of Chateaubriand lent its aid to the Holy Alliance, and poured over the principles of natural and revealed religion a flood of resplendent light; Michaux traced the history of the Crusaders, and the efforts for the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre, with an antiquary's knowledge and a poet's fire; Barante revived in the Annals of Burgundian princes, the old and venerable feelings of feudal devotion; while Guizot, as yet untouched by the seductions of power, traced with admirable ability, to admiring multitudes in the French metropolis, the historical blessings of religious institutions. Almost all observers, misled by these appearances, flattered themselves, that the period of the reaction of the human mind against the principles of irreligion had arrived; that the reign of infidelity was drawing to its close; and that the French Revolution, nursed amidst the mazes of sophistry and skepticism, was destined to find refuge at last in the eternal truths of religion.

But this sudden extinction of evil and resurrection of good is not the order of nature. Infidelity, nursed for half a century, is not extinguished in a few years. The robbery of one-third of the national property from the service of the church is not the way to secure the fruits of virtue: a *hiatus* of ten years in the religious education of the people, snapped asunder a chain which had descended unbroken from the apostolic ages. These deplorable events were secretly but securely working out their natural consequences, through all the period of the Restoration. The general

and profound hatred in towns at the very sight even of an ecclesiastic, was a certain indication of the great extent to which the deadly weeds of infidelity had spread. The Revolution of July at once tore aside the veil, and exposed to view the extraordinary spectacle of a nation in which the classes who concentrate almost the whole political influence of the state, are almost wholly of an irreligious character. This is to be ascribed chiefly to the long chasm in religious instruction which took place from 1791 to 1800, and the entire assumption of political power under Napoleon, by a class who were entire strangers to any kind of devotion. Such a chasm cannot readily be supplied; ages must elapse before its effects are obliterated. "*Natura tamen,*" says Tacitus, "*infirmittatis humanæ tardiora sunt remedia quam mala, et ut corpora lente augescunt cito extinguuntur, sic ingenia studiæque oppressis facilius quam revocaveris.*"

But to whatever cause it is owing, nothing can be more certain, than that infidelity again reigns the lord of the ascendant in Paris. It is impossible to be a week in the metropolis without being sensible of this. It is computed that from sixty to eighty thousand individuals, chiefly old women, or persons of the poorest classes, believe in the Christian religion. The remainder, amounting to about eight hundred thousand, make no pretension to such a faith. They do not deny it, or say or think any thing about it; they pass it by as a doubtful relic of the olden time, now entirely gone by.* It is impossible by any external appearances to distinguish Sunday from Saturday, excepting that every species of amusement and dissipation goes on with more spirit on that day than any other. We are no advocates for the over-rigid or Judaical observance of the day of rest. Perhaps some Protestant nations have gone too far in converting the Christian Sunday into the Jewish Sabbath, and preventing on it those innocent recreations which might divert the giddy multitude from hidden debauchery. But without standing up for any rigid or puritanical ideas, it may safely be affirmed that the total neglect of Sunday by nine-tenths of the people, indicates a fixed disregard of religion in any state professing a belief in Christianity. In Paris the shops are all open, the carts all going, the workmen all employed on the early part of Sunday; and although a part of them are closed after two o'clock in the afternoon, it is not with the slightest intention of joining in any, even the smallest religious duty, that this is done. It is "*pour s'amuser,*" to forget the fatigues of the week in the excitement with which it terminates, that the change takes place. At two o'clock, all who can disengage themselves from their daily toil, rush away in crowds to drink of the intoxicating cup of pleasure. Then the omnibusses roll with ceaseless din in every direction out of the crowded capital, carrying the delighted citizens to St. Cloud, St. Germain, or Versailles, the Ginguettes of Belleville, or the gardens of Vincennes; then the Boulevards teem with volatile and happy crowds, delighted by the

* In this, as in many other respects, a most gratifying change has, since 1833, begun in France.

enjoyment of seeing and being seen; then the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, the Jardin des Plantes, and the Champs Elysées, are enlivened with the young, the gay, and the handsome, of both sexes, both rich and poor; then the splendid drive to the triumphal arch of Neuille, is filled with the comparatively few equipages which the two Revolutions have left to the impoverished hotels of the capital. While these scenes of gaiety and amusement are going on, the priests in each of the principal churches are devoutly performing mass before a few hundred old women, tottering ecclesiastics, or young children, and ten or fifteen Protestant churches are assembling as many thousands to the duties of the reformed faith. Such is a Parisian Sunday; and such the respect for a divine ordinance, which remains in what they ambitiously call the metropolis of European civilization.

As evening draws on, the total disregard of religious observance is, if possible, still more conspicuous. Never is the opera filled with such enthusiastic crowds as on Sunday evening;—never are the theatres of the Port St. Martin, the Boulevards, the Opera Comique, the Vaudeville and the Variétés, so full as on that occasion;—never are the balls beyond the barriers so crowded;—never is Tivoli so enlivening, or the open air concerts in the Champs Elysées thronged by so many thousands. On Sunday evening in Paris there seems to be but one wish, one feeling, one desire,—and that is, to amuse themselves; and by incessantly labouring at that one object, they certainly succeed in it to an extent that could hardly be credited in colder and more austere latitudes.

The condition of the clergy over France is, generally speaking, depressed and indigent in the extreme. The Constituent Assembly, who decreed the annexation of the whole property of the church to the state, and declared “that they intrusted the due maintenance of religion and the succour of the poor to the honour of the great nation,” redeemed their pledge, by giving most of the incumbents of the rural parishes from 48*l.* to 60*l.* a year. Bishops have 6000 francs, or 240*l.*, yearly. The archbishop of Paris alone has 600*l.* In some of the town parishes, the incumbents, from subsequent endowments or adventitious sources, have from 200*l.* to 300*l.* per annum; but, generally speaking, their income, in the richest parishes, varies from 80*l.* a year to 120*l.*; in the poorest, it is only from 40*l.* to 50*l.* It may safely be affirmed, that the clergy of France, taken as a body, are poorer than the schoolmasters of England and Scotland.

The effect of this is seen in the most striking manner in the appearance of the rural landscape of France. You generally, in the villages, see a parish church, the bequest to the nation of the pious care of their forefathers; but great numbers of these are in a ruinous or tottering condition. There is an evident want of any funds to keep them up. The most trifling repairs of a church, as every thing else in France, must be executed by the government; and the ministers of Louis

Philippe seem to think that this is one of the articles upon which economy can best be practised. But a parsonage-house, or any sort of separate residence for the curé, is never to be seen. He is, in general, boarded in the houses of some farmer or small proprietor; and in habits, society, education, manners, and rank of life, is in no respect above the peasantry by whom he is surrounded.

It is not to be imagined from this, however, that the country clergy are either ignorant or inattentive to their sacred duties; on the contrary, they are most assiduous in discharging them, and are, in general, justly endeared to their flocks, not only by an irreproachable life, but the most constant and winning attentions.

It would be unjust to expect in them the high education, gentlemanlike manners, or enlightened views of the English clergy; or the more discursive but useful information which is to be met with in the manse of the Presbyterian ministers in Scotland. We must not expect to see either Hebers, or Copplestones, or Bucklands, or Blairs, or Robertsons, or Chalmerses, in the modern church of France. The race of Bossuet and Fénelon, of Massillon and Bourdaloue, of Flechier and Saurin, of Pascal and Malebranche, is extinct. The church is cast down into an inferior class in society. No one would make his son an ecclesiastic, who could obtain for him a situation in a grocer's shop. But, in the present state of the country, it is perhaps as well that this is the case. The reformation of the corrupted higher orders in the towns, is out of the question; and if a priesthood, drawn from their ranks, were to be established, it would speedily draw to itself such a load of infidel obloquy, as would lead to its destruction. But the poor and humble parish priests are overlooked and despised by the arrogant liberals in possession of office and power; and, like their predecessors in the apostolic ages, they are, unobserved, laying the foundation of a spirit destined, in a future age, to overturn the institutions of their haughty oppressors, and effect that real regeneration of society, which can be found only in the reformation of the morals and principles of its members.*

The abject poverty of the rural clergy in most parts of the rural districts of France, is a most painful object of contemplation to an English traveller. There is scarce any provision for them in sickness or old age; and when they are compelled, by either of these causes, to divide their scanty income with a more robust assistant, their condition becomes truly pitiable. In most cathedral churches is to be seen a box, with the inscription “Tronc pour les malheureux prêtres;” a few sous are thankfully received by the religious teachers of the great nation. One of these boxes is to be seen on the pillars of Notre Dame; another under the gorgeous aisle of Rouen; a third in the graceful choir of Amiens; a fourth disgraces the generation who pass under the splendid portals of Rheims, and a fifth, that

* The change here predicted has since taken place to a great extent in France.

which points with deserved pride to the matchless Tower of Chartres.

A superficial observer who should judge of the religious state of France from the appearance of its great towns, however, would be far wide of the truth. It is a total mistake to suppose that devotion is extinct, or in the process of extinction among its country inhabitants. It is in the great towns that infidelity reigns triumphant;—it is among the young, the active, and the profligate citizens of despotic Paris, that religion is the subject of ridicule. It is true this class are now in the exclusive possession of political power; it is true several hundred thousand of them are dispersed over the mighty net which envelopes France in the meshes of the capital; it is true that they direct literature, and influence thought, and stamp its character upon the nation, in the estimation of foreign states: still they are not in possession of the mighty lever which directs the feelings of the rural inhabitants. As long as forty-eight thousand parish priests, overlooked from their poverty, despised from their obscurity, contemptible to this world from their limited information, are incessantly and assiduously employed in diffusing religious belief through the peasantry, the extirpation of Christianity in France is impossible. Its foundations are spreading the deeper—its influences becoming more paramount in the uncorrupted provinces, from the total neglect into which it has fallen with the influential classes in the capital. It is impossible to enter any parish church in any part of the provinces, without being sensible that a large and increasing portion of the peasantry are strongly and profoundly impressed with religious feelings. In this state of things, the eye of philanthropy, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, can perhaps discern the elements brewing which are destined, in some future age, to produce another Revolution,—an insurrection of the provinces against the capital,—a real regeneration of society, by the infusion of rural simplicity and virtue into urban corruption and degeneracy,—a termination of the convulsion, which commenced by casting down religion, in the triumph of the faith which gathers strength from misfortune. But whether this is to be the final result, or whether, as is perhaps more probable, the utter prostration of the internal liberties of the nation, through the consequences of the Revolution, is to lead to the loss of its external independence, and the regeneration of southern weakness by a race of northern conquerors; one thing is certain, and may be confidently prophesied, that France will never know what real freedom is, till her institutions are founded on the basis of religion, and that with the triumph of the faith which her Liberals abhor, and have cast down, is indissolubly wound up the accomplishment of the objects which they profess to have at heart.

The MORALS of France are in the state which might be expected in a country which has broken asunder all the bonds of society, and despises all the precepts of religion. Pleasure and excitement are the general subjects of idolatry—money, as the key to them, the universal object. This desire for wealth is per-

haps more strongly felt in Paris, and forms the great passion of life more completely, than in any other capital in Europe, because there are more objects of desire presented to the entranced senses which cannot be gained in any other way; and of the prevalence of this desire the great extent of its gaming-houses affords ample proof. But money is not the object of desire to the Parisian, as to the Dutchman or Englishman, from any abstract passion for accumulation, or any wish to transmit, by a life of economy, an ample patrimony to his children. It is for the sake of present and immediate gratification; that he may go more frequently to the opera, or indulge more liberally in the pleasures of the *Ginguette*; that his wife and daughters may be more gaily dressed on Sundays, and their Tivoli parties be more brilliant, that money is so passionately coveted. The efforts made by all classes to gain a livelihood, and the prodigious obstacles which competition throws in their way, are perhaps greater in Paris than in any other metropolis of Europe. "*Quærenda est pecunia primum, virtus post nummos,*" is the general maxim of life. But still there is little accumulation of capital, comparatively speaking, within its walls. As fast as money is made, it is spent; either in the multifarious objects of desire which are everywhere presented to the sight, or in the purchase of *rentes*, or government annuities, which die with the holders. The proportion of annuities in France is incomparably greater than in England; and the destitution of families from the loss of their head, exists to a painful and unheard of extent.

Pleasure and excitement are the universal objects; the maxims of Epicurus the general observance. To enjoy the passing hour—to snatch from existence all the roses which it will afford, and disquiet themselves as little as possible about its thorns, is the grand principle of life. The state of Paris in this respect has been well described by a late enlightened and eloquent author—

"Paris is no longer a city which belongs to any one nation or people: it is in many respects the metropolis of the world; the rendezvous of all the rich, all the voluptuous on the face of the earth. For them its artists, assembled from every quarter of Europe, imagine or invent every day fresh objects of excitement or desire; for them they build theatres, and multiply indefinitely all the ephemeral novelties calculated to rouse the senses and stimulate expense. There every thing may be purchased, and that too under the most alluring form. Gold is the only divinity which is worshipped in that kingdom of pleasure, and it is indifferent from what hand it flows. It is in that centre of enjoyment that all the business of France is done—that all its wealth is expended, and the fruit of its toil from one end of the kingdom to the other brought to the great central mart of pleasure. The proprietor wrings the last farthing out of his soil—the merchant, the notary, the advocate, flock there from all quarters to sell their capital, their revenue, their virtue, or their talents, for pleasure of every description, which a thousand artists pourtray in the most seducing colours

to a nation famishing for enjoyment. And it is from that corrupted centre that we are told the regeneration of the state, the progress of independence and liberty, is to flow."*

As pleasure and excitement are thus the universal objects, it may readily be conceived what facilities are afforded in the French metropolis for their gratification. The gaming-houses, accordingly, are innumerable; and above a third of the children born within the barriers are bastards.† But those who look for excitation of that description, will not find in Paris any thing approaching to the open and undisguised profligacy of London. There is nothing in its public places approaching to the saloons of Drury Lane, or the upper circles of Covent Garden; the Strand and Regent Street at night are infested in a way unknown even in the Boulevards Italiens, or the Rue de Richelieu. The two Revolutions have organized licentiousness. Having become the great object of life, and, as it were, the staple commodity of the capital, it has fallen under the direction of the police. *Bienséance* and decorum are there the order of the day. The sirens of pleasure are confined to a few minor theatres, and particular quarters of the town; they abound in every street, almost in every house; but they can openly ply their vocation in appointed districts only. Even the Palais Royal, the cradle of both Revolutions, has been purged of the female anarchists who were their first supporters. This is certainly a very great improvement, well worthy of imitation on the British side of the Channel. Youth and timidity are not openly assailed as they are in English great towns, and, though those who seek for dissipation will meet with it in abundance, it is not, willing or unwilling, thrust down their throats. It is possible, in the Quartier de l'Université and remoter parts of Paris, for young men to pursue their studies, infinitely more clear of temptation than either at the London University or King's College.

But while these advantages must be conceded to the organization and arrangements of the French police on the one hand, it is not the less certain, on the other, that all these fair appearances are merely skin-deep, and that under this thin disguise is half concealed a mass of licentiousness probably unprecedented in any modern state. Certainly, never since the days of the Roman emperors, was pleasure so unceasingly pursued by both sexes, as it is now at Paris; or such efforts made to heighten natural desire by forced excitement, or talent and art so openly called in to lend their aid to the cause of licentiousness. Profligate books and prints exist everywhere; but in other capitals, they must be sought after to be found, and where they are, their character and appearance show that they are meant for the brutal classes, or the higher orders in their moments of brutality, only. But in Paris the case is the reverse. The treasures of knowledge, the elegance of art, the fascination of genius, are daily and hourly employed in the cause of corruption; and of them may truly

be said, what Mr. Burke falsely affirmed of the old French manners, that "vice has lost half its deformity by having lost all its grossness." The delicacy and beauty of these productions, as well as their amazing number, prove that they find a ready sale with the higher as well as the lower orders. They have discovered the truth of the old maxim, "*Ars est celare artem.*" Voluptuousness is more surely attained by being half disguised; and corruption spreads the more securely, from having cast aside every thing calculated to disgust its unhardened votaries. The arts of lithography and printing go hand in hand in this refined and elegant system of demoralization; the effusions of genius, the beauty of design, the richness of colouring, are employed together to throw an entrancing light over the scenes of profligacy, and the ordinary seductions of a great capital, heightened by all that taste or art can suggest to stimulate the passions—emblematic of the mixed good and evil which has resulted from these great inventions, and the prodigious force they have given to the solvents of vice in one age, as well as the hardening principles of virtue in another.

It is observed by Montesquieu, that honour, as the national principle, is more durable in its nature than either virtue or religion; and the present state of Paris contrasted with the military character of the French affords a strong confirmation of the observation. The incessant pursuit of pleasure by both sexes, has in every age been the grand solvent which has melted away the principle of military virtue; and the reason is obvious, because those whose chief object is selfish gratification cannot endure the fatigues and the privations attendant on military exploits. There cannot be a doubt that this destroying principle is in full operation in the French capital; but though it has completely eaten through the safeguards of religion and virtue, it has hitherto left undecayed the passion for military distinction. The extraordinary strength which this principle has acquired in modern Europe in general, and France in particular, from the feudal institutions, and the great development which it received from the wars of the Revolution and the triumphs of Napoleon, have, to all appearance, withstood the enervating influence of a corrupting ingredient which proved fatal to the courage of Greece and Rome; but it is not the less certain that it will ultimately sink before its influence. It is by not elevating our minds to the slow progress of all such great changes, that we are at all misled on any occasion as to their progress, or the effect on public fortune of the principles of decay, which spring from the progress of private corruption. The alteration, like the decline of the day in autumn, is imperceptible from day to day; but it becomes quite apparent if we contrast one period or age of the world with another. Compare the age of Regulus or Scipio, with that of Constantine or Honorius; or that of the Lombard League with the present pusillanimity of the Italian people; and the prostration of national strength by the growth of private selfishness is obvious to the most careless observer. The French Revolution is not destined to form

* General Donnadieu, 270—271.

† Dupin's *Force Commerciale*, p. 40.

an exception to the general law; its fortunes will be ultimately destroyed by the effects of the poisoned source from which they sprung; the conquests of its authors will be lost by their inability to conquer themselves. Both revolutions have begun in the Palais Royal, the very focus of corruption from every part of France; and through every stage of their progress, both have given unequivocal proofs of their impure origin. Let the friends of religion and virtue be of good cheer; no institutions founded on such a basis were ever yet durable; the French Revolution began in the haunts of profligacy, and they have spread in it the seeds of mortality which will bring it to the grave.

Next to sexual profligacy, gaming is *par excellence* the grand vice of Paris; and it, like every other principle of evil, has made rapid and fearful progress since the Three Days. No attempts whatever are made to restrain it; on the contrary, it is taken under the safeguard of the police, and a tax levied on its profits, as on those of prostitution, which constitutes a considerable part of the municipal revenue. The prodigious number of suicides which occur in Paris, amounting on an average to above one a night, frequently to a great deal more, chiefly spring from the despair produced by the inordinate passion for this vice. Unlike what generally occurs in England, it exists equally among the poorest as the richest classes; their hells are open for the sons of the labourer or the francs of the artisan, as well as the Napoleon of the officer or the rouleaux of the banker. They are to be met with in every street; they spread their devastating influence through every workshop and manufactory in Paris. This perilous vice, like that of sexual profligacy, is the natural result of a successful revolution; of the demolition of all restraint on the passions, which has arisen from silencing the voice of religion, and the bounty offered to instant excitement, by the uncertainty in regard to the future, which the destruction of all the institutions of society inevitably produces.*

In one particular, however, the French capital offers a pleasing contrast to every considerable town in the British isles. Drunkenness, though considerably more prevalent than formerly, does not exist in France to an extent at all comparable to what it does in England; and hence the manners of the lower orders, notwithstanding all the anarchy of the Revolution, are not half so coarse and brutal as in our great manufacturing towns. In truth, the extraordinary progress of this frightful vice in Great Britain, since the reduction of the duty on spirits and the abolition of the beer tax,† is one of the most woful circumstances in our social condition, and which, if not rapidly checked by a proper set of fiscal regulations, promises soon to plunge our labouring classes

into a state of depravity unparalleled in any Christian state. Drunkenness, if seen in public at Paris, is at once punished by the police, and the prodigious number of civil and military employés who are to be met with in every street at night, renders it impossible for the inebriated to indulge in those disgraceful brawls which then disgrace every English city. The abstinence from this vice depends chiefly on constitutional causes, the warmth of the climate, which renders the excitement of intoxication not so desirable as in northern latitudes; but much is to be ascribed also to the happy custom of levying a heavy duty (a franc a bottle) on wine imported into the metropolis,—a burden which banishes intoxication in a great degree to the outside of the barriers, and confines it to the days when a walk to those remote stations can be undertaken by the working classes. Would that a similar burden existed on all spirits imported into the towns in Great Britain!

The state of LITERATURE, especially those lighter branches of it which exhibit the faithful picture of the public feeling and ideas, is equally instructive since the Three Days. It is difficult to convey to an English reader, unacquainted with the modern French novels, any adequate idea of the extraordinary mixture which they exhibit; and they present perhaps the most convincing proof which the history of fiction affords, of the indispensable necessity of fixed principles in religion and virtue to restrain the otherwise inordinate flight of the human imagination.

It was long the fashion with the apologists of the Revolution to assert that public morals had improved during its progress; that the license and profligacy of the days of Louis XV. and the Regent Orleans would no longer be tolerated; and that with the commencement of higher duties and the growth of severer principles, the licentiousness which had so long disgraced the French literature had for ever disappeared. The present state of French novels may show, whether a successful Revolution, and the annihilation of all the fetters of religion, is the way to regenerate such a corrupted mass. Having lost nothing of former profligacy, having abated nothing of former infidelity, they have been tinged by the fierce passions and woful catastrophes which arose during the first Revolution. Romance has now become blended with sensuality; German extravagance with French licentiousness; the demons of the air with the corruptions of the world. The modern French novels are not one whit less profligate than those of Louis XV., but they are infinitely more extravagant, wild, and revolting. To persons whose minds have as yet been only partially shaken by the terrible catastrophes of a revolution, it is hardly conceivable how such extravagant fictions should ever have entered the human imagination. They are poured forth, however, with unbounded profusion by their modern novelists, and passionately read by a generation whose avidity for strong emotions and vivid excitement, whether from terror, astonishment, despair, or licentiousness, seems to know no bounds.

* A great change in this respect has since been made by the authority and interposition of government, after the evil here described had become intolerable.

† Nothing ever gave us more pleasure than to observe from a late Parliamentary return, that, since the slight addition to the duty on spirits in 1830, the manufacture of the fiery poison has declined in Scotland, 1,300,000 gallons yearly.

The limits of an Essay, such as this, embracing such a variety of objects, though few more important, forbid us from attempting what we intended, and possibly may hereafter resume—an analysis of some of these extravagant and detestable, though often able and powerful publications. Suffice it to say, that the basis of almost the whole of them is adultery, or other guilty and extravagant sensual passion; and they generally terminate in suicide, or some such horrid catastrophe. On details of this description they dwell with minute and often coarse avidity; but it is by no means with such passions that they are solely filled; they have also borrowed largely from German fiction and extravagance, from Catholic legends and superstition, from feudal manners and oppression, from chivalrous adventure and exploits. They form what may be styled the *Romantic Licentious School of Fiction*. Murders and robberies, rapes and conflagrations, the guillotine and the scaffold, demons and guardian angels, confessors and confidants, Satan and St. Michael, ghosts, wizards, incest, sensuality, parricides, suicides, and every kind of extravagance, are thrown together in wild confusion; but the general result is ruinous to every species of regular or virtuous conduct, and may be considered as affording a specimen of the frame of mind in which the victims who are shortly after stretched out on the Morgue, rush from the gambling-houses in the Palais Royal, to drown the chaos of contending passions in the waters of the Seine.*

The dramatic pieces which have sprung up since the Revolution of 1830, afford the same extraordinary picture of the confusion of ideas, feelings, and emotions, in which the French youth are involved since they pushed out to a stormy sea without either compass or rudder. They almost all turn upon adultery, incest, or some such elegant and chastened depravity; but of the chaos of extravagance, fiction, allegory, vice, and horror which they present, it is impossible to convey any idea. Some of them, particularly "*La Reine d'Espagne*," have been hissed from the stage, as too bad even for a Parisian audience. From others, as "*La Tentation*," the most obnoxious scenes, in one of which a rape was represented almost before the eyes of the spectators, have been dropped out. But still they are in general so extravagant, indelicate, and licentious, that it is impossible to speak of them in terms of sufficient reprobation; and the most respectable writers of France, of the Liberal school, regard them with a degree of horror even surpassing that which they excite in the mind of an English spectator. "If its literature," says Salvandy, "is to be regarded as the expression of national character, not a hope remains for France. It is stained with every species of corruption; its fundamental principle is to attack every sentiment and interest of which

the social order is composed. You would suppose that it was resolutely bent on restoring to France all the vices which it had imbibed at the close of the last century. A sort of dogmatic cynicism has invaded all its departments. If, on the strength of a name of celebrity, or the daily eulogies of the press, you venture to a theatre, you see represented scenes where the dignity of the one sex is as much outraged as the modesty of the other. Everywhere the same sort of spectacles await you. There is a class which they keep as yet behind the curtain, contenting themselves with announcing atrocities which the public are not yet prepared to bear. Romance has already given the example of this depraved species of composition. The muse now makes use of obscenities, as formerly it did of passion. What is to follow when tragedy and romance have exhausted their brief career, God only knows. When they have ceased to illuminate these hideous orgies, the lights of literature will be extinguished."

To give some idea of these extraordinary productions which now are represented with such prodigious success at the Parisian theatres, we shall give an abstract of two of the most unexceptionable, and, at the same time, the most popular pieces which have appeared at the opera since the Revolution of July, "*La Tentation*," and "*Robert Le Diable*." We have selected the most delicate which fell under our observation; the pieces represented at the minor theatres could not be borne even in the decent guise of an English description.

The first of these, which, in splendour of decoration, exceeds any thing yet represented even in that most splendid of European theatres, turns upon the well-known legend of the Temptation of St. Anthony; but it is so altered and varied to admit their varied and extravagant corruptions, that it is hardly possible to recognise in it the simple tale which has been so often immortalized by the pencil of Teniers.

The piece opens with the saint reposing on his pallet at the gate of a solitary chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and crowds of pilgrims of both sexes arrive at the shrine to offer up their vows; after which, they join in festive amusements, and the *dansesuses*, arrayed as peasant girls, dance round the anchorite with such graceful motions, that he is tempted to indulge in a little waltz with the fairest of these daughters of Eve. Shortly after, when they have retired, a young woman of extraordinary beauty comes along to the shrine; dazzled by her charms, and encouraged by the opportunity which the solitude of the situation afforded, he forms the design of seduction, and is endeavouring to carry his intentions into effect, when she flies to the chapel of the Virgin, and shrieking, implores her powerful aid to ward off impending destruction. Instantly the powers of heaven and hell appear. Astaroth and his legions of devils, in a thousand frightful forms, rise from the earth, and strive to obtain the mastery of the fallen saint and endangered virgin; while, high in the clouds above, the angels of heaven appear to throw their shield

* So monstrous have the extravagances become, that they have excited the attention even of the steadiest apologists of the French Revolution; and the Edinburgh Review, in a recent number, has borne the candid testimony of an unwilling witness to the demoralizing effects of their favourite political principles. See the *Late French Novelists*, in No. 116 of the Edinburgh Review.

* Salvandy, *Seize Mois des Revolutionnaires*, 498.

over suppliant innocence. At length a truce is formed between the contending powers; the condition of which is, that the saint is to be surrendered to the powers of darkness, to be by them subjected to all the temptations which can endanger human virtue, and if he falls under any one, he is to be abandoned soul and body to their dominion; but if he proves victorious, he is to be borne aloft to the regions of light. The decorations of this scene are of the most exquisite description; the angels in the clouds are placed in the attitudes portrayed in Raphael's and Correggio's celestial choirs in the St. Cecilia at Bologna and the St. Jerome at Parma; and a mellow light thrown over the heavenly group, in so ravishing a manner, as to produce an indelible impression on the mind of the spectator.

The next act opens with the convocation of the powers of darkness in the infernal regions, to consider the measures they should adopt, and review the force they could command in the great undertaking in which they are engaged. This leads to a grand review of the powers of hell, in which the whole strength of the opera and the whole fancy of the artist are put forth. The legions of devils, arrayed in every possible garb of extravagance, descend an immense stair, ascending to the top of the theatre, on the left hand, and march before Astaroth in such numbers, that it is no exaggeration to say that three or four hundred persons, splendidly dressed, are on the stage at the same time. Yet even here French conceit is curiously manifested, and these legions of infernal spirits, in naked or savage attire, are preceded by regular *pioneers*, with their shaggy beards, and axes on their shoulders, precisely as in the reviews on the Place Carrousel! When the review is concluded, the infernal conclave, distrustful of their success by open force, resolve to carry on the war by more insinuating means, and it is determined to tempt the saint by means of a young woman of their own creation, gifted with every beauty and charm which can entrance the senses, all which are to be employed to seduce his virtue. A cauldron appears, the devils in succession throw in some attractive or malignant ingredient, and shortly the siren steps forth, and comes forward to give token of her attractive powers, by dancing and waltzing before the spectators. At the first representation, she arose from the cauldron and danced in a flesh-coloured silk dress, tight to the shape, meant to represent absolute nudity; but she is now arrayed in a slight muslin robe, which throws a thin veil of decency over her beautiful form.

In the third act, the saint is subjected to the double trial of famine and the siren. The scene is transported to the gate of a palace in a desolate country, created by the devils for the purposes of their temptation; near the gate of which a crucifix appears, rising out of the drifting snow. St. Anthony approaches, and falls down in supplication at the foot of the cross; his strength is exhausted; his limbs fail; his wallet does not contain a single crust of bread. Astaroth appears, followed by the siren whom he has created, at the gate of the castle;

tutored by him, she descends, approaches the saint, and employs all her art to subjugate his resolution. She offers to bring him food in abundance from the palace, to spread a couch of down for his wearied limbs, to clothe in rich garments his shivering frame, to abandon herself to him, if he will surrender the crucifix which hangs round his neck, and abjure his faith; but the resolution of Saint Anthony is immovable. While he lies shivering and starving at the foot of the cross, a sumptuous feast is prepared before his eyes by the cooks in the palace; the savoury flavour comes over his fainting senses; he sees it carried up to the banquet-hall, where Astaroth and his devils are feasting and rioting in luxurious plenty, and crawls to the gate to implore a crust of bread to assuage the intolerable pangs of hunger; but it is sternly refused, unless he will consent to part with the cross, in which case he is offered the most luxurious fare. He still remains firm to his faith, and while drenched by showers of snow, and starving of hunger, hears the wild and frantic revelry which proceeds round the well-covered boards, from the brilliantly lighted rooms of the palace. Struck with such heroic resolution, the siren is melted. She is awakened by the efforts of the Virgin to a sense of virtue; she secretly supplies him with provisions from the infernal abode; and the daughter of perdition is won over to the league of heaven by an act of charity. Instantly the black spot on her breast, the mark of reprobation, disappears, and her bosom regains its snowy whiteness. Astaroth and the infernal legion issue forth, frantic with rage at the failure of their design; they cast out their unworthy creation; the palace, with all its treasures, is consigned to the flames, into which they plunge, leaving the saint and his lovely convert alone in the wilderness of snow.

Baffled in this design, Astaroth and his league next assail the anchorite in a different way. The scene changes in the next act to the interior of a magnificent harem, where the saint and the converted maiden are surrounded by all the pomp of eastern luxury. The sultanas and ladies of the seraglio are seated round the walls, and the whole strength of the opera is again called forth in the entrancing dances which are there employed to captivate the senses. Astaroth causes Miranda, the maiden of his creation, to dance before the Sultan; captivated by her beauty, he throws her the handkerchief; while at the same time Astaroth endeavours to persuade the saint to murder the Sultan, on the specious pretence of setting free the numerous slaves of his passion; Miranda seizes the dagger, exclaiming that she alone should perpetrate the deed of blood; the Sultan is alarmed; the guards surround the hermit and the maid, who throw themselves from the windows of the seraglio into the sea, while the demons are swallowed up in a gulf of fire.

In the opening of the last act, the anchorite is seen reposing on the grass with the maiden beside him; the demons surround him during his sleep, but cannot pass the holy circle which guards the innocent. When he awakens, he finds himself enveloped on either side by le-

gions of evils in every frightful form, and a circle of sirens who dance round him with the most voluptuous movements. Meanwhile Astaroth has seized Miranda, and "l'a rendue victime de sa brutalité et l'a frappé;" the anchorite is on the point of yielding to the seductions of the sirens who surround him, when Miranda, extricated from the arms of Astaroth, rushes forward and throws the beads and cross she had removed from him over his neck. His reason is restored, he regains the dominion over his passion. Astaroth plunges his dagger in the breast of Miranda in despair at the total failure of his prospects. St. Michael and the angels descend from heaven; a desperate conflict ensues between the powers of light and darkness, in the close of which Astaroth and his demons are overthrown, and the saint and Miranda are borne aloft through the clouds into the bosom of the heavenly host.

"Robert le Diable" is founded on a different series of adventures, but the same contest of the powers of this world with those of hell. The first act opens on the shore of the harbour of Palermo, where Norman knights, under the shade of acacia trees, celebrate their mistresses, their wines, their games. Robert and his friend Bertram are seated together, when a minstrel arrives, leading a beautiful maid, his affianced bride. Robert asks him for news; he recounts the story of Robert le Diable, who was the son of Bertha, a noble maid of Normandy, who had yielded to the seduction of a demon, in the form of a handsome stranger. Unknowingly he is reciting the tale to Robert himself, who, in a transport of rage at the narrative, is on the point of plunging his dagger into his bosom; when he is restrained by his friend Bertram, who prevails on him to respite the minstrel for an hour. Meanwhile he promises the handsome *fiancée* to his chevaliers; but when she is introduced to be surrendered to their desires, he discovers in the maid, Alice, his beautiful foster-sister, the bearer of the testament of his mother, who on her deathbed had besought her to convey her last instructions to her beloved son. Robert, in return, recounts to Alice his love for the fair Princess Isabella of Sicily, whom he was on the point of carrying off from her parents, when he was assailed by the knights of Sicily, and only rescued by his friend Bertram. At this juncture, Bertram approaches; Alice involuntarily shudders at his sight, from the resemblance which he bears to the paintings of Satan combating St. Michael, but having recovered from her alarm, undertakes to convey a letter from Robert to the Princess Isabella.

The next act opens with the princess in the interior of the palace of Palermo, bewailing the loss of the faithful Robert, and her unhappy fate, in being compelled to wed the Prince of Grenada, contrary to her inclinations. Young maidens, the bearers of petitions, are introduced, among whom is Alice, who insinuates into her hand the letter of Robert. She consents to see him. He is introduced, and clothed by her attendants with a splendid suit

of armour to enter the lists against the prince in a tournament, where her hand was to be the prize of the victor. A herald appears and defies Robert, in the name of the prince, who eagerly accepts the challenge. Bertram, who is Satan in disguise, and had clothed another demon with the form of the Prince of Grenada, smiles at the success of his projects, to win over the soul of Robert to perdition. The tournament takes place; Isabella, by her father's orders, puts on his armour on the Prince of Grenada, but when the trumpets sound, she looks in vain for his beloved antagonist. Robert, restrained by the powers of hell, cannot appear. He is for ever disgraced; Bertram beholds his schemes rapidly approaching their maturity.

In the third act, Bertram, pale and agitated, emerges from a cavern, the council-hall of the infernal powers: He is tormented with anxious thoughts, for he has learned the *arrêt* of Fate that his power over Robert terminates if he is not devoted to the powers of hell before twelve o'clock that night. There is not a moment to lose. He casts his eyes on Alice, who had come to that solitude to meet her betrothed minstrel; the demon is seized with passion, and strives to seduce her, but is repulsed with horror. She hears, however, the choir of hell in the cavern invoking the name of Robert, and perceives that Bertram is Satan in disguise. By the threat of instant death, he compels her to promise secrecy. At this juncture Robert enters, overwhelmed with horror at his involuntary failure to appear at the tournament: Alice in vain approaches to warn him of his danger; bound by her vow of secrecy, she is compelled to retire, leaving Robert alone to his satanic confidant. Bertram then informs him that his rival, the Prince of Grenada, had availed himself of the aid of the infernal powers; and that he never could overcome him till he had taken from the tomb of Saint Rosalie, in a neighbouring ruin, a green branch, the charmed wand which would render the lover of Isabella all-powerful. Misled by the perfidious advice, Robert enters the cavern which he is told leads to the tomb, and immediately a scene of matchless beauty succeeds.

The theatre represents a ruined monastery, through the lofty desolate arches of which the moon throws an uncertain light. Many old tombs are scattered about on the broken pavement, on the top of which the marble figures of ancient worthies are seen. In the midst of them is the sepulchre of Saint Rosalie, with a branch of cypress in the hand of her marble effigy. Bertram arrives: he conjures up the shades of all the nuns who had been interred in the abbey, condemned "en punition d'une vie trop profane," to rise to aid in seducing Robert into the accomplishment of his promise. Instantly the spirits rise out of their narrow beds; the marble figures, which reclined on the monumental slabs, step forth from every part of the pavement; a hundred nuns appear dressed in their robes of white, and slowly moving forward through the gloom, surround the bewildered knight. Gradually they seem to be reanimated by the breath and

* This, though still in the programme of the piece, was found to be revolting, and is now omitted.

the passions of life; they join in dances, at first slow and mystical, which insensibly warm into grace and voluptuousness. They exert all their attractions to induce Robert to advance and seize the fated branch. Seduced by so many charms, he approaches the sepulchre, but starts back on seeing in the marble image of the saint a resemblance to his mother; the nuns, in encircling bands, renew their efforts to entrance his senses; he yields at length, and seizes the branch. Instantly the spell is broken; the spectres sink into their graves; the figures, late so beauteous, and animated, freeze again into lifeless marble, and the knight remains alone with the branch, while the sacred walls resound with the wild yells of the demons at the completion of their victory.

In the fourth act, Isabella, surrounded by her maidens, is represented at her toilet distributing her marriage gifts to six young women who are to be married at the same time that she espouses the Prince of Grenada. Robert appears with the green branch; its magical powers overwhelm all her attendants with lethargic slumbers; the knight approaches and makes himself known to the princess; in the midst of her transports, she learns by what means he had obtained the green bough, and conjures him to cast away the infernal wand; overcome by love and remorse, he breaks the branch; the attendants instantly awaken; astonished at the appearance of their lady in the arms of a stranger knight, they call in the men-at-arms; Robert is seized, and Isabella swoons away.

In the last act, Robert and Bertram appear in the vestibule of the cathedral at Palermo; the knight recounts that he had fought the Prince of Grenada, and been vanquished by him. Bertram assures him that this fatality is owing to his fatal imprudence in breaking the branch, and that his only hope of success is to be found in subscribing an instant compact with the powers of darkness. At the moment when he is about to comply, strains of religious music are heard from the choir, which thrill through the heart of the wavering knight, and recall him to purer sentiments. In despair at his failure, Bertram reveals his name and character: he is Robert's father, the demon who had seduced his mother; and he informs him, that, unless he signs the irrevocable deed before twelve o'clock, he loses him for ever; if he does, he forthwith becomes the husband of Isabella. Robert exclaims, "*L'arrêt est prononcé, l'Enfer est le plus fort,*" and is just going to sign, when Alice, his foster-sister, rushes in, places in his hand the testament of his mother, in which she conjures him to shun the demon who had ruined her; he is again shaken. A desperate struggle ensues between Alice and Bertram, heaven and hell, in which Robert is about to yield, when twelve strikes; Bertram, with a frightful yell, descends into a gulf of fire; the veil of the sanctuary is withdrawn, Isabella appears in the choir, where she receives the now disenchanted Robert, while an aerial choir celebrates the triumph of the Most High.

There is one circumstance very remarkable in these theatrical pieces, which have had so

prodigious a run at the Opera, that each of them has been represented above a hundred times. Though they originate in the most licentious capital, and are exhibited to the most corrupted audience in Europe, yet they both terminate in the triumph of virtue over vice,—of resolution over temptation,—of the graces of heaven over the powers of hell. This, in such circumstances, is very remarkable. The excitements to the senses in both are innumerable; the situations and incidents such as never could have been figured but in a licentious capital; but still the final result is the triumph of virtue, and the impression made upon the spectator on the whole decidedly favourable to its cause. Hypocrisy, says Rochefoucault, is the homage which vice pays to virtue: it would appear that the sentiments of devotion, and the admiration of integrity, are so strongly implanted in the human mind, that many ages of corruption must elapse before they can be wholly extirpated. The French have still so much of both lingering in their imaginations and their associations at least, if not in their conduct, that the open disregard of them cannot be as yet tolerated in the higher theatres. Centuries of degradation, however, similar to that in which, from the result of the Revolution, they are now placed, will work out this melancholy change, even in the country of Fénelon and Bossuet. The modern Italian drama frequently represents the hero of the piece suffering under the agonies of fear; and poltroonery is tolerated on the stage by the descendants of the Romans and Samnites.

Another circumstance which is well worthy of observation in the romantic licentious literature and drama of France, is the frequent use which is made of the imagery, the language, and the characters of the Roman Catholic religion. Even the Romish Calendar, and the legends of the saints, are diligently ransacked to furnish stories and situations calculated to satisfy the avidity of the Parisian public for strong emotions. It would appear that the Parisians are now placed at that distance from religious belief, when they can derive pleasure from the lingering recollections which it awakens, without being shocked by the profanity to which it is exposed. They look upon religious impressions and the Catholic traditions, as the English regard the fairy tales which amused their childhood, and derive a transient stimulus from their being brought back to their recollection, as we do from seeing Bluebeard or Cinderella on the stage. Religion is as frequently the engine for moving the imagination now as classical allusions were in the last age. The French are in that stage of corruption, when they class religious imagery, and the early traditions of Scripture, with the Gothic superstition of the middle ages,—with drawbridges, knights, giants, and chivalry,—and are delighted with their representation, as we are with the feudal pictures and ancient imagery of Sir Walter Scott. The frequent introduction of religious characters and traditions in the modern works of imagination in France, affords decisive evidence that they have passed from the region of be-

lief into that of imagination; from subduing the passions, or influencing the conduct, to thrilling the imagination, and captivating the fancy. A people who entertained a sincere and practical regard for religion of any sort, never could bear to see its incidents and characters blended with hobgoblins and demons,—with the spectres of the feudal, or the mythology of the classic ages.

This extraordinary change in the lighter branches of French literature is almost entirely the result of the late Revolution. The romantic school of fiction, indeed, had been steadily growing up under the Restoration; and accordingly, the dramatized tales of Sir Walter Scott had banished in all but the Theatre Français, the works of Racine and Corneille from the stage. But it was not till the triumph of the Barricades had cast down the barriers of authority and influence, and let in a flood of licentiousness upon all the regions of thought, that the present intermixture of extravagance and sensuality took place. Still this grievous and demoralizing effect is not to be ascribed solely or chiefly to that event, important as it has been in scattering far and wide the seeds of evil. It is not by a mere prætorian tumult in the capital that a nation is demoralized; Rome had twenty such urban and military revolutions as that which overthrew Charles X. without experiencing any material addition to the deep-rooted sources of imperial corruption. It was the first Revolution, with its frightful atrocities and crying sins, which produced this fatal effect; the second merely drew aside the feeble barrier which the government of the Restoration had opposed to its devastation. In the present monstrous and unprecedented state of French literature is to be seen the faithful mirror of the state of the public mind produced by that convulsion; of that chaos of thoughts and passions and recollections, which has resulted from a successful insurrection not only against the government, but the institutions and the belief of former times; of the extravagance and frenzy of the human mind, when turned adrift, without either principle or authority to direct it, into the stormy sea of passion and pleasure.

The graver and more weighty works which were appearing in such numbers under the Restoration, have all ceased with the victory of the populace. The resplendent genius of Chateaubriand no longer throws its lustre over the declining virtue of the age: the learning and philosophy of Guizot is turned aside from the calm speculations of history to the turbulent sea of politics. Thierry has ceased to diffuse over the early ages of feudal times, the discriminating light of sagacious inquiry: the pen of Parente conveys no longer, in clear and vivid colours, the manners of the fourteenth to the nineteenth century: Thiers, transformed into an ambitious politician, strives in vain, in his measures as a minister, to counteract the influence of his eloquent writings, as an historian: the fervent spirit of Beranger is stilled; the poetic glow of Lamartine is quenched; the pictured page of Salvandy is employed only in portraying the deplorable state of social and moral disorganization consequent on

the triumph of the Barricades. Instead of these illustrious men has sprung up a host of minor writers, who pander to the depraved taste of a corrupted age; the race of Dumas's, and Latouches, and Janins, men who apply great talent to discreditable but profitable purposes: who reflect, like theameleon, the colours of the objects by which they are surrounded, and earn, like the opera-dancer, a transient livelihood, sometimes considerable wealth, by exciting the passions or ministering to the pleasures of a depraved and licentious metropolis.

Thus, on all sides, and in every department of government, religion, morals, and literature, is the debasing and pernicious influence of the Revolution manifesting itself; the thin veil which concealed the progress of corruption during the Restoration, is torn aside; government is settling down into despotism, religion into infidelity, morals into licentiousness, literature into depraved extravagance. What is to be the final issue of these melancholy changes, it is impossible confidently to predict; but of this we may be well assured, that it is not till the fountains of wickedness are closed by the seal of religion, and the stream of thought is purified by suffering, that the disastrous consequences of two successful convulsions can be arrested, or freedom established on a secure basis, or public felicity based on a durable foundation.

The result of all this is, not only that no real freedom exists in France, but that the elements of constitutional liberty do not exist. Every thing depends on the will of the capital: and its determination is so much swayed at present, at least by the public press, and armed force in the capital, that no reliance on the stability of any system of government can be placed. The first Revolution concentrated all the powers of government in the metropolis; the second vested them in the armed force of its garrison and citizens. Henceforth the strife of faction is likely to be a mere struggle for the possession of the public offices, and the immense patronage with which they are accompanied: but no measures for the extension of public freedom will, to all appearance, be attempted. If the republican party were to dethrone Louis Philippe, they would raise the most violent outcry about the triumph of freedom, and in the midst of it quietly take possession of the police-office, the telegraph, the treasury, and begin to exercise the vast powers of government for their own behoof in the most despotic manner. No other system of administration is practicable in France. After the state to which it has been reduced by its two Revolutions, a constitutional monarchy, such as existed in Great Britain prior to the revolution of 1832—that is, a monarchy, in which the powers of sovereignty were ready shared by the crown, the nobles, and the people—could not stand in France for a week. The populace of Paris and their despotic leaders, or the crown, with its civil and military employers, would swallow up supreme power in a moment.

Every government, in the long run, must be founded on one of three bases: either the representation and attachment of all the great

interests of the state; or the force of a powerful and devoted soldiery; or the influence of power derived from the possession of all the patronage and appointments in the kingdom. Constitutional monarchies, the glory of European civilization, are founded on the first; Asiatic despotisms on the last. By the destruction of all the intermediate classes between the throne and the peasant, the French have rendered the construction of a representative system and a limited throne impossible: they have now to choose only between the fetters of a military, or the corruption of an ori-

ental, despotism; between the government of the Prætorian guards, and the servility of the Byzantine empire. They are perpetually declaiming about the new era which their Revolution has opened in human affairs, and the interminable career of modern civilization: let them fix their eyes on the court of the Great Mogul and the ryots of Hindostan, and beware lest their changes afford a new confirmation of the old adage, That there is nothing new under the sun; and the dreams of republican enthusiasm terminate at last in the strife of eunuchs and the jealousy of courtesans.

ITALY.*

THE scenery of Switzerland is of a dark and gloomy description. In the higher Alps, which lie between the canton of Berne and the plains of Lombardy, the great elevation of the mountains, the vicinity of perpetual snow, the tempests which frequently occur, and the devastations of the avalanches, have imprinted a stern and often dismal aspect on the scenery. As the traveller ascends any of those paths, which lead from the canton of Berne over the ridge of the central Alps to the Italian bailiwicks, he gradually approaches the region of eternal desolation. The beech and the oak successively give place to the larch and the fir, and these in their turn disappear, or exhibit only the stunted forms and blasted summits which are produced by the rigour and severity of the climate. Towards the summit of the pass, even these marks of vegetation disappear, and huge blocks of granite, interspersed with snow, or surrounding black and gloomy lakes, form the only features of the scenery.

To the eye which has been habituated for a few days only to these stern and awful objects, there is no scene so delightful as that which is exhibited by the valleys and the lakes which lie on the southern side of the Alps. The riches of nature, and the delights of a southern climate, are there poured forth with a profusion which is hardly to be met with in any other part of Europe. The valleys are narrow and precipitous, bounded on either side by the most stupendous cliffs, and winding in such a manner as to exhibit, in the most striking point of view, the unrivalled glories of the scene. But though the vallies are narrower, and the rocks are higher on the southern than the northern side of the Alps, yet the character of the scene is widely different in these two situations. The larch and the fir form the prevailing wood in the higher valleys to the north of the St. Gothard; but the birch, the chestnut, and the oak, clothe the sunny cliffs which look to the Italian sun. Every crevice, and every projecting

point on which vegetation can grow, is covered with brushwood; and, instead of the gray masses of granite which appear on the northern side, the cliffs of the southern valleys seem to have caught the warm glow and varied tints of the Italian sky. Nor is the change less apparent in the agricultural productions of the soil. At the foot of the stupendous cliffs, which bound the narrow valleys by which the mountains are intersected, the vine, the olive, and the maize, ripen under the rays of a vertical sun, while the sweet chestnut and the walnut clothe the sloping banks by which the wider parts of the valleys are surrounded. While sinking under the heat of a summer sun, which acquires amazing powers in these narrow clefts, the traveller looks back with delight to the snowy peaks from which he had so lately descended, whose glaciers are softened by the distance at which they are seen, and seem to partake in the warm glow by which the atmosphere is illuminated.

There is another feature by which these valleys are distinguished, which does not occur in the Swiss territories. Switzerland is a country of peasants: the traces of feudal power have been long obliterated in its free and happy vallies. But on the Italian side of the Alps, the remnants of baronial power are still to be seen. Magnificent castles of vast dimensions, and placed on the most prominent situations, remind the traveller that he is approaching the region of feudal influence; while the crouching look and abject manner of the peasantry, tells but too plainly the sway which these feudal proprietors have exercised over their vassals. But whatever may be the influence of aristocratic power upon the habits or condition of the people, the remains of former magnificence which it has left, add amazingly to the beauty and sublimity of the scenery. In the Misocco these antiquated remains are peculiarly numerous and imposing. The huge towers and massy walls of these Gothic castles, placed on what seem inaccessible cliffs, and frowning over the villages which have grown up beneath their feet, give

* Blackwood's Magazine, Feb. 1818, and Supplement to Encyclopedia Britannica, article Italy.—Written when travelling in that country in 1816 and 1818.

an air of antiquity and solemnity to the scene, which nothing else is capable of producing; for the works of nature, long as they have stood, are still covered with the verdure of perpetual youth. It is in the works of man alone that the symptoms of age or of decay appear.

The Italian lakes partake, in some measure, in the general features which have been mentioned as belonging to the valleys on the southern side of the Alps; but they are characterized also by some circumstances which are peculiar to themselves. Their banks are almost everywhere formed of steep mountains, which sink at once into the lake without any meadows or level ground on the water side. These mountains are generally of great height, and of the most rugged forms; but they are clothed to the summit with luxuriant woods, except in those places where the steepness of the precipices precludes the growth of vegetation. The continued appearance of front and precipice which they exhibit, would lead to the belief that the banks of the lake are uninhabited, were it not for the multitude of villages with which they are everywhere interspersed. These villages are so numerous and extensive, that it may be doubted whether the population anywhere in Europe is denser than on the shores of the Italian lakes. No spectacle in nature can be more beautiful than the aspect of these clusters of human habitations, all built of stone, and white-washed in the neatest manner, with a simple spire rising in the centre of each, to mark the number and devotion of the inhabitants, surrounded by luxuriant forests, and rising one above another to the highest parts of the mountains. Frequently the village is concealed by the intervention of some rising ground, or the height of the adjoining woods; but the church is always visible, and conveys the liveliest idea of the peace and happiness of the inhabitants. These rural temples are uniformly white, and their spires are of the simplest form; but it is difficult to convey, to those who have not seen them, an idea of the exquisite addition which they form to the beauty of the scenery.

On a nearer approach, the situation of these villages, so profusely scattered over the mountains which surround the Italian lakes, is often interesting in the extreme. Placed on the summit of projecting rocks, or sheltered in the defile of secluded valleys, they exhibit every variety of aspect that can be imagined; but wherever situated, they add to the interest, or enhance the picturesque effect of the scene. The woods by which they are surrounded, and which, from a distance, have the appearance of a continued forest, are in reality formed, for the most part, of the walnuts and sweet chestnuts, which grow on the gardens that belong to the peasantry, and conceal beneath their shade, vineyards, corn-fields, and orchards. Each cottager has his little domain, which is cultivated by his own family; a single chestnut, and a few mulberry trees, with a small vineyard, constitutes often the whole of their humble property. On this little spot, however, they find wherewithal both to satisfy their wants and to occupy their industry; the chil-

dren take care of the mulberries and the silk worms, which are here produced in great abundance; the husband dresses the vineyard, or works in the garden, as the season may require. On an incredibly small piece of ground, a numerous family live, in, what appears to them, ease and affluence; and if they can maintain themselves during the year, and pay their rent at its termination, their desires never go beyond the space of their own employment.

In this simple and unambitious style of life, it may easily be conceived what the general character of the peasantry must be. Generally speaking, they are a simple, kind-hearted, honest people, grateful to the last degree for the smallest share of kindness, and always willing to share with a stranger the produce of their little domains. The crimes of murder and robbery are almost unknown, at least among the peasantry themselves, although, on the great roads in their vicinity, banditti are sometimes to be found. But if a stranger lives in the country, and reposes confidence in the people, he will find himself as secure, and more respected, than in most other parts of the world.

There is one delightful circumstance which occurs in spring in the vicinity of these lakes, to which a northern traveller is but little accustomed. During the months of April and May, the woods are filled with nightingales, and thousands of these little choristers pour forth their strains every night, with a richness and melody of which it is impossible to form a conception. In England we are accustomed frequently to hear the nightingale, and his song has been celebrated in poetry from the earliest periods of our history. But it is generally a single song to which we listen, or at most a few only, which unite to enliven the stillness of the night. But on the banks of the lake of Como, thousands of nightingales are to be found in every wood; they rest in every tree,—they pour forth their melody on the roof of every cottage. Wherever you walk during the delightful nights of April or May, you hear the unceasing strains of these unseen warblers, swelling on the evening gales, or dying away, as you recede from the woods or thickets where they dwell. The soft cadence and melodious swelling of this heavenly choir, resembles more the enchanting sounds of the Eolian harp than any thing produced by mortal organs. To those who have seen the lake of Como, with such accompaniments, during the serenity of a summer evening, and with the surrounding headlands and mountains reflected on its placid waters, there are few scenes in nature, and few moments in life, which can be the source of such delightful recollection.

The forms of the mountains which surround the Italian lakes are somewhat similar to those that are to be met with in the Highlands of Scotland, or at the Lake of Killarney; but the great superiority which they possess over any thing in this country, consists in the *gay and smiling aspect* which nature there exhibits. The base only of the Highland hills is clothed with wood; huge and shapeless swells of heath form the upper parts of the mountains; and

the summits partake of the gloomy character which the tint of brown or purple throws over the scene. But the mountains which surround the Italian lakes are varied to the summit with life and animation. The woods ascend to the highest peaks, and clothe the most savage cliffs in a robe of verdure; white and sunny villages rise one above another, in endless succession, to the upper parts of the mountains; and innumerable churches, on every projecting point, mark the sway of religion, even in the most remote and inaccessible situations. The English lakes are often cold and cheerless, from the reflection of a dark or lowering sky; but the Italian lakes are perfectly blue, and partake of the brilliant colours with which the firmament is filled. In the morning, in particular, when the level sun glitters on the innumerable white villages which surround the Lago Maggiore, the reflection of the cottages, and steeples, and woods, in the blue and glassy surface of the lake, seems to realize the descriptions of the poets in their happiest and most inspired veins.

The *Lago Maggiore* is the most celebrated of these lakes, because it lies most in the way of ordinary travellers; but, in variety of forms, and in the grandeur of the surrounding objects, it is decidedly inferior to the Lago Lugano, which is, perhaps, upon the whole, the most beautiful lake in Europe. The mountains which surround this lake are not only very lofty, from 4000 to 5000 feet high, but broken into a thousand fantastic forms, and split with chasms of the most terrific description. On one of the loftiest of these pinnacles, immediately above the centre of the lake, is placed the castle of St. Salvador; and the precipice, from its turrets to the surface of the water, is certainly not less than 2000 feet. Nevertheless, this stupendous cliff is clothed, in every crevice where the birch can fix its root, with luxuriant woods; and so completely does this soft covering change the character of the scene, that even this dreadful precipice is rather a beautiful than a terrific object. The great characteristic and principal beauty of the Lago Lugano, arises from its infinite variety, occasioned by the numbers of mountains which project into its centre, and by presenting an infinite variety of headlands, promontories, and bays, give it rather the appearance of a great number of small lakes connected together, than of one extensive sheet of water. Nor can imagination itself conceive any thing equal to the endless variety of scenery, which is presented by following the deeply indented shores of this lake, or the varied effect of the numberless villages and churches, which present themselves at every turn, to relieve and animate the scene.

Foreigners, from every part of Europe, are accustomed to speak of the *Boromean Islands* with a degree of enthusiasm which raises the expectation to too high a pitch, and of course is apt to produce disappointment. They are laid out in the Italian style of gardening, with stiff alleys, marble fountains, statues, terraces, and other works of art. But this style, however curious or meritorious in itself, and as a specimen of the skill or dexterity of the gar-

dener, is universally allowed to be ill adapted to the scenery of real nature, and is more particularly out of place in the Italian lakes, where the vast and broken ridge of the Alps forms the magnificent distance, and gives the prevailing character to the scene.

The *Isola Madre* is the most pleasing of these celebrated islands, being covered with wood in the interior, and adorned round the shores with a profusion of the most beautiful flowering shrubs. It is difficult to imagine a more splendid prospect than the view from this island, looking towards the ridge of the Simplon. Numerous white villages, placed at intervals along the shore, enliven the green luxuriant woods which descend to the lake; and in the farther distance, the broken and serrated ridge of the mountains, clustering round the snowy peaks of Monte Rosa, combines the grandeur of Alpine with the softness of Italian scenery. The buildings, which are so beautifully disposed along the shore, partake of the elegance of the scene; they are distinguished, for the most part, by the taste which seems to be the native growth of the soil of Italy; and the lake itself resembles a vast mirror, in which the splendid scenery which surrounds it is reflected, with more even than its original beauty.

The lake of Como, as is well known, was the favourite residence of Pliny; and a villa on its shore bears the name of the Villa Pliniana; but whether it is built on the scite of the Roman philosopher's dwelling, has not been ascertained. The immediate vicinity, however, of the intermitting spring, which he has so well described, makes it probable that the ancient villa was at no great distance from the modern one which bears its name. Eustace has dwelt, with his usual eloquence, on the interest which this circumstance gives to this beautiful lake.

Towards its upper end, the lake of Como assumes a different aspect from that by which it is distinguished at its lower extremity. The hills in the vicinity of Como, and as far to the north as Menagio, are soft in their forms, and being clothed to their summits with vineyards and woods, they present rather a beautiful than a sublime spectacle. But towards the upper end the scene assumes a more savage character. The chestnut woods and orange groves no longer appear; the oak and the fir cover the bold and precipitous banks which hang over the lake; and the snowy peaks of the Bernhardin and Mount Splügen rise in gloomy magnificence at the extremity of the scene. On approaching *Chiavenna*, the broad expanse of water dwindles into a narrow stream; the banks on either side approach so near, as to give the scenery the appearance of a mountain valley; and the Alps, which close it in, are clothed with forests of fir, or present vast and savage precipices of rock. From this point there is an easy passage over the Bernhardin to the Rheinthal, and the interesting country of the Grisons; and the *Val de Misox*, through which the road leads, is one of the most beautiful on the southern side of the Alps, and particularly remarkable for the magnificent castles with which its projecting points are adorned.

The tour which is usually followed in the Italian lakes, is to visit first the Lago Maggiore, and then drive to Como, and ascend to the *Villa Pliniana*, or to *Menagio*, and return to Como or Lecco. By following this course, however, the *Lago Lugano* is wholly omitted, which is perhaps the most picturesque of all the three. The better plan is to ascend from Baveno, on the *Lago Maggiore*, to the upper end of that lake; and after exploring its varied beauties, land at Luvino, and cross from thence to *Ponte Tresa*, and there embark for *Lugano*, from whence you reach *Porlezza* by water, through the most magnificent part of the *Lago Lugano*; from thence cross to *Menagio*, on the lake of Como, whence, as from a central point, the traveller may ascend to *Chiavenna*, or descend to *Lecco* or *Como*, as his time or inclination may prescribe.

It is one most interesting characteristic of the people who dwell on these beautiful lakes, that they seem to be impressed with a genuine and unaffected piety. The vast number of churches placed in every village, and crowning every eminence, is a proof of how much has been done for the service of religion. But it is a more interesting spectacle, to behold the devotion with which the ordinances of religion are observed in all these places of worship. Numerous as the churches are, they seem to be hardly able to contain the numbers who frequent them; and it is no unusual spectacle to behold crowds of both sexes kneeling on the turf in the church-yard on Sunday forenoon, who could not find room in the church itself. There is something singularly pleasing in such manifestation of simple devotion. Whatever may be the diversity in points of faith, which separate Christians from each other, the appearance of sincere piety, more especially in the poorer classes, is an object of interest, and fitted to produce respect. We are too apt to imagine, in England, that real devotion is little felt in Catholic states; but whoever has travelled in the Alps, or dwelt on the Italian Lakes, must be convinced that this belief is without foundation. The poor people who attend these churches, are in general neatly, and even elegantly, dressed; and the Scripture pieces which are placed above the altar, rude as they may be, are distinguished by a beauty of expression, and a grace of design, which proves in the most striking way how universally a taste for the fine arts is diffused throughout the peasantry of Italy. While gliding along the placid surface of these lakes, the traveller beholds with delight the crowds of well-dressed people who descend from the churches that are placed along their shores; and it is sometimes a most interesting incident, amidst the assemblage of forests and precipices which the scenery presents, to see the white dresses of the peasantry winding down the almost perpendicular face of the mountains, or emerging from the luxuriant forests with which their sides are clothed.

The climate in these lakes is delightful. The vicinity of the mountain indeed attracts frequent rains, which has rendered Como proverbial in Lombardy for the wetness of its climate; but when the shower is over, the sky

reassumes its delicious blue, and the sun shines with renovated splendour on the green woods and orange groves which adorn the mountain sides. Perhaps the remarkable and beautiful greenness of the foliage, which characterizes the scenery of all these lakes, is owing to the frequent showers which the height of the surrounding mountains occasions; and if so, we owe to them one of the most singular and characteristic beauties by which they are distinguished.

Italy comprises four great divisions: in each of which the face of nature; the mode of cultivation, and the condition of the people, is very different from what it is in the others.

The first of these embraces the vast plain which lies between the Alps and the Apennines, and extends from *Coni* on the west to the Adriatic on the east. It is bounded on the south by the Apennines, which, branching off from the Maritime Alps, run in a south-easterly direction to the neighbourhood of *Lorretto*, and on the north by the chain of the Alps, which presents a continued face of precipices from sea to sea. This rich and beautiful plain is, with the exception of a few inconsiderable hills, a perfect level; insomuch that for two hundred miles there is not a single ascent to be met with. Towards its western end, in the plain of Piedmont, the soil is light and sandy; but it becomes richer as you proceed to the eastward, and from *Lodi* to *Ferrara* is composed of the finest black mould. It is watered by numberless streams, which descend from the adjacent mountains, and roll their tributary waters to the Po, and this supply of water joined to the unrivalled fertility of the soil, renders this district the richest, in point of agricultural produce, that exists in Europe. An admirable system of cultivation has long been established in this fertile plain; and three successive crops annually reward the labours of the husbandman.

The second extends over all the declivities of the Apennines, from the frontiers of France to the southern extremity of Calabria. This immense region comprises above half of the whole superficial extent of Italy, and maintains a very great proportion of its inhabitants. It everywhere consists of swelling hills, rapid descents, and narrow valleys, and yields spontaneously the choicest fruits. The olive, the vine, the fig tree, the pomegranate, the sweet chestnut, and all the fruits of northern climates, flourish in the utmost luxuriance on the sunny slopes of Tuscany and the Roman States; while in Naples and Calabria, in addition to these, are to be found the orange tree, the citron, the palm, and the fruits of tropical regions. The higher parts of these mountains are covered by magnificent forests of sweet chestnuts, which yield subsistence to a numerous population, at the height of many thousand feet above the sea; while, at the summit, pastures are to be found, similar to those of the Cheviot Hills in Scotland.

The third region comprises the plains which lie between the Apennines and the Mediterranean, and extends from the neighbourhood of Pisa to the mountains of Terracina. This district, once covered by a numerous population

and cultivated in the most careful manner, is now almost a desert. It is the region of insubrious air; and no means have yet been devised by which it is possible to enable the human race to flourish under its pestilential influence. After leaving the highest state of civilization in Florence or Rome, the traveller is astonished to find himself in the midst of vast plains, over which numerous flocks of cattle wander at large under the care of shepherds mounted on horseback, and armed after the fashion of the steppes of Tartary. This division includes under it all the plains which lie between the Apennines and the Mediterranean, in the Neapolitan territory, among which the Maremma of Pestuni is most conspicuous; and nothing but the vast population of Naples prevents its celebrated Campagna from relapsing into the same desolate state.

The fourth great division comprehends the plains which lie to the eastward of the Apennines, in the kingdom of Naples, and is bounded by the Adriatic sea on the one side, and the irregular line of the mountains on the other. It is in some places from fifty to one hundred miles broad, and in others the mountains approach the sea-shore. The country is flat, or rises into extensive downs, and is cultivated in large farms, where it is under agricultural management; but a great proportion is devoted entirely to pasturage. Immense forests of olive are to be met with in this remote district, and the hills are covered with vines, and oranges, and other fruits, with corn growing under them.

The only range of mountains which properly and exclusively belongs to Italy is the Apennines; and they extend over more than half of the country. Their height is very various; in the vicinity of Genoa they rise to about 4500 feet; above Pontremoli, on the borders of Tuscany and Lombardy, they reach 5500 to 6000 feet, and the great ridge which stretches from Bologna by Valombrosa, to the south-east, rises in some places to between 3000 and 7000. They are not, in general, very rocky; at least it is only in their higher eminences that this character appears. Their lower parts, everywhere almost, are covered with fruit trees, under the shade of which, in the southern exposures, crops of grain are brought to maturity. Higher up, the sweet chestnut covers the ascent, and supports an immense population at an elevation above the sea where no food for man could be procured in our climate. The pine, the beech, and the fir, occupy those higher regions in which are Valombrosa, Lavernia, and Camaldoli; and at the summits of all, the open dry pastures furnish subsistence to numerous flocks. This great capability of the Apennines to yield food for the use of man, is the cause of the extraordinary populousness of its slopes. In the remotest recesses the traveller discovers villages and towns; and on the face of mountains where the eye at a distance can discern nothing but wood, he finds, on a nearer approach, every spot of ground carefully cultivated. The villages and towns are commonly situated on the summits of eminences, and frequently surrounded by walls and towers; a practice which began in the turbulent periods of the Italian re-

publics, and has been since continued from the dread of malaria in the bottom of the valleys. It adds greatly to the picturesque effect of the mountain scenery, and gives it a character altogether peculiar. In the Tuscan states, the lower ranges of the Apennines have been the object of the utmost care, and of an almost inconceivable expenditure of capital. They are regularly cut in terraces, and whenever an opportunity occurs, water is brought from the adjoining canals to every field, so that the whole valley is as it were covered with a network of small streams, which convey their freshness all around. The olives and figs which flourish in this delightful region are foreign to the Tuscan soil; there is not a tree there which is the spontaneous production of nature; they are all planted and pruned by the hand of man.

Nothing can be imagined more sterile in itself, or more adverse to any agricultural improvement, than the aspect of nature in the Apennines. Their sides present a series of broken rocks, barren slopes, or arid cliffs. The roots of the bushes, laid bare by the autumnal rains, are, by degrees, dried up by the heat of the sun. They perish, and leave nothing behind them but a few odoriferous shrubs dispersed on the rocks to cover the wreck. The narrow ravines between them present, in summer, only the dry beds of torrents, in which fallen trees, rocks, and gravel, are accumulated by the violence of the winter rains. This debris is brought down by the torrents into the wider valleys, and whole tracts of country are desolated by a sterile mass of stone and gravel. Thus the mountains and the valleys at their feet seem equally incapable of culture; but the industry of the Italians has overcome these obstacles, and converted mountains, to appearance the most sterile that imagination could conceive, into a succession of gardens, in which every thing that is most delightful, as well as useful, is assembled.

This astonishing metamorphosis has been effected by the introduction of the terrace system of culture, an improvement which seems to have been unknown to the ancient Romans, and to have spread in Europe with the return of the Crusaders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. (Chateauxvieux, 300.) Nothing could oppose the destructive force of the torrents, but altering the surface of the hills, and thereby breaking the course of the waters. This was an immense work, for it required the whole soil to be displaced, and built up by means of artificial walls into successive terraces; and this in many places could be effected only by breaking solid rocks, and bringing a new soil from distant places.

The artificial land, so dearly purchased, is designed for the cultivation of fruits and vegetables. The terraces are always covered with fruit-trees placed in a reflected sun. Amidst the reverberations of so many walls, the fruit is most abundant and superior in its kind. No room is lost in these limited situations,—the vine extends its branches along the walls; a hedge formed of the same vine branches surrounds each terrace, and covers it with verdure. In the corners formed by the meeting

of the supporting walls, fig-trees are planted to vegetate under their protection. The owner takes advantage of every vacant space left between the olive-trees to raise melons and vegetables; so that he obtains on a very limited extent, olive, grapes, pomegranates, and melons. So great is the produce of this culture that, under good management, half the crop of seven acres is sufficient for a family of five persons: being little more than the produce of three-fourths of an acre to each soul. This little space is often divided into more than twenty terraces.

A great part of the mountainous part of Italy has adopted this admirable culture: and this accounts for the great population which everywhere inhabit the Italian mountains, and explains the singular fact, that, in scenes where nothing but continued foliage meets the eye, the traveller finds, on a nearer approach, villages and hamlets, and all the signs of a numerous peasantry.

Continued vigilance is requisite to maintain these works. If the attention of the husbandman is intermitted for any considerable time, the violence of the rains destroys what it had cost so much labour to create. Storms and torrents wash down the soil, and the terraces are broken through or overwhelmed by the rubbish, which is brought down from the higher parts of the mountain. Every thing returns rapidly to its former state; the vigour of southern vegetation covers the ruins of human industry: and there soon remains only shapeless vestiges covered by briars.

The system of irrigation in the valley of the Arno is a most extraordinary monument of human industry. Placed between two ridges of mountains, one of them very elevated, it was periodically devastated by numerous torrents, which were precipitated from the mountains, charged with stone and rubbish. To control these destructive inundations, means were contrived to confine the course of the torrents within strong walls, which serve at the same time for the formation of a great number of canals. At regular distances, openings are formed below the mean level of the stream, that the water may run out laterally, overflow the land, and remain on it long enough to deposit the mud with which it is charged. A great many canals, by successive outlets of the water, divide the principal current and check its rapidity. These canals are infinitely subdivided, and to such a degree, that there is not a single square of land, which is not surrounded by them. They are all lined with walls, built with square bricks; the scarcity of water rendering the most vigilant economy of it necessary. A number of small bridges connect the multitude of little islands, into which these canals subdivide the country. These works are still kept in good repair; but the whole wealth of Tuscany could not now furnish the sums requisite for their construction. That was done by Florence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in the days of her republican freedom.

The third agricultural division of Italy, is the Maremma, or the plains on the sea-shore in Tuscany, and the Roman States, where the

prevalence of the malaria renders it impossible to live permanently. This region is everywhere divided into great estates, and let in large farms. The Maremma of Rome, forty leagues in length and from ten to fifteen in breadth, and which feeds annually 67,000 horned cattle, is cultivated by only eighty farmers. These farmers live in Rome or Sienna, for the unhealthiness of the atmosphere precludes the possibility of their dwelling on the lands they cultivate. Each farm has on it only a single house, which rises in the midst of desolation. No garden, or orchards, or meadows, announce the vicinity of a human habitation. It stands alone in the midst of a vast solitude, with the cattle pasturing up to the walls of the dwelling.

The whole wealth of these great farms consists in their cattle. The farm servants are comparatively few, and they are constantly on horseback. Armed with a gun and a lance, the shepherds, as in the wilds of Tartary, are constantly in the open air tending the herds committed to their care. They receive no fixed wages, but are paid in cattle, which graze with the herds of their masters. The mildness of the climate permits the grass to grow during all the winter, and so the flocks are maintained there in that season. In summer, as the excessive heat renders the pastures parched and scanty, the flocks are sent to the highest ridges of the Apennines in quest of cool air and fresh herbage. The oxen, however, and cows of the Hungarian breed, are able both to bear the heat of summer, and to find food during its continuance in the Maremma. They remain, therefore, during all the year; and the shepherds who tend them continue exposed to the pestilential air during the autumnal months. The woods are stocked with swine, and the marshes with buffaloes. So great is the quantity of the live-stock on these immense farms, that on one visited by Mr. Chateaufieux were cattle to the value of 16,000*l.* sterling, and the farmer had two other farms on which the stocking was of equal value.

In the Terra di Lavoro, or Campagna of Naples, the extreme richness of the soil has given rise to a mode of culture different from any which has yet been described. The aspect of this great plain is, perhaps, the most striking in point of agricultural riches that exists in the world. The great heat of the sun renders it necessary that the grain should be shaded by trees; and accordingly the whole country is intersected by rows of elms or willows, which divide it into small portions of half or three quarters of an acre each. A vine is planted at the foot of every tree; and such is the luxuriance of vegetation, that it not only rises in a few years to the very summit, but extends its branches in a lateral direction, so as to admit of festoons being trained from one tree to another. These trees are not pollarded as in Tuscany and Lombardy, but allowed to grow to their full height, so that it is not unusual to see a vine clustering around the top of a poplar sixty or eighty feet high. Under their shade the soil produces annually a double crop, one of which is of wheat or maize. Melons are cultivated in great quanti-

ties, and with hardly any manure. Thickets of fig-trees, of peaches, and aloes, grow spontaneously on the borders of the fields. Groves of orange clothe the slopes, and spread their

charming perfumes over the adjoining country while the rocky eminences are covered with vines, which produce fruits of the most delicious flavour.

SCOTT, CAMPBELL, AND BYRON.*

WE have listened with admiration to the eloquent strains in which the first in rank† and the first in genius‡ have proposed the memory of the immortal bard whose genius we are this day assembled to celebrate; but I know not whether the toast which I have now to propose has not equal claims to our enthusiasm. Your kindness and that of the committee has intrusted to me the memory of three illustrious men—the far-famed successors of Burns, who have drank deep at the fountains of his genius, and proved themselves the worthy inheritors of his inspiration. And Scotland, I rejoice to say, can claim them all as her own. For if the Tweed has been immortalized by the grave of Scott, the Clyde can boast the birthplace of Campbell, and the mountains of the Dee first inspired the muse of Byron. I rejoice at that burst of patriotic feeling; I hail it as the presage, that as Ayrshire has raised a fitting monument to Burns, and Edinburgh has erected a fitting structure to the author of *Waverley*, so Glasgow will, ere long, raise a worthy monument to the bard whose name will never die while hope pours its balm through the human heart; and Aberdeen will, worthily, commemorate the far-famed traveller who first inhaled the inspiration of nature amidst the clouds of Loch-na-Gar, and afterwards poured the light of his genius over those lands of the sun, where his descending orb sets—

"Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light."

Scotland, my lord, may well be proud of having given birth to, or awakened the genius of such men; but she can no longer call these exclusively her own—their names have become household words in every land. Mankind claims them as the common inheritance of the human race. Look around us, and we shall see on every side decisive proof how far and wide admiration for their genius has sunk into the hearts of men. What is it that attracts strangers from every part of the world, into this distant land, and has more than compensated for a remote situation and a churlish soil, and given to our own northern isle a splendour unknown to the regions of the sun? What is it which has brought together this mighty assemblage, and united the ardent

and the generous from every part of the world, from the Ural mountains to the banks of the Mississippi, on the shores of an island in the Atlantic? My lord, it is neither the magnificence of our cities, nor the beauty of our valleys, the animation of our harbours, nor the stillness of our mountains: it is neither our sounding cataracts nor our spreading lakes: neither the wilds of nature we have subdued so strenuously, nor the blue hills we have loved so well. These beauties, great as they are, have been equalled in other lands; these marvels, wondrous though they be, have parallels in other climes. It is the genius of her sons which have given Scotland her proud pre-eminence; this it is, more even than the shades of Bruce, of Wallace, and of Mary, which has rendered her scenes classic ground to the whole civilized world, and now brings pilgrims from the most distant parts of the earth, as on this day, to worship at the shrine of genius.

Yet Albyn! yet the praise be thine,
Thy scenes with story to combine;
Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays,
List to the tale of other days.
Mist Cartlane crags thou shewest the cave,
The refuge of thy champion brave;
Giving each rock a storied tale,
Pouring a lay through every dale;
Knitting, as with a moral band,
Thy story to thy native land;
Combining thus the interest high,
Which genius lends to beauty's eye!

But the poet who conceived these beautiful lines, has done more than all our ancestors' valour to immortalize the land of his birth; for he has united the interest of truth with the charms of fiction, and peopled the realm not only with the shadows of time, but the creations of genius. In those brilliant creations, as in the glassy wave, we behold mirrored the lights, the shadows, the forms of reality; and yet

So pure, so fair, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

Years have rolled on, but they have taken nothing, they have added much, to the fame of those illustrious men.

Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

The voice of ages has spoken: it has given Campbell and Byron the highest place, with Burns, in lyric poetry, and destined Scott

To rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

Their names now shine in unapproachable splendour, far removed, like the fixed stars,

* Speech delivered at the Burns Festival, on 6th August, 1844, on proposing the memory of Scott, Campbell, and Byron.

† Earl of Eglinton, who presided.

‡ Professor Wilson.

from the clouds and the rivalry of a lower world. To the end of time, they will maintain their exalted station. Never will the cultivated traveller traverse the sea of the Archipelago, that "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece," will not recur to his recollection; never will he approach the shores of Loch Katrine, that the image of Ellen Douglas will not be present to his memory; never will he gaze on the cliffs of Britain, that he will not thrill at the exploits of the "mariners of England, who guard our native seas." Whence has arisen this great, this universally acknowledged celebrity? My lord, it is hard to say whether we have most to admire the brilliancy of their fancy, or the creations of their genius, the beauty of their verses, or the magic of their language, the elevation of their thoughts, or the pathos of their conceptions. Yet can each boast a separate grace; and their age has witnessed in every walk the genius of poetry elevated to its highest strain. In Scott it is variety of conception, truth and fidelity of delineation in character, graphic details of the olden time, which is chiefly to be admired. Who can read without transport his glowing descriptions of the age of chivalry? Its massy castles and gloomy vaults, its haughty nobles and beauteous dames, its gorgeous pageantry and prancing steeds, stand forth under his magic pencil with all the colours and brilliancy of reality. We are present at the shock of armies, we hear the shouts of mortal combatants, we see the flames of burning castles, we weep in the dungeon of captive innocence. Yet who has so well and truly delineated the less obtrusive but not less impressive scenes of humble life? Who has so faithfully portrayed the virtues of the cottage; who has done so much to elevate human nature, by exhibiting its dignity even in the abyss of misfortune; who has felt so truly and told so well "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?" In Byron it is the fierce contest of the passions, the yearning of a soul longing for the stern realities of life, amidst the seduction of its frivolity; the brilliant conceptions of a mind fraught with the imagery and recollections of the east, which chiefly captivates every mind. His pencil is literally "dipt in the orient hues of heaven." He transports us to enchanted

ground, where the scenes which speak most powerfully to the heart of man are brought successively before our eyes. The east, with its deathless scenes and cloudless skies; its wooded steepes and mouldering fanes, its glassy seas and lovely vales, rises up like magic before us. The haughty and yet impassioned Turk; the crouching but still gifted Greek; the wandering Arab, the cruel Tartar, the fanatic Moslem, stand before us like living beings, they are clothed with flesh and blood. But there is one whose recent death we all deplore, but who has lighted "the torch of Hope at nature's funeral pile," who has evinced a yet higher inspiration. In Campbell, it is the moral purposes to which he has directed his mighty powers, which is the real secret of his success; the lofty objects to which he has devoted his life, which have proved his passport to immortality. To whatever quarter he has turned his mind, we behold the working of the same elevated spirit. Whether he paints the disastrous day, when,

Oh bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;

or portrays with generous ardour the imaginary paradise on Susquehanna's shore, where

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled;

or transports us to that awful time when Christian faith remains unshaken amidst the dissolution of nature,

And ships are drifting with their dead,
To shores where all is dumb,

we discern the same mind, seeing every object through its own sublime and lofty vision. Thence has arisen his deathless name.—It is because he has unceasingly contended for the best interests of humanity; because he has ever asserted the dignity of a human soul; because he has never forgotten that amidst all the distinctions of time—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that;"

because he has regarded himself as the high-priest of nature, and the world which we inhabit as the abode not merely of human cares and human joys, but as the temple of the living God, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed.

*As a Promoter
of Art.*

SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.*

WE stand in this community in a very peculiar situation, and which loudly calls for immediate attention of all interested in their country's greatness. We have reached the very highest point of commercial greatness. Such has been the growth of our mechanical power, such the marvels of our commercial enterprise! But, when we turn to the station we occupy in the arts of design, in these very arts in which, as a manufacturing community, we are so deeply interested, we see a very different spectacle. We see foreigners daily flocking from all parts of the world to the shores of the Clyde or the Mersey, to study our railways, and our canals; to copy our machinery, to take models of our steam-vessels—but we see none coming to imitate our designs. On the contrary, we, who take the lead of all the world in mechanical invention, in the *powers* of art, are obliged to follow them in the designs to which these powers are to be applied. Gentlemen, this should not be. We have now arrived at that period of manufacturing progress, when we must take the lead in design, or we shall cease to have orders for performance—we must be the first in conception, or we will be the last in execution. To others, the Fine Arts may be a matter of gratification or ornament; to a manufacturing community it is one of life or death. We may, however, be encouraged to hope that we may yet ere long attain to eminence in the Fine Arts, from observing how uniformly in past times commercial greatness has co-existed with purity of taste and the development of genius; in so much that it is hard to say whether art has owed most to the wealth of commerce, or commerce to the perfection of art. Was it not the wealth of inland commerce which, even in the deserts of Asia, reared up that great commonwealth, which once, under the guidance of Zenobia, bade defiance to the armies of imperial Rome, and the ruins of which, at Tadmor and Palmyra, still attract the admiration of the traveller? Was it not the wealth of maritime commerce which, on the shores of the Ægean sea, raised that great republic which achieved a dominion over the minds of men more durable than that which had been reared by the legions of Cæsar, or the phalanx of Alexander? Was it not the manufactures of Tuscany which gave birth at Florence to that immortal school of painting, the works of which still attract the civilized world to the shores of the Arno? The velvets of Genoa, the jewelry of Venice, long maintained their ascendancy after the political importance of these republics had declined; and the school of design established sixty years ago at Lyons has enabled its silk manufactures to preserve the lead in Europe—despite the carnage of the Convention, and the wars of Napoleon. In

Flanders and Holland the wealth and enterprise of commerce, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a level soil, a cloudy atmosphere, and a humid climate, have produced the immortal works of Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt. Why should a similar result not take place here? Arrived at the summit of manufacturing greatness, why should we be second to any in the arts of design? Have they possessed advantages which we do not enjoy? Had they finer cataracts than the Falls of the Clyde, or glens more romantic than Cartland Crag—had they nobler oaks than those of Cadzow, or ruins more imposing than those of Bothwell—had they galleries finer than the halls of Hamilton, or lakes more lovely than Loch Lomond, or mountains more sublime than those of Arran? Gentlemen, within two hours' journey from Glasgow are to be found combined

"Whate'er Lorrain hath touched with softening hue
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew."

The wealth is here, the enterprise is here, the materials are here; nothing is wanting but the hand of genius to cast these precious elements into the mould of beauty—the lofty spirit, the high aspirations which, aiming at greatness, never fail to attain it. Are we to be told that we cannot do these things; that like the Russians we can imitate but cannot conceive? It is not in the nation of Smith and of Watt,—it is not in the land of Burns and Scott,—it is not in the country of Shakespeare and Milton,—it is not in the empire of Reynolds and Wren, that we can give any weight to that argument. Nor is it easy to believe that the same genius which has drawn in such enchanting colours the lights and shadows of Scottish life, might not, if otherwise directed, have depicted, with equal felicity, the lights and shadows of Scottish scenery. We have spoken of our interests—we have spoken of our capabilities,—we have spoken of what other nations have done;—but there are greater things done than these. No one indeed can doubt that it is in the moral and religious feelings of the people, that the broad and deep foundations of national prosperity can alone be laid, and that every attempt to attain durable greatness on any other basis will prove nugatory. But we are not only moral and intellectual, we are active agents. We long after gratification—we thirst for enjoyment; and the experienced observer of man will not despise the subsidiary, but still important aid to be derived in the great work of moral elevation, from a due direction of the active propensities. And he is not the least friend to his species, who, in an age peculiarly vehement in desire, discovers gratifications which do not corrupt—enjoyments which do not degrade. But if this is true of enjoyments simply innocent, what shall we say of those which refine, which not only do not lead to

* Speech delivered on Nov. 28, 1843, in proposing the establishment of a School of Design in Glasgow.

vice, but exalt to virtue!—which open to the peasant, equally with the prince, that pure gratification which arises to all alike from the contemplation of the grand and the beautiful in Art and in Nature? We have now reached that point where such an election can no longer be delayed. Our wealth is so great, it has come on us so suddenly, it will corrupt if it does not refine; if not directed to the arts which raised Athens to immortality, it will sink us to those which hurled Babylon to perdition.

My English have contributed little to Travel literature

LAMARTINE.*

It is remarkable, that although England is the country in the world which has sent forth the greatest number of ardent and intrepid travellers to explore the distant parts of the earth, yet it can by no means furnish an array of writers of travels which will bear a comparison with those whom France can boast. In skillful navigation, daring adventure, and heroic perseverance, indeed, the country of Cook and Davis, of Bruce and Park, of Mackenzie and Buckingham, of Burckhardt and Byron, of Parry and Franklin, may well claim the pre-eminence of all others in the world. An Englishman first circumnavigated the globe; an Englishman alone has seen the fountains of the Nile; and, five years after the ardent spirit of Columbus had led his fearful crews across the Atlantic, Sebastian Cabot discovered the shores of Newfoundland, and planted the British standard in the regions destined to be peopled with the overflowing multitudes of the Anglo-Saxon race.

But if we come to the literary works which have followed these ardent and energetic efforts, and which are destined to perpetuate their memory to future times—the interesting discoveries which have so much extended our knowledge and enlarged our resources—the contemplation is by no means, to an inhabitant of these islands, equally satisfactory. The British traveller is essentially a man of energy and action, but rarely of contemplation or eloquence. He is seldom possessed of the scientific acquirements requisite to turn to the best account the vast stores of new and original information which are placed within his reach. He often observes and collects facts; but it is as a practical man, or for professional purposes, rather than as a philosopher. The genius of the Anglo-Saxon race—bold, sagacious, and enterprising, rather than contemplative and scientific—nowhere appears more strongly than in the accounts of the numerous and intrepid travellers whom they are continually sending forth into every part of the earth. We admire their vigour, we are moved by their hardships, we are enriched by their discoveries; but if we turn to our libraries for works to convey to future ages an adequate and interesting account of these fascinating adventures, we shall, in general, experience nothing but disappointment. Few of them are written with the practised hand, the graphic eye, necessary to convey vivid pictures to future times;

and though numerous and valuable books of travels, as works of reference, load the shelves of our libraries, there are surprisingly few which are fitted, from the interest and vivacity of the style in which they are written, to possess permanent attractions for mankind.

One great cause of this remarkable peculiarity is without doubt to be found in the widely different education of the students in our universities, and our practical men. In the former, classical attainments are in literature the chief, if not exclusive, objects of ambition; and in consequence, the young aspirants for fame, who issue from these learned retreats, have their minds filled with the charms and associations of antiquity, to the almost entire exclusion of objects of present interest and importance. The vigorous practical men, again, who are propelled by the enterprise and exertions of our commercial towns, are sagacious and valuable observers; but they have seldom the cultivated minds, pictorial eye, or powers of description, requisite to convey vivid or interesting impressions to others. Thus our scholars give us little more than treatises on inscriptions, and disquisitions on the sites of ancient towns; while the accounts of our active men are chiefly occupied with commercial inquiries, or subjects connected with trade and navigation. The cultivated and enlightened traveller, whose mind is alike open to the charm of ancient story and the interest of modern achievement—who is classical without being pedantic, graphic and yet faithful, enthusiastic and yet accurate, discursive and at the same time imaginative, is almost unknown amongst us. It will continue to be so as long as education in our universities is exclusively devoted to Greek and Latin verses, or the higher mathematics; and in academies, to book-keeping and the rule of three; while so broad and sullen a line as heretofore is drawn between the studies of our scholars and the pursuits of our practical citizens. To travel to good purpose requires a mind stored with much and varied information, in science, statistics, geography, literature, history, and poetry. To describe what the traveller has seen, requires, in addition to this, the eye of a painter, the soul of a poet, and the hand of a practised composer. Probably it will be deemed no easy matter to find such a combination in any country or in any age; and most certainly the system of education, neither at our learned universities nor our commercial academies, is fitted to produce it.

It is from inattention to the vast store of

previous information requisite to make an accomplished traveller, and still more a writer of interesting travels, that failures in this branch of literature are so glaring and so frequent. In other departments of knowledge, a certain degree of information is felt to be requisite before a man can presume to write a book. He cannot produce a treatise on mathematics without knowing at least Euclid, nor a work on history without having read Hume, nor on political economy without having acquired a smattering of Adam Smith. But in regard to travels, no previous information is thought to be requisite. If the person who sets out on a tour has only money in his pocket, and health to get to his journey's end, he is deemed sufficiently qualified to come out with his two or three post octavos. If he is an Honourable, or known at Almack's, so much the better; that will ensure the sale of the first edition. If he can do nothing else, he can at least tell the dishes which he got to dinner at the inns, and the hotels where comfortable beds are to be found. This valuable information, interspersed with a few descriptions of scenes, copied from guide-books, and anecdotes picked up at *tables-d'hôte* or on board steam-boats, constitute the stock in trade of many an adventurer who embarks in the speculation of paying by publication the expenses of his travels. We have no individuals in view in these remarks; we speak of things in general, as they are, or rather have been; for we believe these ephemeral travels, like other ephemerals, have had their day, and are fast dying out. The market has become so glutted with them that they are, in a great many instances, unsaleable.

The classical travellers of England, from Addison to Eustace and Clarke, constitute an important and valuable body of writers in this branch of literature, infinitely superior to the fashionable tours which rise up and disappear like bubbles on the surface of society. It is impossible to read these elegant productions without feeling the mind overspread with the charm which arises from the exquisite remains and heart-stirring associations with which they are filled. But their interest is almost exclusively classical; they are invaluable to the accomplished scholar, but they speak in an unknown tongue to the great mass of men. They see nature only through the medium of antiquity; beautiful in their allusion to Greek or Roman remains, eloquent in the descriptions of scenes alluded to in the classical writers, they have dwelt little on the simple scenes of the unhistoric world. To the great moral and social questions which now agitate society, and so strongly move the hearts of the great body of men, they are entire strangers. Their works are the elegant companions of the scholar or the antiquary, not the heart-stirring friends of the cottage on the fireside.

Inferior to Britain in the energy and achievements of the travellers whom she has sent forth, and beyond measure beneath her in the amount of the addition she has made to geographical science, France is yet greatly superior, at least of late years, in the literary and scientific attainments of the wanderers whose

works have been given to the world. Four among these stand pre-eminent, whose works, in very different styles, are at the head of European literature in this interesting department—Humboldt, Chateaubriand, Michaud, and Lamartine. Their styles are so various, and the impressions produced by reading them so distinct, that it is difficult to believe that they have arisen in the same nation and age of the world.

Humboldt is, in many respects, and perhaps upon the whole, at the head of the list; and to his profound and varied works we hope to be able to devote a future paper. He unites, in a degree that perhaps has never before been witnessed, the most various qualities, and which, from the opposite characters of mind which they require, are rarely found in union. A profound philosopher, an accurate observer of nature, an unwearied statistic, he is at the same time an eloquent writer, an incomparable describer, and an ardent friend of social improvement. Science owes to his indefatigable industry many of her most valuable acquisitions: geography, to his intrepid perseverance, many of its most important discoveries; the arts, to his poetic eye and fervid eloquence, many of their brightest pictures. He unites the austere grandeur of the exact sciences to the bewitching charm of the fine arts. It is this very combination which prevents his works from being generally popular. The riches of his knowledge, the magnitude of his contributions to scientific discovery, the fervour of his descriptions of nature, alternately awaken our admiration and excite our surprise; but they oppress the mind. To be rightly apprehended, they require a reader in some degree familiar with all these subjects, and how many of these are to be met with! The man who takes an interest in his scientific observations will seldom be transported by his pictures of scenery; the social observer, who extracts the rich collection of facts which he has accumulated regarding the people whom he visited, will be indifferent to his geographical discoveries. There are few Humboldts either in the reading or thinking world.

Chateaubriand is a traveller of a wholly different character. He lived entirely in antiquity; but it is not the antiquity of Greece and Rome which has alone fixed his regards, as it has done those of Clarke and Eustace—it is the recollections of chivalry, the devout spirit of the pilgrim, which chiefly warmed his ardent imagination. He is universally allowed by Frenchmen of all parties to be their first writer; and it may be conceived what brilliant works an author of such powers, and eminently gifted both with the soul of a poet and the eye of a painter, must have produced in describing the historic scenes to which his pilgrimages extended. He went to Greece and the Holy Land with a mind devout rather than enlightened, credulous rather than inquisitive. Thirsting for strong emotions, he would be satisfied; teeming with the recollections and visions of the past, he traversed the places hallowed by his early affections with the fondness of a lover who returns to the home of his bliss, of a mature man who revisits the scenes of his infancy. He cared not to inquire

what was true or what was legendary in these time-hallowed traditions; he gladly accepted them as they stood, and studiously averred all inquiry into the foundation on which they rested. He wandered over the Peloponnesus or Judea with the fond ardour of an English scholar who seeks in the Palatine Mount the traces of Virgil's enchanting description of the hut of Evander, and rejects as sacrilege every attempt to shake his faith.

"When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's visions draws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!"

Even in the woods of America, the same ruling passion was evinced. In those pathless solitudes, where no human foot had ever trod but that of the wandering savage, and the majesty of nature appeared in undisturbed repose, his thoughts were still of the Old World. It was on the historic lands that his heart was set. A man himself, he dwelt on the scenes which had been signalized by the deeds, the sufferings, the glories of man.

Michaud's mind is akin to that of Chateaubriand, and yet different in many important particulars. The learned and indefatigable historian of the Crusades, he has traversed the shores of the Mediterranean—the scene, as Dr. Johnson observed, of all that can ever interest man—his religion, his knowledge, his arts—with the ardent desire to imprint on his mind the scenes and images which met the eyes of the holy warriors. He seeks to transport us to the days of Godfrey of Bouillon and Raymond of Toulouse; he thirsts with the Christian host at Dorislaus, he shares in its anxieties at the siege of Antioch, he participates in its exultation at the storming of Jerusalem. The scenes visited by the vast multitude of warriors who, during two hundred years, were precipitated from Europe on Asia, have almost all been visited by him, and described with the accuracy of an antiquary and the enthusiasm of a poet. With the old chronicles in his hand, he treads with veneration the scenes of former generous sacrifice and heroic achievements, and the vast and massy structures erected on either side during those terrible wars—when, for centuries, Europe strove hand to hand with Asia—most of which have undergone very little alteration, enable him to describe them almost exactly as they appeared to the holy warriors. The interest of his pilgrimage in the east, accordingly, is peculiar, but very great; it is not so much a book of travels as a moving chronicle; but, like Sir W. Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Borders*, it is a chronicle clothed in a very different garb from the homely dress of the olden time. It transports us back, not only in time but in idea, six hundred years; but it does so with the grace of modern times—it clothes the profound feelings, the generous sacrifices, the forgetfulness of self of the twelfth century, with the poetic mind, the cultivated taste, the refined imagery of the nineteenth.

Lamartine has traversed the same scenes with Chateaubriand and Michaud, and yet he has done so in a different spirit; and the character of his work is essentially different

from either. He has not the devout credulity of the first, nor the antiquarian zeal and knowledge of the last; but he is superior to either in the description of nature, and the painting vivid and interesting scenes on the mind of the reader. His work is a moving panorama, in which the historic scenes and azure skies, and placid seas, and glowing sunsets, of the east, are portrayed in all their native brilliancy, and in richer even than their native colours. His mind is stored with the associations and the ideas of antiquity, and he has thrown over his descriptions of the scenes of Greece, or Holy Writ, all the charms of such recollections; but he has done so in a more general and catholic spirit than either of his predecessors. He embarked for the Holy Land shortly before the revolution of 1830; and his thoughts, amidst all the associations of antiquity, constantly reverted to the land of his fathers—its distractions, its woes, its ceaseless turmoil, its gloomy social prospects. Thus with all his vivid imagination and unrivalled powers of description, the turn of his mind is essentially contemplative. He looks on the past as an emblem of the present; he sees, in the fall of Tyre, and Athens, and Jerusalem, the fate which one day awaits his own country; and mourns less the decay of human things, than the popular passions and national sins which have brought that instability in close proximity to his own times. This sensitive and foreboding disposition was much increased by the death of his daughter—a charming child of fourteen, the companion of his wanderings, the depositary of his thoughts, the darling of his affections—who was snatched away in the spring of life, when in health and joy, by one of the malignant fevers incidental to the pestilential plains of the east.

Though Lamartine's travels are continuous, he does not, like most other wanderers, furnish us with a journal of every day's proceedings. He was too well aware that many, perhaps most, days on a journey are monotonous or uninteresting; and that great part of the details of a traveller's progress are wholly unworthy of being recorded, because they are neither amusing, elevating, nor instructive. He paints, now and then, with all the force of his magical pencil, the more brilliant or characteristic scenes which he visited, and intersperses them with reflections, moral and social; such as would naturally be aroused in a sensitive mind by the sight of the ruins of ancient, and the contemplation of the decay of modern, times.

He embarked at Marseilles, with Madame Lamartine and his little daughter Julia, on the 10th of July, 1830. The following is the picture of the yearnings of his mind on leaving his native land; and they convey a faithful image of his intellectual temperament:—

"I feel it deeply: I am one only of those men, without a distinctive character, of a transitory and fading epoch, whose sighs have found an echo—only because the echo was more poetical than the poet. I belong to another age by my desires: I feel in myself another man: the immense and boundless horizon of philosophy, at once profound, re-

figious, and poetical, has opened to my view; but the punishment of a wasted youth overtook me; it soon faded from my sight. Adieu, then, to the dreams of genius, to the aspirations of intellectual enjoyment! It is too late: I have not physical strength to accomplish any thing great. I will sketch some scenes—I will murmur some strains; and that is all. Yet if God would grant my prayers, here is the object for which I would petition—a poem, such as my heart desires, and his greatness deserves!—a faithful, breathing image of his creation: of the boundless world, visible and invisible! That would indeed be a worthy inheritance to leave to an era of darkness, of doubt, and of sadness!—an inheritance which would nourish the present age, and cause the next to spring with renovated youth.”—(*Voyages en Orient*, I. 49, 50.)*

One of his first nocturnal reveries at sea, portrays the tender and profoundly religious impressions of his mind:—

“I walked for an hour on the deck of the vessel alone, and immersed alternately in sad or consoling reflections. I repeated in my heart all the prayers which I learned in infancy from my mother; the verses, the fragments of the Psalms, which I had so often heard her repeat to herself, when walking in the evening in the garden of Milly. I experienced a melancholy pleasure in thus scattering them, in my turn, to the waves, to the winds, to that Ear which is ever open to every real movement of the heart, though not yet uttered by the lips. The prayer which we have heard repeated by one we have loved, and who is no more, is doubly sacred. Who among us would not prefer a few words of prayer taught us by our mother, to the most eloquent supplication composed by ourselves? Thence it is that whatever religious creed we may adopt at the age of reason, the Christian prayer will be ever the prayer of the human race. I prayed in the prayer of the church for the evening at sea; also for that dear being, who never thought of danger to accompany her husband, and that lovely child, who played at the moment on the poop with the goat which was to give it milk on board, and with the little kids which licked her snow-white hands, and sported with her long and fair ringlets.”—(I. 57.)

A night-scene on the coast of Provence gives a specimen of his descriptive powers.

“It was night—that is, what they call night in those climates; but how many days have I seen less brilliant on the banks of the Thames, the Seine, the Saone, or the Lake of Geneva! A full moon shone in the firmament, and cast into the shade our vessel, which lay motionless on the water at a little distance from the quay. The moon, in her progress through the heavens, had left a path marked as if with red sand, with which she had besprinkled the half of the sky: the remainder was clear deep blue, which melted into white as she advanced. On the horizon, at the distance of two miles, between two little isles, of which the one had

headlands pointed and coloured like the Coliseum at Rome, while the other was violet like the flower of the lilac, the image of a vast city appeared on the sea. It was an illusion, doubtless; but it had all the appearance of reality. You saw clearly the domes glancing—dazzling lines of palaces—quays flooded by a soft and serene light; on the right and the left the waves were seen to sparkle and enclose it on either side: it was Venice or Malta reposing in the midst of the waters. The illusion was produced by the reflection of the moon, when her rays fell perpendicularly on the waters; nearer the eye, the radiance spread and expanded in a stream of gold and silver between two shores of azure. On the left, the gulf extended to the summit of a long and obscure range of serrated mountains; on the right opened a narrow and deep valley, where a fountain gushed forth beneath the shade of aged trees; behind, rose a hill, clothed to the top with olives, which in the night appeared dark, from its summit to its base—a line of Gothic towers and white houses broke the obscurity of the wood, and drew the thoughts to the abodes, the joys, and the sufferings of man. Further off, in the extremity of the gulf, three enormous rocks rose, like pillars without base, from the surface of the waters—their forms were fantastic, their surface polished like flints by the action of the waves; but those flints were mountains—the remains, doubtless, of that primeval ocean which once overspread the earth, and of which our seas are but a feeble image.”—(I. 66.)

A rocky bay on the same romantic coast, now rendered accessible to travellers by the magnificent road of the Corniché, projected, and in part executed by Napoleon, furnishes another subject for this exquisite pencil:—

“A mile to the eastward on the coast, the mountains, which there dip into the sea, are broken as if by the strokes of enormous clubs—huge fragments have fallen, and are strewed in wild confusion at the foot of the cliffs, or amidst the blue and green waves of the sea, which incessantly laves them. The waves break on these huge masses without intermission, with a hollow and alternating roar, or rise up in sheets of foam, which besprinkle their hoary fronts. These masses of mountains—for they are too large to be called rocks—are piled and heaped together in such numbers, that they form an innumerable number of narrow havens, of profound caverns, of sounding grottoes, of gloomy fissures—of which the children of some of the neighbouring fishermen alone know the windings and the issues. One of these caverns, into which you enter by a natural arch, the summit of which is formed by an enormous block of granite, lets in the sea, through which it flows into a dark and narrow valley, which the waters fill entirely, with a surface as limpid and smooth as the firmament which they reflect. The sea preserves in this sequestered nook that beautiful tint of bright green, of which marine painters so strongly feel the value, but which they can never transfer exactly to their canvas; for the eye sees much which the hand strives in vain to imitate.

* We have translated all the passages ourselves: the versions hitherto published in this country give, as most English translations of French works do, a most imperfect idea of the original.

"On the two sides of that marine valley rise two prodigious walls of perpendicular rock, of an uniform and sombre hue, similar to that of iron ore, after it has issued and cooled from the furnace. Not a plant, not a moss can find a slope or a crevice wherein to insert its roots or cover the rocks with those waving garlands which so often in Savoy clothe the cliffs, where they flower to God alone. Black, naked, perpendicular, repelling the eye by their awful aspect—they seem to have been placed there for no other purpose but to protect from the sea-breezes the hills of olives and vines, which bloom under their shelter; an image of those ruling men in a stormy epoch, who seem placed by Providence to bear the fury of all the tempests of passion and of time, to screen the weaker but happier race of mortals. At the bottom of the bay the sea expands a little, assumes a bluer tint as it comes to reflect more of the cloudless heavens, and at length its tiny waves die away on a bed of violets, as closely netted together as the sand upon the shore. If you disembark from the boat, you find in the cleft of a neighbouring ravine a fountain of living water, which gushes beneath a narrow path formed by the goats, which leads up from this sequestered solitude, amidst overshadowing fig-trees and oleanders, to the cultivated abodes of man. Few scenes struck me so much in my long wanderings. Its charm consists in that exquisite union of force and grace which forms the perfection of natural beauty as of the highest class of intellectual beings; it is that mysterious hymen of the land and the sea, surprised, as it were, in their most secret and hidden union. It is the image of perfect calm and inaccessible solitude, close to the theatre of tumultuous tempests, where their near roar is heard with such terror, where their foaming but lessened waves yet break upon the shore. It is one of those numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of creation which God has scattered over the earth, as if to sport with contrasts, but which he conceals so frequently on the summit of naked rocks, in the depth of inaccessible ravines, on the unapproachable shores of the ocean, like jewels which he unveils rarely, and that only to simple beings, to children, to shepherds or fishermen, or the devout worshippers of nature."—(I. 73—74.)

This style of description of scenery is peculiar to this age, and in it Lamartine may safely be pronounced without a rival in the whole range of literature. It was with Scott and Chateaubriand that the *graphic* style of description arose in England and France; but he has pushed the art further than either of his great predecessors. Milton and Thomson had long ago, indeed, in poetry, painted nature in the most enchanting, as well as the truest colours; but in prose little was to be found except a general and vague description of a class of objects, as lakes, mountains, and rivers, without any specification of features and details, so as to convey a definite and distinct impression to the mind of the reader. Even the classical mind and refined taste of Addison could not attain this graphic style; his descriptions of scenery, like that of all prose

writers down to the close of the eighteenth century, are lost in vague generalities. Like almost all descriptions of battles in modern times, before Napier, they are so like each other that you cannot distinguish one from the other. Scott and Chateaubriand, when they did apply their great powers to the delineation of nature, were incomparably faithful, as well as powerfully imaginative; but such descriptions were, for the most part, but a secondary object with them. The human heart was their great study; the vicissitudes of life, the inexhaustible theme of their genius. With Lamartine, again, the description of nature is the primary object. It is to convey a vivid impression of the scenes he has visited that he has written; to kindle in his reader's mind the train of emotion and association which their contemplation awakened in his own, that he has exerted all his powers. He is much more laboured and minute, in consequence, than either of his predecessors; he records the tints, the forms, the lights, the transient effects with all a painter's enthusiasm and all a poet's power; and succeeds, in any mind at all familiar with the objects of nature, in conjuring up images as vivid, sometimes perhaps more beautiful, than the originals which he portrayed.

From the greatness of his powers, however, in this respect, and the facility with which he commits to paper the whole features of the splendid phantasmagoria with which his memory is stored, arises the principal defect of his work; and the circumstance which has hitherto prevented it, in this country at least, from acquiring general popularity commensurate to its transcendent merits. He is too rich in glowing images; his descriptions are redundant in number and beauty. The mind even of the most imaginative reader is fatigued by the constant drain upon its admiration—the fancy is exhausted in the perpetual effort to conceive the scenes which he portrays to the eye. Images of beauty enough are to be found in his four volumes of *Travels in the East*, to emblazon, with the brightest colours of the rainbow, forty volumes of ordinary adventure. We long for some repose amidst the constant repetition of dazzling objects; monotony, in itsipidity, ordinary life, even dullness itself, would often be a relief amidst the ceaseless flow of rousing images. Sir Walter Scott says, in one of his novels—"Be assured that whenever I am particularly dull, it is not without an object;" and Lamartine would sometimes be the better of following the advice. We generally close one of his volumes with the feeling so well known to travellers in the Italian cities, "I hope to God there is nothing more to be seen here." And having given the necessary respite of unexciting disquisition to rest our readers' minds, we shall again bring forward one of his glowing pictures:—

"Between the sea and the last heights of Lebanon, which sink rapidly almost to the water's edge, extends a plain eight leagues in length by one or two broad; sandy, bare, covered only with thorny arbutus, browsed by the camels of caravans. From it darts out into the sea an advanced peninsula, linked to the

continent only by a narrow *chaussée* of shining sand, borne hither by the winds of Egypt. Tyre, now called Sour by the Arabs, is situated at the extremity of this peninsula, and seems, at a distance, to rise out of the waves. The modern town, at first sight, has a gay and smiling appearance; but a nearer approach dispels the illusion, and exhibits only a few hundred crumbling and half-deserted houses, where the Arabs, in the evening, assemble to shelter their flocks which have browsed in the narrow plain. Such is all that now remains of the mighty Tyre. It has neither a harbour to the sea, nor a road to the land; the prophecies have long been accomplished in regard to it.

"We moved on in silence, buried in the contemplation of the dust of an empire which we trod. We followed a path in the middle of the plain of Tyre, between the town and the hills of gray and naked rock which Lebanon has thrown down towards the sea. We arrived abreast of the city, and touched a mound of sand which appears the sole remaining rampart to prevent it from being overwhelmed by the waves of the ocean or the desert. I thought of the prophecies, and called to mind some of the eloquent denunciations of Ezekiel. As I was making these reflections, some objects, black, gigantic, and motionless, appeared upon the summit of one of the overhanging cliffs of Lebanon which there advanced far into the plain. They resembled five black statues, placed on a rock as their huge pedestal. At first we thought it was five Bedouins, who were there stationed to fire upon us from their inaccessible heights; but when we were at the distance of fifty yards, we beheld one of them open its enormous wings, and flap them against its sides with a sound like the unfurling of a sail. We then perceived that they were five eagles of the largest species I have ever seen, either in the Alps or our museums. They made no attempt to move when we approached; they seemed to regard themselves as kings of the desert, looked on Tyre as an appanage which belonged to them, and whither they were about to return. Nothing more supernatural ever met my eyes; I could almost suppose that behind them I saw the terrible figure of Ezekiel, the poet of vengeance, pointing to the devoted city which the divine wrath had overwhelmed with destruction. The discharge of a few muskets made them rise from their rock: but they showed no disposition to move from their ominous perch, and, soon returning, floated over our heads, regardless of the shots fired at them, as if the eagles of God were beyond the reach of human injury."

—(II. 8—9.)

Jerusalem was a subject to awaken all our author's enthusiasm, and call forth all his descriptive powers. The first approach to it has exercised the talents of many writers in prose and verse; but none has drawn it in such graphic and brilliant colours as our author:—

"We ascended a mountain ridge strewn over with enormous gray rocks piled one on another as if by human hands. Here and there a few stunted vines, yellow with the colour of autumn, crept along the soil in a few

places cleared out in the wilderness. Fig trees, with their tops withered or shivered by the blasts, often edged the vines, and cast their black fruit on the gray rock. On our right, the desert of St. John, where formerly 'the voice was heard crying in the wilderness,' sank like an abyss in the midst of five or six black mountains, through the openings of which, the sea of Egypt, overspread with a dark cloud, could still be discerned. On the left, and near the eye, was an old tower, placed on the top of a projecting eminence; other ruins, apparently of an ancient aqueduct, descended from that tower, overgrown with verdure, now in the sere leaf; that tower is Modin, the stronghold and tomb of the last heroes of sacred story, the Maccabees. We left behind us the ruins, resplendent with the first rays of the morning—rays, not blended as in Europe in a confused and vague illumination, but darting like arrows of fire tinted with various colours, issuing from a dazzling centre, and diverging over the whole heavens as they expand. Some were of blue, slightly silvered, others of pure white, some of tender rose-hue, melting into gray; many of burning fire, like the coruscations of a flaming conflagration. All were distinct, yet all united in one harmonious whole, forming a resplendent arch in the heavens, encircling, and issuing from a centre of fire. In proportion as the day advanced, the brilliant light of these separate rays was gradually dimmed—or rather, they were blended together, and composed the colourless light of day. Then the moon, which still shone overhead, 'paled her ineffectual fire,' and melted away in the general illumination of the heavens.

"After having ascended a second ridge, more lofty and naked than the former, the horizon suddenly opens to the right, and presents a view of all the country which extends between the last summits of Judea and the mountains of Arabia. It was already flooded with the increasing light of the morning; but beyond the piles of gray rock which lay in the foreground, nothing was distinctly visible but a dazzling space, like a vast sea, interspersed with a few islands of shade, which stood forth in the brilliant surface. On the shores of that imaginary ocean, a little to the left, and about a league distant, the sun shone with uncommon brilliancy on a massy tower, a lofty minaret, and some edifices, which crowned the summit of a low hill of which you could not see the bottom. Soon the points of other minarets, a few loop-holed walls, and the dark summits of several domes, which successively came into view, and fringed the descending slope of the hill, announced a city. It was JERUSALEM, and every one of the party, without addressing a word to the guides or to each other, enjoyed in silence the entrancing spectacle. We rested our horses to contemplate that mysterious and dazzling apparition; but when we moved on, it was soon snatched from our view; for as we descended the hill, and plunged into the deep and profound valley which lay at its feet, we lost sight of the holy city, and were surrounded only by the solitude and desolation of the desert."—(II. 163—165.)

The environs of Jerusalem are described with equal force by the same master-hand:—

“The general aspect of the environs of Jerusalem may be described in a few words. Mountains without shade, and valleys without water—the earth without verdure, rocks without grandeur. Here and there a few blocks of gray stone start up out of the dry and fissured earth, between which, beneath the shade of an old fig-tree, a gazelle or a hyæna are occasionally seen to emerge from the fissures of the rock. A few plants or vines creep over the surface of that gray and parched soil; in the distance, is occasionally seen a grove of olive-trees, casting a shade over the arid side of the mountain—the mouldering walls and towers of the city appearing from afar on the summit of Mount Sion. Such is the general character of the country. The sky is ever pure, bright, and cloudless; never does even the slightest film of mist obscure the purple tint of evening and morning. On the side of Arabia, a wide gulf opens amidst the black ridges, and presents a vista of the shining surface of the Dead Sea, and the violet summits of the mountains of Moab. Rarely is a breath of air heard to murmur, in the fissures of the rocks, or among the branches of the aged olives; not a bird sings, nor an insect chirps in the waterless furrows. Silence reigns universally, in the city, in the roads, in the fields. Such was Jerusalem during all the time that we spent within its walls. Not a sound ever met our ears, but the neighing of the horses, who grew impatient under the burning rays of the sun, or who furrowed the earth with their feet, as they stood picketed round our camp, mingled occasionally with the crying of the hour from the minarets, or the mournful cadences of the Turks as they accompanied the dead to their cemeteries. Jerusalem, to which the world hastens to visit a sepulchre, is itself a vast tomb of a people; but it is a tomb without cypresses, without inscriptions, without monuments, of which they have broken the gravestones, and the ashes of which appear to cover the earth which surrounds it with mourning, silence and sterility. We cast our eyes back frequently from the top of every hill which we passed on this mournful and desolate region, and at length we saw for the last time, the crown of olives which surmounts the Mount of the same name, and which long rises above the horizon after you have lost sight of the town itself. At length it also sank beneath the rocky screen, and disappeared like the chaplets of flowers which we throw on a sepulchre.”—(II. 275—276.)

From Jerusalem he made an expedition to Balbec in the desert, which produced the same impression upon him that it does upon all other travellers:—

“We rose with the sun, the first rays of which struck on the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that *eclat* which his brilliant light throws ever over ruins which it illuminates. Soon we arrived, on the northern side, at the foot of the gigantic walls which surround those beautiful remains. A clear stream, flowing over a bed of granite, murmured around the enormous blocks of

stone, fallen from the top of the wall which obstructed its course. Beautiful sculptures were half concealed in the limpid stream. We passed the rivulet by an arch formed by these fallen remains, and mounting a narrow breach, were soon lost in admiration of the scene which surrounded us. At every step a fresh exclamation of surprise broke from our lips. Every one of the stones of which that wall was composed was from eight to ten feet in length, by five or six in breadth, and as much in height. They rest, without cement, one upon the other, and almost all bear the mark of Indian or Egyptian sculpture. At a single glance, you see that these enormous stones are not placed in their original site—that they are the precious remains of temples of still more remote antiquity, which were made use of to encircle this colony of Grecian and Roman citizens.

“When we reached the summit of the breach, our eyes knew not to what object first to turn. On all sides were gates of marble of prodigious height and magnitude; windows or niches, fringed with the richest friezes; fallen pieces of cornices, of entablatures, or capitals, thick as the dust beneath our feet; magnificent vaulted roofs above our heads; everywhere a chaos of confused beauty, the remains of which lay scattered about, or piled on each other in endless variety. So prodigious was the accumulation of architectural remains, that it defies all attempts at classification, or conjecture of the kind of buildings to which the greater part of them had belonged. After passing through this scene of ruined magnificence, we reached an inner wall, which we also ascended; and from its summit the view of the interior was yet more splendid. Of much greater extent, far more richly decorated than the outer circle, it presented an immense platform in the form of a long rectangle, the level surface of which was frequently broken by the remains of still more elevated pavements, on which temples to the sun, the object of adoration at Balbec, had been erected. All around that platform were a series of lesser temples—or chapels, as we should call them—decorated with niches, admirably engraved, and loaded with sculptured ornaments to a degree that appeared excessive to those who had seen the severe simplicity of the Parthenon or the Coliseum. But how prodigious the accumulation of architectural riches in the middle of an eastern desert! Combine in imagination the Temple of Jupiter Stator and the Coliseum at Rome, of Jupiter Olympius and the Acropolis at Athens, and you will yet fall short of that marvellous assemblage of admirable edifices and sculptures. Many of the temples rest on columns seventy feet in height, and seven feet in diameter, yet composed only of two or three blocks of stone, so perfectly joined together that to this day you can barely discern the lines of their junction. Silence is the only language which befits man when words are inadequate to convey his impressions. We remained mute with admiration, gazing on the eternal ruins.

“The shades of night overtook us while we yet rested in amazement at the scene by which

we were surrounded. One by one they enveloped the columns in their obscurity, and added a mystery the more to that magical and mysterious work of time and man. We appeared, as compared with the gigantic mass and long duration of these monuments, as the swallows which nestle a season in the crevices of the capitals, without knowing by whom, or for whom, they have been constructed. The thoughts, the wishes, which moved these masses, are to us unknown. The dust of marble which we tread beneath our feet knows more of it than we do, but it cannot tell us what it has seen; and in a few ages the generations which shall come in their turn to visit our monuments, will ask, in like manner, wherefore we have built and engraved. The works of man survive his thought. Movement is the law of the human mind; the definite is the dream of his pride and his ignorance. God is a limit which appears ever to recede as humanity approaches him; we are ever advancing, and never arrive. This great Divine Figure which man from his infancy is ever striving to reach, and to imprison in his structures raised by hands, for ever enlarges and expands; it outsteps the narrow limits of temples, and leaves the altars to crumble into dust; and calls man to seek for it where alone it resides—in thought, in intelligence, in virtue, in nature, in infinity.”—(II. 39, 46, 47.)

This passage conveys an idea of the peculiar style, and perhaps unique charm, of Lamartine's work. It is the mixture of vivid painting with moral reflection—of nature with sentiment—of sensibility to beauty, with gratitude to its Author, which constitutes its great attraction. Considering in what spirit the French Revolution was cradled, and from what infidelity it arose, it is consoling to see such sentiments conceived and published among them. True they are not the sentiments of the majority, at least in towns; but what then? The majority is ever guided by the thoughts of the great, not in its own but a preceding age. It is the opinions of the great among our grandfathers that govern the majority at this time; our great men will guide our grandsons. If we would foresee what a future age is to think, we must observe what a few great men are now thinking. Voltaire and Rousseau have ruled France for two generations; the day of Chateaubriand and Guizot and Lamartine will come in due time.

But the extraordinary magnitude of these ruins in the middle of an Asiatic wilderness, suggests another consideration. We are perpetually speaking of the march of intellect, the vast spread of intelligence, the advancing civilization of the world; and in some respect our boasts are well founded. Certainly, in one particular, society has made a mighty step in advance. The abolition of domestic slavery has emancipated the millions who formerly toiled in bondage; the art of printing has multiplied an hundred fold the reading and thinking world. Our opportunities, therefore, have been prodigiously enlarged; our means of elevation are tenfold what they were in ancient times. But has our elevation itself kept pace with these enlarged means? Has the in-

creased direction of the popular mind to lofty and spiritual objects, the more complete subjugation of sense, the enlarged perception of the useful and the beautiful, been in proportion to the extended facilities given to the great body of the people? Alas! the fact is just the reverse. Balbec was a mere station in the desert, without territory, harbour, or subjects—maintained solely by the commerce of the East with Europe which flowed through its walls. Yet Balbec raised, in less than a century, a more glorious pile of structures devoted to religious and lofty objects, than London, Paris, and St. Petersburg united can now boast. The Decapolis was a small and remote mountain district of Palestine, not larger in proportion to the Roman, than Morayshire is in proportion to the British empire; yet it contained, as its name indicates, and as their remains still attest, *ten cities*, the least considerable of which, Gebora, contains, as Buckingham tells us in his *Travels beyond the Jordan*, the ruins of more sumptuous edifices than any city in the British islands, London itself not excepted, can now boast. It was the same all over the east, and in all the southern provinces of the Roman empire. Whence has arisen this astonishing disproportion between the great things done by the citizens in ancient and in modern times, when in the latter the means of enlarged cultivation have been so immeasurably extended? It is in vain to say, it is because we have more social and domestic happiness, and our wealth is devoted to these objects, not external embellishment. Social and domestic happiness are in the direct, not in the inverse ratio of general refinement and the spread of intellectual intelligence. The domestic duties are better nourished in the temple than in the gin-shop; the admirers of sculpture will make better fathers and husbands than the lovers of whisky. Is it that we want funds for such undertakings? Why, London is richer than ever Rome was; the commerce of the world, not of the eastern caravans, flows through its bosom. The sums annually squandered in Manchester and Glasgow on intoxicating liquors, would soon make them rival the eternal structures of Tadmor and Palmyra. Is it that the great bulk of our people are unavoidably chained by their character and climate to gross and degrading enjoyments? Is it that the spreading of knowledge, intelligence, and free institutions, only confirms the sway of sensual gratification; and that a pure and spiritual religion tends only to strengthen the fetters of passion and selfishness? Is it that the inherent depravity of the human heart appears the more clearly as man is emancipated from the fetters of authority: must we go back to early ages for noble and elevated motives of action; is the spread of freedom but another word for the extension of brutality? God forbid that so melancholy a doctrine should have any foundation in human nature! We mention the facts, and leave it to future ages to discover their solution: contenting ourselves with pointing out to our self-applauding countrymen how much they have to do before they attain the level of their advantages, or justify the boundless blessings which Providence has bestowed upon them.

Power of
Reading
Society
in History
to Architecture

The plain of Troy, seen by moonlight, furnishes the subject of one of our author's most striking passages.

"It is midnight: the sea is calm as a mirror; the vessel floats motionless on the resplendent surface. On our left, Tenedos rises above the waves, and shuts out the view of the open sea; on our right, and close to us, stretched out like a dark bar, the low shore and indented coasts of TROY. The full moon, which rises behind the snow-streaked summit of Mount Ida, sheds a serene and doubtful light over the summits of the mountains, the hills, the plain; its extending rays fall upon the sea, and reach the shadow of our brig, forming a bright path which the shades do not venture to approach. We can discern the *tumuli*, which tradition still marks as the tombs of Hector and Patroclus. The full moon, slightly tinged with red, which discloses the undulations of the hills, resembles the bloody buckler of Achilles; no light is to be seen on the coast, but a distant twinkling, lighted by the shepherds on Mount Ida—not a sound is to be heard but the flapping of the sail on the mast, and the slight creaking of the mast itself; all seems dead, like the past, in that deserted land. Seated on the fore-castle, I see that shore, those mountains, those ruins, those tombs, rise like the ghost of the departed world, reappear from the bosom of the sea with shadowy form, by the rays of the star of night, which sleep on the hills, and disappear as the moon recedes behind the summits of the mountains. It is a beautiful additional page in the poems of Homer, the end of all history and of all poetry! Unknown tombs, ruins without a certain name; the earth naked and dark, but imperfectly lighted by the immortal luminaries; new spectators passing by the old coast, and repeating for the thousandth time the common epitaph of mortality! Here lies an empire, here a town, here a people, here a hero! God alone is great, and the thought which seeks and adores him alone is imperishable upon earth. I feel no desire to make a nearer approach in daylight to the doubtful remains of the ruins of Troy. I prefer that nocturnal apparition which allows the thought to re-people those deserts, and sheds over them only the distant light of the moon and of the poetry of Homer. And what concerns me Troy, its heroes, and its gods! That leaf of the heroic world is turned for ever!"—(II. 248—250.)

What a magnificent testimonial to the genius of Homer, written in a foreign tongue, two thousand seven hundred years after his death!

The Dardanelles and the Bosphorus have, from the dawn of letters, exercised the descriptive talents of the greatest historians of modern Europe. The truthful chronicle of Villehardouin, and the eloquent pictures of Gibbon and Sismondi of the siege of Constantinople, will immediately occur to every scholar. The following passage, however, will show that no subject can be worn out when it is handled by the pen of genius:

"It was five in the morning, I was standing on deck; we made sail towards the mouth of the Bosphorus, skirting the walls of Constantinople. After half an hour's navigation through ships at anchor, we touched the walls

of the seraglio, which prolongs those of the city, and form at the extremity of the hill which supports the proud Stamboul, the angle which separates the sea of Marmora from the canal of the Bosphorus, and the harbour of the Golden Horn. It is there that God and man, nature and art, have combined to form the most marvellous spectacle which the human eye can behold. I uttered an involuntary cry when the magnificent panorama opened upon my sight; I forgot for ever the bay of Naples and all its enchantments; to compare any thing to that marvellous and graceful combination would be an injury to the fairest work of creation.

"The walls which support the circular terraces of the immense gardens of the seraglio were on our left, with their base perpetually washed by the waters of the Bosphorus, blue and limpid as the Rhone at Geneva; the terraces which rise one above another to the palace of the sultana, the gilded cupolas of which rose above the gigantic summits of the plane-tree and the cypress, were themselves clothed with enormous trees, the trunks of which overhang the walls, while their branches, overspreading the gardens, spread a deep shadow even far into the sea, beneath the protection of which the panting rowers repose from their toil. These stately groups of trees are from time to time interrupted by palaces, pavilions, kiosks, gilded and sculptured domes, or batteries of cannon. These maritime palaces form part of the seraglio. You see occasionally through the muslin curtains the gilded roofs and sumptuous cornices of those abodes of beauty. At every step, elegant Moorish fountains fall from the higher parts of the gardens, and murmur in marble basins, from whence, before reaching the sea, they are conducted in little cascades to refresh the passengers. As the vessel coasted the walls, the prospect expanded—the coast of Asia appeared, and the mouth of the Bosphorus, properly so called, began to open between hills, on one side of dark green, on the other of smiling verdure, which seemed variegated by all the colours of the rainbow. The smiling shores of Asia, distant about a mile, stretched out to our right, surmounted by lofty hills, sharp at the top, and clothed to the summit with dark forests, with their sides varied by hedge-rows, villas, orchards, and gardens. Deep precipitous ravines occasionally descended on this side into the sea, overshadowed by huge overgrown oaks, the branches of which dipped into the water. Further on still, on the Asiatic side, an advanced headland projected into the waves, covered with white houses—it was Scutari, with its vast white barracks, its resplendent mosques, its animated quays, forming a vast city. Further still, the Bosphorus, like a deeply imbedded river, opened between opposing mountains—the advancing promontories and receding bays of which, clothed to the water's edge with forests, exhibited a confused assemblage of masts of vessels, shady groves, noble palaces, hanging gardens, and tranquil havens.

"The harbour of Constantinople is not, properly speaking, a port. It is rather a great river like the Thames, shut in on either side

ry hills covered with houses, and covered by innumerable lines of ships lying at anchor along the quays. Vessels of every description are to be seen there, from the Arabian bark, the prow of which is raised, and darts along like the ancient galleys, to the ship of the line, with three decks, and its sides studded with brazen mouths. Multitudes of Turkish barks circulate through that forest of masts, serving the purpose of carriages in that maritime city, and disturb, in their swift progress through the waves, clouds of albatros, which, like beautiful white pigeons, rise from the sea on their approach, to descend and repose again on the unruffled surface. It is impossible to count the vessels which lie on the water from the Seraglio point to the suburb of Eyoub and the delicious valley of the Sweet Waters. The Thames at London exhibits nothing comparable to it."—(II. 262—265.)

"Beautiful as the European side of the Bosphorus is, the Asiatic is infinitely more striking. It owes nothing to man, but every thing to nature. There is neither a Buyukdéré nor a Therapia; nor palaces of ambassadors, nor an Armenian nor Frank city; there is nothing but mountains with glens which separate them; little valleys enamelled with green, which lie at the foot of the overhanging rocks; torrents which enliven the scene with their foam; forests which darken it by their shade, or dip their boughs in the waves; a variety of forms, of tints, and of foliage, which the pencil of the painter is alike unable to represent or the pen of the poet to describe. A few cottages perched on the summit of projecting rocks, or sheltered in the bosom of a deeply indented bay, alone tell you of the presence of man. The evergreen oaks hang in such masses over the waves that the boatmen glide under their branches, and often sleep cradled in their arms. Such is the character of the coast on the Asiatic side as far as the castle of Mahomet II., which seems to shut it in as closely as any Swiss lake. Beyond that, the character changes; the hills are less rugged, and descend in gentler slopes to the water's edge; charming little plains, checkered with fruit-trees and shaded by planes, frequently open; and the delicious Sweet Waters of Asia exhibit a scene of enchantment equal to any described in the Arabian Nights. Women, children, and black slaves in every variety of costume and colour; veiled ladies from Constantinople; cattle and buffaloes ruminating in the pastures; Arab horses clothed in the most sumptuous trappings of velvet and gold; caïques filled with Armenian and Circassian young women, seated under the shade or playing with their children, some of the most ravishing beauty, form a scene of variety and interest probably unique in the world."—(III. 331, 332.)

These are the details of the piece: here is the general impression:—

"One evening, by the light of a splendid moon, which was reflected from the sea of Marmora, and the violet summits of Mount Olympus, I sat alone under the cypresses of the 'Ladders of the Dead,' those cypresses which overshadow innumerable tombs of

Mussulmen, and descend from the heights of Pera to the shores of the sea. No one ever passes at that hour: you would suppose yourself an hundred miles from the capital, if a confused hum, wafted by the wind, was not occasionally heard, which speedily died away among the branches of the cypress. These sounds weakened by distance;—the songs of the sailors in the vessels; the stroke of the oars in the water; the drums of the military bands in the barracks; the songs of the women who lulled their children to sleep; the cries of the Muetzlim who, from the summits of the minarets, called the faithful to evening prayers; the evening gun which boomed across the Bosphorus, the signal of repose to the fleet—all these sounds combined to form one confused murmur, which strangely contrasted with the perfect silence around me, and produced the deepest impression. The seraglio, with its vast peninsula, dark with plane-trees and cypresses, stood forth like a promontory of forests between the two seas which slept beneath my eyes. The moon shone on the numerous kiosks; and the old walls of the palace of Amurath stood forth like huge rocks from the obscure gloom of the plane-trees. Before me was the scene, in my mind was the recollection, of all the glorious and sinister events which had there taken place. The impression was the strongest, the most overwhelming, which a sensitive mind could receive. All was there mingled—man and God, society and nature, mental agitation, the melancholy repose of thought. I know not whether I participated in the great movement of associated beings who enjoy or suffer in that mighty assemblage, or in that nocturnal slumber of the elements, which murmured thus, and raised the mind above the cares of cities and empires into the bosom of nature and of God."—(III. 283, 284.)

"Il faut du tems," says Voltaire, "pour que les grandes reputations mûrissent." As a describer of nature, we place Lamartine at the head of all writers, ancient or modern—above Scott or Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël or Humboldt. He aims at a different object from any of these great writers. He does not, like them, describe the emotion produced on the mind by the contemplation of nature; he paints the objects in the scene itself, their colours and traits, their forms and substance, their lights and shadows. A painter following exactly what he portrays, would make a glorious gallery of landscapes. He is, moreover, a charming poet, an eloquent debater, and has written many able and important works on politics, yet we never recollect, during the last twenty years, to have heard his name mentioned in English society except once, when an old and caustic, but most able judge, now no more, said, "I have been reading Lamartine's *Travels in the East*—it seems a perfect rhapsody."

We must not suppose, however, from this, that the English nation is incapable of appreciating the highest degree of eminence in the fine arts, or that we are never destined to rise to excellence in any but the mechanical. It is the multitude of subordinate writers of moderate merit who obstruct all the avenues to

Alison's Miscellany
Alison's Miscellany
Alison's Miscellany

great distinction, which really occasions the phenomenon. Strange as it may appear, it is a fact abundantly proved by literary history, and which may be verified by every day's experience, that men are in general insensible to the highest class of intellectual merit when it first appears, and that it is by slow degrees and the opinion oft repeated, of the really superior in successive generations, that it is at length raised to its deserved and lasting pedestal. There are instances to the contrary, such as Scott and Byron: but they are the exception, not the rule. We seldom do justice but

to the dead. Contemporary jealousy, literary envy, general timidity, the dread of ridicule, the confusion of rival works, form so many obstacles to the speedy acquisition of a great living reputation. To the illustrious of past ages however, we pay a universal and willing homage. Contemporary genius appears with a twinkling and uncertain glow, like the shifting and confused lights of a great city seen at night from a distance: while the spirits of the dead shine with an imperishable lustre, far removed in the upper firmament from the distractions of the rivalry of a lower world.

THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.*

WHOEVER has contemplated of late years the state of British literature, and compared it with the works of other countries who have preceded England in the career of arts or of arms, must have become sensible that some very powerful cause has, for a long period, been at work in producing the ephemeral character by which it is at present distinguished. It is a matter of common complaint, that every thing is now sacrificed to the desires or the gratification of the moment; that philosophy, descending from its high station as the instructor of men, has degenerated into the mere handmaid of art; that literature is devoted rather to afford amusement for a passing hour, than furnish improvement to a long life; and that poetry itself has become rather the reflection of the fleeting fervour of the public mind, than the well from which noble and elevated sentiments are to be derived. We have only to take up the columns of a newspaper, to see how varied and endless are the efforts made to amuse the public, and how few the attempts to instruct or improve them; and if we examine the books which lie upon every drawing-room table, or the catalogues which show the purchases that have been made by any of the numerous book-clubs or circulating libraries which have sprung up in the country, we shall feel no surprise at the ephemeral nature of the literature which abounds, from the evidence there afforded of the transitory character of the public wishes which require to be gratified.

It is not to be supposed, however, from this circumstance, which is so well known as to have attracted universal observation, that the taste for standard or more solid literature has either materially declined, or is in any danger of becoming extinct. Decisive evidence to the contrary is to be found in the fact, that a greater number of reprints of standard works, both on theology, history, and philosophy, have issued from the press within the last ten years, than in any former corresponding period of British history. And what is still more remarkable, and not a little gratifying, it is evi-

dent, from the very different character and price of the editions of the older works which have been published of late years, that the desire to possess these standard works, and this thirst for solid information, is not confined to any one class of society; but that it embraces all ranks, and promises, before a long period has elapsed, to extend through the middle and even the working classes in the state a mass of useful and valuable information to which they have hitherto, in great part at least, been strangers. Not to mention the great extent to which extracts from these more valuable works have appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, the *Penny Magazines*, and other similar publications of the day, it is sufficient to mention two facts, which show at once what a thirst for valuable information exists among the middle classes of society. Regularly every two years, there issues from the press a new edition of *Gibbon's Rome*; and *Burke's Works* are now published, one year, in sixteen handsome volumes octavo, for the peer and the legislator, and next year in two volumes royal octavo, in double columns, for the tradesman and the shopkeeper.

As little is the false and vitiated taste of our general literature the result of any want of ability which is now directed to its prosecution. We have only to examine the periodical literature, or criticism of the day, to be convinced that the talent which is now devoted to literature is incomparably greater than it ever was in any former period of our history; and that ample genius exists in Great Britain, to render this age as distinguished in philosophy and the higher branches of knowledge, as the last was in military prowess and martial renown. If any one doubts this, let him compare the milk-and-water pages of the *Monthly Review* forty years ago, with the brilliant criticisms of Lockhart and Macaulay in the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Review* at this time; or the periodical literature at the close of the war, with that which is now to be seen in the standard magazines of the present day. To a person habituated to the dazzling conceptions of the periodical writers in these times, the corresponding literature in the eighteenth century appears insupportably pedantic and tedious.

* Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1842.—Written when Lord Mahon's Copyright Bill, since passed into a law, was before Parliament.

Nobody now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*; and the colossal reputation of Johnson rests almost entirely upon his profound and caustic sayings recorded in Boswell. Even the *Spectator* itself, though universally praised, is by no means now generally read; and nothing but the exquisite beauty of some of Addison's papers, prevents the Delias and Lucindas, who figure in its pages, from sinking them into irrecoverable obscurity.

Here then is the marvel of the present time. We have a population, in which, from the rapid extent of knowledge among all classes, a more extended class of readers desiring information is daily arising; in which the great and standard works of literature in theology, philosophy, and history, are constantly issuing in every varied form from the press; in which unparalleled talent of every description is constantly devoted to the prosecution of literature; but in which the *new works* given forth from the press are, with very few exceptions, frivolous or ephemeral, and the greater part of the serious talents of the nation is turned into the perishable channels of the daily, weekly, monthly, or the quarterly press. That such a state of things is anomalous and extraordinary, few probably will doubt; but that it is alarming and prejudicial in a national point of view, and may, if it continues unabated, produce both a degradation of the national character, and, in the end, danger or ruin to the national fortunes, though not so generally admitted, is not the less true, nor the less capable of demonstration.

In the first place, this state of things, when the whole talent of the nation is directed to periodical literature, or works of evanescent interest, has a tendency to degrade the national character, because it taints the fountains from which the national thought is derived. We possess, indeed, in the standard literature of Great Britain, a mass of thoughts and ideas which may well make the nation immortal, and which, to the end of time, will constitute the fountains from which grand and generous thoughts will be drawn by all future races of men. But the *existence* of these standard works is not enough; still less is it enough in an age of rapid progress and evident transition, such as the present, when new interests are everywhere arising, new social and political combinations emerging, new national dangers to be guarded against, new national virtues to be required. For a nation in such a state of society to remain satisfied with its old standard literature, and not to aspire to produce any thing which is at once durable and new, is the same solecism as it would be for a man to remain content with a wardrobe of fifty years' standing, and resolutely to resist the introduction of any of the fashions or improvements of later times. A nation which aspires to retain its eminence either in arts or in arms, must keep abreast of its neighbours; if it does not advance, it will speedily fall behind, be thrown into the shade, and decline. It is not sufficient for England to refer to the works of Milton, Shakspeare, Johnson, or Scott; she must prolong the race of these great men, or her intellectual career will speedily come to a

close. Short and fleeting indeed is the period of transcendent greatness allotted to any nation in any branch of thought. The moment it stops, it begins to recede; and to every empire which has made intellectual triumphs, is prescribed the same law which was felt by Napoleon in Europe and the British in India that conquest is essential to existence.

But if the danger to our national literature is great, if the intellect and genius of Britain do not keep pace with the high destinies to which she is called, and the unbounded mental activity with which she is surrounded, much more serious is the peril thence inevitably accruing to the national character and the public fortunes. Whence is it that the noble and generous feelings are derived, which in time past have animated the breasts of our patriots, our heroes, and our legislators? Where, but in the immortal pages of our poets, our orators, and historians? What noble sentiments has the air of "Rule Britannia" awakened; how many future Nelsons may the "Mariners of England," or Southey's inimitable "Lives of our Naval Heroes" produce? Sentiments such as these immortal works embody, "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," are the true national inheritance; they constitute the most powerful elements of national strength, for they form the character, without which all others are unavailing; they belong alike to the rich and to the poor, to the prince and to the peasant; they form the unseen bond which links together the high and the low, the rich and the poor; and which, penetrating and pervading every class of society, tend both to perpetuate the virtues which have brought us to our present greatness, and arrest the decline, which the influx of wealth, and the prevalence of commercial ideas, might otherwise have a tendency to produce. What would be the effect upon the fortunes of the nation, if this pure and elevated species of literature were to cease amongst us; if every thing were to be brought down to the cheapest market, and adapted to the most ordinary capacity; if cutting articles for reviews, or dashing stories for magazines, were henceforth to form our staple literature; and the race of the Miltons, the Shakspeares, the Grays, and the Campbells, was to perish under the cravings of an utilitarian age? We may safely say that the national character would decline, the national spirit become enfeebled; that generous sentiments would be dried up under the influence of transient excitement, and permanent resolve be extinguished by the necessity of present gain; and that the days of Clive and Wellesley in India, and of Nelson and Wellington in Europe, would be numbered among the things that have been.

But if such dangers await us from the gradual extinction of the higher and nobler branches of our literature, still more serious are the evils which are likely to arise from the termination of the more elevated class of works in history, philosophy, and theology, which are calculated and are fitted to guide and direct the national thought. The dangers of such a calamity, though not so apparent at first sight

are, in reality, still more serious. For whence is the thought derived which governs the world; the spirit which guides its movements; the rashness which mars its fortunes; the wisdom which guards against its dangers? Whence but from the great fountains of original thought, which are never unlocked in any age but to the few master-spirits thrown at distant intervals by God among mankind. The press, usually and justly deemed so powerful; the public voice, whose thunders shake the land; the legislature, which imbodyes and perpetuates, by legal force, its cravings, are themselves but the reverberation of the thought of the great of the preceding age. The tempests sweep round and agitate the globe; but it is to the wisdom of Juno alone that Æolus opens the cavern of the winds.

This truth is unpalatable to the masses; it is distasteful to legislators; it is irksome to statesmen, who conceive they enjoy, and appear to have, the direction of affairs; but it is illustrated by every page of history, and a clear perception of its truth constitutes one of the most essential requisites of wise government. In vain does the ruling power, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or republican, seek to escape from the government of thought: it is itself under the direction of the great intellects of the preceding age. When it thinks it is original, when it is most fearlessly asserting its boasted inherent power of self-government, it is itself obeying the impulse communicated to the human mind by the departed great. All the marked movements of mankind, all the evident turns or wrenches communicated to the current of general opinion, have arisen from the efforts of individual genius. The age must have been prepared for them, or their effect would have been small; but the age without them would never have discovered the light: the reflected sunbeams must have been descending on the mountains, but his earliest rays strike first on the summit.

Who turned mankind from the abuses of the Roman Catholic church, and preserved the primeval simplicity of Christianity from the pernicious indulgences of the Church of Rome, and opened a new era of religious light to both hemispheres? Martin Luther. Who fearlessly led his trembling mariners across the seemingly interminable deserts of the Atlantic wave, and discovered at length the new world, which had haunted even his infant dreams? Christopher Columbus. Who turned mankind aside from the returning circle of syllogistic argument to the true method of philosophic investigation? Lord Bacon. Who introduced a new code into the contests of nations, and subjected even the savage passions of war to a human code? Grotius. The influence of Montesquieu has been felt for above a century in every country of Europe, in social philosophy. Who discovered the mechanism of the universe, and traced the same law in the fall of an apple as the giant orbit of the comets? Sir Isaac Newton. Who carried the torch of severe and sagacious inquiry into recesses of the human mind, and weaned men from the endless maze of metaphysical scepticism? Dr. Reid. Who produced the fervent spirit

which, veiled in philanthropy, redolent of benevolence, was so soon to be extinguished in the blood of the French Revolution? Rousseau and Voltaire. Who discovered the miracle of steam, and impelled civilization, as by the force of central heat, to the desert places of the earth? James Watt. What unheeded power shook even the solid fabric of the British constitution, and all but destroyed, by seeking unduly to extend, the liberties of England? Lord Brougham, and the Edinburgh Reviewers. Whose policy has ruled the commercial system of England for twenty years, and by the false application of just abstract principles overthrew the Whig ministry? Adam Smith. Whose spirit arrested the devastation of the French Revolution, and checked the madness of the English reformers? Edmund Burke. Who is the real parent of the blind and heartless delusion of the New Poor-Law Bill? Malthus. Who have elevated men from the baseness of utilitarian worship to the grandeur of mental elevation? Coleridge and Wordsworth. All these master-spirits, for good or for evil, communicated their own impress to the generation which succeeded them; the seed sown took often many years to come to maturity, and many different hands, often a new generation, were required to reap it; but when the harvest appeared, it at once was manifest whose hand had sown the seed. "Show me what one or two great men, detached from public life, but with minds full, which must be disburdened, are thinking in their closets in this age, and I will tell you what will be the theme of the orator, the study of the philosopher, the staple of the press, the guide of the statesman, in the next."

Observe, too—and this is a most essential point in the present argument—that all these great efforts of thought which have thus given a mighty heave to human affairs, and, in the end, have fairly turned aside into a new channel even the broad and varied stream of general thought, have been in direct contradiction to the spirit of the age by which they were surrounded, and which swayed alike the communities, the press, and the government, under the influence of which they were placed. Action and reaction appear to be the great law, not less of the moral than the material world; the counteracting principles, which, like the centripetal and centrifugal force in physics, maintain, amid its perpetual oscillation, the general equilibrium of the universe. But whence is to come the reaction, if the human mind, influenced by the press, is itself retained in a self-revolving circle? if reviews, magazines, and journals, all yielding to, or falling in with, the taste of the majority, direct and form public opinion: if individual thought is nothing but the perpetual re-echo of what it hears around it? It is in the solitary thought of individual greatness that this is found. It is there that the fountains are unlocked which let in a new stream on human affairs—which communicate a fresh and a purer element to the flood charged with the selfishness and vices of the world; it is there that the counteracting force is found, which, springing from small beginnings, at length converts a world in error

Archimedes was physically wrong, but he was morally right, when he said, "Give me a fulcrum, and I will move the whole earth." Give me the fulcrum of a great mind, and I will turn aside the world.

It is always in resisting, never by yielding to public opinion, that these great master-spirits exert their power. The conqueror, indeed, who is to act by the present arms of men; the statesman who is to sway by present measures the agitated masses of society, have need of general support. Napoleon said truly that he was so long successful, because he always marched with the opinions of five millions of men. But the great intellects which are destined to give a permanent *change* to thought—which are destined to act generally, not upon the present but the next generation—are almost invariably in direct opposition to general opinion. In truth, it is the resistance of a powerful mind to the flood of error by which it is surrounded, which, like the compression that elicits the power of steam, creates the moving power which alters the moral destiny of mankind.

Was it by yielding to public opinion that Bacon emancipated mankind from the fetters of the Aristotelian philosophy? Was it by yielding to the Ptolemaic cycles that Copernicus unfolded the true mechanism of the heavens? Was it by yielding to the dogmas of the church that Galileo established the earth's motions? Was it by yielding to the Romish corruptions that Luther established the Reformation? Was it by concession that Latimer and Ridley "lighted a flame which, by the grace of God, shall never be extinguished?" Was it by conceding to the long-established system of commercial restriction, that Smith unfolded the truths of the wealth of nations?—or by chiming in with the deluge of infidelity and democracy, with which he was surrounded, that Burke arrested the devastation of the French Revolution? What were the eloquence of Pitt, the arms of Nelson and Wellington, but the ministers of those principles which, in opposition to general opinion, he struck out at once, and with a giant's arm? "Genius creates by a single conception; in a single principle, opening, as it were, on a sudden to genius, a great and new system of things is discovered. The statuary conceives a statue at once, which is afterwards slowly executed by the hands of many."^{*}

If such be the vast and unbounded influence of original thought on human affairs, national character, public policy, and national fortunes, what must be the effect of that state of things which goes to check such original conception?—to vulgarize and debase genius, and turn aside the streams of first conception into the old and polluted channels? If the reaction of originality against common-place—of freedom against servility—of truth against falsehood—of experience against speculation—is the great steady power in human affairs, and the only safe regulator of the oscillations of public thought, what are we to say to that direction of literary effort, and that

tendency in the public mind, which evidently tend to express, and may, ere long, altogether extinguish these great and creative conceptions? Yet, that such is the evident tendency of society and public opinion around us, is obvious, and universally observed. "The time has come," says Sir Edward Bulwer,* one of the brightest ornaments of the liberal school. "when nobody will fit out a ship for the intellectual Columbus to discover new worlds, but when everybody will subscribe for his setting up a steamboat between Dover and Calais. The immense superficialities of the public, as it has now become, operates two ways in detracting from the profundity of writers—it renders it no longer necessary for an author to make himself profound before he writes; and it encourages those writers who are profound, by every inducement, not of lucre merely, but of fame, to exchange deep writing for agreeable writing. The voice which animates the man ambitious of wide fame, does not, according to the beautiful line in Rogers, whisper to him, 'Aspire, but descend.' He must 'stoop to conquer.' Thus, if we look abroad in France, where the reading public is much less numerous than in England, a more subtle and refined tone is prevalent in literature; while in America, where it is infinitely larger, the literature is incomparably more superficial. Some high-souled literary men, indeed, desirous rather of truth than of fame, are actuated unconsciously by the spirit of the times; but actuated they necessarily are, just as the wisest orator who uttered only philosophy to a thin audience of Sages, and mechanically abandons his refinements and his reasonings, and expands into a louder tone and more familiar manner as the assembly increases, and the temper of the popular mind is insensibly communicated to the mind that addresses it." "There is in great crowds," says Cousin, "an ascendant which is almost magical, which subdues at once the strongest minds; and the same man who had been a serious and instructive professor to a hundred thoughtful students, soon becomes light and superficial where he is called to address a more extended and superficial audience."

There can be no doubt of the justice of the principles advanced by these profound writers: in truth, they are not new; they have been known and acted upon in every age of mankind.—"You are wrong to pride yourself," said the Grecian sage to an Athenian orator, who first delivered a speech amidst the thundering acclamations of his audience; "if you had spoken truly, these men would have given no signs of approbation." It is in the extension of the power of judging of literary compositions—of conferring wealth and bestowing fame on their authors—to the vast and excitable, but superficial mass of mankind, that the true cause of the ephemeral and yet entrancing and exciting character of the literature of the present age is to be found. Some superficial observers imagine that the taste for novels and romances will wear itself out, and an appreciation of a

* D'Israeli's Essay on Lit. Char.

* England and English, p. 446.

higher class of literature spread generally among the middle classes. They might as well suppose that all men are to become Homers, and all women Sapphos.

It is in this fact, the immense number of mankind in every age who are influenced by their passions or their feelings, compared with the small portion who are under the influence of their reason, that the true cause and extraordinary multitude of a certain class of novels in the present day is to be found. Without depreciating the talent of many of these writers—without undervaluing the touching scenes of pathos, and admirable pictures of humour which they present—it may safely be affirmed, that they exhibit a melancholy proof of the tendency of our lighter literature; and that if such works were to become as general in every succeeding age as they have been in the present, a ruinous degradation both to our literary and national character would ensue. The cause which has led to their rapid rise and unprecedented success, is obvious. It is, that the middle classes have become the most numerous body of readers; and therefore, the humour, the incidents, the pathos, which are familiar to them, or excite either amusement or sympathy in their breasts, constitute the surest passports to popularity. It was the same cause which produced the boors of Ostade, or the village wakes of Teniers in republican Holland, and the stately declamations of Racine and Corneille in monarchical France.

It is nevertheless perfectly true, as has been well remarked by Lord Brougham, that there never was such a mistake as to imagine that mob oratory consists only in low buffoonery, quick repartee, or happy personal hits. On some occasions, and certainly on the hustings, it generally does. But there are other occasions on which the middle and even the working classes are accessible to the most noble and elevated sentiments; and exhibit an aptitude both for the quick apprehension of an argument, and the due appreciation of a generous sentiment, which could not be surpassed in any assembly in the kingdom. The higher class of operatives, moreover, especially in the manufacturing districts, are so constantly in contact with each other, and are so much habituated to the periodical press, that they have acquired an extraordinary quickness of perception in matters which fall within their observation; while the numerous vicissitudes to which they are exposed by commercial distress, have, in many places, given a serious and reflecting turn to their minds, which will rarely be met with amidst the frivolities of the higher, or the selfish pursuits of the middle ranks. In assemblies of the working classes, brought together by the call for some social, and not political object, as the promotion of emigration, the extension of education, or the arresting the evils of pauperism, no one can have addressed them without observing that he cannot state his argument too closely, enforce it with facts too forcibly, or attend to the graces of composition with too sedulous care.

But all this notwithstanding, it is in vain to

expect that the patronage or support of the middle or working classes is ever to afford a sufficient inducement to secure works either of profound or elevated thought, or of the highest excellence in any branch either of poetry, philosophy, history, or economics. The reason is, that it is only by appealing to principles or ideas *already in some degree familiar to the great body of the people*, that you can ever succeed in making any impression upon them. Truth, if altogether new, is, in the first instance at least, thrown away upon them; it is of exceeding slow descent, even through the most elevated intellects of the middle classes; upon the working it produces at first no effect whatever. The reason is, that the great majority of them have not intellects sufficiently strong to make at once the transition from long cherished error to truth, unless the evils of their former opinions have been long and forcibly brought before their senses. If that be the case, indeed, the humblest classes are the very first to see the light. Witness the Reformation in Germany, or the Revolution in France. They are so, because they are less interested than their superiors in the maintenance of error. But if the new discoveries of thought relate not to *present* but *remote* evils, and do not appeal to what is universally known to the senses, but only to what may with difficulty be gathered from study or reflection, nothing is more certain than that the progress even of truth is exceedingly slow—that the human mind is to the last degree reluctant to admit any great change of opinion; and that, in general, at least one generation must descend to their graves before truths, ultimately deemed the most obvious, are gradually forced upon the reluctant consent of mankind. Mr. Burke's speeches never were popular in the House of Commons, and his rising up acted like a dinner-bell in thinning the benches. Now his words are dwelt on by the wise, quoted by the eloquent, diffused among the many. Oratory, to be popular, must be in advance of the audience, and *but a little* in advance; profound thought may rule mankind in future, but unless stimulated by causes obvious to all, will do little for present reputation. Hence it was that Bacon bequeathed his reputation to the generation after the next.

As little is there any reason to hope that the obvious and gratifying return to serious and standard publications, evinced by the numerous reprints of our classical writers that issue from the press, can be taken as any sufficient indication that there exists in the public mind an adequate antidote to these evils. The fact of these reprints of standard works issuing from the press, certainly proves sufficiently that there is a class, and a numerous one too, of persons who, however much they may like superficial literature as an amusement for the hour, yet look to our standard works for the volumes which are to fill their libraries. But that by no means affords a sufficient guarantee that the public will give any encouragement to the composition or publication of standard works at the present time, and with the present temper of the national mind. There is a most

material difference between the reprint of a standard book, which has already acquired a fixed reputation, and the composition of a new work of a serious and contemplative cast, especially by an unknown author, and more particularly if it is in opposition to the general current of public opinion. It may safely be predicted of such a work, that if it really contains new and important truths, it will be distasteful to the majority of readers in all classes; and that whatever fame may in future be bestowed on its author, or however widely it may hereafter be read by the public, or command the assent of mankind, he will be in his grave before either effect takes place. Adam Smith, if we mistake not, had died before the *Wealth of Nations* had got past even a second edition, certainly before its principles had made any material progress in the general mind. Several years had elapsed before a hundred copies of Mr. Hume's *History* were sold; and he himself has told us, that nothing but the earnest entreaties of his friends induced him, in the face of such a cold and chilling reception, to continue his historical labours. Although, therefore, there exists a steady demand for standard classical works, it is by no means equally apparent that any thing like an adequate encouragement in the general case for the composition of new standard works, is to be found in the present state of society. Few men have the self-denial, like Bacon, to bequeath their reputation to the generation after the next, and to labour for nothing during the whole of their own lifetime; and the chance of finding persons who will do so, is much diminished, when society has reached that period in which, by simply lowering his mode of composition, and descending from being the instructor to be the amuser of men, the author can obtain both profit and celebrity from a numerous and flattering class of readers.

Nor is there the slightest ground for the hope, that the strong diversion of philosophical and literary talent into the periodical literature of the day, has only turned it into a new channel, and not diminished its amount or impaired its usefulness. If we contemplate, indeed, the periodical literature of the day, every one must be struck with astonishment at the prodigious amount and versatility of talent which it displays. But how much of that has realized itself in works of a permanent or durable character, calculated to instruct or delight future ages? Turn to the early criticisms of the *Edinburgh Review*, flowing, as they did, from the able and varied pens of Brougham, Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, and see how many of them will stand the test which thirty years' subsequent experience has afforded? Few persons now read the early critiques in the *Quarterly Review*, supported as they were by the talent of Gifford, Lockhart, Croker, and Dudley, which affords decisive evidence of the way in which each succeeding wave of periodical criticism buries in oblivion the last. Various attempts have been made to select from the immense mass of these periodicals, such of the pieces as appeared likely to attract permanent interest; but none of them have any remarkable success, if we except the

best criticisms of Jeffrey and the splendid essays of Macaulay, which have formed a valuable addition to our standard literature.

The reason why periodical essays, how able soever, seldom succeed in acquiring a lasting reputation, is this. It is too deeply impregnated with the passions, the interests, and the errors of the moment. This arises from the same cause which Bulwer and Cousin have remarked as necessarily changing the character of oratory in proportion to the size of the audience to which it is addressed. Temporary literature necessarily shares in the temporary nature of the passions of which it is the mirror. Every one who is accustomed to that species of composition knows, that if he does not strike at the prevailing feeling of the moment, in the great majority of his readers he will produce no sort of impression, and he will very soon find his contributions returned upon his hand by the editor. "The great talent of Mirabeau," says Dumont, "consisted in this, that he intuitively saw to what point in the minds of his audience to apply his strength, and he sent it home there with the strength of a giant." That is precisely the talent required in periodical literature; and accordingly, every one engaged in it, is aware that he writes an article for a magazine or review in a very different style from what he does in any composition intended for durable existence. If we turn to the political articles in any periodical ten or fifteen years old, what a multitude of facts do we find distorted, of theories disproved by the result, of anticipations which have proved fallacious, of hopes which have terminated only in disappointment? This is no reproach to the writers. It is the necessary result of literary and philosophical talent keenly and energetically applied to the interests of the hour. It is in the cool shade of retirement, and by men detached from the contests of the world, that truth in social and moral affairs is really to be discovered; but how are we to look for that quality amidst the necessary cravings of an excited age, seeking after something new in fiction, or the passions of a divided community finding vent on politics in the periodical press?

The great profits which now accrue to authors who are lucky enough to hit upon a popular view with the public, is another circumstance which tends most powerfully to stamp this fleeting and impassioned character, both upon our creations of imagination and periodical effusions of political argument. The days are gone past when Johnson wrote in a garret in Fleet Street the sonorous periods which a subsequent century have admired, under the name of Chatham. The vast increase of readers, particularly in the middle and lower ranks, has opened sources of literary profit, and avenues to literary distinction, unknown in any former age. A successful article in a magazine or review brings a man into notice in the literary world, just as effectually as a triumphant *debut* makes the fortune of an actress or singer. But how is this success to be kept up? or how is this profit to be continued? Not certainly by turning aside from periodical literature to the cool shades of meditation or retirement, but by engaging still more

These causes of danger to our standard literature become more pressing, when it is recollected that, by the fixed practice and apparently

It is evident, therefore, that there are a variety of causes, some of a positive, some of a negative kind, which are operating together to depress the character of our literature; to chill the aspirations of genius, or the soarings of intellect; to enlist fancy on the side of fashion, and genius in the pursuit of fiction; to bind down lasting intellect to passing interests, and compel it to surrender to party what was meant for mankind. This is not a class interest; it is an universal concern. It involves nothing

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A By Congress

ess than the dearest interests and future fate of the nation; for what sort of people will we soon become, if temporary passions, interests, or frivolities, alone engross the talent of the empire; and the great lights of genius and intellect, which might enable us to keep abreast of our fortunes, become extinct among us? What are we to say are likely to be the principles of our statesmen, our legislators, or our rulers, if the elevating and ennobling principles of former times are gradually forgotten, and no successors to the race of giants arise to direct, purify, and elevate the public mind, amidst the rapidly increasing dangers which assail it, in the later and more opulent stages of society? What are we to expect but that we are to fall into the listless cravings of the Athenians, who were constantly employed in seeing and hearing something new; or to the deplorable destiny of the Byzantine empire, which, amidst incessant literary exertion and amusement, did not produce a single work of genius for a thousand years? And if such mingled talent and frivolity should permanently lay hold of the British mind, what can we expect but that our latter end shall be like theirs, and that centuries of progressive degradation and ultimate national extinction will terminate the melancholy era of social regeneration on which we have just entered.

It is perhaps of still more importance to observe, what, though equally true, is not so generally admitted, that these causes of degradation, so far from being likely to be alleviated or arrested by the progressive extension of the taste for reading among the middle and lower classes of society, are, unhappily, too likely to be daily increased by that very circumstance. As it is the extension of the power of reading to the middle and working classes, that has, in a great part, produced the present ephemeral character of our literature, and the incessant demand for works of excitement; so nothing appears more certain, than that this tendency is likely to augment with the extension of that class of readers. The middle and lower orders, indeed, who are so closely brought into contact with the real difficulties and stern realities of life, will always, in every popular community, cause a large part of the talent and intellect of the nation to be directed, not merely to works of amusement, but works of utility, and having an immediate bearing on the improvement of art, the extension of commerce, or the amelioration of the material interests of society. But these labours, however useful and important, belong to a secondary class of thought, and encourage only a second class of literary labourers. They are the instruments of genius, not genius itself; they are the generals and colonels in the great army of thought, but not the commander-in-chief. "In the infancy of a nation," says Bacon, "arms do prevail; in its manhood, arms and learning for a short season; in its decline, commerce and the mechanical arts." The application of energy, talent, and industry, to material purposes, however useful or necessary those purposes may be, savours of the physical necessities, not the spiritual dignity of man; and the general turning of public effort in that direction is a symptom of the decline

of nations. Let us not therefore lay the flattering unction to our souls, that the craving for the excitement of fiction, or the realities of mechanical improvement, which have extended so immensely among us, with the spread of knowledge among the middle and working classes, are to prove any antidote to the decline of the highest class of literature amongst us. On the contrary, they are among the most powerful causes which produce it.

Real genius and intellect of the highest character, it can never be too often repeated, works only for the future; it rarely produces any impression, or brings in any reward whatever, at the present. Works of fiction or imagination, indeed, such as Sir Walter Scott's or Bulwer's novels, or Lord Byron's poetical romances, may produce an immediate impression, and yet be destined for durable existence; but such a combination is extremely rare, and is in general confined entirely to works that please. Those that instruct or improve, destined to a yet longer existence, have a much slower growth, and often do not come to maturity till after the death of the author.

"The solitary man of genius," says D'Israeli, "is arranging the materials of instruction and curiosity from every country and every age; he is striking out, in the concussion of new light, a new order of ideas for his own times; he possesses secrets which men hide from their contemporaries, truths they dared not utter, facts they dared not discover. View him in the stillness of meditation, his eager spirit busied over a copious page, and his eye sparkling with gladness. He has concluded what his countrymen will hereafter cherish as the legacy of genius. You see him now changed; and the restlessness of his soul is thrown into his very gestures! Could you listen to the vaticinator! But the next age only will quote his predictions. If he be the truly great author, he will be best comprehended by posterity; for the result of ten years of solitary meditation has often required a whole century to be understood and to be adopted."

We are no enemies to the conferring the honours of the crown upon the most distinguished of our literary men. To many, such elevation would form a most appropriate reward; to all, a legitimate object of ambition. But we are exceedingly jealous of the influence of all such court favours upon the assertors of political, social, or historical truth. We look to other countries, and we behold the withering effect of such distinctions upon the masculine independence of thought. We recollect the titled and well-paid literature of France, under the Emperor Napoleon, and we ask, what has come of all that high-sounding panegyric? We read the annals of the dignified historians of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and we sicken for the breath of a freeman. We remember it was only under a Trajan that a Tacitus could pour forth the indignation of expiring virtue at surrounding baseness, and we shudder to think how few Trajans are to be found in the decline of nations.

The only legitimate and safe reward of the highest class of literary merit, next to the consciousness of discharging its mission, is to be

found in the prolongation of the period during which its profits are to accrue to the family of the author. We at once concede that even this motive, higher and more honourable than that of present or selfish gain, will never be sufficient to induce the loftiest class of genius or intellect to produce any great work. It is an overpowering sense of public duty—an ardent inspiration after deserved immortality—the yearnings of a full mind, which must be delivered—that are the real causes of such elevated efforts. They are given only to a few, because to a few only has God assigned the power of directing mankind. But, admitting that the divine inspiration is the fountain of truth—the “pure well of genius undefiled”—the point to be considered is, how is the stream which it pours forth to be kept in its proper channel?—how is it to be prevented from becoming rapidly merged in the agitated waves of human passion, or sunk in the bottomless morasses of interest or selfishness? By giving something like perpetuity to the rights of authorship, this can be best effected; because it is by so doing that we will most effectually ally it to the purest and most elevated motives which, in sublunary matters, can influence mankind.

Look at the merchant, the lawyer, the manufacturer, at all who amass fortunes, and leave the colossal estates which gradually elevate their possessors to the ranks of the aristocracy, and fill up in that class the chasms which fortune, extravagance, or the extinction of families, so often produce. What are the motives which animate the founders of such families to a life of exertion, and produce the astonishing effects in the accumulation of wealth which we daily see around us? It is not the desire of individual enjoyment; for, whatever his son may have, the father seldom knows any thing of wealth but of the labour by which it is created. It is not even for the distinction which he is to acquire during his own lifetime, that the successful professional man or merchant labours; for, if that were his object, it would be far more effectually and more pleasantly gained, by simply spending his wealth as fast as he made it. What, then, is the motive which animates him to a life of labour, and stimulates him through half a century to such incessant exertions? It is the hope of transmitting his fortune to his children—of securing the independence of those most dear to him; it is the desire of founding a family—of leaving his descendants in a very different rank of life from that in which he himself moved, or his fathers before him. They know little of the human mind who are not aware that this desire, when it once takes hold of the mind, supplies the want of all other enjoyments, and that it is the secret, unobserved cause of the greatest individual and national efforts that have ever been achieved among mankind.

To the due action of this important principle, however, a certain degree of *permanence* in the enjoyment of the fortune acquired is indispensable. Men will never make such long-continued or sustained efforts for a temporary or passing interest. Does any man suppose that

a merchant or lawyer would toil for fifty years, if he knew that he could only expect an eight-and-twenty years' lease of his fortune? “Give a man,” says Arthur Young, “a seven years lease of a garden, and he will soon convert it into a wilderness: give him a freehold in an arid desert, and he will not be long of converting it into a garden.” Is it probable that the industry of Great Britain would continue, if the old Jewish system of making all estates revert to the nation at the end of every fifty years were to be introduced, or Brionne O'Brien's more summary mode of dividing every fortune at the death of the owner were put in practice? Truly, we should soon become an ephemeral and fleeting generation in wealth, as well as literature, if such maxims were acted upon; and “to-day let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,” would at once become the order of the day.

If the combined force of all these circumstances be taken into consideration, it must be evident to every impartial mind, not only that it is not surprising that new standard literature has of late years so much declined amongst us, but that the only wonderful thing is, that it has not sunk much more than it has. The causes which produce great and sustained efforts in every other department of human activity, are not only withheld from the highest class of literary or philosophical exertion, but the persons engaged in them are perpetually exposed to the disturbing and detracting influence of the prospect of fame and fortune being attained by condescending to cater for the passions or wants of the moment. To the continued energy and activity of the merchant or manufacturer, we offer the possession of unbounded wealth, and the prospect of transmitting an elevated, perhaps an ennobled race to future times. To the soldier or the sailor we hold out a vast succession of titled rewards, and, to the highest among such race of heroes, hereditary peerages—the deserved reward of their valour. To the indefatigable industry and persevering energy of the lawyer, we offer a seat on the Woolsack, precedence of every temporal peer in the realm, the highest temporal dignities and hereditary honours which the state can afford. What, then, do we offer to the philosopher, the poet, or the historian, to the leaders of thought and the rulers of nations, to counteract the attractions of immediate or temporary ambition, and lead them abreast of their brethren at the bar, in the field, or the senate, to great and glorious efforts, to durable and beneficent achievement? Why, we present them with petty traders anxiously watching the expiration of eight-and-twenty years of copyright, or hoping for the death of the author, if he has survived it; and ready, with uplifted hands, to pounce upon the glorious inheritance of his children, and realize for their own business-like skill and mercantile capital the vast profits which had been bequeathed by genius to the age which followed it.

It is a total mistake, to imagine that the profits of works of imagination, unless they are of the very highest class, ever equal those which in the end accrue to the publishers or

standard works of history or philosophy. The booksellers, since Gibbon's death, are said to have made 200,000*l.* of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*; and hardly a year passes, that a new edition of his immortal work, or of Hume's *History of England*, does not issue from the press. The sums realized by the bookselling trade from the different editions of the *Wealth of Nations*, would have constituted a large inheritance to the heirs of Adam Smith. What a princely fortune would Milton or Shakspeare have left to their descendants, if any there be, if they could have bequeathed to them the exclusive right of publishing their own works, even for half a century after their own death. Look at the classics. What countless sums have been realized by the booksellers and publishers from the successive reprints, in every country of Europe, of the works of Livy, Cicero, and Tacitus, since the revival of letters three hundred years ago? Why, the profits made by the publication of any one of these works would have made a princely fortune, and founded a ducal family. So true is it that literary or philosophical talent of the highest description, so far from being unproductive of wealth to its possessors, is in the end productive of a far greater and more lasting source of income than the efforts either of the lawyer, the merchant, or the statesman. It has this invaluable quality: it is permanent; it creates an estate which produces fruits after the author is no more. The only reason why great fortunes are not made in the one way as well as in the other, is because the labour employed on that, the highest species of human adventure, is almost always unproductive in the outset, and lucrative only in the end; and that the injustice of human laws confiscates the property at the very moment when the crop is beginning to come to maturity. They know little of human nature who imagine that such prospect of remote advantage would have little influence on literary exertion. Look at life insurances. How large a proportion of the most active and useful members of society, especially among the middle and higher classes, are connected with these admirable institutions. How many virtuous and industrious men deny themselves, during a long life, many luxuries, and even comforts, in order that, after their death, they may bequeath an independence to their children. Eighty thousand persons are now connected with these institutions in Great Britain, and that number is hourly on the increase. Here, then, is decisive evidence of the extent to which the desire of transmitting independence to our children acts upon mankind, even where it is to be won only by a life of continued toil and self-denial. Can there be the slightest doubt that the same motive, combining with the desire to benefit mankind, or acquire durable fame, would soon come to operate powerfully upon the highest class of intellectual effort, and that an adequate counteraction would thus be provided to the numerous attractions which now impel it into temporary exertion? And observe, the motives which lead to present self-denial in order to transmit an independence to posterity, by the effecting life assurances, are nearly allied to

those which prompt great minds to magnanimous and durable efforts for the good of their species; for both rest upon the foundation of all that is noble or elevated in human affairs—a denial of self, a regard to futurity, and a love for others.

The tenacity with which any extension even of the term of copyright enjoyed by authors, or their assignees, is resisted by a certain portion of the London booksellers, and those who deal in the same line, affords the most decisive proof of the magnitude of the profits which are to be obtained by the republication, the moment the copyright has expired, of works that have acquired a standard reputation, and of the vast amount of literary property, the inheritance of the great of the past age, which is annually confiscated for the benefit of the booksellers in the present. These men look to the matter as a mere piece of mercantile speculation; their resistance is wholly founded upon the dread of a diminution of their profits, wrung from the souls of former authors; they would never have put forward, with so much anxiety as they have done, Mr. Warburton and Mr. Wakley to fight their battles, if they had not had very extensive profits to defend in the contest. The vehemence of their opposition affords a measure of the magnitude of the injustice which is done to authors by the present state of the law, and of the amount of encouragement to great and glorious effort, which is annually withheld by the legislature. The struggle, in which they have hitherto proved successful, is not a contest between authors and a particular section of the booksellers; it is, in reality, a contest between the nation and a limited section of the bookselling trade. It is, in the most emphatic sense, a class against a national interest. For on the one side are a few London booksellers who make colossal fortunes, by realizing, shortly after their decease, the profits of departed greatness; and on the other, the whole body of the people of England, whose opinions and character are necessarily formed by the highest class of its writers, and whose national destiny and future fate is mainly dependent upon the spirited and exalted direction of their genius.

The only argument founded upon public considerations which is ever adduced against these views, is founded upon the assertion, that, under the monopoly produced by the copyright to the author, while it lasts, the price of works is seriously enhanced to the public, and they are confined to editions of a more costly description, and that thus the benefit of the spread of knowledge among the middle and humbler classes is diminished. If this argument were well founded, it may be admitted, that it would afford, to a certain degree, a counterbalancing consideration to those which have been mentioned, although no temporary or passing advantages could ever adequately compensate the evils consequent upon drying up the fountains of real intellectual greatness amongst us. But it is evident that these apprehensions are altogether chimerical, and that the clamour devised about the middle classes being deprived of the benefit of getting cheap editions of works that have become standard

now altogether unfounded. It may be conceded that in the former age, when the rich and the affluent alone were the purchasers of books, and education had not opened the treasures of knowledge to a larger circle, the price of books during the copyright were, in general, high, and that the prices were too often suited only to the higher class of readers. Nay, it may also be admitted, that some publishers have often, by the reprint of works of a standard nature, at a cheaper rate, the moment the copyright expired, of late years materially extended the circle of their readers, and thereby conferred an important benefit on society. But nothing can be plainer than that this circumstance has taken place solely from the recent introduction of the middle classes into the reading and book-purchasing public; and because experience had not yet taught authors or publishers the immense profits to be sometimes realized by adapting, during the continuance of the copyright, the varied classes of editions of popular works, to the different classes of readers who have now risen into activity. But their attention is now fully awakened to this subject. Every one now sees that the greatest profit is to be realized during the copyright, for works of durable interest, by publishing editions adapted for all, even the very humblest classes. The proof of this is decisive. Does not Mr. Campbell publish annually a new edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in every possible form, from the two guinea edition for the duchess or countess, down to the shilling copy for the mechanic and the artisan? Have not Sir Walter Scott's *Novels* been brought down, during the subsistence of the copyright, to an issue of the *Waverley Novels*, at four shillings each novel, and latterly to an issue at twopence a week, avowedly for the working-classes? Moore's, Southey's, and Wordsworth's *Poems*, have all been published by the authors or their assignees, in a duodecimo form, originally at five, but which can now be had at four, or three shillings and sixpence a volume. James's *Naval History* has already issued from the press in monthly numbers, at five shillings; and the eighth edition of Hallam's *Middle Ages* is before the public in two volumes, at a price so moderate, that it never can be made lower to those who do not wish to put out their eyes by reading closely printed double columns by candle-light. In short, authors and booksellers now perfectly understand that, as a reading and book-buying public has sprung up in all classes, it has become not only necessary, but in the highest degree profitable, to issue different editions even simultaneously from the press, if the reputation of a work has become fully esta-

blished, at different prices, adapted to the rates at which purchasers may be inclined to buy; just as the manager of a theatre understands that it is expedient not only to have the dress-circle for the nobility and gentry, but the pit for the people of business, and the galleries for the humbler classes. No doubt can be entertained that as the craving for intellectual enjoyment, to those who feel it the more insatiable of any, spreads more generally through the middle classes, this effect will more extensively take place. No one imagines that, because the seats in the dress-circle are seven shillings, he will close the pit, which is three and sixpence, or the gallery, which is one shilling. In this age of growing wealth and intelligence in the middle and humbler classes, there is no danger of their being forgotten, if they do not forget themselves. There is more to be got out of the pit and the galleries than the dress-circle.

Thus we have argued this great question of copyright upon its true ground—the national character, the national interests, the elevation and improvement of all classes. We disdain to argue it upon the footing of the interests of authors; we despise appeals to the humanity, even to the justice of the legislature. We have not even mentioned the names of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd or Lord Mahon, who have so strenuously and eloquently advocated the interest of authors in the point at issue. We have done so because we look to higher objects in connection with the question than any personal or class advantage. We tell our legislators, that those who wield the powers of thought are fully aware of the strength of the lever which they hold in their hand; they know that it governs the rulers of men; that it brought on the Revolution of France, and stopped the Revolution of England. The only class of writers to whom the extension of the present copyright would be of any value, are actuated by higher motives to their exertions than any worldly considerations of honour or profit; those who aspire to direct or bless mankind, are neither to be seduced by courts, nor to be won by gold. It is the national character which is really affected by the present downward tendency of our literature; it is the national interests which are really at stake; it is the final fate of the empire which is at issue in the character of our literature. True, an extension of the copyright will not affect the interests of a thousandth part of the writers, or a hundredth part of the readers in the present or any future age; but what then—it is they who are to form the general opinion of mankind in the next; it is upon that thousandth and that hundredth that the fate of the world depends.

*Why recent history
is not as interesting
as that of antiquity.*

MICHELET'S FRANCE.*

It is a common and very just observation, that modern historical works are not so interesting as those which have been bequeathed to us by antiquity. Even at this distance of time, after two thousand years have elapsed since they were written, the great histories of Greece and Rome still form the most attractive subject of study to all ages. The young find in their heart-stirring legends and romantic incidents, keen and intense delight; the middle-aged discover in their reflections and maxims the best guide in the ever-changing, but yet ever the same, course of human events: the aged recur to them with still greater pleasure, as embodying at once the visions of their youth and the experience of their maturer years. It is not going too far to assert, that in their own style they are altogether inimitable, and that, like the Greek statues, future ages, ever imitating, will never be able to rival them.

This remarkable and generally admitted perfection is not to be ascribed, however, to any superior genius in the ancient to the modern writers. History was a different art in Greece and Rome from what it now is. Antiquity had no romances—their histories, based in early times on their ballads and traditions, supplied their place. Narrative with them was simple in event, and single in interest—it related in general the progress of a single city or commonwealth; upon that the whole light of the artist required to be thrown: the remainder naturally was placed in shade, or slightly illuminated only where it came in contact with the favoured object. With the exception of Herodotus, who, though the oldest historian in existence, was led by the vigour of his mind, his discursive habits, and extensive travelling, to give, as it were, a picture of the whole world then known—these ancient histories are all the annals of individual towns or little republics. Xenophon, Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, are all more or less of this character. The mighty genius of Tacitus alone seems to have embraced the design of giving a picture of the vast empire of Rome; and even in his hands history was still distinguished by its old character—the Forum was still the object of reverential interest—the Palatine Mount embraced the theatre of almost all the revolutions which he has so admirably portrayed; and his immortal work is less a picture of the Roman world under the Cæsars, than a delineation of the revolutions of the palace which shook their empire, and the convulsive throes by which they were attended throughout its various provinces.

In modern times, a far more difficult task awaits the historian, and wholly different qualities are required in him who undertakes to perform it. The superior age of the world—

the eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since the Augustan age of Roman literature—the discovery of new nations, quarters of the globe, and hemispheres, since Livy concluded, in one hundred and forty books, the majestic annals of Roman victories—the close connection of nations among each other, which have interlaced their story like the limbs of ancient wrestlers—the new sciences which have grown up and come to bear upon human events, with the growth of mankind and the expansion of knowledge—and the prodigious perplexity of transactions, military, political, and moral, which require to be unravelled and brought in a clear form before the mind of the reader,—have rendered the task of the historian now as laborious, complicated, and confused, as in former times it was simple, clear, and undivided. Unity of effect—that precious and important object in all the Fine Arts—has been rendered always difficult, sometimes impossible. The story is so complicated, the transactions so various, the interests so diverse, that nothing but the most consummate skill, and incessant attention on the part of the historian to the leading objects of his narrative, can prevent the mind of the reader from being lost in a boundless sea of detached occurrences. It is not the “tale of Troy divine,” nor the narrative of Roman heroism; nor the conquest of Jerusalem, which requires to be recorded; but the transactions of many different nations, as various and detached from each other as the adventures of the knights errant in Ariosto.

For these reasons history cannot be written now on the plan of the ancients,—and if attempted, it would fail of success. The family of nations has become too large to admit of interest being centred only on one member of it. It is in vain now to draw the picture of the groups of time, by throwing the whole light on one figure, and all the rest in shade. Equally impossible is it to give a mere narrative of interesting events, and cast all the rest overboard. All the world would revolt at such an attempt, if made. The transactions of the one selected would be unintelligible, if those of the adjoining states were not given. One set of readers would say, “Where are your statistics?” Another, “There is no military discussion—the author is evidently no soldier.” A third would condemn the book as wanting diplomatic transactions; a fourth, as destitute of philosophic reflection. The statesman would throw it aside as not containing the information he desired; the scholar, as affording no clue to contemporary and original authority; the man of the world, as a narrative not to be relied on, and to which it was hazardous to trust without farther investigation. Women would reject it as less interesting than novels; men, as not more authentic than a romance.

Notwithstanding, however, this great and increasing difficulty of writing history in

* Histoire de France. Par M. Michelet. 6 vols. Paris, 1832-3. Foreign and Colonial Review. April, 1844.

modern times, from the vast addition to the subjects which it embraces and must embrace, the fundamental principles of the art are still the same as they were in the days of Thucydides or Sallust. The figures in the picture are greatly multiplied; many cross lights disturb the unity of its effect; infinitely more learning is required in the drapery and still life; but the object of the painter has undergone no change. Unity of effect, singleness of emotion, should still be his great aim: the multiplication of objects from which it is to be produced, has increased the difficulty, but not altered the principles of the art. And that this difficulty is not insuperable, but may be overcome by the light of genius directing the hand of industry, is decisively proved by the example of Gibbon's Rome, which, embracing the events of fifteen centuries, and successive descriptions of all the nations which, during that long period, took a prominent part in the transactions of the world, yet conveys a clear and distinct impression in every part to the mind of the reader; and presents a series of pictures so vivid, and drawn with such force, that the work, more permanently than any romance, fascinates every successive generation.

It is commonly said that accuracy and impartiality are the chief requisites in an historian. That they are indispensable to his utility or success, is indeed certain; for if the impression once be lost, that the author is to be relied on, the value of his production, as a record of past events, is at an end. No brilliancy of description, no magic of eloquence, no power of narrative, can supply the want of the one thing needful—*trustworthiness*. But fully admitting that truth and justice are the bases of history, there never was a greater mistake than to imagine that of themselves they will constitute an historian. They may make a valuable annalist—a good compiler of materials; but very different qualities are required in the artist who is to construct the edifice. In him we expect the power of combination, the inspiration of genius, the brilliancy of conception, the generalization of effect. The workman who cuts the stones out of the quarry, or fashions and dresses them into entablatures and columns, is a very different man from him who combines them into the temple, the palace, or the cathedral. The one is a tradesman, the other an artist—the first a quarrier, the last a Michael Angelo.

Mr. Fox arranged the arts of composition thus:—1. Poetry; 2. History; 3. Oratory. That very order indicated that the great orator had a just conception of the nature of history, and possessed many of the qualities requisite to excel in it, as he did in the flights of eloquence. It is, in truth, in its higher departments, one of the fine arts; and it is the extraordinary difficulty of finding a person who combines the imagination and fervour requisite for eminence in their aerial visions, with the industry and research which are indispensable for the correct narrative of earthly events, which renders great historians so very rare, even in the most brilliant periods of human existence. Antiquity only produced six; modern times can hardly boast of eight. It is much easier

to find a great epic than a great history; there were many poets in antiquity, but only one Tacitus. Homer himself is rather an annalist than a poet: it is his inimitable traits of nature which constitute his principal charm: the Iliad is a history in verse. Modern Italy can boast of a cluster of immortal poets and painters; but the country of Raphael and Tasso has not produced one really great history. The laboured annals of Guicciardini or Davila cannot bear the name; a work, the perusal of which was deemed worse than the fate of a galley-slave, cannot be admitted to take its place with the master-pieces of Italian art.* Three historians only in Great Britain have by common consent taken their station in the highest rank of historic excellence. Sismondi alone, in France, has been assigned a place by the side of Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson. This extraordinary rarity of the highest excellence demonstrates the extraordinary difficulty of the art, and justifies Mr. Fox's assertion, that it ranks next to poetry in the fine arts; but it becomes the more extraordinary, when the immense number of works written on historical subjects is taken into consideration, and the prodigious piles of books of history which are to be met with in every public library.

The greatest cause of this general failure of historical works to excite general attention, or acquire lasting fame, is the want of power of generalization and classification in the writers. Immersed in a boundless sea of details, of the relative importance of which they were unable to form any just estimate, the authors of the vast majority of these works have faithfully chronicled the events which fell under their notice, but in so dry and uninteresting a manner that they produced no sort of impression on mankind. (Except as books of antiquity or reference, they have long since been consigned to the vault of all the Capulets. They were crushed under their own weight—they were drowned in the flood of their own facts. While they were straining every nerve not to deceive their readers, the whole class of those readers quietly slipped over to the other side. They, their merits and their faults, were alike forgotten. It may safely be affirmed, that ninety-nine out of a hundred historical works are consigned to oblivion from this cause.

The quality, on the other hand, which distinguishes all the histories which have acquired a great and lasting reputation among men, has been the very reverse of this. It consists in the power of throwing into the shade the subordinate and comparatively immaterial facts, and bringing into a prominent light those only on which subsequent ages love to dwell, from the heroism of the actions recounted, the tragic interest of the catastrophes portrayed, or the important consequences with which they have been attended on the future generations of men. It was thus that Herodotus painted with

* It is reported in Italy, that a galley-slave was offered a commutation of his sentence, if he would read through Guicciardini's War of Florence with Pisa. After labouring at it for some time, he petitioned to be sent back to the oar—*Si non è vero è bene trovato*.

so much force the memorable events of the Persian invasion of Greece; and Thucydides, the contest of aristocracy and democracy in the Greek commonwealths; and Livy, the immortal strife of Hannibal and Scipio in Roman story. No historian ever equalled Gibbon in this power of classification, and giving breadth of effect; for none ever had so vast and complicated a series of events to recount, and none ever portrayed them with so graphic and luminous a pen. Observe his great pictures:—the condition of the Roman empire in the time of Augustus—the capture of Constantinople by the Latin crusaders—the rise of Mohammed—the habits and manners of the pastoral nations—the disasters of Julian—and the final decay and ruin of the Eternal City. They stand out from the canvas with all the freshness and animation of real life; and seizing powerfully on the imagination of the reader, they make an indelible impression, and compensate or cause to be forgotten all the insignificant details of revolutions in the palace of Constantinople, or in the decline of the Roman empire, which necessarily required to be introduced.

Struck with the fate of so prodigious a host of historical writers, who had sunk into oblivion from this cause, Voltaire, with his usual vigour and originality, struck out a new style in this department of literature. Discarding at once the whole meager details, the long descriptions of dress and ceremony, which filled the pages of the old chronicles or monkish annalists, he strove to bring history back to what he conceived, and with reason, was its true object—a striking delineation of the principal events which had occurred, with a picture of the changes of manners, ideas, and principles with which they were accompanied. This was a great improvement on the *jéjune* narratives of former times; and proportionally great was the success with which, in the first instance at least, it was attended. While the dry details of Guicciardini, the ponderous tomes of Villaret or Mezeray, and the trustworthy quartos of De Thou, slumbered in respectable obscurity on the dusty shelves of the library, the “*Siècle de Louis XIV.*,” the Life of Peter the Great and Charles XII., were on every table, and almost in every boudoir; and their popular author was elevated to the pinnacle of worldly fame, while his more laborious and industrious predecessors were nigh forgotten by a frivolous age. A host of imitators, as usual with every original writer, followed in this brilliant and lucrative path; of whom, Raynal in France, Schiller in Germany, and Watson in England, were the most successful.

But it was ere long discovered that this brilliant and *sketchy* style of history was neither satisfactory to the scholar nor permanently popular with the public. It was amusing rather than interesting, brilliant than profound. Its ingenious authors sprung too suddenly to conclusions—they laid down positions which the experience of the next age proved to be erroneous. It wanted that essential requisite in history, a knowledge of the human heart and a practical acquaintance with men. Above all, it had none of the earnestness of thought, the impassioned expression, which springs from

deep and sincere conviction, and which is ever found to be the only lasting passport to the human heart. After the first burst of popularity was over, it began to be discovered that these brilliant sketches were not real history, and could never supply its place. They left an immense deal untold, of equal or greater importance than what was told. They gave an amusing, but deceptive, and therefore not permanently interesting, account of the periods they embraced. Men design something more in reading the narrative of great and important events in past times, than an able sketch of their leading features and brilliant characters, accompanied by perpetual sneers at priests, eulogies on kings, or sarcasms on mankind. This was more particularly the case when the political contests of the 18th century increased in vehemence, and men, warmed with the passions of real life, turned back to the indifferent coolness, the philosophic disdain, the *ton dérisoire*, with which the most momentous or tragic events had been treated in these gifted but superficial writers. Madame de Staël has said, that when derision has become the prevailing characteristic of the public mind, it is all over with the generous affections or elevated sentiments. She was right, but not for ever—only till men are made to feel in their own persons the sufferings they laugh at in others. It is astonishing how soon that turns derision into sympathy. The “*aristocrats dérisoires*” emerged from the prisons of Paris, on the fall of Robespierre, deeply affected with sympathy for human wo.

The profound emotions, the dreadful sufferings, the heart-stirring interest of that eventful era, speedily communicated themselves to the style of historical writers; it at once sent the whole tribe of philosophic and derisory historians overboard. The sketchy style, the philosophic contempt, the calm indifference, the skeptical sneers of Voltaire and his followers, were felt as insupportable by those who had known what real suffering was. There early appeared in the narratives of the French Revolution, accordingly, in the works of Toulougeon, Bertrand de Molleville, the Deux Amis de la Liberté, and Lacrosette, a force of painting, a pathos of narrative, a vehemence of language, which for centuries had been unknown in modern Europe. This style speedily became general, and communicated itself to history in all its branches. The passions on all sides were too strongly roused to permit of the calm narratives of former philosophic writers being tolerated; men had suffered too much to allow them to speak or think with indifference of the sufferings of others. In painting with force and energy, it was soon found that recourse must be had to the original authorities, and, if possible, the eye-witnesses of the events; all subsequent or imaginary narrative appeared insipid and lifeless in comparison; it was like studying the mannerist trees of Perelle or Vivares after the vigorous sketches from nature of Salvator or Claude. Thence has arisen the great school of modern French history, of which Sismondi was the founder; and which has since been enriched by the works of Guizot, Thierry, Barante Thiers, Mignet.

Michaul, and Michelet: a cluster of writers, which, if none of them singly equal the masterpieces of English history, present, taken as a whole, a greater mass of talent in that department than any other country can boast.

The poetical mind and pictorial eye of Gibbon had made him anticipate, in the very midst of the philosophic school of Voltaire, Hume, and Robertson, this great change which misfortune and suffering impressed generally upon the next generation. Thence his extraordinary excellence and acknowledged superiority as a delineator of events to any writer who has preceded or followed him. He united the philosophy and general views of one age to the brilliant pictures and impassioned story of another. He warmed with the narratives of the crusaders or the Saracens—he wandered with the Scythians—he wept with the Greeks—he delineated with a painter's hand, and a poet's fire, the manners of the nations, the features of the countries, the most striking events of the periods which were passed under review; but at the same time he preserved inviolate the unity and general effect of his picture,—his lights and shadows maintained their just proportions, and were respectively cast on the proper objects. Philosophy threw a radiance over the mighty maze; and the mind of the reader, after concluding his prodigious series of details, dwelt with complacency on its most striking periods, skilfully brought out by the consummate skill of the artist, as the recollection of a spectator does on any of the magic scenes in Switzerland, in which, amidst an infinity of beautiful objects, the eye is fascinated by the calm tranquillity of the lake, or the rosy hues of the evening glow on the glacier. We speak of Gibbon as a delineator of events; none can feel more strongly or deplore more deeply the fatal blindness—the curse of his age—which rendered him so perverted on the subject of religion, and left so wide a chasm in his immortal work, which the profounder thought and wider experience of Guizot has done so much to fill.

Considered as calm and philosophic narratives, the histories of Hume and Robertson will remain as standard models for every future age. The just and profound reflections of the former, the inimitable clearness and impartiality with which he has summoned up the arguments on both sides, on the most momentous questions which have agitated England, as well as the general simplicity, uniform clearness and occasional pathos of his story, must for ever command the admiration of mankind. In vain we are told that he is often inaccurate, sometimes partial; in vain are successive attacks published on detached parts of his narrative, by party zeal or antiquarian research; his reputation is undiminished; successive editions issuing from the press attest the continued sale of his work; and it continues its majestic course through the sea of time, like a mighty three-decker, which never even condescends to notice the javelins darted at its sides from the hostile canoes which from time to time seek to impede its progress.

Robertson's merits are of a different, and

upon the whole, of an inferior kind. Gifted with a philosophic spirit, a just and equanimity, an eloquent and impressive expression, he had not the profound sagacity, the penetrating intellect, which have rendered the observation of Bacon, Hume, and Johnson as enduring as the English language. He had not enjoyed the practical acquaintance with man, which Hume acquired by mingling in diplomacy; and without a practical acquaintance with man, no writer, whatever his abilities may be, can rightly appreciate the motives, or probable result of human actions. It was this practical collision with public affairs which has rendered the histories of Thucydides, Sallust, and Tacitus so profoundly descriptive of the human heart. Living alternately in the seclusion of a Scotch manse, or at the head of a Scotch university, surrounded by books, respect, and ease, the reverend Principal took an agreeable and attractive, but often incorrect view of human affairs. In surveying the general stream of human events, and drawing just conclusions regarding the changes of centuries, he was truly admirable; and in those respects his first volume of "Charles V." may, if we except Guizot's "Civilisation Européenne," be pronounced without a parallel in the whole annals of literature. The brilliant picture, too, which he has left of the discovery of America, and the manner of the savage tribes which then inhabited that continent, proves that he was not less capable of wielding the fascination of description and romance. But in narrating political events, and diving into the mysteries of human motives, his want of practical acquaintance with man is at once apparent. He described the human heart from hearsay, not experience;—he was an historian by reading, not observation. We look in vain in his pages for a gallery of historical portraits, to be placed beside the noble one which is to be found in Clarendon. As little can we find in them any profound remarks, like those of Bacon, Hume, or Tacitus, the justice of which is perpetually brought home by experience to every successive generation of men. His reputation, accordingly, is sensibly declining; and though it will never become extinct, it is easy to foresee that it is not destined to maintain, in future times, the colossal proportions which it at first acquired.

Both Hume and Robertson, however, left untouched one fertile field of historic interest which Herodotus and Gibbon had cultivated with such success. This is the *geographical field*, the description of *countries*, as well as men and manners. It is surprising what variety and interest this gives to historical narrative; how strongly it fixes places and regions in the memory of the reader; and how much it augments the interest of the story, by filling up and clothing in the mind's eye the scenes in which it occurred. Doubtless this must not be carried too far; unquestionably the narrative of human transactions is the main object of history; and the one thing needful, as in fiction, is to paint the human heart; but still there, as elsewhere in the Fine Arts, variety and contrast contribute powerfully to effect; and amidst the incessant maze of villany and suffering

which constitutes human transactions, it is sometimes refreshing to contemplate for a while the calm serenity and indestructible features of Nature.

The modern French historians, forcibly struck with the insipidity and tameness of the philosophical histories, and fraught with the heart-rending recollections and fervent passions of the Revolution, have sought to give life and animation, as well as fidelity and accuracy, to their works, by a sedulous recurrence to contemporary annals and authority, and an introduction of not only the facts and statements, but the ideas and words to be found in the ancient chronicles. Hence the habitual recurrence to original authority, not only by reference at the foot of the page, but by quotation in the words of the old authors, of the actual expressions made use of on the more important occasions. There can be no doubt that this is in some respects an improvement, both with a view to the fidelity and accuracy of history; for it at once affords a guarantee for the actual examination of original authority by the writer, provides a ready and immediate check on inaccuracy or misrepresentation, and renders his work a "Catalogue Raisonné," where those who desire to study the subject thoroughly, may discover at once where their materials are to be found. The works of both the *Thierrys*,* of Barante, Sismondi, and Michelet, are, throughout, constructed on this principle; and thence, in a great measure, the fidelity, spirit, and value of their productions.

But fully admitting, as we do, the importance of this great improvement in the art of historical composition, it has its limits; and writers who adopt it will do well to reflect on what those limits are. Though founded on fact, though based on reality, though dependent for its existence on truth, History is still one of the *Fine Arts*. We must ever recollect that Mr. Fox assigned it a place next to Poetry, and before Oratory. All these improvements in the collection and preparation of materials add to the solidity and value of the structure, but they make no alteration in the principles of its composition. However the stones may be cut out of the quarry, however fashioned or carved by the skill of the workman, their united effect will be entirely lost if they are not put together by the conception of a Michael Angelo, a Palladio, or a Wren. Genius is still the soul of history; its highest inspirations must be derived from the Muses. The most valuable historical works, if not sustained by this divine quality, will speedily sink into useful quarries or serviceable books of reference. In vain does a Utilitarian age seek to discard the influence of imagination, and subject thought to the deductions of fact and reason, and the motives of temporal comfort. The value of fancy and ardour of mind, is more strongly felt in the narration of real, than even the conception of fictitious events: for this reason, that it is more easy to discard uninteresting facts from a romance than render them inte-

resting in a history. They may be rejected altogether in the former; in the latter they must be retained. It is easier to throw aside a burden than contrive how to bear it. Induction may enable the author to sustain the weight, but it will never make his reader do so. Imagination alone can lighten the burden. It is the wings of Genius which must support Truth itself through the sea of Time. "Ces ouvrages ne sont pas que de l'imagination." "De l'Imagination!" replied Napoleon,—"Hé bien, c'est l'Imagination qui domine le monde."

This eternal and indestructible superiority of genius to all the efforts of industry and intelligence, when unenlightened by its divine light, is not only noways inconsistent with the most minute acquaintance with facts and sedulous attention to historic accuracy, but it can attain its highest flights only by being founded on that basis. Mere imagination and fancy will never supply the want of a faithful delineation of nature. The most inexperienced observer has no difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other. No great and universal reputation was ever gained, either in fiction, history, or the arts of imitation, but by a close and correct representation of reality. Romance rises to its highest flights when it transports into the pages of the novelist the incidents, thoughts, and characters of real life. History assumes its most attractive garb when it clothes reality with the true but brilliant colours of romance. Look at the other arts. How did Homer and Shakspeare compose their immortal works? Not by conceiving ideal events and characters, the creation only of their own prolific imaginations, but by closely observing and describing nature, and by giving to their characters (albeit cast in the mould of fancy) those traits of reality, which, being founded on the general and universal feelings of the human breast, have spoken with undiminished force to every succeeding age. How did Raphael and Claude elevate Painting to its highest and most divine conceptions, as well as its most exquisite and chastened finishing? By assiduously copying nature,—by drawing every limb, every feature, every branch, every sunset, from real scenes, and peopling the world of their brilliant imaginations, not with new creations, but those objects and those images with which in reality all men were familiar. True, they moulded them into new combinations; true, they gave them an expression, or threw over them a light more perfect than any human eye had yet witnessed: but that is precisely the task of genius; and it is in performing it that its highest excellence is attained. It is by moulding reality into the expression of imagination, that the greatest triumphs of art are attained; and he who separates the one from the other will never rise to durable greatness in either.

We are the more inclined to insist on this eternal truth, as we perceive in the present style of historical composition, both in this country and on the continent, unequivocal indications of a tendency to lose sight of the great end and aim of history, in the anxiety of attaining accuracy in its materials. Again and again we assert, that such accuracy is the indispensable

* In the "Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands, par Auguste Thierry," and the "Histoire des Gaulois," and "Histoire des Rois Mérovingiens, par Amédée Thierry" (brother of Auguste).

basis of history; it must form its elements and characterize all its parts. But it will not of itself form an historian; it is to history, what the sketches from nature in the *Liber Veritatis* are to the inimitable Claudes of the Doria Palace at Rome, or the National Gallery in London. Writers in this age have been so forcibly struck with the necessity of accuracy in their facts, and original drawing in their pictures, that they have gone into the opposite extreme; and the danger now is, not so much that they will substitute imagination for reality, or neglect original drawing in their pictures, as that, in their anxiety to preserve the fidelity of the sketches from which their pictures are taken, they will neglect the principles of their composition, and the great ends, moral, political, and religious, of their art.

This tendency is more particularly conspicuous in the continental authors; but it is also very visible in several justly esteemed historical writers of our own country. If you take up any of the volumes of Thierry, Barante, Michaux, Sismondi, or Michelet, you will find the greater part of their pages filled with quotations from the old chronicles and contemporary annalists. In their anxiety to preserve accuracy of statement and fidelity in narrative, they have deemed it indispensable to give, on almost all occasions, the very words of their original authorities. This is a very great mistake,—and indeed so great a one, that if persevered in, it will speedily terminate that school of historical composition. It is impossible to make an harmonious whole, by a selection of passages out of a vast mass of original writers of various styles and degrees of merit, and running perhaps over a course of centuries. It would be just as likely that you could make a perfect picture, by dovetailing together bits of mosaic, dug up from the ruins of ancient Rome; or an impressive temple, by piling on the top of each other, the columns, entablatures, and architraves of successive structures, raised during a course of many centuries. Every composition in the fine arts, to produce a powerful impression, and attain a lasting success, must have that *unity of expression*, which, equally as in poetry and the drama, is indispensable to the production of emotion or delight in the mind of the person to whom it is addressed; and unity of expression is to be attained equally in ten thousand pages and by recording ten thousand facts, as in an epic of Milton, a picture of Claude's, or a drama of Sophocles.

Sharon Turner, Lingard, Tytler, and Hallam, are most able writers, indefatigable in the collection of facts, acute in the analysis of authorities, luminous in the deductions they have drawn from them. Immense is the addition which their labours have made to the real and correct annals of the British empire. But though many of their episodes are most captivating, and parts of their works must entrance every reader, there is no concealing the fact, that their pages are often deficient in interest, and are far from possessing the attraction which might have been expected from subjects of such varied and heart-stirring incident, treated by writers of such power of composition and learned acquirements. The reason is,

that they have not regarded history as one of the fine arts; they have not studied unity of effect, or harmony of composition; they have forgot the place assigned it by Fox,—next to poetry in the arts of composition. In the search of accuracy, they have sometimes injured effect; in the desire to give original words, they have often lost originality of thought. Their pages are invaluable to the annalist—and as books of reference or of value to scholars they will always maintain a high place in our literature; but they will not render hopeless, like Livy, Tacitus, or Gibbon, future histories on the subjects they have treated. From the facts they have brought to light, a future historian will be able to give a correct detail of British story, which, if clothed in the garb of imagination, may attain durable celebrity, and may possibly come in the end to rival the simpler but less truthful narrative of Hume, in popularity and interest.

Colonel Napier's descriptions of battles and the heart-stirring events of military warfare are superior to any thing in the same style, not only in modern but almost in ancient history. His account of the battles of Albuera and Salamanca, of the sieges of Badajos and St. Sebastian, of the actions in the Pyrenees, and the struggle of Toulouse, possess a heart-stirring interest, a force and energy of drawing, which could have been attained only by the eye of genius animated by the reminiscences of reality. But the great defect of his brilliant work is the want of calmness in the judgment of political events, and undue crowding in the details of his work. He is far too minute in the account of inconsiderable transactions. He throws the light too equally upon all the figures in his canvas; the same fault which characterizes the home scenes of Wilkie, and will render them, with equal, perhaps superior, genius, inferior in lasting effect to the paintings of Teniers or Gerard Dow. So prodigious is the accumulation of detached facts which he describes, that the most enthusiastic admirer of military narrative is speedily satiated, and ordinary readers find their minds so confused by the events passed under review, that, with the exception of a few brilliant actions and sieges, they often close the work without any distinct idea of the events which it has so admirably recorded.

This defect is equally conspicuous in the pages of M. Michelet. That he is a man not merely of extensive and varied reading, but fine genius and original thought, is at once apparent. He states in his preface, and the perusal of his work amply justifies the assertion, "that the most rigid criticism must concede to him the merit of having drawn his narrative entirely from original sources." But it were to be wished, that amidst this anxious care for the collection of materials, and the impress of a faithful and original character upon his work, he had been equally attentive to the great art of history, viz. the massing objects properly together, keeping them in the due subordination and perspective which their relative importance demands, and conveying a distinct impression to the reader's mind of the great æras and changes which the va-

ried story of his subject presents. Want of attention to this has well nigh rendered all the rest of no avail. To the learned reader, who is previously familiar with the principal events he describes, his narrative may convey something like a definite idea of the thread of events; but how many are they compared to the great mass of readers? Perhaps one in a hundred in France—one in five hundred in all other countries. The great bulk of readers may shut his last volume after the most careful perusal, without retaining any distinct recollection of the course of French History, or any remembrance at all of any thing but a few highly wrought up and interesting passages. This is the great defect of the work, arising from want of attention to the due proportion of objects, and not throwing subordinate objects sufficiently into the shade. The same grievous mistake is conspicuous in Mackintosh, Lingard, and Turner's Histories of England. It is the great danger of the new or graphic school of history; and unless care be taken to guard against it, the whole productions of that school will be consigned by future ages to oblivion.

We cannot admit that the magnitude or intricacy of a subject affords any excuse whatever for this defect. Livy did not fall into it in recording seven centuries of Roman victories; Gibbon did not fall into it in spanning the dark gulf which separates ancient from modern times. Claude produced one uniform impression, out of an infinity of details,—in some of his pieces, solitary and rural—in others crowded with harbours, shipping, and figures. Gaspar Poussin finished with scrupulous accuracy every leaf in his forest scenes; but he managed the light and the shade with such exquisite skill, that the charm of general effect is produced on the spectator's mind. Virgil produces one uniform impression from the homely details of his Georgics equally as the complicated events of the *Æneid*. Amidst an infinity of details and episodes, Tasso has with consummate skill preserved unity of emotion in his *Jerusalem Delivered*: Milton has not lost it even in recording the events of heaven and earth. Look at Nature:—every leaf, every pebble, every cliff, every blade of grass, in the most extensive scene, is finished with that perfection that characterizes all her works: yet what majesty and generality of effect in the mighty whole! That is the model of historical composition: every object should be worked out; nothing omitted; nothing carelessly touched: but a bright light should be thrown only on the brilliant events, the momentous changes; whole generations and centuries of monotonous events cast into the shade, that is, slightly and rapidly passed over; and the most sedulous care taken to classify events into periods, in such a way as to form so many cells as it were in the memory of the reader, wherein to deposit the store of information afforded in regard to each.

There is, in truth, only one really great style in history, as there is in poetry, painting, or music. Superficial observers speak of a new school of history, or a new mode of treating

human affairs, as they would of a new plan or a new opera: they might as well speak of a new style in sculpture or painting, in mathematics or astronomy, in epic or dramatic poetry. We should like to see any one who would improve on the style of Phidias and Raphael, of Homer and Virgil, of Tasso and Milton, of Sophocles or Racine. In inferior styles, indeed, there is a very great variety in this, as there is in all the other Fine Arts; but in the highest walks there is but one. The principles of the whole are the same; and those principles are to produce *generality of effect out of speciality of objects*; to unite fidelity of drawing with brilliancy of imagination. Observe with what exquisite skill Tasso works this uniform impression out of the varied events of his "*Jerusalem Delivered*;" therein lies his vast superiority to the endless adventures of the more brilliant and imaginative Ariosto. The principles which regulated the compositions of the "*Prometheus Vincetus*" of Æschylus and the "*Hamlet*" of Shakspeare are the same: the Odes of Pindar are the counterparts of those of Gray: the sculpture of Phidias and the painting of Raphael are nothing but the same mind working with different materials. The composition of Gibbon is directed by exactly the same principles as the sunsets of Claude: the battle-pieces of Napier and the banditti of Salvator are facsimiles of each other: the episodes of Livy and the "*Good Shepherds*" of Murillo produce the same emotions in the breast. Superficial readers will deride these observations, and ask what has painting external objects to do with the narration of human events? We would recommend them to spend twenty years in the study of either, and they will be at no loss to discover in what their analogy consists.

On this account we cannot admit that history is necessarily drier or less interesting than poetry or romance. True, it must give a faithful record of events: true, unless it does so it loses its peculiar and highest usefulness; but are we to be told that reality is less attractive than fiction? Are feigned distresses less poignant than real ones—imaginary virtues less ennobling than actual? The advantage of fiction consists in the narrower compass which it embraces, and consequently the superior interest which it can communicate by working up the characters, events, and scenes. That, doubtless, is a great advantage; but is it beyond the reach of history? May not the leading characters and events there be delineated with the same force, brilliancy, and fidelity to nature? Has it not the additional source of interest arising from the events being real?—an interest which all who tell stories to children will see exemplified in their constant question, "*Is it true?*" None can see more strongly than we do, that the highest aim and first duty of history is not to amuse, but to instruct the world: and that mere amusement or interest are of very secondary importance. But is amusement irreconcilable with instruction—interest with elevation? Is not truth best conveyed when it is clothed in an attractive garb? Is not the greatest danger which it runs that of being superseded by attractive fiction? How

mar; readers are familiar with English history through Shakespeare and Scott, rather than Hume and Lingard? That illustrates the risk of leaving truth to its unadorned resources. Was it not in parables that Supreme Wisdom communicated itself to mankind? The wise man will never disdain the aid even of imagination and fancy, in communicating instruction. Recollect the words of Napoleon—"C'est l'Imagination qui domine le monde."

We have been insensibly led into these observations by observing in what manner Sismondi, Thierry, Barante, Michelet, and indeed all the writers of the antiquarian and graphic school, have treated the history of France. They are all men of powerful talent, brilliant imagination, unbounded research, and philosophical minds: their histories are so superior to any which preceded them, that, in reading them, we appear to be entering upon a new and hitherto unknown world. But it is in the very richness of their materials—the extent of their learning—the vast stores of original ideas and authority they have brought to bear on the annals of the monarchy of Clovis—that we discern the principal defect of their compositions. They have been well nigh overwhelmed by the treasures which themselves have dug up. So vast is the mass of original documents which they have consulted—of details and facts which they have brought to light—that they have too often lost sight of the first rule in the art of history—unity of composition. They have forgotten the necessity of a distinct separation of events in such a manner as to impress the general course of time upon the mind of their readers. They are accurate, graphic, minute in details; but the "tout ensemble" is too often forgotten, and the Temple of History made up rather of a chaos of old marbles dug up from the earth, and piled on each other without either order or symmetry, than of the majestic proportions and colossal masses of the Pantheon or St. Peter's.

The annals of no country are more distinctly separated into periods than those of France: in none has the course of events more clearly pointed out certain resting places, at which the historian may pause to show the progress of civilization and the growth of the nation. The first origin of the Gauls, and their social organization, before the conquest of the Romans—their institutions under those mighty conquerors, and the vast impress which their wisdom and experience, not less than their oppression and despotism, communicated to their character and habits—the causes which led to the decay of the empire of the Cæsars, and let in the barbarians as deliverers rather than enemies into its vast provinces—the establishment of the monarchy of Clovis by these rude conquerors, and its gradual extension from the Rhine to the Pyrenees—the decay of the Merovingian dynasty, and the prostration of government under the "*Rois Fainéants*"—the rise of the "*Maires de Palais*," and their final establishment on the throne by the genius of Charlemagne—the rapid fall of his successors, and the origin of the Bourbon dynasty, contemporary with the Plantagenets of England—

the crusades, with their vast effects, moral, social, and political, on the people and institutions of the country, and the balance of power among the different classes of society—the expulsion of the English by the ability of Philip Augustus, and the restoration of one monarchy over the whole of France—the frightful atrocities of the religious war against the Albigeois—the dreadful wars with England, which lasted one hundred and twenty years, from Edward III. to Henry V., with their immediate effect, analogous to that of the Wars of the Roses on this side of the Channel, in destroying the feudal powers of the nobility—the consequent augmentation of the power of the crown by the standing army of Charles VII.—the indefatigable activity and state policy of Louis XI.—the brilliant but ephemeral conquests of Italy by the rise and progress of Charles IX.—the rivalry of Francis I. and Charles V.—the religious wars, with their desolating present effects, and lasting ultimate consequences—the deep and Machiavelian policy of Cardinal Richelieu, and its entire success in concentrating the whole influence and power of government in Paris—the brilliant æra of Louis XIV., with its Augustan halo, early conquests, and ultimate disasters—the corruptions of the Regent Orleans and Louis XV.—the virtues, difficulties, and martyrdom of Louis XVI.—the commencement of the æra of Revolutions, ending in the fanaticism of Robespierre and the carnage of the Empire—form a series of events and periods, spanning over the long course of eighteen centuries, and bringing down the annals of mankind from the Druids of Gaul and woods of Germany, to the intellect of La Place and the glories of Napoleon.

To exhibit such a picture to the mind's eye in its just colours, due proportions, and real light—to trace so long a history fraught with such changes, glories, and disasters—to unfold, through so vast a progress, the unceasing development of the human mind, and simultaneously with it the constant punishment of human iniquity,—is indeed a task worthy of the greatest intellect which the Almighty has ever vouchsafed to guide and enlighten mankind. It will never be adequately performed but by *one mind*: there is a unity which must pervade every great work of history, as of all the other Fine Arts; a succession of different hands breaks the thread of thought and mars the uniformity of effect as much in recording the annals of centuries, as in painting the passions of the heart, or the beauties of a single scene in nature. That it is not hopeless to look for such a mind is evident to all who recollect how Gibbon has painted the still wider expanse, and traced the longer story, of "*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*:" but how often in a century does a Gibbon appear in the world!

In the outset of this noble task, Michelet has displayed very great ability; and the defects, as it appears to us, of his work, as it proceeds, strikingly illustrate the dangers to which the modern and graphic style of history is exposed. He is admirable, equally with Sismondi, Thierry, and Guizot, in the de

scription of the condition of Gaul under the Romans, and the causes which paralysed the strength, and at length overthrew the power, of the empire of the Cæsars. With a discriminating eye, and a master's hand, he has drawn the different character of the Celtic and German races of mankind, and the indelible impress which they have severally communicated to their descendants. The early settlement of the German tribes in Gaul, and the amalgamation of the victorious savage with the vanquished civilized race, is drawn in the spirit of a philosopher, and with a graphic power. If he had continued the work as it was thus begun, it would have left nothing to be desired.

But when he comes down to later times, and above all when he becomes involved in the endless maze and minute details of the Chronicles and early French Memoirs, the work assumes a different character. Though you still, in occasional expressions, see the reflections of the philosopher—in frequent pictures, the eye of the painter—yet the narrative in general is flooded by an ocean of details. Fatigued with the endless maze of intrigues, wars, tumults, tortures, crusades, and crimes, which succeed one another in rapid succession, the reader in despair shuts the volume, with hardly any recollection of the thread of events. He recollects only that almost all the kings appear to have been wicked, almost all the nobles ambitious, almost all the priests cruel, almost all the people ferocious. There is nothing which tends so strongly to make us satisfied with our own lot, and inclined to return thanks to Heaven for having cast it in our age, as the study of the crimes, disasters, and sufferings of those which have preceded it.

But still "the mighty maze is not without a plan." In the midst of these hideous crimes and atrocities, of this general anguish and suffering, fixed laws were operating, a silent progress was going forward, and Providence was patiently and in silence working out its ultimate designs by the free agency of an infinity of separate individuals. A great system of moral retribution was unceasingly at work; and out of the mingled virtues and vices, joys and sorrows, crimes and punishment, of previous centuries, were slowly forming the elements of the great and glorious French monarchy. It is in the development of this magnificent progress, and in the power of exhibiting it in lucid colours to the eye of the spectator, that Michelet is chiefly deficient in his later volumes. This seems at first sight inexplicable, as in the earlier ones, relating to Gaul under the Romans, the settlement of the Franks, and the early kings of the Merovingian race, his powers of generalization and philosophic observation are eminently conspicuous. They form, accordingly, by much the most interesting and instructive part of his history. But a closer examination will at once unfold the cause of this difference, and point to the chief changes of the graphic and antiquarian school of history. He generalized in the earlier volumes, because his materials were scanty; he has not done so in the later ones, because they were redundant. In the first instance, he saw

objects at a distance in their just proportions and, not being distracted with details, he threw broad lights and shadows over their great features; in the last, the objects were so near the eye, and the lights so perplexed and frequent, that he has in some degree lost sight of all general effect in his composition, or at least failed in conveying any lucid impression to the reader's mind.

In common with all later writers who have observed much or thought deeply on human affairs, M. Michelet is a firm believer in the inherent and indelible influence of *race*, both on the character and destiny of nations. His observations on this subject, especially on the peculiarities of the Celtic race, and their vital difference from the German, form one of the most interesting and valuable parts of his work. He traces the same character through the Scotch Highlanders, the mountaineers of Cumberland and Wales, the native Irish, the inhabitants of Brittany, and the mountaineers of Gascony and Bearn. On the other hand, the same national characteristics may be observed in the German race, under whatever climate and circumstances; in Saxony as in England; in the Swiss mountains as in the Dutch marshes; in the crowded marts of Flanders as in the solitude of the American forest. Of the inherent character of the Celtic race, he gives the following animated description:—

"The mixed races of Celts who are called French, can be rightly understood only by a study of the pure Celts, the Bretons and Welsh, the Scotch Highlanders and Irish peasants. While France, undergoing the yoke of repeated invasion, is marching through successive ages from slavery to freedom, from disgrace to glory, the old Celtic races, perched on their native mountains, or sequestered in their far distant isles, have remained faithful to the poetic independence of their barbarous life, till surprised by the rude hand of foreign conquest. It was in this state that England surprised, overwhelmed them;—vainly, however, has the Anglo-Saxon pressed upon them—they repel his efforts as the rocks of Brittany or Cornwall the surges of the Atlantic. The sad and patient Judea, which numbered its ages by its servitude, has not been more sternly driven from Asia. But such is the tenacity of the Celtic race, such the principle of life in nations, that they have endured every outrage, and still preserve inviolate the manners and customs of their forefathers. Race of granite! Immovable, like the huge Druidical blocks which they still regard with superstitious veneration.

"One might have expected that a race which remained for ever the same, while all was changing around it, would succeed in the end in conquering by the mere inert force of resistance, and would impress its character on the world. The very reverse has happened,—the more the race has been isolated, the more it has fallen into insignificance. To remain original, to resist all foreign intermixture, to repel all the ideas or improvements of the stranger, is to remain weak and isolated in the world. There is the secret of the Celtic race—there is the key to their whole history. It has

Determination
 of Affairs
 by Providence

never had but one idea,—it has communicated that to other nations, but it has received none from them. From age to age it has remained strong but limited, indescribable but humiliated, the enemy of the human race, and its eternal stain. Woful obstinacy of individuality, which proudly rests on itself alone, and repels all community with the rest of the world.

"The genius of the Celts, and above all of the Gauls, is vigorous and fruitful, strongly inclined to material enjoyments, to pleasure and sensuality. The pleasures of sex have ever exercised a powerful influence over them. They are still the most prolific of the human race. In France, the *Vert Galant* is the true national king. We know how marvellously the native Irish have multiplied and overflowed all the adjoining states. It was a common occurrence in Brittany, during the middle ages, for a seigneur to have a dozen wives. *They constantly praised themselves*, and sent forth their sons fearless to battle. Universally, among the Celtic nations, bastards succeeded, even among kings, as chief of the clan. Woman, the object of desire, the mere sport of voluptuousness, never attained the dignified rank assigned to her among nations of the German descent.

"No people recorded in history have resisted so stubbornly as the Celts. The Saxons were conquered by the Normans in a single battle; but Cambria contended two hundred years with the stranger. Their hopes sustain them after their independence is lost: an unconquerable will is the character of their race. While awaiting the day of its resurrection, it alternately sings and weeps: its chants are mingled with tears, as those of the Jews, when by the waters of Babylon they sat down and wept. The few fragments of Ossian which can really be relied on as ancient, have a melancholy character. Even our Bretons, though they have less reason to lament than the rest of the race, are sad and mournful in their ideas; their sympathy is with the Night, with Sorrow, with Death. 'I never sleep,' says a Breton proverb, 'but I die a bitter death.' To him who walks over a tomb they say, 'Withdraw from my domain.' They have little reason to be gay; all has conspired against them: Brittany and Scotland have attached themselves to the weaker side, to causes which were lost. The power of choosing its monarchs has been taken from the Celtic race since the mysterious stone, formerly brought from Ireland into Scotland, has been transported to Westminster.

"Ireland! Poor first-born of the Celtic race! So far from France, yet its sister, whom it cannot succour across the waves! The Isle of Saints—the Emerald Isle—so fruitful in men, so bright in genius!—the country of Berkeley and Toland, of Moore and O'Connell!—the land of bright thought and the rapid sword, which preserves, amidst the old age of this world, its poetic inspiration. Let the English smile when, in passing some hovel in their towns, they hear the Irish widow chant the coronach for her husband. Weep! mournful country; and let France too weep, for degradation which she cannot prevent—calamities which she

cannot avert! In vain have four hundred thousand Irishmen perished in the service of France. The Scotch Highlanders will ere long disappear from the face of the earth; the mountains are daily depopulating; the great estates have ruined the land of the Gaul as they did ancient Italy. The Highlander will ere long exist only in the romances of Walter Scott. The tartan and the claymore excite surprise in the streets of Edinburgh: they disappear—they emigrate; their national airs will ere long be lost, as the music of the Eolian harp when the winds are hushed.

"Behind the Celtic world, the old red granite of the European formation has arisen—a new world, with different passions, desires, and destinies. Last of the savage races which overflowed Europe, the Germans were the first to introduce the spirit of independence; the thirst for individual freedom. That bold and youthful spirit—that youth of man, who feels himself strong and free in a world which he appropriates to himself in anticipation—in forests of which he knows not the bounds—on a sea which wafts him to unknown shores—that spring of the unbroken horse which bears him to the Steppes and the Pampas—all worked in Alaric, when he swore that an unknown force impelled him to the gates of Rome; they impelled the Danish pirate when he rode on the stormy billow; they animated the Saxon outlaws when under Robin Hood they contended for the laws of Edward the Confessor against the Norman barons. That spirit of personal freedom, of unbounded individual pride, shines in all their writings—it is the invariable characteristic of the German theology and philosophy. From the day, when, according to the beautiful German fable, the 'Wargus' scattered the dust on all his relations, and threw the grass over his shoulder, and resting on his staff, overleapt the frail paternal enclosure, and let his plume float to the wind—from that moment he aspired to the empire of the world. He deliberated with Attila whether he should overthrow the empire of the east or west; he aspired with England to overspread the western and southern hemispheres.

"It is from this mingled spirit of poetry and adventure, that the whole idealism of the Germans has taken its rise. In their robust race is combined the heroic spirit and the wandering instinct—they unite alone the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' of modern times—gold and women were the objects of their early expeditions; but these objects had nothing sensual or degrading in them. Woman was the companion, the support of man; his counsel in difficulty, his guardian angel in war. Her graces, her charms, consisted in her courage, her constancy. Educated by a man—by a warrior—the virgin was early accustomed to the use of arms—'Gothorum gens perfida, sed pudica; Saxones crudelitate efferi sed castitate mirandi.' Woman in primitive Germany was bent to the earth beneath the weight of agricultural labour; but she became great in the dangers of war—the companion and partner of man—she shared his fate, and lightened his sorrows. 'Sic vi vendum, sic pereundum,' says Tacitus. She withdrew not from the field of battle—she faced

its horrors—she turned not aside from its blood. She was the Goddess of War—the charming and terrible spirit which at once animated its spirit, and rewarded its dangers—which inspired the fury of the charge, and soothed the last moments of the dying warrior. She was to be seen on the field of blood, as Edith the swan-necked sought the body of Harold after the defeat of Hastings, or the young Englishwoman, who, to find her lost husband, turned over the dead on the field of Waterloo.”—(Vol. I. pp. 150, 175.)

Fallacy of supposing the institutions
 “O si sic omnia!” The mind is rendered dizzy; it turns round as on the edge of a precipice by the reflections arising out of this animated picture. In truth may it be said, that these observations demolish at one blow the whole revolutionary theories of later times—they have turned the streams of French philosophy by their source. It was the cardinal point, the leading principle of the whole political speculation of the last half of the eighteenth century, that institutions were every thing, character nothing; that man was moulded entirely by the government or religion to which he was subjected; and that there was no essential difference in the disposition of the different races which had overspread the earth. The first half of the nineteenth century was spent in the practical application of this principle. The French Jacobins conceived themselves adequate to forge constitutions for the whole world, and sent forth their armies of starving republicans to force them at the point of the bayonet on all mankind. Less vehement in their constitutional propagandism, the English have been more persevering, and incomparably more pernicious. Their example allured, as much as the horrors of the Revolution repelled, mankind. The ardent, the generous, the philanthropic, everywhere sighed for the establishment of a government which should give them at once the energy of the British character, the glories of the British empire. And what has been the result?—The desolation of Spain, the ruin of Portugal, the depopulation and blasting of South America. Vain have been all attempts to transplant to nations of Celtic or Moorish descent, the institutions which grew and flourished among those of Anglo-Saxon blood. The ruin of the West India islands proves their inapplicability to those of negro extraction;—the everlasting distraction of Ireland, to those of unmixed Celtic blood. A century of bloodshed, devastation, and wretchedness will be spent ere mankind generally learn that there is an essential and indelible distinction between the character of the different races of men; and, in Montesquieu's words, “that no nation ever attained to durable greatness but by institutions in harmony with its spirit.”

Nor is there any foundation for the common observation, that this presents a melancholy view of human affairs; and that it is repugnant to our ideas of the beneficence of an overruling Providence to suppose that all nations are not adapted for the same elevating institutions. Are all nations blessed with the same climate, or soil, or productions? Will the vine and the olive flourish on every slope—the maize or the wheat on every plain? No. Every country has its own productions, riches, and advan-

tages; and the true wisdom of each is found to consist in cultivating the fruits, or developing the riches, which Nature has bestowed. It is the same in the moral world. All nations were not framed in the same mould, because all were not destined for the same ends. To some was given, for the mysterious but beneficent designs of Providence, excellence in arms, and the ensanguined glory of ruthless conquest; to others supremacy in commerce, and the mission of planting their colonies in distant lands; to a few, excellence in literature and the arts, and the more durable dominion over the thoughts and minds of men. What sort of a world would it be if all nations were sanguinary and barbarous like the Tartars—or meek and patient like the Hindoos? If they all had the thirst for conquest of the Grand Army—or the rage for transplanting the institutions of the English? We boast, and in some respects with reason, of our greatness, our power, our civilization. Is there any man amongst us who would wish to see that civilization universal, with its accompaniments of nearly a seventh* of the whole population of the empire paupers;—of Chartists, Socialists, Repealers, Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers, and landed selfishness?

As a specimen of Michelet's powers of description, we extract his account of the battle of Azincour:—

“The two armies presented a strange contrast. On the side of the French were three enormous squadrons, three forests of lances, who formed in the narrow plain, and drew up as they successively emerged from the defiles in their rear. In front were the Constables, the Princes, the Dukes of Orleans, Bar and Alençon, the Counts of Nevers, D'Eu, Richemont, and Vendome, amidst a crowd of barons, dazzling in gold and steel, with their banners floating in the air, their horses covered with scales of armour. The French had archers also, but composed of the commons only; the haughty seigneurs would not give them a place in their proud array. Every place was fixed; no one would surrender his own; the plebeians would have been a stain on that noble assembly. They had cannons also, but made no use of them: probably no one would surrender his place to them.”

“The English army was less brilliant in appearance. The archers, 10,000 in number, had no armour, often no shoes; they were rudely equipped with boiled skins, tied with osier wands, and strengthened by a bar of iron on their feet. Their hatchets and axes suspended from their girdles, gave them the appearance of carpenters. They all drew the bow with the left arm—those of France with the right. Many of these sturdy workmen had stripped to the shirt, to be the more at ease; first, in drawing the bow, and at last in wielding the hatchet, when they issued from their hedge of stakes to hew away at those immovable masses of horses.”

“It is an extraordinary but well authenticated fact, that the French army was so closely wedged together, and in great part so stuck in

* Viz.—1,446,000 in England and Wales; 76,000 in Scotland; and 2,000,000 in Ireland. In all, 3,522,000, out of 27,000,000.—Census of 1841.

the mud, that they could neither charge nor retreat; but just stood still to be cut to pieces. At the decisive moment, when the old Thomas of Erpingham arranged the English army, he threw his staff in the air, exclaiming, 'Now strike!' The shout of ten thousand voices was raised at once; but to their great surprise, the French army stood still. Men and horses seemed alike enchained or dead in their armour. In truth, these weighty war-horses, oppressed with the load of their armour and riders, were unable to move. *The French were thirty-two deep—the English only four.** That enormous depth rendered the great bulk of the French army wholly useless. The front ranks alone combated, and they were all killed. The remainder, unable either to advance or retreat, served only as a vast target to the unerring English arrows, which never ceased to rain down on the deep array. On the other hand, every Englishman wielded either his lance, his bow, or his hatchet, with effect. So thick was the storm of arrows which issued from the English stakes, that the French horsemen bent their heads to their saddle-bows, to avoid being pierced through their visors. Twelve hundred horse, impatient of the discharge, broke from the flanks, and charged. Hardly a tenth part reached the stakes, where they were pierced through, and soon fell beneath the English axes. Then those terrible archers issued from their

palisade, and hewed to pieces the confused mass of wounded horses, dismounted men, and furious steeds, which, galled by the incessant discharge of arrows, was now turmoiling in the bloody mud in which the chivalry of France was engulfed."—(Vol. IV. pp. 307, 311.)

We take leave of M. Michelet, at least for the present, as his work is only half finished, with admiration for his genius, respect for his erudition, and gratitude for the service he has rendered to history; but we cannot place him in the first rank of historians. He wants the art of massing objects and the spirit of general observation. His philosophy consists rather in drawing visions of the sequence of events, or speculations on an inevitable progress in human affairs, than an enlightened and manly recognition of a supreme superintendence. He unites two singularly opposite sets of principles—a romantic admiration for the olden time, though with a full and just appreciation of its evils, with a devout belief in the advent of a perfect state of society, the true efflorescence of the nation, in the equality produced by the Revolution. Yet is his work a great addition to European literature; and the writers of England would do well to look to their laurels, if they wish, against the able phalanx now arising on the other side of the Channel, to maintain the ancient place of their country in historic literature.

MILITARY TREASON AND CIVIC SOLDIERS.†

"I AM surprised," said Condorcet to Lafayette, upon seeing him enter the room in the uniform of a private of the National Guards of Paris, of which he had so recently been the commander,—*"I am surprised at seeing you, General, in that dress."*—"Not at all," replied Lafayette, *"I was tired of obeying, and wished to command, and therefore I laid down my general's commission, and took a musket on my shoulder."*—"Gnaeus," says Tacitus, *"bellis civilibus, plus militibus quam ducibus licere."* It is curious to observe how, in the most remote ages, popular license produces effects so precisely similar.

Of the numerous delusions which have overspread the world in such profusion during the last nine months, there is none so extraordinary and so dangerous as the opinion incessantly inculcated by the revolutionary press, that the noblest virtue in regular soldiers is to prove themselves traitors to their oaths, and that a national guard is the only safe and constitutional force to whom arms can be intrusted. The troops of the line, whose revolt decided the

three days in July in favour of the revolutionary party, have been the subject of the most extravagant eulogium from the liberal press throughout Europe; and even in this country, the government journals have not hesitated to condemn, in no measured terms, the Royal Guard, merely because they adhered, amidst a nation's treason, to their honour and their oaths.

Hitherto it has been held the first duty of soldiers to adhere with implicit devotion to that *fidelity* which is the foundation of military duties. Treason to his colours has been considered as foul a blot on the soldier's scutcheon as cowardice in the field. Even in the most republican states, this principle of military subordination has been felt to be the vital principle of national strength. It was during the rigorous days of Roman discipline, that their legions conquered the world; and the decline of the empire began at the time that the Prætorian Guards veered with the mutable populace, and sold the empire for a gratuity to themselves. Albeit placed in power by the insurrection of the people, no men knew better than the French republican leaders that their salvation depended on crushing the military subordination to which they had owed their elevation. When the Parisian levies began to evince a mutinous spirit in the camp at St

*This formation was the same on both sides, when Napoleon's Imperial Guard attacked the British Guards at Waterloo.—See the indelible difference of race.

†Blackwood's Magazine, April, 1831: written nine months after the Revolution in Paris of 1830. It forms No. IV. on the French Revolution in that miscellany.

Menehould, in Champagne, which they had imbibed during the license of the capital, Dumourier drew them up in the centre of his intrenchments, and showing them a powerful line of cavalry in front, with their sabres drawn, ready to charge, and a stern array of artillery and cannoners in rear, with their matches in their hands, soon convinced the most licentious that the boasted independence of the soldier must yield to the dangers of actual warfare.* "The armed force," said Carnot, "is essentially obedient; it acts but should never deliberate," and in all his commands, that great man incessantly inculcated upon his soldiers the absolute necessity of implicit submission to the power which employed them.† When the recreant Constable de Bourbon, at the head of a victorious squadron of Spanish cavalry, approached the spot where the rear-guard, under the Chevalier Bayard, was covering the retreat of the French army in the Valley of Aosta, he found him seated, mortally wounded, under a tree, with his eyes fixed on the cross which formed the hilt of his sword. Bourbon began to express pity for his fate. "Pity not me," said the high-minded Chevalier; "pity those who fight against their king, their country, and their oath."

These generous feelings, common alike to republican antiquity and modern chivalry, have disappeared during the fumes of the French Revolution. The soldier who is now honoured, is not he who keeps, but he who violates his oath; the rewards of valour showered, not upon those who defend, but those who overturn the government; the incense of popular applause offered, not at the altar of fidelity, but at that of treason. Honours, rewards, promotion, and adulation, have been lavished on the troops of the line, who overthrew the government of Charles X. in July last, while the Royal Guard, who adhered to the fortune of the falling monarch with exemplary fidelity, have been reduced to *beg their bread* from the bounty of strangers in a foreign land. A subscription has recently been opened in London for the most destitute of those defenders of royalty; but the government journals have stigmatized, as "highly dangerous," any indication of sympathy with their fidelity or their misfortunes.‡

If these ancient ideas of honour, however, are to be exploded, they have at least gone out of fashion in good company. The National Guard, who took up arms to overthrow the throne, have not been long in destroying the altar. During the revolt of February, 1831, *the Cross*, the emblem of salvation, was taken down from all the steeples in Paris by the citizen soldiers, and the image of our Saviour effaced, by their orders, from every church within its bounds! The two principles stand and fall together. The Chevalier, without fear and without reproach, died in obedience to his oath, with his eyes fixed on the Cross; the National Guard lived in triumph, while their comrades bore down the venerated emblem from the towers of Notre Dame.

"I can discover no other reason for the uniform progress of the republic," says Cicero, "but the constant sense of religion which has actuated its members. In numbers the Spaniards excel us—in military ardour, the Gauls—in hardihood and obstinacy, the Germans—but in veneration to the gods, and fidelity to their oaths, the Roman people exceed any nation that ever existed." We shall see whether the present times are destined to form an exception from these principles; whether treason and infidelity are to rear the fabric in modern, which fidelity and religion constructed in ancient times.

The extreme peril of such principles renders the inquiry interesting.—What have been the effects of military treachery in times past? Has it aided the cause of virtue, strengthened the principles of freedom, contributed to the prosperity of mankind? Or has it unhinged the fabric of society, blasted the cause of liberty, blighted the happiness of the people?

The first great instance of military treachery in recent times, occurred in the revolt of the French Guards, in June, 1789. That unparalleled event immediately brought on the Revolution. The fatal example rapidly spread to the other troops brought up to overawe the capital, and the king, deprived of the support of his own troops, was soon compelled to submit to the insurgents. It was these soldiers, not the mob of Paris, who stormed the Bastille; all the efforts of the populace were unavailing till those regular troops occupied the adjoining houses, and supported tumultuary enthusiasm by military skill.

Extravagant were the eulogiums, boundless the gratitude, great the rewards, which were showered down on the *Gardes Françaises* for this shameful act of treachery. Never were men the subjects of such extraordinary adulation. Wine and women, gambling and intoxication, flattery and bribes, were furnished in abundance. And what was the consequence? The ancient honour of the Guards of France, of those guards who saved the Body Guards at Fontenoy, and inherited a line of centuries of splendour, perished without redemption on that fatal occasion. Tarnished in reputation, disunited in opinion, humbled in character, the regiment fell to pieces from a sense of its own shame; the early leader of the Revolution, its exploits never were heard of through all the career of glory which followed; and the first act of revolt against their sovereign was the last act of their long and renowned existence.

Nor were the consequences of this unexamplified defection less dangerous to France than to the soldiers who were guilty of it. The insubordination, license, and extravagance of revolt were fatal to military discipline, and brought France to the brink of ruin. The disaffected soldiers, as has been observed in all ages, were intrepid only against their own sovereign. When they were brought to meet the armies of Prussia and Austria, they all took to flight; and on one occasion, by the admission of Dumourier himself, ten thousand regular soldiers fled from one thousand five hundred Prussian hussars. A little more energy

* Mem. de Dumourier, iii. 172.

† Carnot's Memoirs, 73.

‡ Courier.

and ability in the allied commanders would have then destroyed the revolutionary government.

Notwithstanding all the enthusiasm of the people, the weakness of insubordination continued to paralyze all the efforts of the republican armies. France was again invaded, and brought to the brink of ruin in 1793, and the tide was then, for the first time, turned, when the iron rule of the mob began, and the terrific grasp of Carnot and Robespierre extinguished all those principles of military license which had so much been the subject of eulogium at the commencement of the Revolution.

Did this abandonment of military duty serve the cause of freedom, or increase the prosperity of France? Did it establish liberty on a secure basis, or call down the blessings of posterity? It led immediately to all the anguish and suffering of the Revolution—the murder of the king—the anarchy of the kingdom—the reign of terror—the despotism of Napoleon. They forgot their loyalty amidst the glitter of prostitution and the fumes of intoxication; their successors were brought back to it by the iron rule of the Committee of Public Safety: they revolted against the beneficent sway of a reforming monarch: they brought on their country a tyranny, which the pencil of Tacitus would hardly be able to portray.

The revolt of the Spanish troops at the Isle of Leon, in 1819, was the next great example of military defection. What have been its consequences? Has Spain improved in freedom—risen in character—augmented in wealth, since that glorious insurrection? It raised up, for a few years, the phantom of a constitutional throne, ephemeral as the dynasties of the east, pestilent as the breath of contagion. Spain was rapidly subjugated when it rested on such defenders—treason blasted their efforts, and the nation, which had gloriously resisted for six years the formidable legions of Napoleon, sunk under the first attack of an inexperienced army of invaders led by a Bourbon prince. Since that time, to what a deplorable condition has Spain been reduced! Depressed by domestic tyranny, destitute of foreign influence—the ridicule and scorn of Europe—this once great power has almost been blotted from the book of nations.

Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont, all had military revolutions about the same time. Have they improved the character, bettered the condition, extended the freedom, of these countries? They have, on the contrary, established constitutions, the failure and absurdity of which have brought the cause of freedom itself into disrepute. The valiant revolters against the Neapolitan throne fled at the first sight of the Austrian battalions; and the free institutions of Piedmont and Portugal, without foreign aggression, have all fallen from their own inherent weakness. All these premature attempts to introduce freedom by military revolt, have failed; and sterner despotism succeeded, from the moral reaction consequent on their disappearance.

Great part of the armies in South America revolted from the Spanish throne, and success

has crowned their endeavours. What has been the consequence? Anarchy, confusion, and military confiscation—the rule of bayonets instead of that of mitres—suffering, dilapidation, and ruin, which have caused even the leaden yoke of the Castilian monarch to be regretted.

At length the glorious days of July, 1830, arrived, and the declaration of the whole regular troops of the line in Paris against the government, at once decided the contest in favour of the populace. Never was more extravagant praise bestowed on any body of men, than on the soldiers who had been guilty of this act of treason. It is worth while, therefore, to examine what have been its effects, and whether the cause of freedom has really been benefitted in France by the aid of treachery.

The French nation has got quit of the priest-ridden, imbecile race of monarchs; men whose principles were arbitrary, habits indolent, intellects weak; who possessed the inclination, but wanted the capacity to restrain the liberty of their people.

They have terminated a pacific era, during which the country made unexampled progress in wealth, industry, and prosperity; during which many of the wounds of the Revolution were closed, and new channels of opulence opened; during which the principles of real freedom struck deeply their roots, and the industrious habits were extensively spread, which can alone afford security for their continuance.

They have begun, instead, the career of anarchy and popular tyranny. Industry has been paralyzed, credit suspended, prosperity blighted. Commercial undertakings have ceased, distrust succeeded to confidence—despair to hope—the victims of the Revolution have disappeared, and the poor who gained it are destitute of bread.

They have begun again the career of Republican ambition and foreign aggression; they aim openly at revolutionizing other countries, and they are unable to maintain the government they have established in their own. The Conscription is again rending asunder the affections of private life; the fountains of domestic happiness are closed; and war, with its excitements and its dangers, is again threatening to rouse the energies of its population. In the shock of contending factions, liberty is fast expiring. The imbecility of Polignac has been succeeded by the energy of Soult—the arbitrary principles of feeble priests is about to yield to the unbending despotism of energetic republicans.

By the confession of the journals who support the Revolution, its advantages are all to come; bitter and unpalatable have been its fruits to this hour. The three per cents. have fallen from 80 to 50; twelve thousand workmen, without bread, in Paris alone, are maintained on the public works; great part of the banks and mercantile houses are bankrupt; Lafitte himself is barely solvent; the opulent classes are rapidly leaving the capital; no one expends his fortune; universal distrust and apprehension have dried up the sources of industry.

Danger to Gov. from military Ambition.

The government, blown about with every wind of doctrine, is wholly unable to prevent the downward progress of the Revolution. As usual in public convulsions, the audacious, the reckless, the desperate, are pressing forward to the front ranks, and the moderate and rational sinking into obscurity. The *Doctrinaires* were subverted by the tumults in October; their successors by the crisis in December; the last ministers, by the explosion in February. Without authority, power, or influence, the throne is rapidly falling into contempt; the private virtues and firm character of the king, are alone adequate to stem the swelling flood of democracy.

Impelled by revolutionary ambition into foreign war, the government of France, whether republican or monarchical, must inevitably become despotic. If the allies succeed, the Bourbons will be restored at the point of the bayonet. If the republicans are victorious, military despotism will speedily be established. The victorious legions will not surrender the authority they have won. A second successful commander will, under the name of Consul, Dictator, or Emperor, re-establish the empire of the sword. After drenching Europe with blood, democratic ambition will in the end find itself mastered by the power it has produced; victorious or vanquished, it will prove fatal to its parent freedom.

Such have been the fruits of military treachery in France.

Does Belgium afford a more flattering prospect to the advocates of military defection? Has treason, pestilential and blasting elsewhere, there brought forth the sweet and lasting fruits of peace, tranquillity, and industry? Is the independence of Flanders as secure, its commerce as flourishing, its people as contented, its agriculture as prosperous, its poor as well fed, as under the hateful reign of the Orange dynasty? By the admission of the advocates of revolution, according to the statement of M. Potter himself, they have gained only anarchy and wretchedness, "discord within, contempt without—the intrigues of kings—the divisions of faction—the apathy of despair."

Effects so uniform, consequences so unvarying, must spring from some common cause. Victorious or vanquished, military treachery has proved fatal to every state where it has prevailed: it has everywhere blighted industry, shaken credit, destroyed freedom. Liberty has never suffered so much as from the rude and sacrilegious hands of such defenders.

"It must constantly be understood, and it is not sufficiently recollected," said Guizot in the Chamber of Deputies on the 3d of February, 1831, "that freedom is never in such danger as after a successful revolution. Habits cannot be conceived so much at variance with the protection of the people as the excitation, ambition, and misrule, which arise from their first triumph." These were the words of the republican minister established in office by the revolt in July; after he had been driven from the helm by the increasing vigour of the democratic faction to which he owed his elevation.

If the matter be considered coolly, it must at once appear that freedom never can be purchased

by the revolt of soldiers; and that the military treachery which is so much the object of eulogium, is more dangerous to the liberty which has excited it, than to any other human interest.

Freedom consists in the coercion of each class by the jealousies and exertions of the others. The crown is watched by the people, the aristocracy by the crown, the populace by the aristocracy. It is the jealousy and efforts of these different interests to keep each other within due bounds, which form the balance of power indispensable to civil liberty. Without such an equilibrium, one or other of the constituent bodies must be crushed, and the ascendancy of the other rendered subversive of general freedom.

But when an established government is overturned by a revolt of its own soldiers, the event occurs which is of all others the most fatal to public liberty, viz., the destruction of subsisting power by an armed and limited class in the state. The bayonet becomes thenceforward the irresistible argument of the dominant body, and liberty, exterminated by its own defenders, sinks in the struggle which was created in her name.

It is quite in vain to expect that men of reckless and licentious habits, like the majority of soldiers in every country, will quietly resign the supreme authority after having won it at the peril of their lives. Individuals sometimes may make such a sacrifice—large bodies never have, and never will. The Prætorian Guards of Rome, and the Janizaries of Constantinople, have often revolted against the reigning power, and bestowed the throne on their own favourite; but it has never been found that general freedom was improved by the result, or that individuals were better defended against oppression after it than before.

Freedom cannot be established in a day by the successful issue of a single revolt.—Its growth is as slow as that of industry in the individual: its preservation dependent on the establishment of regular habits, and the maintenance of a courageous spirit in the people. Nothing can be so destructive to these habits as a successful revolt of the soldiery. The ambition which it awakens, the sudden elevation which it confers, the power which it lodges in armed and inexperienced hands, are, of all things, the most fatal to the sober, patient and unobtrusive habits, which are the parent of real freedom. The industry, frugality, and moderation of pacific life, appear intolerable to men who are dazzled by the glittering prospect of revolutionary triumph.

A successful insurrection in the army lodges supreme authority at once in an armed force. No power capable of counteracting it remains. The majesty of the throne, the sense of duty, the sanctity of an oath, the awe of the legislature, have all been set at naught. The energy of the citizens has never been developed, because the revolt of the soldiers terminated the contest before their support was required. The struggle has depended entirely between the throne and the army; the interest of the state can never be promoted by the victory of either of these contending parties.

This is the circumstance which must always

render treason in the army destructive to lasting freedom. It terminates the struggle at once, before any impulse has been communicated to the unarmed citizens, or they have acquired the vigour and military prowess which is alone capable of controlling them. The people merely change masters; instead of the king and his ministers, they get the general and his officers. The rule of the sovereign is looked back to with bitter regret, when men have tasted of the severity of military license, and experienced the rigour of military execution. Whereas, during the vicissitudes of a civil war, the energy of all classes is brought into action, and the chance of obtaining ultimate freedom improved by the very difficulty with which it has been won. The British constitution, the gradual result of repeated contests between the crown and the people, has subsisted unimpaired for centuries—the French, effected at once by the treachery of the army, has been as short-lived as the popularity of its authors. There is no royal road to freedom any more than to geometry; it is by patient exertion and progressive additions to their influence, that freedom is acquired by nations not less than eminence by individuals.

What then, it may be asked, are soldiers to do when a sovereign like Charles X. promulgates ordinances subversive of public freedom? Are they to make themselves the willing instrument in enslaving their fellow citizens? We answer, Certainly; if they have any regard for the ultimate maintenance of their liberty. If illegal measures have been adopted, let them be repealed by the civil authorities or by the efforts of the people; but never let the soldiers take the initiative in attempting their overthrow. The interests of liberty require this as indispensably as those of order. Nothing short of an unanimous declaration of the national will by the higher classes, should lead to a defection from loyalty on the part of its sworn defenders.

In former times, no doubt, many examples have occurred of the incipient efforts of freedom being entirely extinguished by military execution; but no such catastrophe need be apprehended in countries where the press is established; the republicans themselves have everywhere proclaimed this truth. The opinions and interests of the many must prevail where their voice is heard. The only thing to be feared for them is from their own passions. The only danger to liberty in such circumstances is from its own defenders; the violence to be apprehended is not that of the throne, but of the populace.

No stronger proof of this can be imagined than has been furnished by the recent revolution in France and Belgium. The revolt of the soldier at once established the rule of the mob in these countries, and put an end, for a long time at least, to every hope of freedom. What security is there afforded for property, life, or character? Confessedly none; every thing is determined by the bayonet of the National Guard and army; neither the throne nor the people can withstand them. Freedom was as little confirmed by their revolt, as at Constantinople by an insurrection of the Janizaries.

Liberty in France was endangered for the moment by the ordinances of the Bourbons: it has been destroyed by the insurrection planned to overthrow them. Freedom, supported as it then was, by an energetic and democratic press, and a republican population, ran no risk of permanent injury from the intrigues of the court. A priest-ridden monarch, guided by imbecile ministers, could never have subjugated an ardent, high-spirited, and democratic people.

But the danger is very different from the energy of the republicans, and the ambition of the soldiers. Marshal Soult and his bayonets are not so easily dealt with as Prince Polignac and his Jesuits. The feeble monarchy of Louis XVI. was overturned with ease; the terrible Committee of Public Safety, the despotic Directory, the energetic sway of Napoleon, ruled the Revolution, and crushed freedom, even in its wildest fits. Three days' insurrection destroyed the feeble government of Charles. A revolt ten times more formidable was crushed with ease by the military power of the Convention.

Had the soldiers not revolted in July, what would have been the consequence? The insurrection in Paris, crushed by a garrison of twelve thousand men, would have speedily sunk. A new Chamber, convoked on the basis of the royal ordinance, would have thrown the ministers into a minority in the Chamber of Deputies, and by them the obnoxious measure would have been repealed. If there is any truth in the growing influence of public opinion, so uniformly maintained by liberal writers, this must have been the result. No representatives chosen by any electors in France, could have withstood the odium which supporting the measures of the court would have produced. Thus liberty would have been secured without exciting the tempest which threatens its own overthrow. Public credit, private confidence, general prosperity, would have been maintained; the peace of the world preserved; the habits conducive to a state of national freedom engendered.

What have been the consequences of the boasted treachery of the troops of the line in July? The excitation of revolutionary hopes; the rousing of democratic ambition; a ferment in society; the abandonment of useful industry; the government of the mob; the arming of France; the suspension of pacific enterprise. A general war must in the end ensue from its effects. Europe will be drenched with blood, and whatever be the result, it will be equally fatal to the cause of freedom. If the aristocracy prevail, it will be the government of the sword; if the populace, of the guillotine.

A civil war in France would have been far more serviceable to the cause of real liberty than the sudden destruction of the government by the revolt of the army. In many periods of history, freedom has emerged from the collision of different classes in society, in none from military insubordination.

If Charles I. had possessed a regular army, and it had betrayed its trust on the first breaking out of the great Rebellion, would the result have been as favourable to the cause of liberty, as the long contest which ensued? Nothing

can be clearer than that it would not. No greater consequences would have followed such a revolt, than any of the insurrections of the barons against the princes of York and Lancaster. A revolution so easily achieved, would as easily have been abandoned: liberty would never have been gained, because the trials had not been endured by which it is to be won. The only security for its continuance is to be found in the energy and courage of the citizens: it is not by witnessing the destruction of government by a mutinous soldiery that these habits are to be acquired.

Soldiers, therefore, who adhere to their honour and their oaths, are in reality the best friends of the cause of freedom. They prevent the struggle for its maintenance from being converted into a mortal combat, in which the victory of either party must prove fatal to the very object for which they are contending. They prevent the love of independence from being transformed into the spirit of insubordination, and the efforts of freedom blasted by the violence of popular, or the irresistible weight of military ambition. They turn the spirit of liberty into a pacific channel; and averting it from that direction where it falls under the rule of violence, retain it in that where wisdom and foresight duly regulate its movements.

The institution of a *National Guard*, of which so much is now said, is not less the subject of delusion, than the boasted treachery of regular soldiers.

Citizen soldiers are most valuable additions to the force of a regular army, and when actuated by a common and patriotic feeling, they are capable of rendering most effective service to the state. The landwehr of Prussia, and the volunteers of Russia, sufficiently demonstrated that truth during the campaigns of 1812 and 1813.

They are a valuable force also for preserving domestic tranquillity up to a certain point, when little real peril is to be encountered, and a display of moral opinion is of more weight than the exertion of military prowess. But they are a force that cannot be relied on during the shades of opinion which take place in a revolution, and still less in the perilous strife which follows the actual collision of one class of the state with another. This has been completely demonstrated during both the French Revolutions.

The National Guard of Paris was first embodied on the 20th July, 1789, a week after the capture of the Bastille. During the first fervour of the revolutionary ardour, and before the strife of faction had brought the opposite parties into actual contest, they frequently rendered effective service to the cause of order. On more than one occasion, headed by Lafayette, they dispersed seditious assemblages, and once, in June, 1792, were brought to fire upon the Jacobins in the Champ de Mars. But whenever matters approached a crisis, when the want and suffering consequent on a revolution had brought forward angry bodies of workmen from the Faubourg; when the question was not one of turning out to parade, but of fighting an exasperated multitude, they uniformly failed.

The citizen soldiers, headed by Lafayette were under arms in great force on the 5th October, 1789, when a furious rabble marched to Versailles, broke into and plundered the palace, attempted to murder the queen, and brought the Royal Family in captivity to Paris, preceded by the heads of their faithful Body Guards. They refused for five hours to listen to the entreaties of their commander to march to protect the palace of the king against that atrocious insult; and when they did go, were too irresolute to prevent the violence which followed.

They stood by on 20th June, 1792, when a vociferous rabble broke into the hall of the Assembly, threatening the obnoxious deputies with instant death; when they rushed into the Palace of the Tuileries, pushed their pikes at the breast of Louis, placed the Cap of Liberty on his head, and brought the Royal Family and the monarchy into imminent danger.

They assembled at the sound of the *général*, when the Fauxbourgs rose in revolt on the 10th August, and their dense battalions, plentifully supported by cavalry and artillery, accumulated in great force round the Tuileries. But division, irresolution, and timidity, paralyzed their ranks. First the Gendarmerie deserted to the assailants; then the cannoniers unloaded their guns; several battalions next joined the insurgents, and the few that remained faithful were so completely paralyzed by the general defection of their comrades, that they were unable to render any effective support to the Swiss Guard. From amidst a forest of citizen bayonets, the monarch was dragged a captive to the Temple, and the government of France yielded up to a sanguinary rabble. Seven thousand National Guards, on that day, yielded up their sovereign to a despicable rabble; as many hundred faithful regular soldiers in addition to the heroic Swiss Guard would have established his throne and prevented the Reign of Terror.

When Lafayette, indignant at the atrocities of the Jacobins, repaired to Paris from the army, and assigned a rendezvous at his house, in the evening of June 27, 1792, to the National Guard, of which he had so lately been the popular commander, in order to march against the Jacobin club, only thirty men obeyed the summons. The immense majority evinced a fatal apathy, and surrendered up their country, without a struggle, to the empire of the Jacobins.

When Louis, Marie Antoinette, and the Princess Elisabeth, were successively led out to the scaffold; when the brave and virtuous Madame Roland became the victim of the freedom she had worshipped; when Vergniaud and the illustrious leaders of the Gironde were brought to the block; when Danton and Camille Desmoulins were destroyed by the mob whom they excited, the National Guard lined the streets and attended the cars to the guillotine.

When the executions rose to a hundred daily; when the shopkeepers closed their windows, to avoid witnessing the dismal spectacle of the long procession which was approaching the scaffold; when a ditch was dug to convey the

National Guard
 of Paris
 of 1792

blood of the victims to the Seine; when France groaned under tyranny, unequalled since the beginning of the world, forty thousand National Guards; with arms in their hands, looked on in silent observation of the mournful spectacle.

When indignant nature revolted at the cruelty; when, by a generous union, the members of all sides of the Assembly united, the power of the tyrants was shaken; when Robespierre was declared *hors la loi*, and the *général* was beat to summon the citizen soldiers to make a last effort in behalf, not only of their country, but of their own existence, only three thousand obeyed the summons! Thirty-seven thousand declined to come forward in the contest for their lives, their families, and every thing that was dear to them. With this contemptible force was Robespierre besieged in the Hotel de Ville; and but for the fortunate and unforeseen defection of the cannoneers of the Fauxbourgs in the Place de Grève, the tyrants would have been successful, the Assembly destroyed, and the reign of the guillotine perpetuated on the earth.

When the reaction in favour of the victors, on the 9th Thermidor, had roused the Parisian population against the sanguinary rule of the Convention; when, encouraged by the contemptible force at the disposal of government, forty thousand of the National Guard assaulted five thousand regular soldiers, in position at the Tuileries, on Oct. 31, 1795, Napoleon showed what reliance could be placed on the citizen soldiers. With a few discharges of artillery he checked the advance of the leading battalions, spread terror through their dense columns, and a revolt, which was expected to overthrow the tyranny of the delegates of the people, terminated by the establishment of military despotism.

When Augereau, on 4th Sept., 1797, at the command of the Directory, seized sixty of the popular leaders of the legislature; when the law of the sword began, and all the liberties of the Revolution were about to be sacrificed at the altar of military violence, the National Guard declined to move, and saw their fellow-citizens, the warmest supporters of their liberties, carried into captivity and exile, without attempting a movement in their behalf.

When Napoleon overthrew the government in 1800; when, like another Cromwell, he seized the fruits of another Revolution; when he marched his grenadiers into the council of Five Hundred, and made the stern rule of the sword succeed to the visions of enthusiastic freedom, the National Guard remained quiet spectators of the destruction of their country's liberties, and testified the same submission to the reign of military, which they had done to that of democratic violence.

The National Guard was re-organized in August, 1830, and their conduct since that time has been the subject of unmeasured eulogium from all the liberal journals of Europe. The throne was established by their bayonets; the Citizen King has thrown himself upon their support; they were established in great force in every quarter of Paris, and the public tranquillity intrusted to their hands. History has a right to inquire what they have done to justify the high praises of their supporters, and how

far the cause of order and rational liberty has gained by their exertions.

They had the history of the former Revolution clearly before their eyes; they knew well, by dear-bought experience, that when popular violence is once roused, it overthrows all the bulwarks both of order and freedom; they were supported by all the weight of government: they had every thing at stake, in keeping down the ferment of the people. With so many motives to vigorous action, what have they done?

They permitted an unruly mob of thirty thousand persons to assemble round the Palace of Louis Philippe, on October 25, 1830, and so completely shatter his infant authority, that he was obliged to dismiss the able and philosophic Guizot, the greatest historian of France, and the whole cabinet of the *Doctrinaires*, from his councils, to make way for republican leaders of sterner mould, and better adapted to the increasing violence of the popular mind.

At the trial of Polignac, the whole National Guard of Paris and the departments in the neighbourhood, seventy thousand strong, was assembled in the capital; and what was the proof which the government gave of confidence in their loyalty and efficiency in the cause of order? Albeit encamped, as Lafayette said, at the Luxembourg, amidst twenty thousand National Guards, four thousand troops of the line, three thousand cavalry, and forty pieces of artillery, the government *did not venture* to withdraw the state prisoners to Vincennes in daylight; and, but for the stratagem of Montalivet, in getting them secretly conveyed away in the middle of the night, in his own caleche, from the midst of that vast encampment of citizen soldiers, they would have been murdered in the street, within sight of that very supreme tribunal which had pronounced that sentence, and saved their lives.

At that critical moment, the cannoneers of the National Guard, placed with their pieces at the Louvre, declared, that, if matters came to extremities, they would have turned their cannon *against* the government. Great part of the infantry, it was found, could not be relied on. The agitation occasioned by these events produced another change in the ministry, but no additional security to the throne.

In February last, the National Guard joined the populace in pillaging the palace of the Archbishop of Paris; and joining in the infernal cry against every species of religion, scaled every steeple in Paris, with sacrilegious hands tore down the cross from their summits, and disgraced their uniforms by effacing the image of our Saviour in all the churches in the metropolis. The apathy and irresolution of the National Guard in repressing the disorder of the populace on this occasion, was such as to call for a reproof even from the most ardent supporters of republican institutions. The consequence has been a third change of ministers in little more than six months.

The Paris journals are daily full of the distress of the labouring classes, the stagnation of commercial enterprise, the want of confidence, and the disgraceful tumults which incessantly agitate the public mind, and have

prevented the resumption of any industrial occupation. All this takes place in the midst, and under the eye of fifty thousand National Guards, in the city alone.

History will record that the National Guard of France was instituted in 1789, for the consolidation of free institutions, and the preservation of public tranquillity.

That since its establishment, the government and prevailing institutions have been the subject of incessant change; that they have had in turn a constitutional monarchy, a fierce democracy, a sceptre of blood, a military constitution, a despotic consulate, an imperial throne, a regulated monarchy, and a citizen king.

That during their guardianship, a greater number of lives have perished in civil war—a greater number of murders taken place on the scaffold—a greater extent of confiscation of fortune been inflicted—a greater quantity of wealth destroyed—a greater degree of violence exerted by the people—a greater sum of anguish endured—than in an equal extent of time and population, in any age or country, since the beginning of the world!

That it has almost invariably failed at the decisive moment; that, instituted for the defence of property, it has connived at unheard-of spoliation; appointed for the preservation of order, its existence has been chiefly signalized by misrule; charged with the defence of life, it has permitted blood to flow in ceaseless torrents.

Nothing therefore can be more unfounded in fact, than the applause so generally bestowed on this popular institution, considered as the sole or principal support of government.—It has been of value only as an auxiliary to the regular force; it is utterly unserviceable in the crisis of civil warfare; and is then only of real utility when some common patriotic feeling has sunk all minor shades of opinion in one general emotion.

It is impossible it ever should be otherwise—citizen soldiers are extremely serviceable when they are subjected to the bonds of discipline, and obedient to the orders of the supreme power. But when they take upon themselves to discuss the measures or form of government, and instead of obeying orders to canvass principles, there is an end not only of all efficiency in their force, but of all utility in their institution. Fifty thousand legislators, with bayonets in their hands, form a hopeless National Assembly.

This is the circumstance which, in every decisive crisis between the opposing parties, paralyzed the National Guard of Paris, and to the end of time will paralyze all volunteer troops in similar extremities: They shared in the opinions of their fellow-citizens; they were members of clubs, as well as the unarmed multitude; they were as ready to fight with each other, as with the supporters of anarchy. The battalions drawn from the Fauxbourg St. Germain or the quarters of the Palais Royal, and the Chaussee d'Antin, were disposed to support the monarchy; but those from the Fauxbourg St. Antoine and St. Marceau, were as determined to aid the cause of democracy; and in this divided state, the battalions of a

democratic cast, from their superior numbers, acquired a fatal ascendancy.

The case would be the same in London if a similar crisis should arrive. The battalions from the Regent Park, Regent Street, Piccadilly, the West End, and all the opulent quarters, might be relied on to support the cause of order; but what could be expected from those raised in Wapping, Deptford, St. Giles, Spitalfields, or all the innumerable lanes and alleys of the city, and its eastern suburbs? If the National Guard of London were an hundred thousand strong, at least twenty thousand of them would, from their habits, inclinations, and connections, side, on the first real crisis, with the democratic party.

It is a fatal delusion to suppose that at all events, and in all circumstances, the National Guard would be inclined to support the cause of order, and prevent the depredation from which they would be first to suffer:—They unquestionably would be inclined to do so up to a certain point of danger, and as long as they believed that the ruling power in the state was likely to prove victorious. But no sooner does the danger become more urgent, no sooner does the government run the risk of defeat, than the National Guard is paralyzed, from the very circumstance of its being in great part composed of men of property. The great capitalist is the most timid animal in existence; next comes the great shopkeeper, lastly the little tradesman. Their resolution is inversely as their wealth. In all ages, desperate daring valour has been found in the greatest degree amongst the lowest class of society. The multiplied enjoyments of life render men unwilling to incur the risk of losing them.

No sooner, therefore, does the democratic party appear likely to become victorious, than the shopkeepers of the National Guard begin to think only of extricating their private affairs from the general ruin. *Savez qui peut* is then, if not the general cry, at least the general feeling. The merchant sees before him a dismal vista of sacked warehouses and burnt stores; the manufacturer, of insurgent workmen and suspended orders; the tradesman, of pillaged shops and ruined custom. Despairing of the commonwealth, they recur, as all men do in evident peril, to the unerring instinct of self-preservation; and from the magnitude of their stake, fall under the influence of this apprehension long before it has reached the lower and more reckless classes of society.

Admirable, therefore, as an auxiliary to the regular force in case of peril from foreign invasion, a National Guard is not to be relied on during the perils and divisions of civil conflict. It always has, and always will fail in extremity, when a war of opinion agitates the state.

The only sure support of order in such unhappy circumstances is to be found in a numerous and honourable body of regular soldiers. Let not the sworn defender of order be tainted by the revolutionary maxim, that the duties of the citizen are superior to those of the soldier, and that nature formed them as men, before society made them warriors. The first duty of a soldier, the first principle of

military honour, is fidelity to the executive power. In crushing an insurrection of the populace in a mixed government, he is not enslaving his fellow-citizens; he is only turning the efforts of freedom into their proper channel, and preventing the contest of opinion from degenerating into that of force. Liberty has as much to hope from his success as tran-

quillity: nothing is so fatal to its establishment as the violence exerted for its extension. In this as in other instances, it is not lawful to do evil that good may come of it; and philosophy will at length discover, what reason and religion have long ago taught, that the only secure foundation for ultimate expedience, is the present discharge of duty.

ARNOLD'S ROME.*

The history of Rome will remain, to the latest age of the world, the most attractive, the most useful, and the most elevating subject of human contemplation. It must ever form the basis of a liberal and enlightened education; it must ever present the most important object to the contemplation of the statesman; it must ever exhibit the most heart-stirring record to the heart of the soldier. Modern civilization, the arts, and the arms, the freedom and the institutions of Europe around us, are the bequest of the Roman legions. The roads which we travel are, in many places, those which these indomitable pioneers of civilization first cleared through the wilderness of nature; the language which we speak is more than half derived from Roman words; the laws by which we are protected have found their purest fountains in the treasures of Roman jurisprudence; the ideas in which we glory are to be found traced out in the fire of young conception in the Roman writers. In vain does the superficial acquirement, or shallow variety, of modern liberalism seek to throw off the weight of obligation to the grandeur or virtue of antiquity; in vain are we told that useful knowledge is alone worthy of cultivation, that ancient fables have gone past, and that the study of physical science should supersede that of the ancient authors. Experience, the great detector of error, is perpetually recalling to our minds the inestimable importance of Roman history. The more that our institutions become liberalized, the more rapid the strides which popular ideas make amongst us, the more closely do we cling to the annals of a state which underwent exactly the same changes, and suffered the consequences of the same convulsions; and the more that we experience the insecurity, the selfishness, and the rapacity of democratic ambition, the more highly do we come to appreciate the condensed wisdom with which the great historians of antiquity, by a word or an epithet, stamped its character, or revealed its tendency.

There is something solemn, and evidently providential, in the unbroken advance and ultimate boundless dominion of Rome. The history of other nations corresponds nearly to the vicissitudes of prosperity and disaster, of good

and evil fortune, which we observe in the nations of the world at this time. The brilliant meteor of Athenian greatness disappeared from the world almost as soon as the bloody phantasmagoria of the French Revolution. In half-a-century after they arose, naught remained of either but the works of genius they had produced, and the deeds of glory they had done. The wonders of Napoleon's reign faded as rapidly as the triumphs of the Macedonian conqueror; and the distant lustre of Babylon and Nineveh is faintly recalled by the ephemeral dynasties which have arisen, under the pressure of Arabian or Mogul conquest, in the regions of the east in modern times. But, in the Roman annals, a different and mightier system develops itself. From the infancy of the republic, from the days even of the kings, and the fabulous reigns of Romulus and Numa, an unbroken progress is exhibited which never experienced a permanent reverse till the eagles of the republic had crossed the Euphrates, and all the civilized world, from the wall of Antonius to the foot of Mount Atlas, was subjected to their arms. Their reverses, equally with their triumphs—their defeats, alike with their victories—their infant struggles with the cities of Latium, not less than their later contests with Carthage and Mithridates—contributed to develop their strength, and may be regarded as the direct causes of their dominion. It was in the long wars with the Etruscan and Samnite communities that the discipline and tactics were slowly and painfully acquired, which enabled them to face the banded strength of the Carthaginian confederacy,—and in the desperate struggle with Hannibal, that the resolution and skill were drawn forth which so soon, on its termination, gave them the empire of the world. The durability of the fabric was in proportion to the tardiness of its growth, and the solidity of its materials. The twelve virtues which Romulus beheld on the Palatine Hill were emblematic of the twelve centuries which beheld the existence of the empire of the west; and it required a thousand years more of corruption and decline to extinguish in the east this brilliant empire, which, regenerated by the genius of Constantine, found, in the riches and matchless situation of Byzantium, a counterpoise to all the effeminacy of oriental manners, and all the ferocity of the Scythian tribes.

It is remarkable that time has not yet pro

* History of Rome. By Thomas Arnold, D. D., Head Master of Rugby School; late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; and member of the Archaeological Society of Rome. London: B. Fellowes. 1838. Blackwood's Magazine, August, 1838

duced a history of this wonderful people commensurate either to their dignity, their importance, or their intimate connection with modern institutions. The pictured pages and matchless descriptions of Livy, indeed, will, to the end of the world, fascinate the imagination and subdue the hearts of men; but it is a fragment only of his great work which has descended to our times; and even when complete, it came down only to the time of Augustus, and broke off exactly at the period when nations, arrived at the stage of existence to which we have grown, are most interested in its continuance. The condensed wisdom, energetic expressions, and practical experience of Sallust and Tacitus, apply only to detached periods of the later annals; and, though not a page of their immortal works can be read without suggesting reflections on the extraordinary political sagacity which they had acquired from experience, or received from nature, yet we shall look in vain, in the fragments of this work which have survived the wreck of time, for a connected detail even of the later periods of Roman story. The moderns appear to have been deterred, by the exquisite beauty of these fragments of ancient history, from adventuring at all on the same field. Ferguson's is considered by the English, and admitted by the Germans, to be the best connected history of the Republic which exists; but not only does it embrace merely, with adequate fulness, the period from the rise of the Gracchi to the ascent of the throne by Augustus, but it does not contain the views, nor is it dictated by the practical acquaintance with human affairs which is necessary for a real history of Roman policy. The Scotch professor has, with much ability, illustrated the contests of Sylla and Marius, of Cæsar and Pompey; but he lived in a pacific age, amidst the unbroken seclusion of an academical life, and, consequently, could not possibly attain those clear and decisive views of the tendency and springs of action, in civil contests, which are brought home to the minds of the most illiterate by the storms and crimes of a revolution.

Niebuhr is universally allowed to have opened a new era in the early history of the Republic. Before his time historians were content with adopting, without examination, the legends which, in the Roman annals, passed for the narrative of real events, and, despairing of adding any thing to their beauty, simply presented their readers with a translation of Livy and Dionysius. Dissatisfied with such a mode of recording the progress of so celebrated a people, Ferguson rejected the early legends altogether, and passing, in the most cursory and unsatisfactory manner over the first five hundred years of Roman story, professed himself unable to discover firm historic ground till he came down to the second Punic war. But neither of these methods of treating the subject suited the searching eye and inquisitive mind of the German historian. Possessed of extraordinary learning, and a matchless faculty of drawing, with intuitive sagacity, important historical and political conclusions from detached and, to ordinary observers, unmeaning details of subordinate historians, he has con-

trived to rear up from comparatively authentic data, a veracious picture of the early Roman annals. Instead of rejecting in despair the whole history prior to the invasion of the Gauls as a mass of fables, erected by the vanity of patrician families, and adopted by the credulity of an uninformed people, he has succeeded in supporting a large portion of those annals by unquestionable evidence; and stripping it only, in some parts, of those colours which the eloquence of Livy has rendered immortal, for the improvement and delight of mankind. It is a common reproach against this great antiquary, that he has overthrown the whole early history of Rome, but no reproach was ever more unfounded. In truth, as Dr. Arnold has justly observed, it must be evident to every one acquainted with the subject, that he has built up much more than he has destroyed, and fixed on firm historic grounds a vast deal which the inquisitive eye of modern skepticism was inclined to lay aside as entirely fictitious. No stronger proof of this can be desired than is to be found in the fact, that while Ferguson began his history as authentic only with the exploits of Hannibal, Niebuhr has deemed it certain that historical truth is to be found not only under the kings, but so early as Ancus Martius.

It is inconceivable, indeed, how it ever could have been seriously believed that the annals of the kings were entirely fictitious, when the Cloaca Maxima still exists, a durable monument both of the grandeur of conception and power of execution which at that early period had distinguished the Roman people. Two thousand five hundred years have elapsed since this stupendous work was executed, to drain the waters of the Forum and adjacent hollows to the Tiber; and there it stands at this day, without a stone displaced, still performing its destined service! Do any of the edifices of Paris or London promise an equal duration? From the moment that we beheld that magnificent structure, formed of the actual stone of the eternal city, all doubts as to the authenticity of Roman annals, so far, at least, as they portray a powerful flourishing kingdom anterior to the Republic, vanished from our minds. If nothing else remained to attest the greatness of the kings at this period but the Cloaca Maxima and the treaty with Carthage in the first year of the Republic, it would be sufficient to demonstrate that the basis of the early history of the kings was to be found in real events. And this Niebuhr, after the most minute and critical examination, has declared to be his conviction.

Doubtless, the same historic evidence does not exist for the romantic and captivating part of early Roman history. We cannot assert that we have good evidence that Romulus fought, or that Numa prayed; that Ancus conquered, or that Tarquin oppressed; that the brethren of the Horatii saved their country, or Curtius leaped headlong into the gulf in the Forum. The exquisite story of Lucretia; the heart-stirring legend of Corioli; the invasion of Porsenna, the virtue of Cincinnatus, the siege of Veïæ, the deliverance of Camillus, are probably all founded in some degree on real events, but they have come down to our times

Valley of Roman Legend

glowing with the genius of the ancient historians, and gilded by the colours which matchless eloquence has communicated to the additions with which the fondness of national or family vanity had clothed the artless narrative of early times. Simplicity is the invariable characteristic of the infancy of the world. Homer and Job are often in the highest degree both pathetic and sublime; but they are so just because they are utterly unconscious of any such merits, and aimed only at the recital of real events. The glowing pages and beautiful episodes of Livy are as evidently subsequent additions as the pomp and majesty of Ossian are to the meager ballads of Caledonia.

But it is of no moment either to the great objects of historical inquiry or the future improvement and elevation of the species, whether the Roman legends can or cannot be supported by historical evidence. It is sufficient that they exist, to render them to the end of the world the most delightful subject of study for youth, not the least useful matter for contemplation in maturer years. They may not be strictly historical, but rely upon it they are founded in the main upon a correct picture of the manners and ideas of the time. Amadis of Gaul is not a true story, but it conveys, nevertheless, a faithful though exaggerated picture of the ideas and manners of the chivalrous ages. There is, probably, the same truth in the Roman legends that there is in Achilles and Agamemnon—in Front de Bœuf, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Ivanhoe. We will not find in Roman story a real Lucretia or Virginia, any more than in British history a genuine Rebecca or Jeanie Deans; but the characters are not the less founded in the actual manners and spirit of the times. It is of little moment to us whether Romulus watched the twelve emblematic vultures on the Palatine Hill, or Numa consulted Egeria in the shades of the Campagna, or Veie was stormed through the mine sprung in the Temple of Juno, or the Roman ambassador thrust his hand into the fire before Porsenna, or Lucretia, though guiltless in intent, plunged the dagger in her bosom rather than survive the honour of her house. It is sufficient that a people have existed, to whom the patriotic devotion, the individual heroism, the high resolves, the undaunted resolution portrayed in these immortal episodes, were so familiar, that they had blended with real events, were believed to be true, because they were felt to be credible, and formed part of their traditional annals. No other people ever possessed early legends of the same noble, heart-stirring kind as the Romans, because none other were stamped with the character destined to win, and worthy to hold, the empire of the world. To the latest times the history of infant Rome, with all its attendant legends, must, therefore, form the most elevating and useful subject for the instruction of youth, as affording a faithful picture, if not of the actual events of that interesting period, at least of the ideas and feelings then prevalent amongst a nation called to such exalted destinies; and without being emulated with a similar spirit, we may safely assert

no other people will ever either emulate their fame, or approach to their achievements.

Notwithstanding the high place which we have assigned to Niebuhr in the elucidation and confirmation of early Roman history, nothing can be more apparent than that his work never will take its place as a popular history of the Republic, and never rival in general estimation the fascinating pages of Livy. No one can read it for half an hour without being satisfied of that fact. Invaluable to the scholar, the antiquary, the philologist, it has no charms for the great mass of readers, and conveys no sort of idea to the unlearned student of the consecutive chain of events even among the very people whose history it professes to portray. In this respect it labours under the same fault which is, in a less degree, conspicuous in the philosophic pages of Sir James Mackintosh's English history; that it pre-supposes an intimate acquaintance with the subject in the reader, and is to all, not nearly as well versed in it as himself, either in great part unintelligible, or intolerably dull. Heeren, whose labours have thrown such a flood of light on the Persian, Egyptian, and Carthaginian states, has justly remarked that Niebuhr, with all his acuteness, is to be regarded rather as an essayist on history, than an actual historian. He has elucidated with extraordinary learning and skill several of the most obscure subjects in Roman annals; and on many, especially the vital subjects of the Agrarian law, struck out new lights, which, if known at all to the later writers of the empire, had been entirely lost during the change of manners and ideas consequent on the Gothic conquests. But his work is in many places so obscure, and so much overloaded with names, and subjects, and disquisitions, in great part unknown to readers, even of fair classical attainments and extensive general knowledge, that it never can take its place among the standard histories of the world. He is totally destitute of two qualities indispensable to a great historian, and particularly conspicuous in the far-famed annalists of antiquity—powers of description, and the discriminating eye, which, touching on every subject, brings those prominently forward only which, from their intrinsic importance, should attract the attention of the reader. He works out every thing with equal care and minuteness, and, in consequence, the impression produced on the mind of an ordinary reader, is so confused, as to amount almost to nothing. Like Perele or Waterloo, in the imitation of nature, (and landscape painting, and historical description in this particular are governed by the same principles,) he works out the details of each individual object with admirable skill; but there is no breadth of general effect on his canvas, and he wants the general shade and subdued tones, which in Claude, amidst an infinity of details, not less faithfully portrayed, rivet the eye of the spectator on a few brilliant spots, and produce on the mind even of the most unskilled the charm of a single emotion.

Niebuhr's history, however, with all its merits and defects, comes only down to the com-

commencement of the most important era in the annals of the republic. It is in the empire that the great want of continued annals is felt. Literally speaking, there is nothing, either in ancient or modern literature, which deserves the name of a history of the whole period of the emperors. Tillemont has, with unwearied industry and admirable accuracy, collected all that the inimitable fragments of Tacitus, and detached lights of Suetonius, Florus, and the panegyrists have left on this vast subject; and Gibbon has, with incomparable talent, thrown, in his first chapters, over the general conditions of the empire, the light of his genius and the colouring of his eloquence. But Tillemont, though a laborious and valuable compiler, is no historian; if any one doubts this, let him take up one of his elaborate quartos and try to read it. Gibbon, in his immortal work, the greatest monument of historical industry and ability that exists in the world, has given a most luminous view of the events which led to the decline and fall of the empire, and erected, with consummate talent, a bridge across the gulf which separates ancient from modern story. But he begins only to narrate events with any minuteness at the period when the empire had already attained to its highest elevation; he dismisses in a few pages the conquests of Trajan, the wisdom of Nerva, the beneficence of Marcus Aurelius, and enters into detail for the first time, when the blind partiality of Marcus Antoninus, and the guilt of his empress, had prepared in the accession and vices of Commodus, the commencement of that long series of depraved emperors who brought about the ruin of the empire. What do we know of the conquests of Trajan, the wars of Severus, the victories of Aurelian? Would that the pencil of the author of the *Decline and Fall* had thrown over them the brilliant light which it has shed over the disasters of Julian, the storming of Constantinople, the conquests of Mahomet, or the obstinate wars of the Byzantine emperors with the Parthian princes. But his history embraces so vast a range of objects, that it could not satisfy our curiosity on the annals even of the people who formed the centre of the far-extended group, and it is rather a picture of the progress of the nations who overthrew Rome, than of Rome itself.

There is ample room, therefore, for a great historical work, as voluminous and as eloquent as Gibbon, on the *Rise and Progress* of Roman greatness; and it embraces topics of far more importance, in the present age of the world, than the succession of disasters and fierce barbarian inroads which long shook, and at last overturned the enduring fabric of the empire. Except as a matter of curiosity, we have little connection with the progress of the Gothic and Scythian nations. Christianity has turned the rivers of barbarism by their source; civilization has overspread the wilds of Scythia; gunpowder and fortified towns have given knowledge a durable superiority over ignorance; Russia stands as an impenetrable barrier between Europe and the Tartar horse. But the evils which the Roman institutions contained in their own bosom, as well

as the deeds of glory and extent of dominion to which they led, interest us in the most vital particulars. Our institutions more closely resemble theirs than those of any other people recorded in history, and the causes which have led to the vast extent of our dominion and durability of our power, are the same which gave them for centuries the empire of the world. The same causes of weakness, also, are now assailing us which once destroyed them; we, too, have wealth imported from all parts of the world to corrupt our manners, and an overgrown metropolis to spread the seeds of vice and effeminacy, as from a common centre, over the length and breadth of the land; we, too, have patricians striving to retain power handed down to them by their ancestors, and plebeians burning with the desire of distinction, and the passion for political elevation which springs from the spread of opulence among the middle classes; we, too, have Gracchi ready to hoist the standard of disunion by raising the question of the Agrarian law, and Syllas and Mariuses to rear their hostile banners at the head of the aristocratic and democratic factions; in the womb of time, is provided for us as for them, the final overthrow of our liberties, under the successful leader of the popular party, and long ages of decline under the despotic rule imposed upon us by the blind ambition and eastern equality of the people. A fair and philosophic history of Rome, therefore, is a subject of incalculable importance to the citizens of this, and of every other constitutional monarchy; in their errors we may discern the mirror of our own—in their misfortunes the prototypes of those we are likely to undergo—in their fate, that which, in all human probability, awaits ourselves.

Such a history never, in modern times, could have been written but at this period. All subsequent ages, from the days of Cicero, have been practically ignorant of the very elements of political knowledge requisite for a right understanding or fair discussion of the subject. In vain were the lessons of political wisdom to be found profusely scattered through the Roman historians—in vain did Sallust and Tacitus point, by a word or an epithet, to the important conclusions deducible from their civil convulsions;—the practical experience, the daily intercourse with republican institutions were wanting, which were necessary to give the due weight to their reflections. The lessons of political wisdom were so constantly brought home to the citizens of antiquity by the storms and dissensions of the Forum, that they deemed it unnecessary to do more than allude to them, as a subject on which all were agreed, and with which every one was familiar. Like first principles in our House of Commons, they were universally taken for granted, and, therefore, never made the theme of serious illustration. It is now only that we begin to perceive the weighty sense and condensed wisdom of many expressions which dropped seemingly unconsciously from their historical writers, that dear-bought experience has taught us that pride, insolency, and corrupt principles are the main sources of popular ambition in our times, as in the days of Catiline: and that the saying

Marshall's History of Rome

of Johnson ceases to pass for a witty paradox: "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Dr. Arnold has now fairly set himself to work with this noble task, and he is, in many respects, peculiarly fitted for the undertaking. Long known to the classical world as an accomplished scholar, and the learned editor of the best edition of Thucydides extant, he is still more familiar to many of our readers as the energetic head-master of Rugby school; and is to this hour looked up to with mingled sentiments of awe and affection by many of the most celebrated characters of the age. The first volume of the great work in which he is engaged alone is published, which brings down the history of the Republic to the burning of Rome by the Goths, but it affords a fair specimen of the spirit and ability with which the remainder is likely to be carried on. In many respects he has shown himself admirably calculated for the great but difficult task which he has undertaken. His classical attainments, both in Greek and Roman literature, are of the very highest order; his industry is indefatigable, and he possesses much of that instinctive glance or natural sagacity which enabled Niebuhr, amidst the fictions and chaos of ancient annals, to fix at once on the outlines of truth and the course of real events. His powers of description are of no ordinary kind, as our readers will at once perceive from the extracts we are about to lay before them; and many of his reflections prove that he is endowed with that faculty of drawing general conclusions from particular events, which, when not pushed too far, is the surest sign of the real genius for philosophical history.

Dr. Arnold, it is well known, is a whig—perhaps, we may add, an ultra-liberal. So far from objecting to his book on this account, we hail it with the more satisfaction that it does come from an author of such principles, and therefore that it can safely be referred to as a work in which the truth of ancient events is not likely to be disguised or perverted to answer the views at least of the conservative party in Great Britain. We are satisfied from many instances, in the volume before us, that he is of an inquisitive, searching turn of mind, and that he would deem himself dishonoured if he concealed or altered any well-ascertained facts in Roman history. More than this we do not desire. We not only do not dislike, we positively enjoy, his occasional introduction of liberal views in what we may call *Roman politics*. We see in them the best guarantee that the decisive instances against democratic principles, with which all ancient history, and, most of all, Roman history, abounds, will not be perverted in his hands, and may be relied on as authentic facts against his principles. Provided a writer is candid, ingenuous, and liberal, we hold it perfectly immaterial to the ultimate triumph of truth what is the shade of his political opinions. The cause is not worth defending which cannot be supported by the testimony of an honest opponent. Every experienced lawyer knows the value of a conscientious but unwilling witness. Enough is to be found in their apologist, Thiers, to doom the French

Revolution to the eternal execration of mankind. There is no writer on America who has brought forward such a host of facts decisive against republican institutions as Miss Martineau, whom the liberals extol as the only author who has given a veracious account of the transatlantic democracies; and we desire no other witness but Dr. Arnold to the facts which demonstrate that it was the extravagant pretension and ambition of the commons, which, in the end, proved fatal to the liberties of Rome.

The Campagna of Rome, the fields of Latium, the Alban Mount, the Palatine Hill, were familiar to the childhood of us all; and not the least delightful hours of the youth of many of us have been spent in exploring the realities of that enchanting region. We transcribe with pleasure Dr. Arnold's animated and correct description of it, drawn from actual observation with the hand of a master.

"The territory of the original Rome during its first period, the true Ager Romanus, could be gone round in a single day. It did not extend beyond the Tiber at all, nor probably beyond the Anio; and on the east and south, where it had most room to spread, its limit was between five and six miles from the city. This Ager Romanus was the exclusive property of the Roman people, that is of the houses; it did not include the lands conquered from the Latins, and given back to them again when the Latins became the plebs or commons of Rome. According to the augurs, the Ager Romanus was a peculiar district in a religious sense; auspices could be taken within its bounds which could be taken nowhere without them.

"And now, what was Rome, and what was the country around it, which have both acquired an interest such as can cease only when earth itself shall perish? The hills of Rome are such as we rarely see in England, low in height, but with steep and rocky sides. In early times the natural wood still remained in patches amidst the buildings, as at this day it grows here and there on the green sides of the Monte Testaceo. Across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the Roman hills, but its summit is a level, unbroken line; while the heights, which opposite to Rome itself rise immediately from the river, under the names of Janiculus and Vaticanus, then swept away to some distance from it, and return in their highest and boldest form at the Mons Marius, just above the Milvian bridge and the Flaminian road. Thus to the west the view is immediately bounded; but to the north and north-east the eye ranges over the low ground of the Campagna to the nearest line of the Apennines, which closes up, as with a gigantic wall, all the Sabine, Latin, and Volcian lowlands, while over it are still distinctly to be seen the high summits of the central Apennines, covered with snow, even at this day, for more than six months in the year. South and south-west lies the wide plain of the Campagna; its level line succeeded by the equally level line of the sea, which can only be distinguished from it by the brighter light reflected from its waters. Eastward, after ten miles of plain, the view is bounded by the Alban hills, a cluster of high bold points rising out of the Campagna, like Arran

from the sea, on the highest of which, at nearly the same height with the summit of Helvellyn, stood the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the scene of the common worship of all the people of the Latin name. Immediately under this highest point lies the crater-like basin of the Alban lake; and on its nearer rim might be seen the trees of the grove of Florentia, where the Latins held the great civil assemblies of their nation. Further to the north, on the edge of the Alban hills, looking towards Rome, was the town and citadel of Tusculum; and beyond this, a lower summit, crowned with the walls and towers of Labicum, seems to connect the Alban hills with the line of the Apennines just at the spot where the citadel of Præneste, high up on the mountain side, marks the opening into the country of the Hernicians, and into the valleys of the streams that feed the Liris.

"Returning nearer to Rome, the lowland country of the Campagna is broken by long green swelling ridges, the ground rising and falling, as in the heath country of Surrey and Berkshire. The streams are dull and sluggish, but the hill sides above them constantly break away into little rocky cliffs, where on every ledge the wild fig now strikes out its branches, and tufts of broom are clustering, but which in old times formed the natural strength of the citadels of the numerous cities of Latium. Except in these narrow dells, the present aspect of the country is all bare and desolate, with no trees nor any human habitation. But anciently, in the time of the early kings of Rome, it was full of independent cities, and, in its population and the careful cultivation of its little garden-like farms, must have resembled the most flourishing parts of Lombardy or the Netherlands."

We have already adverted to the difficulty of determining where fiction ends and real history begins in the early Roman annals, and the scanty foundation there is in authentic records, for any of the early legends of their history. Fully alive, however, to the exquisite beauty of these remains, and the influence they had on the Roman history, as well as their importance as evincing the lofty character of their infant people, Dr. Arnold has adopted the plan of not rejecting them altogether, but giving them in a simple narrative, something like the Bible, and commencing with his ordinary style when he arrives at events which really rest on historic ground. This is certainly much better than entirely rejecting them; but, at the same time, it introduces a quaint style of writing, in recounting these early events, to which we can hardly reconcile ourselves, after the rich colouring and graphic hand of Livy. As an example of the way in which he treats this interesting but difficult part of his subject, we give his account of the story of Lucretia, the exquisite episode with which Livy terminates his first book and narrative of the kings of Rome.

"Now when they came back to Rome, King Tarquinius was at war with the people of Ardea; and as the city was strong, his army lay a long while before it, till it should be forced to yield through famine. So the Romans had leisure for feasting and for diverting themselves: and once Titus and Aruns were supping with their brother Sextus, and their cousin Tarqui-

nus of Collatia was supping with them. And they disputed about their wives, whose wife of them all was the worthiest lady. Then said Tarquinius of Collatia, 'Let us go and see with our own eyes what our wives are doing, so shall we know which is the worthiest.' Upon this they all mounted their horses and rode first to Rome; and there they found the wives of Titus, and of Aruns, and of Sextus, feasting and making merry. Then they rode on to Collatia, and it was late in the night; but they found Lucretia, the wife of Tarquinius of Collatia, neither feasting, nor yet sleeping, but she was sitting with all her handmaids around her, and all were working at the loom. So when they saw this, they all said, 'Lucretia is the worthiest lady.' And she entertained her husband and his kinsmen, and after that they rode back to the camp before Ardea.

"But a spirit of wicked passion seized upon Sextus, and a few days afterwards he went alone to Collatia, and Lucretia received him hospitably, for he was her husband's kinsman. At midnight he arose and went to her chamber, and he said that if she yielded not to him he would slay her and one of her slaves with her, and would say to her husband that he had slain her in her adultery. So when Sextus had accomplished his wicked purpose he went back again to the camp.

"Then Lucretia sent in haste to Rome, to pray that her father Spurius Lucretius would come to her; and she sent to Ardea to summon her husband. Her father brought along with him Publius Valerius, and her husband brought with him Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus. When they arrived, they asked earnestly, 'Is all well?' Then she told them of the wicked deed of Sextus, and she said, 'If ye be men, avenge it.' And they all swore to her, that they would avenge it. Then she said again, 'I am not guilty; yet must I too share in the punishment of this deed, lest any should think that they may be false to their husbands and live.' And she drew a knife from her bosom, and stabbed herself to the heart.

"At that sight her husband and her father cried aloud; but Lucius drew the knife from the wound, and held it up, and said, 'By this blood I swear that I will visit this deed upon King Tarquinius, and all his accursed race; neither shall any man hereafter be king in Rome, lest he do the like wickedness.' And he gave the knife to her husband, and to her father, and to Publius Valerius. They marvelled to hear such words from him whom men called dull; but they swore also, and they took up the body of Lucretia, and carried it down into the forum; and they said, 'Behold the deeds of the wicked family of Tarquinius.' All the people of Collatia were moved, and the men took up arms, and they set a guard at the gates, that none might go out to carry the tidings to Tarquinius, and they followed Lucius to Rome. There, too, all the people came together, and the crier summoned them to assemble before the tribune of the Celeres, for Lucius held that office. And Lucius spoke to them of all the tyranny of Tarquinius and his sons, and of the wicked deed of Sextus. And the people in their curiæ took back from Tar-

quinius the sovereign power, which they had given him, and they banished him and all his family. Then the younger men followed Lucius to Ardea, to win over the army there to join them; and the city was left in the charge of Spurius Lucretius. But the wicked Tullia fled in haste from her house, and all, both men and women, cursed her as she passed, and prayed that the furies of her father's blood might visit her with vengeance.

"Meanwhile King Tarquinius set out with speed to Rome to put down the tumult. But Lucius turned aside from the road that he might not meet him, and came to the camp; and the soldiers joyfully received him, and they drove out the sons of Tarquinius. King Tarquinius came to Rome, but the gates were shut, and they declared to him from the walls the sentence of banishment which had been passed against him and his family. So he yielded to his fortune, and went to live at Cære with his sons Titus and Aruns. His other son, Sextus, went to Gabii, and the people there, remembering how he had betrayed them to his father, slew him. Then the army left the camp before Ardea and went back to Rome. And all men said, 'Let us follow the good laws of the good King Servius; and let us meet in our centuries, according as he directed, and let us choose two men year by year to govern us, instead of a king.' Then the people met in their centuries in the field of Mars, and they chose two men to rule over them, Lucius Junius, whom men called Brutus, and Lucius Tarquinius of Collatia."

Every classical reader must perceive the object which our author had in view. He has in great part translated Livy, and he wishes to preserve the legend which he has rendered immortal; but he is desirous, at the same time, of doing it, as he himself tells us, in such a manner that it shall be impossible for any reader, even the most illiterate, to imagine that he is recording a real event. It may be prejudice, and the force of early association, but we can hardly reconcile ourselves to this Mosaic mode of writing the history of the most remote events. Every author's style, to be agreeable, should be natural. The reader experiences a disagreeable feeling in coming upon such quaint and perhaps affected passages, after being habituated to the flowing and vigorous style of the author. It would be better, we conceive, to write the whole in one uniform manner, and mark the difference between the legendary and authentic parts by a difference in the type, or some other equally obvious distinction. But this is a trivial matter, affecting only the commencement of the work; and ample subject of meditation is suggested by many facts and passages in its later pages.

We have previously noticed the decisive evidence which the Cloaca Maxima and the treaty with Carthage in the time of Tarquin afford of the early greatness of the Roman monarchy. But we were not aware, till reading Arnold—even Niebuhr has not so distinctly brought out the fact—that at the time of the expulsion of the Tarquins and the commencement of the Republic, Rome was already a

powerful monarchy, whose sway extended from the northern extremity of the Campagna to the rocks of Terracina; and that it was then more powerful than it ever was for the first hundred and fifty years of the Commonwealth! The Roman kingdom is compared by Arnold, under the last of the kings, to Judea under Solomon; and the fact of a treaty, recorded in Polybius, being in that year concluded with Carthage, proves that the state had already acquired consideration with distant states.

"Setting aside," says our author, "the tyranny ascribed to Tarquinius, and remembering that it was his policy to deprive the commons of their lately acquired citizenship, and to treat them like subjects rather than members of the state, the picture given of the wealth and greatness of Judea under Solomon may convey some idea of the state of Rome under its latter kings. Powerful amongst surrounding nations, exposed to no hostile invasions, with a flourishing agriculture and an active commerce, the country was great and prosperous; and the king was enabled to execute public works of the highest magnificence, and to invest himself with a splendour unknown in the earlier times of the monarchy."

But mark the effect upon the external power and internal liberties of the nation, consequent on the violent change in the government and establishment of the Commonwealth, as portrayed in the authentic pages of this liberal historian.

"In the first year of the commonwealth, the Romans still possessed the dominion enjoyed by their kings; all the cities of the coast of Latium, as we have already seen, were subject to them as far as Terracina. *Within twelve years, we cannot certainly say how much sooner, these were all become independent.* This is easily intelligible, if we only take into account the loss to Rome of an able and absolute king, the natural weakness of an unsettled government, and the distractions produced by the king's attempts to recover his throne. The Latins may have held, as we are told of the Sabines in this very time, that their dependent alliance with Rome had been concluded with King Tarquinius, and that as he was king no longer, and as his sons had been driven out with him, all covenants between Latium and Rome were become null and void. But it is possible also, if the chronology of the common story of these times can be at all depended on, that the Latin cities owed their independence to the Etruscan conquest of Rome. For that war, which has been given in its poetical version as the war with Porsenna, was really a great outbreak of the Etruscan power upon the nations southward of Etruria, in the very front of whom lay the Romans. In the very next year after the expulsion of the king, according to the common story, and certainly at some time within the period with which we are now concerned, the Etruscans fell upon Rome. The result of the war is, indeed, as strangely disguised in the poetical story as Charlemagne's invasion of Spain is in the romances. Rome was completely conquered; all the territory which the kings had won on the right bank of"

the Tiber was now lost. Rome itself was surrendered to the Etruscan conqueror; his sovereignty was fully acknowledged, the Romans gave up their arms, and recovered their city and territory on condition of renouncing the use of iron except for implements of agriculture. But this bondage did not last long; the Etruscan power was broken by a great defeat sustained before Aricia; for after the fall of Rome the conquerors attacked Latium, and while besieging Aricia, the united force of the Latin cities, aided by the Greeks of Cumæ, succeeded in destroying their army, and in confining their power to their own side of the Tiber. Still, however, the Romans did not recover their territory on the right bank of that river; and the number of their tribes, as has been already noticed, was consequently lessened by one-third, being reduced from thirty to twenty.

"Thus within a short time after the banishment of the last king, the Romans lost all their territory on the Etruscan side of the Tiber, and all their dominion over Latium. A third people were their immediate neighbours on the north-east, the Sabines. The cities of the Sabines reached, says Varro, from Reate, to the distance of half a day's journey from Rome; that is, according to the varying estimate of a day's journey, either seventy-five or an hundred stadia, about ten or twelve miles.

"It is certain, also, that the first enlargement of the Roman territory, after its great diminution in the Etruscan war, took place towards the north-east, between the Tiber and the Anio; and here were the lands of the only new tribes that were added to the Roman nation, for the space of more than one hundred and twenty years after the establishment of the commonwealth."

Such were the disastrous effects of the revolution which expelled Tarquinius Superbus, even though originating, if we may believe the story of Lucretia, in a heinous crime on his part, on the external power and territorial possessions of Rome. Let us next inquire whether the social condition of the people was improved by the change, and the plebeians reaped those fruits from the violent change of the government which they were doubtless led to expect.

"The most important part," says Arnold, "in the history of the first years of the commonwealth is the tracing, if possible, the gradual depression of the commons to that extreme point of misery which led to the institution of the tribunals. We have seen that immediately after the expulsion of the king, the commons shared in the advantages of the revolution; but within a few years we find them so oppressed and powerless, that their utmost hopes aspired, not to the assertion of political equality with the burghers, but merely to the obtaining protection from personal injuries.

"The specific character of their degradation is stated to have been this; that there prevailed among them severe distress, amounting in many cases to actual ruin; that to relieve themselves from their poverty, they were in

the habit of borrowing money of the burghers; that the distress continuing, they became generally insolvent; and that as the law of debtor and creditor was exceedingly severe, they became liable in their persons to the cruelty of the burghers, were treated by them as slaves, confined as such in their workhouses, kept to taskwork, and often beaten at the discretion of their task-masters."

Various were the miseries to which the commons were reduced in consequence of the revolution, and inexorable the rigour with which the nobles pressed the advantage they had gained by the abolition of the kingly form of government. The civil convulsions and general distress, Dr. Arnold tells us, terminated in the establishment of an exclusive oppressive aristocracy, interrupted occasionally by the legalized despotism of a single individual.

"Thus the monarchy was exchanged for an exclusive aristocracy, in which the burghers or patricians possessed the whole dominion of the state. For mixed as was the influence in the assembly of the centuries, and although the burghers through their clients exercised no small control over it, still they did not think it safe to intrust it with much power. In the election of consuls, the centuries could only choose out of a number of patrician or burgher candidates; and even after this election it remained for the burghers in their great council in the curiæ to ratify it or to annul it, by conferring upon, or refusing to the persons so elected the 'Imperium;' in other words, that sovereign power which belonged to the consuls as the successors of the kings, and which, except so far as it was limited within the walls of the city, and a circle of one mile without them, by the right of appeal, was absolute over life and death. As for any legislative power, in this period of the commonwealth, the consuls were their own law. No doubt the burghers had their customs, which in all great points the consuls would duly observe, because, otherwise on the expiration of their office they would be liable to arraignment before the curiæ, and to such punishment as that sovereign assembly might please to inflict; but the commons had no such security, and the uncertainty of the consul's judgments was the particular grievance which afterwards led to the formation of the code of the twelve tables.

"We are told, however, that within ten years of the first institution of the consuls the burghers found it necessary to create a single magistrate with powers still more absolute, who was to exercise the full sovereignty of a king, and even without that single check to which the kings of Rome had been subjected. The Master of the people, that is, of the burghers, or, as he was otherwise called, the Dictator, was appointed, it is true, for six months only; and therefore liable, like the consuls, to be arraigned after the expiration of his office, for any acts of tyranny which he might have committed during its continuance. But whilst he retained his office he was as absolute without the walls of the city as the consuls were within them; neither commoners nor burghers had any right of appeal from his sentence, although the latter had

enjoyed this protection in the times of the monarchy."

At length the misery of the people, flowing from the revolution, became so excessive that they could endure it no longer, and they took the resolution to separate altogether from their oppressors, and retire to the sacred hill to found a new commonwealth.

"Fifteen years after the expulsion of Tarquinius, the commons, driven to despair by their distress, and exposed without protection to the capricious cruelty of the burghers, resolved to endure their degraded state no longer. The particulars of this second revolution are as uncertain as those of the overthrow of the monarchy; but thus much is certain, and is remarkable, that the commons sought safety, not victory; they desired to escape from Rome, not to govern it. It may be true that the commons who were left in Rome gathered together on the Aventine, the quarter appropriated to their order, and occupied the hill as a fortress; but it is universally agreed that the most efficient part of their body, who were at that time in the field as soldiers, deserted their generals, and marched off to a hill beyond the Anio; that is, to a spot beyond the limits of the Ager Romanus, the proper territory of the burghers, but within the district which had been assigned to one of the newly created tribes of the commons, the Crustumian. Here they established themselves, and here they proposed to found a new city of their own, to which they would have gathered their families, and the rest of their order who were left behind in Rome, and have given up their old city to its original possessors, the burghers and their clients. But the burghers were as unwilling to lose the services of the commons, as the Egyptians in the like case to let the Israelites go, and they endeavoured by every means to persuade them to return. To show how little the commons thought of gaining political power, we have only to notice their demands. They required a general cancelling of the obligations of insolvent debtors, and the release of all those whose persons, in default of payment, had been assigned over to the power of their creditors; and further, they insisted on having two of their own body acknowledged by the burghers as their protectors; and to make this protection effectual, the persons of those who afforded it were to be as inviolable as those of the heralds, the sacred messengers of the gods; whosoever harmed them was to be held accursed, and might be slain by any one with impunity. To these terms the burghers agreed; a solemn treaty was concluded between them and the commons, as between two distinct nations; and the burghers swore for themselves, and for their posterity, that they would hold inviolable the persons of two officers, to be chosen by the centuries on the field of Mars, whose business it should be to extend full protection to any commoner against a sentence of the consul; that is to say, who might rescue any debtor from the power of his creditor, if they conceived it to be capriciously or cruelly exerted. The two officers thus chosen retained the name which the chief officers of the commons had borne before,—they were called Tribuni,

or tribe masters; but instead of being merely the officers of one particular tribe, and exercising an authority only over the members of their own order, they were named tribunes of the commons at large, and their power, as protectors in stopping any exercise of oppression towards their own body, extended over the burghers, and was by them solemnly acknowledged. The number of the tribunes was probably suggested by that of the consuls; there were to be two chief officers of the commons, as there were of the burghers."

Thus, all that the Roman populace gained by the revolution which overturned the kingly power, was such a diminution of territory and external importance as it required them more than one hundred and fifty years to recover, and such an oppressive form of aristocratic government as compelled them to take refuge under a dictator, and led to such a degree of misery as, eighteen years after the convulsion, made them ready to quit their country and homes, and become exiles from their native land!

At the close of the third century of Rome, and fifty years after the expulsion of the Tarquins, Arnold gives the following picture of the external condition of the Republic:

"At the close of the third century of Rome, the warfare which the Romans had to maintain against the Opican nations was generally defensive; that the *Æquians* and *Volscians* had advanced from the line of the *Apennines* and established themselves on the *Alban hills*, in the heart of *Latium*; that of the thirty *Latin* states which had formed the league with Rome in the year 261, thirteen were now either destroyed, or were in the possession of the *Opicans*; that on the *Alban hills* themselves, *Tusculum* alone remained independent; and that there was no other friendly city to obstruct the irruptions of the enemy into the territory of Rome. Accordingly, that territory was plundered year after year, and whatever defeats the plunderers may at times have sustained, yet they were never deterred from renewing a contest which they found in the main profitable and glorious. *So greatly had the power and dominion of Rome fallen since the overthrow of the monarchy.*"

It was by slow degrees, and in a long series of contests, continued without intermission for two hundred years, that the commons recovered the liberties they had lost from the consequences of this triumph in this first convulsion; so true it is, in all ages, that the people are not only never permanent gainers, but in the end the greatest losers by the revolution in which they had been most completely victorious.

The next great social convulsion of Rome was that consequent on the overthrow of the *Decemvirs*. The success of that revolution operated in the end grievously to the prejudice of the commons, and retarded, by half a century, the advance of real freedom. Every one knows that the *Decemvirs* were elected to remodel the laws of the commonwealth; that they shamefully abused their trust, and constituted themselves tyrants without control; and that they were at last overthrown by the general and uncontrollable indignation excited

by the atrocious violence of Appius to the daughter of Virginiius. A juster cause for resistance, a fairer ground for the overthrow of existing authority, could not be imagined; it was accordingly successful, and the immediate effect of the popular triumph was a very great accession of political power to the commons. Arnold tells us—

“The revolution did not stop here. Other and deeper changes were effected; but they lasted so short a time, that their memory has almost vanished out of the records of history. The assembly of the tribes had been put on a level with that of the centuries, and the same principle was followed out in the equal division of all the magistracies of the state between the patricians and the commons. Two supreme magistrates, invested with the highest judicial power, and discharging also those important duties which were afterwards performed by the censors, were to be chosen every year, one from the patricians, and the other from the commons. Ten tribunes of the soldiers, or *decemviri*, chosen, five from the patricians and five from the commons, were to command the armies in war, and to watch over the rights of the patricians; while ten tribunes of the commons, also chosen in equal proportions from both orders, were to watch over the liberties of the commons. And as patricians were thus admitted to the old tribuneship, so the assemblies of the tribes were henceforth, like those of the centuries, to be held under the sanctions of augury, and nothing could be determined in them if the auspices were unfavourable. Thus the two orders were to be made fully equal to one another; but at the same time they were to be kept perpetually distinct; for at this very moment the whole twelve tables of the laws of the *decemvirs* received the solemn sanction of the people, although, as we have seen, there was a law in one of the last tables which declared the marriage of a patrician with a plebeian to be unlawful.

“There being thus an end of all exclusive magistracies, whether patrician or plebeian; and all magistrates being now recognised as acting in the name of the whole people, the persons of all were to be regarded as equally sacred. Thus the consul Horatius proposed and carried a law which declared that, whoever harmed any tribune of the commons, any *ædile*, any judge, or any *decemvir*, should be outlawed and accursed; that any man might slay him, and that all his property should be confiscated to the temple of Ceres. Another law was passed by M. Duilius, one of the tribunes, carrying the penalties of the Valerian law to a greater height against any magistrate who should either neglect to have new magistrates appointed at the end of the year, or who should create them without giving the right of appeal from their sentence. Whosoever violated either of these provisions was to be burned alive as a public enemy.

“Finally, in order to prevent the decrees of the senate from being tampered with by the patricians, Horatius and Valerius began the practice of having them carried to the temple of Ceres on the Aventine, and there laid up under the care of the *ædiles* of the commons.

“This complete revolution was conducted chiefly, as far as appears, by the two consuls, and by M. Duilius. Of the latter we should wish to have some further knowledge; it is an unsatisfactory history, in which we can only judge of the man from his public measures, instead of being enabled to form some estimate of the merit of his measures from our acquaintance with the character of the man. But there is no doubt that the new constitution attempted to obtain objects for which the time was not yet come, which were regarded rather as the triumph of a party, than as called for by the wants and feelings of the nation; and therefore the Roman constitution of 306 was as short-lived as Simon de Montfort's provisions of Oxford, or as some of the strongest measures of the Long Parliament. An advantage pursued too far in politics, as well as in war, is apt to end in a repulse.”

After a continued struggle of seven years, however, this democratic constitution yielded to the reaction in favour of the old institutions of the state, and the experienced evils of the new,—and another constitution was the result of the struggle which restored matters to the same situation in which they had been before the overthrow of the *Decemvirs*; with the addition of a most important officer—the Censor, endowed with almost despotic power—to the patrician faction. This decided reaction is thus described, and the inferences deducible from it fairly stated by Dr. Arnold.

“In the following year we meet for the first time with the name of a new patrician magistracy, the Censorship; and Niebuhr saw clearly that the creation of this office was connected with the appointment of tribunes of the soldiers; and that both belong to what may be called the constitution of the year 312.

“This constitution recognised two points; a sort of continuation of the principle of the *decemvirate*, inasmuch as the supreme government was again, to speak in modern language, put in commission, and the kingly powers, formerly united in the consuls or prætors, were now to be divided between the censors and tribunes of the soldiers; and secondly, the eligibility of the commons to share in some of the powers thus divided. But the partition, even in theory, was far from equal: the two censors, who were to hold their office for five years, were not only chosen from the patricians, but, as Niebuhr thinks, by them, that is, by the assembly of the *curiæ*; the two *quæstors*, who judged in cases of blood, were also chosen from the patricians, although by the centuries. Thus the civil power of the old prætors was in its most important points still exercised exclusively by the patricians; and even their military power, which was professedly to be open to both orders, was not transmitted to the tribunes of the soldiers, without some diminution of its majesty. The new tribuneship was not an exact image of the kingly sovereignty; it was not a curule office, and therefore no tribune ever enjoyed the honour of a triumph, in which the conquering general, ascending to the Capitol to sacrifice to the guardian gods of Rome, was wont to be arrayed in all the insignia of royalty.

"But even the small share of power thus granted in theory to the commons, was in practice withheld from them. Whether from the influence of the patricians in the centuries, or by religious pretences urged by the augurs, or by the enormous and arbitrary power of refusing votes which the officer presiding at the comitia was wont to exercise, the college of the tribunes was for many years filled by the patricians alone. And, while the censorship was to be a fixed institution, the tribunes of the soldiers were to be replaced whenever it might appear needful by two consuls; and to the consulship no plebeian was so much as legally eligible. Thus the victory of the aristocracy may seem to have been complete, and we may wonder how the commons, after having carried so triumphantly the law of Canuleius, should have allowed the political rights asserted for them by his colleagues, to have been so partially conceded in theory, and in practice to be so totally withheld.

"The explanation is simple, and it is one of the most valuable lessons of history. The commons obtained those reforms which they desired, and they desired such only as their state was ripe for. They had withdrawn in times past to the Sacred Hill, but it was to escape from intolerable personal oppression; they had recently occupied the Aventine in arms, but it was to get rid of a tyranny which endangered the honour of their wives and daughters, and to recover the protection of their tribunes; they had more lately still retired to the Janiculum, but it was to remove an insulting distinction which embittered the relations of private life, and imposed on their grandchildren, in many instances, the inconveniences, if not the reproach of illegitimacy. These were all objects of universal and personal interest; and these the commons were resolved not to relinquish. But the possible admission of a few distinguished members of their body to the highest offices of state concerned the mass of the commons but little. They had their own tribunes for their personal protection; but curule magistracies, and the government of the commonwealth, seemed to belong to the patricians, or at least might be left in their hands without any great sacrifice. So it is that all things come best in their season; that political power is then most happily exercised by a people, when it has not been given to them prematurely, that is, before, in the natural progress of things, they feel the want of it. Security for person and property enables a nation to grow without interruption; in contending for this a people's sense of law and right is wholesomely exercised; meantime national prosperity increases, and brings with it an increase of intelligence, till other and more necessary wants being satisfied, men awaken to the highest earthly desire of the ripened mind, the desire of taking an active share in the great work of government. The Roman commons abandoned the highest magistracies to the patricians for a period of many years; but they continued to increase in prosperity and in influence; and what the fathers had wisely yielded, their sons in the fulness of time acquired. So the English House of

Commons, in the reign of Edward III., declined to interfere in questions of peace and war, as being too high for them to compass; but they would not allow the crown to take their money without their own consent; and so the nation grew, and the influence of the House of Commons grew along with it, till that house has become the great and predominant power in the British constitution.

"If this view be correct, Trebonius judged far more wisely than M. Duilius; and the abandonment of half the plebeian tribuneship to the patricians, in order to obtain for the plebeians an equal share in the higher magistracies, would have been as really injurious to the commons as it was unwelcome to the pride of the aristocracy. It was resigning a weapon with which they were familiar, for one which they knew not how to wield. The tribuneship was the foster-nurse of Roman liberty, and without its care that liberty never would have grown to maturity. What evils it afterwards wrought, when the public freedom was fully ripened, arose from that great defect of the Roman constitution, its conferring such extravagant powers on all its officers. It proposed to check one tyranny by another; instead of so limiting the prerogatives of every magistrate and order in the state, whether aristocratical or popular, as to exclude tyranny from all."

Our limits will not admit of any other extracts, how interesting soever they may be. Those already made will sufficiently indicate the character of the work. It is clear that Dr. Arnold, in addition to his well-known classical and critical acquirements, possesses a discriminating judgment, a reflecting philosophic turn of mind, and the power of graphic interesting description. These are valuable qualities to any historian: they are indispensable to the annalist of Rome, and promise to render his work, if continued in the same spirit, the best history of that wonderful state in the English, perhaps in any modern, language. We congratulate him upon the auspicious commencement of his labours; we cordially wish him success, and shall follow him, with no ordinary interest, through the remainder of his vast subject, interesting to the student of ancient events, and the observer of contemporary transactions.

There are two points which we would earnestly recommend to the consideration of this learned author, as essential to the success of his work as a popular or durable history.

The first is, to avoid, as much as possible, in the text, all discussions concerning *questiones veras*, or disputed points, and give the conclusions at which he arrives in distinct propositions, without any of the critical or antiquarian reasoning on which they are founded. These last, indeed, are of inestimable importance to the learned or the thoughtful. But how few are they, compared to the mass of readers! and how incapable of giving to any historical work any extensive celebrity! They should be given, but in notes, so as not, to ordinary readers, to interrupt the interest of the narrative, or break the continuity of thought.

The second is, to exert himself to the utmost,

and, on every occasion which presents itself, to paint, with graphic fire, the events, or people, or scenes which occur in the course of his narrative, and to give all the interest in his power to the description of battles, sieges, incidents, episodes, or speeches, which present themselves. More even than accuracy of detail, or any other more solid qualities, these fascinating graces determine, with future ages, the celebrity and permanent interest of an historical work. What is the charm which attracts all ages, and will do so to the end of the world, to the retreat of the Ten Thousand, the youth of Cyrus, the early annals of Rome, the Catiline conspiracy, the reign of Tiberius, the exploits of Alexander, the Latin conquest of Constantinople, the misfortunes of Mary, the death of Charles I.? The eloquent fictions and graphic powers of Xenophon and Livy, of Sallust and Tacitus, of Quintus Curtius and Gibbon, of Robertson and Hume. In vain does criticism assail, and superior learning disprove, and subsequent discoveries overturn their enchanting narratives; in vain does the intellect of the learned few become skeptical as to the facts they relate, and which have sunk in the hearts of the many. The imagination is kindled, the heart is overcome, and the works remain, not only immortal in celebrity, but undecaying in influence through every succeeding age. Why should not history, in modern as in ancient times, unite the interest of the romance to the accuracy of the annalist? Why should not real events enchain the mind with the graces and the colours of poetry? That Dr. Arnold is learned, all who have studied his admirable edition of Thucydides know; that he can paint with force and interest, none who read the volume before us can doubt. Why, then, should not the latter qualities throw their brilliant hues over the accurate drawing of the former?

We have already said that we find no fault with Dr. Arnold on account of his politics; nay, that we value his work the more, because, giving, as it promises to do, in the main, a faithful account of the facts of Roman history, it cannot fail to furnish, from a source the least suspicious, a host of facts decisive in favour of Conservative principles. By Conservative principles we do not mean attachment to despotic power, or aversion to genuine freedom: on the contrary, we mean the utmost abhorrence of the former, and the strongest

attachment to the latter. We mean an attachment to that form of government, and that balance of power, which alone can render these blessings permanent,—which render property the ruling, and numbers only the controlling power,—which give to weight of possession and intellect the direction of affairs, and intrust to the ardent feelings of the multitude the duty only of preventing their excesses, or exposing their corruption. Without the former, the rule of the people degenerates, in a few years, in every instance recorded in history, into licentious excess, and absolute tyranny; without the latter, the ambition or selfishness of the aristocracy perverts to their own private purposes the domain of the state. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is strictly and literally true, that the general inclination of abstract students, remote from a practical intercourse with mankind, to republican principles, is a decisive proof of the experienced necessity for Conservative policy that has always been felt in the actual administration of affairs. Recluse or speculative men become attached to liberal ideas, because they see them constantly put forth, in glowing and generous language, by the popular orators and writers in every age: they associate oppression with the government of a single ruler, or a comparatively small number of persons of great possessions, because they see, in general, that government is established on one or other of these bases; and, consequently, most of the oppressive acts recorded in history have emanated from such authority. They forget that the opportunity of abusing power has been so generally afforded to these classes by the experienced impossibility of intrusting it to any other; that if the theory of popular government had been practicable, Democracy, instead of exhibiting only a few blood-stained specks in history, would have occupied the largest space in its annals; that if the people had been really capable of directing affairs, they would, in every age, have been the supreme authority, and the holders of property the declaimers against their abuses; and that no proof can be so decisive against the practicability of any form of government, as the fact, that it has been found, during six thousand years, of such rare occurrence, as to make even learned persons, till taught by experience, blind to its tendency.

MIRABEAU.*

"It is a melancholy fact," says Madame de Staël, "that while the human race is continually advancing by the acquisitions of intellect, it is doomed to move perpetually in the same circle of error, from the influence of the passions." If this observation was just, even when this great author wrote, how much more is it now applicable, when a new generation has arisen, blind to the lessons of experience, and we in this free and prosperous land, have yielded to the same passions, and been seduced by the same delusions, which, three-and-forty years ago, actuated the French people, and have been deemed inexcusable by all subsequent historians, even in its enslaved population!

It would appear inconceivable, that the same errors should thus be repeated by successive nations, without the least regard to the lessons of history; that all the dictates of experience, all the conclusions of wisdom, all the penalties of weakness, should be forgotten, before the generation which has suffered under their neglect is cold in their graves; that the same vices should be repeated, the same criminal ambition indulged, to the end of the world; if we did not recollect that it is the very essence of passion, whether in nations or individuals, to be insensible to the sufferings of others, and to pursue its own headstrong inclinations, regardless alike of the admonitions of reason, and the experience of the world. It would seem that the vehemence of desire in nations is as little liable to be influenced by considerations of prudence, or the slightest regard to the consequences, as the career of intemperance in individuals; and that, in like manner, as every successive age beholds multitudes who, in the pursuit of desire, rush headlong down the gulf of perdition, so every successive generation is doomed to witness the sacrifice of national prosperity, or the extinction of national existence, in the insane pursuit of democratic ambition. Providence has appointed certain trials for nations as well as individuals; and for those who, disregarding the admonitions of virtue, and slighting the dictates of duty, yield to the tempter, certain destruction is appointed in the inevitable consequences of their criminal desires, not less in the government of empires, than the paths of private life.

Forty years ago, the passion for innovation seized a great and powerful nation in Europe, illustrious in the paths of honour, grown gray in years of renown: the voice of religion was discarded, the lessons of experience rejected: visionary projects were entertained, chimerical anticipations indulged: the ancient institutions of the country were not amended, but

destroyed: a new constitution introduced amidst the unanimous applause of the people: the monarch placed himself at the head of the movement, the nobles joined the commons, the clergy united in the work of reform: all classes, by common consent, conspired in the demolition and reconstruction of the constitution. A new era was thought to have dawned on human affairs; the age of gold to be about to return from the regeneration of mankind.

The consequence, as all the world knows, was ruin, devastation, and misery, unparalleled in modern times: the king, the queen, the royal family were beheaded, the nobles exiled or guillotined, the clergy confiscated and banished, the fundholders starved and ruined, the merchants exterminated, the landholders beggared, the people decimated. The wrath of Heaven needed no destroying angel to be the minister of its vengeance: the guilty passions of men worked out their own and well-deserved punishment. The fierce passion of democracy was extinguished in blood: the Reign of Terror froze every heart with horror: the tyranny of the Directory destroyed the very name of freedom: the ambition of Napoleon visited every cottage with mourning, and doomed to tears every mother in France; and the sycophancy of all classes, the natural result of former license, so paved the way for military despotism, that the haughty emperor could only exclaim with Tiberius—"Q. homines ad servitutem parati!"

Forty years after, the same unruly and reckless spirit seized the very nation who had witnessed these horrors, and bravely struggled for twenty years to avert them from her own shores. The passion of democracy became general in all the manufacturing and trading classes: a large portion of the nobility were deluded by the infatuated idea, that by yielding to the torrent, they could regulate its direction: the ministers of the crown put themselves at the head of the movement, and wielded the royal prerogative to give force and consistency to the ambition of the multitude: political fanaticism again reared its hydra head: the ministers of religion became the objects of odium; every thing sacred, every thing venerable, the subject of opprobrium, and, by yielding to this tempest of passion and terror, enlightened men seriously anticipated, not a repetition of the horrors of the French Revolution, but the staying of the fury of democracy, the stilling of the waves of faction, the calming the ambition of the people.

That a delusion so extraordinary, a blindness so infatuated, should have existed so soon after the great and bloody drama had been acted on the theatre of Europe, will appear altogether incredible to future ages. It is certain, however, that it exists, not only among the unthinking millions, who, being incapable of

* Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, et sur les Premières Assemblées Législatives. Par Etienne Dumont, de Geneve. 8vo. London: E. Bull. 1832.—We have translated the quotations ourselves, not having seen the English version. Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1832. Written when the Reform Bill was before the House of Peers.

judging of the consequences of political changes, are of no weight in a philosophical view of the subject, but among thinking thousands who are capable of forming a correct judgment, and whose opinions on other subjects are highly worthy of consideration. This is the circumstance which furnishes the real phenomenon, and into the causes of which future ages will anxiously inquire. It is no more surprising that a new generation of shopkeepers, manufacturers, and artisans, should be devoured by the passion for political power, without any regard to its recent consequences in the neighbouring kingdom, than that youth, in every successive generation, should yield to the seductions of pleasure, or the allurements of vice, without ever thinking of the miseries it has brought upon their fathers, and the old time before them. But how men of sense, talent, and information; men who really have a stake in the country, and would themselves be the first victims of revolution, should be carried away by the same infatuation, cannot be so easily explained; and, if it cannot be accounted for from some accidental circumstances, offers the most gloomy prospects for the cause of truth, and the future destinies of mankind.

"The direction of literature and philosophy in France, during the last half of the 18th century," says Madame de Staël, "was extremely bad; but, if I may be allowed the expression, the direction of ignorance has been still worse; for no one book can do much mischief to those who read all. If the idlers in the world, on the other hand, occupy themselves by reading a few moments, the work which they read makes as great an impression on them as the arrival of a stranger in the desert; and if that work abounds in sophisms, they have no opposite arguments to oppose to it. The discovery of printing is *truly fatal* to those who read only by halves or chance; for knowledge, like the Lance of Argail, inflicts wounds which nothing but itself can heal."* In this observation is to be found the true solution of the extraordinary political delusions which now overspread the world; and it is much easier to discern the causes of the calamity, than perceive what remedy can be devised for it.

If you could give to all who can read the newspapers, either intellect to understand, or taste to relish, or money to buy, or time to read, works of historical information, or philosophical wisdom, there might be a reasonable hope that error in the end would be banished from thought, and that political knowledge, like the Thames water in the course of a long voyage, would work itself pure. But as it is obvious to every one practically acquainted with the condition of mankind, that ninety-nine out of the hundred who peruse the daily press, are either totally incapable of forming a sound opinion from their own reflections on any subject of thought, or so influenced by prejudice as to be inaccessible to the force of reason, or so much swayed by passion as to be deaf to argument, or so destitute of information as to be insensible to its force, it is

hardly possible to discern any mode in which, with a daily press extensively read, and political excitement kept up, as it always will be by its authors, either truth is to become generally known, or error sufficiently combated. Every one, how slender soever his intellect, how slight his information, how limited his time for study, can understand and feel gratified by abuse of his superiors. The common slang declamation against the aristocrats, the clergy, and the throne, in France, and against the boroughmongers, the bishops, and the peers, in England, is on the level of the meanest capacity; and is calculated to seduce all those who are "either," in Bacon's words, "weak in judgment, or infirm in resolution; that is, the greater proportion of mankind."

It is this circumstance of the universal diffusion of passion, and the extremely limited extent of such intellect or information as qualifies to judge on political subjects, which renders the future prospects of any nation, which has got itself involved in the whirlwind of innovation, so extremely melancholy. Every change which is proposed holds out some *immediate* or apparent benefit, which forms the attraction and inducement to the multitude. Every one can see and understand this immediate or imaginary benefit; and therefore the change is clamorously demanded by the people. To discern the *ultimate* effects again, to see how these changes are to operate on the frame of society, and the misery they are calculated to bring on the very persons who demand them, requires a head of more than ordinary strength, and knowledge of more than ordinary extent. Nature has not given the one, education can never give the other, to above one in a hundred. Hence the poison circulates universally, while the antidote is confined to a few; and therefore, in such periods, the most extravagant measures are forced upon government, and a total disregard of experience characterizes the national councils.

It is to this cause that the extremely short duration of any institutions, which have been framed under the pressure of democratic influence, is to be ascribed, and the rapidity with which they are terminated by the tranquil despotism of the sword. Rome, in two generations, ran through the horrors of democratic convulsions, until they were stopped by the sword of the Dictator. France, since the reform transports of 1789 began, has had *thirteen* different constitutions; none of which subsisted two years, except such as were supported by the power of Napoleon and the bayonets of the allies. England, in five years after the people ran mad in 1642, was quietly sheltered under the despotism of Cromwell; and the convulsions of the republics of South America have been so numerous since their struggles began, that civilized nations have ceased to count them.

Historians recording events at a distance from the period of their occurrence, and ignorant of the experienced evils which led to their adoption, have often indulged in eloquent declamation against the corruption and debasement of those nations, such as Florence, Milan, Sienna, and Denmark, which have by common consent, and a solemn act, surrendered their

* De l'Allemagne, iii. 247.

liberties to a sovereign prince. There is nothing, however, either extraordinary or debasing about it; they surrendered their privileges, because they had never known what real freedom was; they invoked the tranquillity of despotism, to avoid the experienced ills of anarchy; they chose the lesser, to avoid the greater evil. Democracy, admirable as a spring, and when duly tempered by the other elements of society, is utterly destructive where it becomes predominant, or is deprived of its regulating weight. The evils it produces are so excessive, the suffering it occasions so dreadful, that society cannot exist under them, and the people take refuge in despair, in the surrender of all they have been contending for, to obtain that peace which they have sought for in vain amidst its stormy convulsions. The horrors of democratic tyranny greatly exceed those either of regal or aristocratic oppression. History contains numerous examples of nations, who have lingered on for centuries, under the bowstring of the sultan, or the fetters of the feudal nobility; but none in which democratic violence, when once fairly let loose, has not speedily brought about its own extirpation.

But although there is little hope that the multitude, when once infected by the deadly contagion of democracy, can right themselves, or be righted by others, by the utmost efforts of reason, argument, or eloquence, nature has in reserve one remedy of sovereign and universal efficacy, which is as universally understood, and as quick in its operation, as the poison which rendered its application necessary. This Remedy is Suffering. Every man cannot, indeed, understand political reasoning; but every man can feel the want of a meal. The multitude may be insensible to the efforts of reason and eloquence; but they cannot remain deaf to the dangers of murder and conflagration. These, the natural and unvarying attendants on democratic ascendancy, will as certainly in the end tame the fierce spirits of the people, as winter will succeed summer; but whether they will do so in time to preserve the national freedom, or uphold the national fortunes, is a very different, and far more doubtful question. It is seldom that the illumination of suffering comes in time to save the people from the despotism of the sword.

It is in this particular that the superior strength and efficiency of free constitutions, such as Britain, in resisting the fatal encroachments of democracy, to any possessed by a despotic government, is to be found. The habits of union, intelligence, and political exertion, which they have developed, have given to the higher and more influential classes such a power of combining to resist the danger, that obstacles are thrown in the way of change, which retard the fatal rapidity of its course. Discussion goes on in the legislature; talent is enlisted on the side of truth; honour and patriotism are found in the post of danger; virtue receives its noblest attribute in the universal calumnies of wickedness. These generous efforts, indeed, are totally unavailing to alter the opinion of the many-headed mon-

ster which has started into political activity; but they combine the brave, the enlightened, and the good, into a united phalanx, which, if it cannot singly resist the torrent, may, at least, arrest its fury, till the powers of nature come to its aid. These powers do come at last with desperate and resistless effect, in the universal suffering, the far-spread agony, the hopeless depression of the poor; but the danger is imminent, that before the change takes place the work of destruction may be completed, and the national liberties, deprived of the ark of the constitution, be doomed to perish under the futile attempts to reconstruct it.

There never was a mistake so deplorable, as to imagine that it is possible, to give to any nation at once a new constitution; or to preserve the slightest guarantee for freedom, under institutions created at once by the utmost efforts of human wisdom. It is as impossible at once to give a durable constitution to a nation as it is to give a healthful frame to an individual, without going through the previous changes of childhood and youth. "Governments," says Sir James Mackintosh, "are not framed after a model, but all their parts grow out of occasional acts, prompted by some urgent expedience, or some private interest, which in the course of time coalesce and harden into usage; and this bundle of usages is the object of respect, and the guide of conduct, long before it is imbodied, defined, or enforced in written laws. Government may be, in some degree, reduced to system, but it cannot flow from it. It is not like a machine, or a building, which may be constructed entirely, and according to a previous plan, by the art and labour of man. It is better illustrated by comparison with vegetables, or even animals, which may be, in a very high degree, improved by skill and care—which may be grievously injured by neglect, or destroyed by violence, but which cannot be produced by human contrivance. A government can, indeed, be no more than a mere draught or scheme of rule, when it is not composed of habits of obedience on the part of the people, and of an habitual exercise of certain portions of authority by the individuals or bodies who constitute the sovereign power. These habits, like all others, can only be formed by repeated acts; they cannot be suddenly infused by the lawgiver, nor can they immediately follow the most perfect conviction of their propriety. Many causes having more power over the human mind than written law, it is extremely difficult, from the mere perusal of a written scheme of government, to foretell what it will prove in action. There may be governments so bad that it is justifiable to destroy them, and to trust to the probability that a better government will grow in their stead. But as the rise of a worse is also possible, so terrible a peril is never to be incurred except in the case of tyranny which it is impossible to reform. It may be necessary to burn a forest containing much useful timber, but giving shelter to beasts of prey, who are formidable to an infant colony in its neighbourhood, and of too vast an extent to be gradually and safely thinned by their inadequate labour. It is fi-

however, that they should be apprized, before they take an irreparable step, how little it is possible to foresee, whether the earth, stripped of its vegetation, shall become an unprofitable desert or a pestilential marsh.*

The great cause, therefore, of the devastating march of revolutions, and the total subversion which they in general effect in the liberties of the people, is the fundamental changes in laws and institutions which they effect. As long as these remain untouched, or not altered in any considerable degree, any passing despotism, how grievous soever, is only of temporary effect; and when the tyranny is overpast, the public freedom again runs into its wonted and consuetudinary channels. Thus the successive tyrannies of Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, and James the Second, produced no fatal effects on English freedom, because they subsisted only during the lifetime of an arbitrary or capricious sovereign; and, upon his death, the ancient privileges of the people revived, and the liberties of the nation again were as extensive as ever.

The great rebellion hardly partook at all, at least in its early stages, of a democratic movement. Its leaders were the House of Commons, who possessed four-fifths of the landed property of the kingdom, and were proprietors of three times as much territory as the Upper House; hence no considerable changes in laws, institutions, or customs, took place. "The courts of law," says Lingard, "still administered law on the old precedents, and, with the exception of a change of the dynasty on the throne, the people perceived little change in the administration of government."† Power was not, during the course of the Revolution, transferred into other and inferior hands, from whence it never can be wrenched but at the sword's point; it remained in the House of Commons, the legal representatives of the kingdom, till it was taken from them by the hand of Cromwell. The true democratic spirit appeared at the close of the struggles in the Fifth Monarchy men, but their numbers were too inconsiderable to acquire any preponderance before the usurpation of the daring Protector. Accordingly, on the Restoration, the first thing that government did, was to issue writs for all persons to return members to Parliament who were qualified prior to 1640; and after an abeyance of twenty years, the blood of the constitution was again poured into its ancient veins. The Revolution of 1688, as it is called, was not strictly speaking a revolution; it was merely a change of dynasty, accompanied by a unanimous effort of the public will, and unattended by the least change in the aristocratic influence, or the balance of powers in the state.

The wisdom of our ancestors is a foolish phrase, which does not convey the meaning which it is intended to express. When it is said that institutions formed by the wisdom of former ages should not be changed, it is not meant that our ancestors were gifted with any extraordinary sagacity, or were in any respect

superior to what we are—what is meant is, that the customs which they adopted were the result of experienced utility and known necessity; and that the collection of usages, called the constitution, is more perfect than any human wisdom could at once have framed, because it has arisen out of social wants, and been adapted to the exigencies of actual practice, during a long course of ages. To demolish and reconstruct such a constitution, to remove power from the hands in which it was formerly vested, and throw it into channels where it never was accustomed to flow, is an evil incomparably greater, an experiment infinitely more hazardous, than the total subversion of the liberties of the people by an ambitious monarch or a military usurper, because it not only destroys the balance of power at the moment, but renders it impossible for the nation to right itself at the close of the tyranny, and raises up a host of separate revolutionary interests, vested at the moment with supreme authority, and dependent for their existence upon the continuance of the revolutionary regime. It is to government what a total change of landed property is to the body politic; a wound which, as Ireland sufficiently proves, a nation can never recover.

As the Reform Bill proposes to throw a large part of the political power in the state into new and inexperienced hands, the change thereby contemplated is incomparably greater and more perilous than the most complete prostration of the liberties, either of the people or the aristocracy, by a passing tyranny. It is the creation of new and formidable revolutionary interests which will never expire; the vesting of power in hands jealous of its possession, in proportion to the novelty of its acquisition, and their own unfitness to wield it, which is the insuperable evil. Such a calamity is inflicted as effectually by the tranquil and pacific formation of a new constitution, as by the most terrible civil wars, or the severest military oppression. The liberties of England survived the wars of the Roses, the fury of the Covenant, and the tyranny of Henry VIII.; but those of France were at once destroyed by the insane innovations of the Constituent Assembly. And this destruction took place without any bloodshed or opposition, under the auspices of a reforming king, a conceding nobility, and an intoxicated people, by the mere unresisted votes of the States-General.

The example of France is so extremely and exactly applicable to our changes—the pacific and applauded march of its innovations was so precisely similar to that which has so long been pressed upon the legislature in this country, that it is not surprising that it should be an extremely sore subject with the Reformers—and that they should endeavour, by every method of ingenuity, misrepresentation, and concealment, to withdraw the public attention from so damning a precedent. It is fortunate, therefore, for the cause of truth, that at this juncture a work has appeared, flowing from the least suspicious quarter, which at once puts this matter on the right footing, and demonstrates that it was not undue delay, but

* Mackintosh's History of England, i. 73.

† Lingard, xi. 1., 19.

over rapidly a concession, which brought about the unexampled horrors of its Revolution.

M. Dumont, whose "Souvenirs sur Mirabeau" is prefixed to this article, was the early and faithful friend of that extraordinary man. He wrote a great proportion of his speeches, and composed almost entirely the *Courier de Provence*, a journal published in the name of Mirabeau, and to which a great part of his political celebrity was owing. The celebrated declaration on the Rights of Man, published by the Constituent Assembly, was almost entirely composed by him. He was the intimate friend of Brissot, Garat, Roland, Vergniaud, Talleyrand, and all the leaders of the popular party, and his opinion was deemed of so much importance, that he was frequently consulted by the ministers as to the choice of persons to fill the highest situations. In this country he was the intimate and valued friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Whitbread, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and all the party at Holland House. Laterly, he was chiefly occupied in arranging, composing, and putting into order the multifarious effusions of Mr. Bentham's genius; and from his pen almost all the productions of that great and original man have flowed. Half the fame of Mirabeau, and more than half that of Bentham, rest on his labours. He was no common person who was selected to be the coadjutor of two such men, and rendered the vehicle of communicating their varied and original thoughts to the world.

Before quoting the highly interesting observations of this able and impartial observer on the French Constituent Assembly, and comparing them with the progress of Reform in this country, we shall recall to our readers' recollection the dates of the leading measures of that celebrated body, as, without having them in view, the importance of M. Dumont's observations cannot be duly appreciated. Such a survey will at the same time bring to the test the accuracy of Mr. Macaulay's and Sir John Hobhouse's assertion, that it was not the concession, but the resistance, of the privileged orders, which precipitated the fatal catastrophe of their Revolution. The abstract is abridged from Mignet, the ablest historian on the republican side of which France can boast, and Lacretelle, the well known annalist of its events.

In August, 1788, Louis, in obedience to the wishes of the nation, agreed to assemble the States-General, which had not met in France since 1614.

In September, 1789, the king, by the advice of Neckar, by a royal ordinance, doubled the number of the representatives of the Tiers Etat; in other words, he doubled the House of Commons of France,* while those of the clergy and nobles were left at their former amount.

The elections in April, 1789, were conducted with the utmost favour to the popular party. No scrutiny of those entitled to vote took place; after the few first days, every person

decently dressed was allowed to vote, without asking any questions.*

When the States-General met in May 6, 1789, the king and his minister, Neckar, were received with cold and dignified courtesy by the nobles and clergy, but rapturous applause by the Tiers Etat, who saw in them the authors of the prodigious addition which the number and consequence of their order had received.†

May 9. No sooner had the States-General proceeded to business, than the Tiers Etat demanded that the nobles and clergy should sit and vote with them in one chamber; a proceeding unexampled in French history, and which it was foreseen would give them the complete ascendancy, by reason of their numerical superiority to those of both the other orders united.‡

May 10 to June 9. The nobles and clergy resisted for a short while this prodigious innovation, and insisted that, after the manner of all the States-General which had assembled in France from the foundation of the monarchy, the orders should sit and vote by separate chambers; and that this was more especially indispensable since the recent duplication of the Tiers Etat had given that body a numerical superiority over the two other orders taken together.§

June 17. The Tiers Etat declared themselves the National Assembly of France, a designation, says Dumont, which indicated their intention to usurp the whole sovereignty of "the state."

June 21. The king, terrified at the thoughts of a collision with the Commons, and thinking to put himself at the head of the movement, first persuaded, and at length, through the medium of Marshal Luxembourg, commanded the nobles to yield to this demand of the Tiers Etat.||

The nobles and clergy gradually yielded. On the 19th June, 1789, one hundred and forty-seven of the clergy joined the Tiers Etat, and on the 25th, the Duke of Orleans, with forty-seven of the nobles, also deserted their order, and adhered to the opposite party. The remainder finding their numbers so seriously weakened, and urged on by their Reforming Sovereign, also joined the Tiers Etat, and sat with them in one assembly on 27th June.¶ "On that day (says Dumont) the Revolution was completed."

On the 23d June, 1789, the king held a solemn meeting of the whole estates in one assembly, and while he declared the former proceedings of the Tiers Etat unconstitutional, granted such immense concessions to the people, as never, says Mirabeau, were before granted by a king to his subjects. All the objects of the Revolution, says Mignet, were gained by that royal ordinance.**

July 13. The king ordered the troops, who had been assembled in the vicinity of the capital, to be withdrawn, and sanctioned the establishment of National Guards.††

* Dumont. † Mignet, i. 30. ‡ Mignet, i. 37.

§ Mignet, i. 37. || Lacretelle, Pr. Hist. p. 3.

¶ Lacretelle, Pr. Hist. i. 42.

** Ibid. i. 49

†† Ibid. i. 3.

* Mignet, i. 25.

July 14. The Bastille taken, and all Paris in an insurrection.

July 16. The king appointed Lafayette commander of the National Guard, and Bailly, the president of the Assembly, mayor of Paris.

July 17. The king visited Paris in the midst of a mob of 200,000 revolutionary democrats.

Aug. 4. The whole feudal rights, including tithes, abandoned in one night by the nobility, on the motion of the Duke de Noailles.

Aug. 13. Decree of the Assembly declaring all ecclesiastical estates national property.

Aug. 20. The Declaration of the Rights of Man issued.

Aug. 23. Freedom of religious opinions proclaimed.

Aug. 24. The unlimited freedom of the press established.

Aug. 25. Dreadful disturbances in Paris on account of famine.

Sept. 13. A new decree on account of the extreme suffering at Paris.

Oct. 5. Versailles invaded by a clamorous mob. The king and queen nearly murdered, and brought captives by a furious mob to Paris.

Nov. 2. Decree passed, on the motion of the Bishop of Autun, for the confiscation and disposal of all ecclesiastical property.

Feb. 24, 1790. Titles of honour abolished.

Feb. 26. New division of the kingdom into departments; and all appointments, civil and military, vested in the people.

March 17. Sale of 400 millions of the national domains authorized, and assignats, bearing a forced circulation, issued, to supply the immense deficiency of the revenue.*

It is unnecessary to go farther. Here it appears, that within *two months* of the meeting of the States-General, the union of the orders in one chamber, in other words, the annihilation of the House of Peers, was effected, the feudal rights abolished, and the entire sovereignty vested in the National Assembly. In *three months*, the church property was confiscated, the Rights of Man published, titles annihilated, and the unlimited freedom of the press proclaimed. In *five months*, the king and royal family were brought prisoners to Paris. In *six months*, the distress naturally consequent on these convulsions had attracted the constant attention of the Assembly, and spread the utmost misery among the people; and in *ten months*, the total failure of the revenue had rendered the sale of church property, and the issuing of assignats bearing a forced circulation, necessary, which it is well known soon swallowed up property of every description throughout France. We do not know what the reformers consider as *tardy* concessions of the nobility and throne; but when it is recollected that all these proceedings were agreed to by the king, and passed by the legislature at the dates here specified, it is conceived that a *more rapid* revolutionary progress could hardly be wished for by the most ardent reformer.

The authority of Madame de Staël was appealed to in the House of Commons, as illustrative of the vain attempts of a portion of the

aristocracy to stem the torrent. Let us hear the opinion of the same great writer, as to who it was that *put it in motion*. "No revolution," she observes, "can succeed in a great country, *unless it is commenced by the aristocratical class*. The people afterwards get possession of it, but they cannot strike the first blow. When I recollect that it was *the parliaments, the nobles, and the clergy of France*, who first strove to limit the royal authority, I am far from insinuating that their design in so doing was culpable. A sincere enthusiasm then animated all ranks of Frenchmen—public spirit had spread universally; and among the higher classes, the most enlightened and generous were those who ardently desired that public opinion should have its due sway in the direction of affairs. But *can the privileged ranks, who commenced the Revolution*, accuse those who only carried it on? Some will say, we wished only that the changes should proceed a certain length; others, that they should go a step farther; but *who can regulate the impulse of a great people when once put in motion?*"[†] These are the words of sober wisdom, and coming, as they do, from the gifted daughter of M. Neckar, who had so large a share, by the duplication of the Tiers Etat, in the raising of the tempest, and who was so devoted a worshipper of her father's memory, none were ever uttered worthy of more profound meditation.

Bellevue Bell
This is the true principle of the subject. The aid of the Crown, or of a portion of the aristocracy, is indispensable to put the torrent of democracy in motion. After it is fairly set agoing, all their efforts are unavailing to restrain its course. This is what we have all along maintained. Unless the French nobility had headed the mob in demanding the States-General, matters could never have been brought to a crisis. After they had roused the public feeling, they found, by dear-bought experience, that they were altogether unable to restrain its fury. In this country, the revolutionary party could have done nothing, had they not been supported in their projects of reform by the ministers of the Crown and the Whig nobility. Having been so, we shall see whether they will be better able than their compeers on the other side of the Channel to master the tempest they have raised.

It has been already stated, that a large portion of the nobility supported the pretensions of the Tiers Etat. Dumont gives the following picture of the reforming nobles, and of the extravagant expectations of the different classes who supported their favourite innovations:

"The house of the Duke de Rochefoucauld distinguished by its simplicity, the purity of its manners, and the independence of its principles, assembled all those members of the nobility who supported the people, the double representation of the Tiers Etat, the vote *per capita*, the abandonment of all privileges, and the like. Condorcet, Dupont, Lafayette, the Duke de Liancourt, were the chief persons of that society. Their ruling passion was to create for France a new constitution. Such of the nobility and princes as wished to preserve the ancient

* See Lacretelle; Pr. Hist. n. 1—9, Introduction.

† Revolution Française, 125.

constitution of the States-General, formed the aristocratic party, against which the public indignation was so general; but although much noise was made about them, their numbers were inconsiderable. The bulk of the nation saw only in the States-General the means of diminishing the taxes; the fundholders, so often exposed to the consequences of a violation of public faith, considered them as an invincible rampart against national bankruptcy. The deficit had made them tremble. They were on the point of ruin; and they embraced with warmth the hope of giving to the revenues of the state a secure foundation. These ideas were utterly inconsistent with each other. The nobility had in their bosom a democratic as well as an aristocratic party. The clergy were divided in the same manner, and so were the commons. No words can convey an idea of the confusion of ideas, the extravagant expectations, the hopes and passions of all parties. You would imagine the world was on the day after the creation."—Pp. 37, 38.

We have seen that the clergy, by their joining the Tiers Etat, first gave them a decided superiority over the other orders, and vested in their hands omnipotent power, by compelling the nobles to sit and vote with them in an assembly where they were numerically inferior to the popular party. The return they met with in a few months was, a decree *confiscating all their property to the service of the state*. With bitter and unavailing anguish did they then look back to their insane conduct in so strongly fanning a flame of which they were soon to be the victims. Dumont gives the following striking account of the feelings of one of their reforming bishops, when the tempest they had raised reached their own doors.

"The Bishop of Chartres was one of the bishops who were attached to the popular party; that is to say, he was a supporter of the union of the orders, of the vote by head, and the new constitution. He was by no means a man of a political turn, nor of any depth of understanding; but he had so much candour and good faith that he distrusted no one; he never imagined that the Tiers Etat could have any other design but to reform the existing abuses, and do the good which appeared so easy a matter to all the world. A stranger to every species of intrigue, sincere in his intentions, he followed no other guide than his conscience, and what he sincerely believed to be for the public good. His religion was like his politics; he was benevolent, tolerant, and sincerely rejoiced to see the Protestants exempted from every species of constraint. He was well aware that the clergy would be called on to make great sacrifices; but never anticipated that he was destined to be the victim of the Revolution. I saw him at the time when the whole goods of the church were declared national property, with tears in his eyes, dismissing his old domestics, reducing his hospitable mansion, selling his most precious effects to discharge his debts. He found some relief by pouring his sorrow into my bosom. His regrets were not for himself, but he incessantly accused himself for having suffered himself to be deceived, and embraced the party of the

Tiers Etat, which violated, when triumphant all the engagements which it had made when in a state of weakness. How grievous it must have been to a man of good principles to have contributed to the success of so unjust a party! Yet never man had less reason, morally speaking, to reproach himself."—Pp. 66, 67.

This spoliation of the clergy has already commenced in this country, even before the great democratic measure of Reform is carried. As usual also, the supporters of the popular party are likely to be its first victims. We all recollect the decided part which Lord Milton took in supporting the Reform Bill, and the long and obstinate conflict he maintained with Mr. Cartwright, and the Conservative party in Northamptonshire, at the last election. Well, he gained his point, and he is now beginning to taste its fruits. Let us hear the proclamation which he has lately placarded over all his extensive estates in the county of Wicklow—

"Grosvenor Place, March 10.

"I was in hopes that the inhabitants of our part of the country had too deep sense of the importance of respecting the rights of property, and of obeying the laws, to permit them to contemplate what I can call by no other name than a *scheme of spoliation and robbery*. It seems that the occupier proposes to withhold payment of tithe, &c.; but let me ask, what is it that entitles the occupier himself to the land which he occupies? Is it not the law which sanctions the lease by which he holds it? The law gives him a right to the cattle which he rears on his land, to the plough with which he cultivates it, and to the car in which he carries his produce to the market; the law also gives him his right to nine-tenths of the produce of his land, but the same law assigns the other tenth to another person. In this distribution of the produce of the land, there is no injustice, because the tenant was perfectly aware of it when he entered upon his land; but in any forcible change of this distribution there would be great injustice, because *it would be a transfer of property from one person to another without an equivalent—in other words, it would be a robbery*. The occupier must also remember that the rent he pays to the landlord is calculated upon the principle of his receiving only nine-tenths of the produce—if he were entitled to the other tenth, the rent which we should call upon him to pay would be proportionably higher. All our land is valued to the tenants upon this principle; but if tithes, &c., are swept away without an equivalent, we shall adopt a different principle, and the landlord, not the tenant, will be the gainer.

MILTON."

There can be no doubt that the principles here laid down by Lord Milton are well founded; but did it never occur to his lordship that they are somewhat inconsistent with those of the Reform Bill? If the principle be correct, "that the transfer of property from one person to another without an equivalent is robbery," what are we say of the disfranchising the electors of 148 seats in Parliament, and the destruction of property worth 2,500,000*l.*, vested before the Reform tempest began, in the Scotch freeholders? Lords Eldon and Tenterden, it is to be recollected, have declared that

these rights "are a property as well as a trust." They stand, therefore, on the same foundation as Lord Fitzwilliam's right to his Irish tithes. No more injustice is done by confiscating the one than the other. But this is just an instance how clear-sighted men are to the "robbery" of revolutionary measures when they approach their own door, and how extremely blind when it touches upon the freeholds of others. Lord Milton was a keen supporter of schedule A, and disregarded the exclamations against "robbery and spoliation," which were so loudly made by the able and intrepid Conservative band in the House of Commons. Did his lordship ever imagine that the system of spoliation was to stop short at the freehold corporations, or the boroughs of Tory Peers? He will learn to his cost that the radicals can find as good plunder in the estates of the Whig as the Conservative nobility. But when the day of reckoning comes, he cannot plead the excuse of the honest and benevolent Bishop of Chartres. He was well forewarned of the consequences; the example of France was before his eyes, and it was clearly pointed out to his attention; but he obstinately rushed forward in the insane career of innovation, which, almost under his own eyes, had swallowed up all the reforming nobility and clergy of that unhappy kingdom.

The vast importance of words in revolutionary convulsions, of which Napoleon was so well aware when he said that "it was by epithets that you govern mankind," appears in the account given by this able and impartial writer on the designation which the *Tiers Etat* chose for themselves before their union with the other orders.

"The people of Versailles openly insulted in the streets and at the gates of the Assembly those whom they called *Aristocrats*. The power of that word became magical, as is always the case with party epithets." What astonishes me is, that there was no contrary denomination fixed on by the opposite party. They were called the *Nation*. The effects of these two words, when constantly opposed to each other, may readily be conceived.

"Though the Commons had already become sensible of their power, there were many opinions on the way in which it should be exerted, and the name to be given to the Assembly. They had not as yet all the audacity which they have since evinced; but the men who looked into futurity clearly saw that this determination would have been of the most important consequences. To declare themselves the National Assembly was to count for nothing the king, the noblesse, and the clergy; it was equivalent to a declaration of civil war, if the government had had sufficient vigour to make any resistance. To declare themselves the Assembly of the Commons, was to express what undoubtedly was the fact, but what would not have answered the purpose of compelling the clergy and nobles to join them. Many denominations were proposed which were neither the one nor the other of these; for every one as yet was desirous to conceal his ultimate pre-

tensions; and even Sieyes, who rejected every thing which tended to preserve the distinction of orders, did not venture to table the expression, National Assembly. It was hazarded for the first time by a deputy named Le Grand: there was an immediate call for the vote, and it was carried by a majority of 500 to 80 voices."—Pp. 73, 74.

This is the never-failing device of the democratic party in all ages. Trusting to the majority of mere numbers on their side, they invariably represent themselves as the whole nation, and the friends of the constitution as a mere fragment, utterly unworthy of consideration or regard. "Who are the *Tiers Etat*?" said the Abbé Sieyes. "They are the French nation, *minus* 150,000 privileged individuals."—"Who are the Reformers?" says the Times "They are 24,000,000 of men, *minus* 200 boroughmongers." By such false sweeping assertions as these, are men's eyes blinded not only to what is honourable, but to what is safe and practicable. By this single device of calling the usurping Commons the National Assembly, the friends of order were deterred from entering into a struggle with what was called, and therefore esteemed, the national will; and many opportunities of stemming the torrent, which, as Dumont shows, afterward's arose, irrecoverably neglected.

Of the fatal weakness which attended the famous sitting of the 23d June, 1789, when Louis made such prodigious concessions to his subjects, without taking at the same time any steps to make the royal authority respected, the opinion of Dumont is as follows:—

"Neckar had intended by these concessions to put democracy into the royal hands; but they had the effect of putting the aristocracy under the despotism of the people. We must not consider that royal sitting in itself alone. Viewed in this light, it contained the most extensive concessions that ever monarch made to his people. They would, at any other time, have excited the most lively gratitude. Is a prince powerful? Every thing that he gives is a gift, every thing that he does not resume is a favour. Is he weak? every thing that he concedes is considered as a debt; every thing that he refuses, as an act of injustice.

"The Commons had now set their heart upon being the National Assembly. Every thing which did not amount to that was nothing in their estimation. But to hold a Bed of Justice, annul the decrees of the Commons, make a great noise without having even foreseen any resistance, or taken a single precaution for the morrow, without having taken any steps to prepare a party in the Assembly, was an act of madness, and from it may be dated the ruin of the monarchy. Nothing can be more dangerous than to drive a weak prince to acts of vigour which he is unable to sustain; for when he has exhausted the terrors of words he has no other resource; the authority of the throne has been lowered, and the people have discovered the secret of their monarch's weakness."—P. 87.

The Reformers in this country say, that these immense concessions of Louis failed in their effect of calming the popular effervescence.

*In debate on Reform Bill, Oct. 8, 1831.

because they came too late. It is difficult to say what they call *soon enough*, when it is recollected that these concessions were made before the deputies had even verified their powers; before a single decree of the Assembly had passed, at the very opening of their sittings; and when all their proceedings up to that hour had been an illegal attempt to centre in themselves all the powers of government. But, in truth, what rendered that solitary act of vigour so disastrous was, that it was totally unsupported; that no measures were simultaneously taken to make the royal authority respected; that the throne was worsted from its own want of foresight in the very first contest with the Com-mons, and above all, that the army betrayed their sovereign and rendered resistance impossible, by joining the rebels to his government.

The National Assembly, like every other body which commits itself to the gale of popular applause, experienced the utmost disquietude at the thoughts of punishing any of the excesses of their popular supporters. Now exactly is the following description applicable to all times and nations!

"The disorders which were prolonged in the provinces, the massacres which stained the streets of Paris, induced many estimable persons to propose an address of the Assembly, condemnatory of such proceedings to the people. The Assembly, however, was so apprehensive of offending the multitude, that they regarded as a snare every motion tending to repress the disorders, or censure the popular excesses. Secret distrust and disquietude was at the bottom of every heart. They had triumphed by means of the people, and they could not venture to show themselves severe towards them; on the contrary, though they frequently declared, in the preambles of their decrees, that they were profoundly afflicted at the burning of the chateaux and the insults to the nobility, they rejoiced in heart at the propagation of a terror which they regarded as indispensable to their designs. They had reduced themselves to the necessity of fearing the noblesse, or being feared by them. They condemned publicly, they protected secretly; they conferred compliments on the constituted authorities, and gave encouragement to license. Respect for the executive power was nothing but words of style; and in truth, when the ministers of the crown revealed the secret of their weakness, the Assembly, which remembered well its own terrors, was not displeased that fear had changed sides. If you are sufficiently powerful to cause yourselves to be respected by the people, you will be sufficiently so to inspire us with dread; that was the ruling feeling of the Cote Gauche."—P. 134.

This is precisely a picture of what always must be the feeling in regard to tumult and disorders of all who have committed their political existence to the waves of popular support. However much, taken individually, they may disapprove of acts of violence, yet when they feel that intimidation of their opponents is their sheet-anchor, they cannot have an insurmountable aversion to the deeds by which it is to be effected. They would prefer, indeed, that terror should answer their pur-

poses without the necessity of blows being actually inflicted; but if mere threats are insufficient, they never fail to derive a secret satisfaction from the recurrence of examples calculated to show what risks the enemy runs. The burning of castles, the sacking of towns, may indeed alienate the wise and the good; but alas! the wise and the good form but a small proportion of mankind; and for one whose eyes are opened by the commencement of such deeds of horror, ten will be so much overawed, as to lose all power of acting in obedience to the newly awakened and better feelings of his mind.

"Intimidation," as Lord Brougham has well observed, "is the never-failing resource of the partisans of revolution in all ages. Mere popularity is at first the instrument by which this unsteady legislature is governed; but when it becomes apparent that whoever can obtain the direction or command of it must possess the whole authority of the state, parties become less scrupulous about the means they employ for that purpose, and soon find out that violence and terror are infinitely more effectual and expeditious than persuasion and eloquence. Encouraged by this state of affairs, the most daring, unprincipled, and profligate, proceed to seize upon the defenceless legislature, and, driving all their antagonists before them by violence or intimidation, enter without opposition upon the supreme functions of government. The arms, however, by which they had been victorious, are speedily turned against themselves, and those who are envious of their success, or ambitious of their distinction, easily find means to excite discontents among the multitude, and to employ them in pulling down the very individuals whom they had so recently elevated. This disposal of the legislature then becomes a prize to be fought for in the clubs and societies of a corrupted metropolis, and the institution of a national representation has no other effect than that of laying the government open to lawless force and flagitious audacity. It was in this manner that, from the want of a natural and efficient aristocracy to exercise the functions of hereditary legislators, the National Assembly of France was betrayed into extravagance, and fell a prey to faction; that the Institution itself became a source of public misery and disorder, and converted a civilized monarchy first into a sanguinary democracy, and then into a military despotism.*" How exactly is the progress, here so well described, applicable to these times! "Take this bill or anarchy," says Mr. Macauley.—"Lord Grey," says the Times, "has brought the country into such a state, that he must either carry the Reform Bill or incur the responsibility of a revolution."† How exactly is the career of democratic insanity and revolutionary ambition the same in all ages and countries!

Dumont, as already mentioned, was a leading member of the committee which prepared the famous declaration on the Rights of Man. He gives the following interesting account of the revolt of a candid and sagacious mind at the absurdities which a regard to the popular opinion constrained them to adopt:—

* Edinburgh Review, vi. 148.
† Times, March 27, 1832.

"Duroverai, Claviere, and myself, were named by Mirabeau to draw up that celebrated declaration. During the course of that mournful compilation, reflections entered my mind which had never before found a place there. I soon perceived the ridiculous nature of the undertaking. A declaration of rights, I immediately saw, may be made after the proclamation of a constitution, but not before it; for it is laws which give birth to rights—they do not follow them. Such general maxims are highly dangerous; you should never bind a legislature by general propositions, which it afterwards becomes necessary to restrain or modify. 'Men,' says the declaration, 'are born free and equal;' that is not true; they are so far from being born free, that they are born in a state of unavoidable weakness and dependence: Equal—where are they? where can they be? It is in vain to talk of equality, when such extreme difference exists, and ever must exist, between the talents, fortune, virtues, industry, and condition of men. In a word, I was so strongly impressed with the absurdity of the declaration of the Rights of Man, that for once I carried along with me the opinions of our little committee; and Mirabeau himself, when presenting the report to the Assembly, ventured to suggest difficulties, and to propose that the declaration of rights should be delayed till the constitution was completed. 'I tell you,' said he, in his forcible style, 'that any declaration of rights you may make before the constitution is framed, will never be but a *one year's almanac*.' Mirabeau, always satisfied with a happy expression, never gave himself the trouble to get to the bottom of any subject, and never would go through the toil to put himself in possession of facts sufficient to defend what he advanced. On this occasion he suffered under this: this sudden change became the subject of bitter reproach. 'Who is 'is,' said the Jacobins, 'who seeks to employ his ascendant over the Assembly, to make us say yes and no alternately? Shall we be forever the puppets of his contradictions?' There was so much reason in what he had newly advanced, that he would have triumphed if he had been able to bring it out; but he abandoned the attempt at the very time when several deputies were beginning to unite themselves to him. The deplorable nonsense went triumphantly on, and generated that unhappy declaration of the Rights of Man which subsequently produced such incredible mischief. I am in possession at this moment of a complete refutation of it, article by article, by the hand of a great master, and it proves to demonstration the contradictions, the absurdities, the dangers of that seditious composition, which of itself was sufficient to overturn the constitution of which it formed a part; like a powder magazine placed below an edifice, which the first spark will blow into the air."—Pp. 141, 142.

These are the words of sober and experienced wisdom; and coming, as they do, from one of the authors of this celebrated declaration, are of the very highest importance. They prove, that at the very time when Mirabeau and the popular party in the Assembly were draw-

ing up their perilous and highly inflammatory declaration, they were aware of its absurdity, and wished to suppress the work of their own hands. They could not do so, however, and were constrained, by the dread of losing their popularity, to throw into the bosom of an excited people a firebrand, which they themselves foresaw would speedily lead to a conflagration. Such is the desperate, the hopeless state of slavery, in which, during periods of excitement, the representatives of the mob are held by their constituents. The whole purposes of a representative form of government are at once destroyed; the wisdom, experience, study, and reflection of the superior class of statesmen are trodden under foot; and the enlightened have no chance of keeping possession of the reins of power, or even influencing the legislature, but by bending to the passions of the ignorant.

This consideration affords a decisive argument in favour of the close, aye, the nomination boroughs. Their existence, and their existence in considerable numbers, is indispensable towards the voice of truth being heard in the national councils in periods of excitement, and the resistance to those measures of innovation, which threaten to destroy the liberties, and terminate the prosperity, of the people. From the popular representatives during such periods it is in vain to expect the language of truth; for it would be as unpalatable to the sovereign multitude as to a sovereign despot. Members of the legislature, therefore, are indispensably necessary in considerable numbers, who, by having *no popular constituents*, can venture to speak out the truth in periods of agitation, innovation, and alarm. The Reformers ask, what is the use of a representative of a green mound, or a ruined tower, in a popular parliament? We answer, that he is more indispensable in such a parliament than in any other. Nay, that without such a class the liberties of the nation cannot exist for any long period. Representatives constantly acting under the influence or dread of popular constituents, never will venture, either in their speeches to give vent to the language of truth, nor in their conduct to support the cause of real freedom, if it interferes with the real or supposed interests of their constituents. They will always be as much under the influence of their tyrannical task-masters, as Mirabeau and Dumont were in drawing up, against their better judgment, the Rights of Man. It is as absurd to expect rational or independent measures from such a class, in opposition to the wishes or injunctions of those who returned them to parliament, as it is to look for freedom of conduct from the senate of Tiberius or the council of Napoleon. We do not expect the truth to be spoken by the representative of a mound, in a question with its owner, or his class in society, nor by the representatives of the people, in a question which interests or excites the public ambition. But we expect that truth will be spoken by the representatives of the people, as against the interests of the owner of the mound; and by the representatives of the mound, as against the passions of the people; and that thus, between the

two, the language of reason will be raised on every subject, and that fatal bias the public mind prevented, which arises from one set of doctrines and principles being alone presented to their consideration. In the superior fearlessness and vigour of the language of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, to what is exhibited in the House of Commons, on the Reform question, is to be found decisive evidence of the truth of these principles, and their application to this country and this age.

Of the fatal 4th August, "the St. Barthelemy of properties," as it was well styled by Rivarol, and its ruinous consequences upon the public welfare, we have the following striking and graphic account:—

"Never was such an undertaking accomplished in so short a time. That which would have required a year of care, meditation, and debate, was proposed, deliberated on, and voted by acclamation. I know not how many laws were decreed in that one sitting; the abolition of feudal rights, of the tithes, of provincial privileges; three articles, which of themselves embraced a complete system of jurisprudence and politics, with ten or twelve others, were decided in less time than would be required in England for the first reading of a bill of ordinary importance. They began with a report on the disorders of the provinces, chateaux burnt, troops of banditti who attacked the nobles and ravaged the fields. The Duke d'Aguillon, the Duke de Noailles, and several others of the democratic part of the nobility, after the most disastrous pictures of these calamities, exclaimed that nothing but a great act of generosity could calm the people, and that it was high time to abandon their odious privileges, and let the people taste the full benefits of the Revolution. An indescribable effervescence seized upon the Assembly. Every one proposed sacrifice: every one laid some offering on the altar of their country, proposing either to denude themselves or denude others; no time was allowed for reflection, objection, or argument; a sentimental contagion seized every heart. That renunciation of privileges, that abandonment of so many rights burdensome to the people, these multiplied sacrifices, had an air of magnanimity which withdrew the attention from the fatal precipitance with which they were made. I saw on that night many good and worthy deputies who literally wept for joy at seeing the work of regeneration advance so rapidly, and at feeling themselves every instant carried on the wings of enthusiasm so far beyond their most ardent hopes. The renunciation of the privileges of provinces was made by their respective representatives; those of Brittany had engaged to defend them, and therefore they were more embarrassed than the rest; but carried away by the general enthusiasm, they advanced in a body, and declared in a body, that they would use their utmost efforts with their constituents to obtain the renunciation of their privileges. That great and superb operation was necessary to confer political unity upon a monarchy which had been successively formed by the union of many independent states, every one of which had certain

rights of its own anterior to their being blended together.

"On the following day, every one began to reflect on what had been done, and sinister presentiments arose on all sides. Mirabeau and Sieyès, in particular, who had not been present at that famous sitting, condemned in loud terms its enthusiastic follies. This is a true picture of France, said they; we spend a month in disputing about words, and we make sacrifices in a night which overturn every thing that is venerable in the monarchy. In the subsequent meetings, they tried to retract or modify some of these enormous concessions, but it was too late; it was impossible to withdraw what the people already looked upon as their rights. The Abbé Sieyès, in particular, made a discourse full of reason and justice against the extinction of tithes, which he looked upon with the utmost aversion. He demonstrated, that to extinguish the tithes, was to spoliage the clergy of its property, solely to enrich the proprietors of the lands; for every one having bought or inherited his estate *minus* the value of the tithe, found himself suddenly enriched by a tenth, which was given to him as a pure and uncalled for gratuity. It was this speech, *which never can be refuted*, which terminated with the well-known expression:—'They would be free, and they know not how to be just.' The prejudice was so strong that Sieyès himself was not listened to; he was regarded merely as an ecclesiastic, who could not get the better of his personal interest and paid that tribute of error to his robe. A little more would have made him be hooted and hissed. I saw him the next day, full of bitter indignation against the injustice and brutality of the Assembly, which in truth he never afterwards forgave. He gave vent to his indignation, in a conversation with Mirabeau, who replied, '*My dear Abbé, you have unchained the bull; do you expect he is not to gore with his horns?*'

"These decrees of Aug. 4 were so far from putting a period to the robbery and violence which desolated the country, that they only tended to make the people acquainted with their own strength, and impress them with the conviction that all their outrages against the nobility would not only not be punished, but actually rewarded. Again I say, every thing which is done from fear fails in accomplishing its object; *those whom you expect to disarm by concessions, only redouble in confidence and audacity.*"—Pp. 146—149.

Such is the conclusion of this enlightened French Reformer, as to the consequences of the innovations and concessions, in promoting which he took so large a share, and which it was then confidently expected, would not only pacify the people but regenerate the monarchy, and commence a new era in the history of the world. These opinions coming from the author of the Rights of Man, the preceptor of Mirabeau, the fellow-labourer of Bentham, should, if any thing can, open the eyes of our young enthusiasts, who are so vehement in urging the necessity of concession, avowedly from the effects of intimidation, who expect to "let loose the bull and escape his horns"

It is on this question of the effects to be ex

pected from concession to public clamour, that the whole question of Reform hinges. The supporters of the bill in both Houses have abandoned every other argument. "Pass this bill, or anarchy will ensue," is their sole principle of action. But what says Dumont, taught by the errors of the Constituent Assembly? "Pass this bill, and anarchy will ensue." "Whatever is done," says he, "from fear, fails in its object; those whom you expect to disarm by concession, redouble in confidence and audacity." This is the true principle; the principle confirmed by universal experience, and yet the Reformers shut their eyes to its application. The events which have occurred in this age are so decisive on this subject, that nothing more convincing could be imagined, if a voice from the dead were to proclaim its truth.

Concession, as Dumont tells us, and as every one acquainted with history knows, was tried by the French government and Assembly, in the hope of calming the people, and arresting the Revolution. The monarch, at the opening of the States-General, made "greater concessions than ever king made to his people;" the nobles abandoned, on their own motion, in one night, all their rights; and what was the consequence? The revolutionary fervour was urged into a fury; the torrent became a cataclysm, and horrors unparalleled in the history of the world ensued.

Resistance to popular ambition, a firm opposition to the cry for reform, was at the same period, under a lion-hearted king and an intrepid minister, adopted in the midst of the greatest dangers by the British government. What was the consequence? Universal tranquillity—forty years of unexampled prosperity—the triumph of Trafalgar—the conquest of Waterloo.

Conciliation and concession, in obedience, and with the professed design of healing the disturbances of that unhappy land, were next tried in Ireland. Universal tranquillity, contentment, and happiness, were promised from the great healing measure of emancipation. What has been the consequence? Disturbances, massacres, discord, practised sedition, threatened rebellion, which have made the old times of Protestant rule be regretted.

Conciliation and concession were again put in practice by the Whig Administration of England. What was the result? Perils greater than assailed the monarchy from all the might of Napoleon; dissension, conflagration, and popular violence, unexampled since the great rebellion; a falling income and an increasing expenditure; the flames of a servile war in Jamaica; and general distress unequalled since the accession of the House of Brunswick.

The character of Mirabeau, both as a writer and orator, and an individual, is sketched with no ordinary power by this author, probably better qualified than any man in existence to portray it with accuracy:—

"Mirabeau had within his breast a sense of the force of his mind, which sustained his courage in situations which would have crushed a person of ordinary character: his imagination loved the vast; his mind seized the

gigantic; his taste was natural, and had been cultivated by the study of the classical authors. He knew little; but no one could make a better use of what he had acquired. During the whirlwind of his stormy life he had little leisure for study; but in his prison of Vincennes he had read extensively, and improved his style by translations, as well as extensive collections from the writings of great orators. He had little confidence in the extent of his erudition; but his eloquent and impassioned soul animated every feature of his countenance when he was moved, and nothing was easier than to inflame his imagination. From his youth upwards he had accustomed himself to the discussion of the great questions of erudition and government, but he was not calculated to go to the bottom of them. The labour of investigation was not adapted to his powers; he had too much warmth and vehemence of disposition for laborious application; his mind proceeded by leaps and bounds, but sometimes they were prodigious. His style abounded in vigorous expressions, of which he had made a particular study.

"If we consider him as an author, we must recollect that all his writings, without one single exception, were pieces of Mosaic, in which his fellow-labourers had at least as large a share as himself, but he had the faculty of giving additional eclat to their labours, by throwing in here and there original expressions, or apostrophes, full of fire and eloquence. It is a peculiar talent, to be able in this manner to disinter obscure ability, intrust to each the department for which he is fitted, and induce them all to labour at the work of which he alone is to reap the glory.

"As a political orator, he was in some respects gifted with the very highest talents—a quick eye, a sure tact, the art of discovering at once the true disposition of the assembly he was addressing, and applying all the force of his mind to overcome the point of resistance, without weakening it by the discussion of minor topics. No one knew better how to strike with a single word, or hit his mark with perfect precision; and frequently he thus carried with him the general opinion, either by a happy insinuation, or a stroke which intimidated his adversaries. In the tribune he was immovable. The waves of faction rolled around without shaking him, and he was master of his passions in the midst of the utmost vehemence of opposition. But what he wanted as a political orator, was the art of discussion on the topics on which he enlarged. He could not embrace a long series of proofs and reasonings, and was unable to refute in a logical or convincing manner. He was, in consequence, often obliged to abandon the most important motions, when hard pressed by his adversaries, from pure inability to refute their arguments. He embraced too much and reflected too little. He plunged into a discourse made for him on a subject on which he had never reflected, and on which he had been at no pains to master the facts; and he was in consequence, greatly inferior in that particular to the athlete who exhibit their powers in the British parliament."—P. 277.

Plague of a Weak Head

What led to the French Revolution? This question will be asked and discussed, with all the anxiety it deserves, to the end of the world.—Let us hear Dumont on the subject.

"No event ever interested Europe so much as the meeting of the States-General. There was no enlightened man who did not found the greatest hopes upon that public struggle of prejudices with the lights of the age, and who did not believe that a new moral and political world was about to issue from the chaos. The *besoin* of hope was so strong, that all faults were pardoned, all misfortunes were represented only as accident; in spite of all the calamities which it induced, the balance leaned always towards the Constituent Assembly.—It was the struggle of humanity with despotism.

"The States-General, six weeks after their convocation, was no longer the States-General, but the National Assembly. Its first calamity was to have owed its new title to a revolution; that is to say, to a vital change in its power, its essence, its name, and its means of authority. According to the constitution, the commons should have acted in conjunction with the nobles, the clergy, and the king. But the commons, in the very outset, *subjugated the nobles, the clergy, and the king. It was in that, that the Revolution consisted.*

"Reasoning without end has taken place on the causes of the Revolution; there is but one, in my opinion, to which the whole is to be ascribed; and that is, the *character of the king.* Put a king of *character and firmness in the place of Louis XVI., and no revolution would have ensued.* His whole reign was a preparation for it. There was not a single epoch, during the whole Constituent Assembly, in which the king, if he could only have changed his character, might not have re-established his authority, and created a mixed constitution far more solid and stable than its ancient monarchy. His indecision, his weakness, his half counsels, his want of foresight, ruined every thing. The inferior causes which have concurred were nothing but the necessary consequences of that one moving cause. When the king is known to be weak, the courtiers become intriguers, the factious insolent, the people audacious; good men are intimidated, the most faithful services go unrewarded, able men are disgusted, and ruinous councils adopted. A king possessed of dignity and firmness would have drawn to his side those who were against him; the Lafayettes, the Lameths, the Mirabeaus, the Sieyes, would never have dreamed of playing the part which they did; and, when directed to other objects, they would no longer have appeared the same men."—Pp. 343, 344.

These observations are of the very highest importance. The elements of discord, rebellion, and anarchy, rise into portentous energy when weakness is at the head of affairs. A reforming, in other words a democratic, administration, raise them into a perfect tempest. The progress of time, and the immense defects of the ancient monarchical system, rendered change necessary in France; but it was the weakness of the king, the concessions of the nobility and clergy, which converted it into a

revolution. All the miseries of that country sprung from the very principle which is incessantly urged as the ruling consideration in favour of the Reform Bill.

No body of men ever inflicted such disasters on France, as the Constituent Assembly, by their headlong innovations and sweeping demolitions. Not the sword of Marlborough nor the victories of Wellington—not the rout of Agincourt nor the carnage of Waterloo—not the arms of Alexander nor the ambition of Napoleon, have proved so fatal to its prosperity. From the wounds they inflicted, the social system may revive—from those of their own innovators, recovery is impossible. They not only destroyed freedom in its cradle—they not only induced the most cruel and revolting tyranny; but they totally destroyed the materials from which it was to be reconstructed in future,—they bequeathed slavery to their children, and they prevented it from ever being shaken off by their descendants. It matters not under what name arbitrary power is administered: it can be dealt out as rudely by a reforming assembly, a dictatorial mob, a committee of Public Safety, a tyrannical Directory, a military despot, or a citizen King, as by an absolute monarch or a haughty nobility. By destroying the whole ancient institutions of France—by annihilating the nobles and middling ranks, who stood between the people and the throne—by subverting all the laws and customs of antiquity—by extirpating religion, and inducing general profligacy, they have inflicted wounds upon their country which can never be healed. Called upon to revive the social system, they destroyed it: instead of pouring into the decayed limbs the warm blood of youth, they severed the head from the body, and all subsequent efforts have been unavailing to restore animation. It is now as impossible to give genuine freedom, that is complete protection to all classes, to France, as it is to restore the vital spark to a lifeless body by the convulsions of electricity. The balance of interests, the protecting classes, are destroyed: nothing remains but the populace and the government: Asiatic has succeeded to European civilization: and, instead of the long life of modern freedom, the brief tempests of anarchy, and the long night of despotism, are its fate.

The Constituent Assembly, however, had the excuse of general delusion: they were entering on an untrodden field: the consequence of their actions were unknown: enthusiasm as irresistible as that of the theatre urged on their steps. Great reforms required to be made in the political system; they mistook the excesses of democratic ambition for the dictates of ameliorating wisdom: the corruption of a guilty court, and the vices of a degraded nobility, called loudly for amendment. But what shall we say to those who adventured on the same perilous course, with their fatal example before their eyes, in a country requiring no accession to popular power, tyrannized over by no haughty nobility, consumed by no internal vices, weakened by no foreign disasters? What shall we say to those who voluntarily shut their eyes to all the perils of the head long reformers of the neighbouring kingdom

who roused passions as impetuous, proposed changes as sweeping, were actuated by ambition as perilous, as that which, under their own eyes, had torn civilization to pieces in its bleeding dominion? What shall we say to those who did this in the state where freedom had existed longer, and was at their accession more unfettered than in any other country that ever existed; where prosperity unexampled existed,

and virtue uncorrupted was to be found, and glory unparalleled had been won? Who adventured on a course which threatened to tear in pieces the country of Milton and Bacon, of Scott and Newton, of Nelson and Wellington? History will judge their conduct: no tumultuous mobs will drown its voice: from its decision there will be no appeal, and its will be the voice of ages.

BULWER'S ATHENS.*

It is a remarkable fact, that so numerous and pregnant are the proofs afforded by history in all ages, of the universal and irremediable evils of democratic ascendancy, that there is hardly an historical writer of any note, in any country or period of the world, who has not concurred in condemning it as the most dangerous form of government, and the most fatal enemy of that freedom which it professes to support. In the classical writers, indeed, are to be found numerous and impassioned, as well as perfectly just eulogies on the ennobling effects of civil liberty; but it is liberty, as contradistinguished from slavery, which is the object of their encomium: and none felt so strongly, or have expressed so forcibly, the pernicious tendency of unbridled democracy to undermine and destroy the civil freedom and general protection of all classes, which is unquestionably the first of human blessings. Thucydides, whose profound mind was forcibly attracted by the varied operations of the aristocratic and democratic factions, which in his age distracted Greece, and whose conflict forms the subject of his immortal work, has told us, that "invariably in civil contests it was found at Athens that the worst and most abandoned public characters obtained the ascendancy." Aristotle has condensed in six words the everlasting characteristic of democratic government—*τὸ τῶν τὴν τυραννίδα πελαγίων ἢ δημοκρατίαν*. Sallust has pointed to the "*Egestas cupida novarum rerum*," as the most prolific source of the evils which first undermined, and at last overthrew the solid foundations of Roman liberty; and left in his Catiline conspiracy a picture of the demagogue, so just and true in all its touches, that in every age it has the air of having been drawn from the existing popular idol; and the phrase "*Alieni appetens, sui profusus*," has passed into a proverbial characteristic of that mixture of rapacity and insolvency which ever forms the basis of the characters who attain to democratic ascendancy. Livy, amidst the majestic and heart-stirring narrative of Roman victories, never loses an opportunity of throwing in a reflection on the mingled instability and tyranny of popular assemblies; and all the experience of the woful tyranny which the triumph of democracy under Cæsar brought upon the Roman, common-

wealth, and the leaden chains of the centralized government of his successors, has not blinded the far-seeing sagacity of Tacitus to the origin of all these evils in the wide-spread force of popular wickedness and folly, and the fatal overthrow of the long established sway of the Senate by the military talents and consummate address of the first emperor of the world.

In modern times the same striking characteristic of all the greatest observers of human events is equally conspicuous. Five hundred years ago Machiavel deduced from a careful retrospect of Roman history, not less than the experience of the Republican States with which he was surrounded, the clearest views of the enormous perils of unbridled democracy: and he has left in his Discourses on Livy and "*Principe*," maxims of government essentially adverse to democratic establishments, which, in depth of thought and justice of observation, have never been surpassed. Bacon clearly perceived, even amidst all the servility of the nation, and tyranny of the government of England under the Tudor princes, the opposite dangers of republican rule, and his celebrated apophthegm, that political changes, to be safe, "should resemble those of nature, which albeit the greatest in the end, are imperceptible in their progress," has passed into a consuetudinary maxim, to which, to the end of the world, the wise will never cease to refer, and against which the rash and reckless will never cease to chafe. The profound mind of Hume, it is well known, beheld the long and varied story of England's existence with perhaps too great a bias in favour of monarchical institutions; and Gibbon, even amidst the long series of calamities which accumulated round the sinking fortunes of the empire, has sufficiently evinced his strong sense of the impracticable nature, and tyrannic tendency of democratic institutions.* Sir James Mackintosh, in his maturer years, strongly supported the same sound and rational principles; and all the fervour and energy of the youthful author of the *Vindicia Gallica* could not blind his better informed judgment later in life, to the frightful dangers of democratic ascendancy, and the ultimate conclusion "that the only government which offers a rational prospect of establishing or preserving freedom, is that where the power

* Athens, its Rise and Fall. By E. L. Bulwer, Esq. Saunders and Otley: London, 1837. Blackwood's Magazine, July, 1837.

* In his letters and and miscellaneous works, his opinions on this subject are clearly expressed.

of directing affairs is vested in the aristocratic interests, under the perpetual safeguard of popular watchfulness."* Burke, almost forgotten as a champion of Whig doctrines in the earlier part of his career, stands forth in imperishable lustre as the giant supporter of conservative principles in the zenith of his intellect. Pitt has told us that "democracy is not the government of the few by the many, but the many by the few, with this addition, that the few who are thus raised to power are the most dangerous and worthless of the community;" and Fox, who spent his life in supporting liberal principles, with his dying breath bequeathed to his successors a perpetual struggle with the gigantic power which had risen out of its spirit, and embodied its desires.

Nor is France behind England in the same profound and far-seeing views of human affairs. Napoleon, elevated on the wave, and supported by the passions of the Revolution, conceived himself, as he himself told, to be the commissioned hand of Heaven to chastise its crimes and extinguish its atrocity. Madam de Staël, albeit passionately devoted to the memory of her father, the parent of the Revolution, and the author of the French Reform Bill, has yet devoted the maturity of her intellect to illustrate the superior advantages which the mixed form of government established in England afforded; and in her Treatise on the French Revolution, supported with equal wisdom and eloquence the conservative principles, in which all minds of a certain elevation in every age have concurred: while Chateaubriand, the illustrious relic of feudal grandeur, and the graphic painter of modern suffering, has arrived, from the experience of his varied and interesting existence, at the same lofty and ennobling conclusions; and M. de Toqueville, the worthy conclusion to such a line of greatness, has portrayed, amidst the most impartial survey of American equality, seeds in the undisguised "tyranny of the majority," of the eventual and speedy destruction of civil liberty.

These enemies of democracy in every age, have been led to these conclusions, *just because they were the steadiest friends of freedom*. They deprecated and resisted the unbridled sway of the people, because they saw clearly that it was utterly destructive to their real and durable interests; that it permitted that sacred fire which, duly restrained and repressed, is the fountain of all greatness, whether in nations or individuals, to waste itself in pernicious flames, or expand into ruinous conflagration. They supported the establishment of Conservative checks on popular extravagance, because they perceived from experience, and had learned from history, that the gift of unbridled power is fatal to its possessors, and that least of all is it tolerable where the responsibility, the sole check upon its excesses, is destroyed by the number among whom it is divided. They advocated a mixed form of government, because they saw clearly, that under such, and such only, had the blessings of freedom in any age been enjoyed for any length of time by the

people. They were fully aware that democratic energy has, in every age, been the mainspring of human improvement; but they were not less aware, that this spring is one of such strength and power, that if not duly loaded, it immediately tears the machine to pieces. They admired and cherished the warmth of the fire, but they were not so blinded by its advantages, as to permit it to escape its iron bars, and wrap the house in flames; they enjoyed the vigour of the horses which whirled the chariot along; but they were not so insane as to cast the charioteer from his seat, and allow their strength and energy to overturn and destroy the vehicle: they acknowledged with gratitude the genial warmth of the central heat, which clothed the sides of the volcano with luxuriant fruits; but they looked to either hand, and beheld in the black furrow of desolation the track of the burning lava which had issued from its summit when it escaped its barriers, and filled the heavens with an eruption.

Nothing daunted by this long and majestic array of authority against him, Mr. Bulwer has taken the field in two octavo volumes, in order to illustrate the beneficial effect of republican institutions upon social greatness and national prosperity. He has selected for his subject the Athenian democracy—the eye of Greece—the cradle of history, tragedy, and the fine arts; the spot in the world where, in the narrowest limits, achievements the most mighty have been won, and genius the most immortal has been developed. He conceived, doubtless, that in Attica at least the extraordinary results of democratic agency could not be disputed; the Roman victories might be traced to the wisdom of the senate; the Swiss patriotism to the simplicity of its mountains; the prosperity of Holland to the protection of canals, or the prudence of its burgomasters; the endurance of America to the boundless vent afforded by its back settlements; but in Athens none of these peculiarities existed, and there the brilliant results of popular rule and long established self-government were set forth in imperishable colours. We rejoice he has made the attempt; we anticipate nothing but good to the conservative cause from his efforts. It is a common saying among lawyers, that falsehood may be exposed in a witness by cross-examination; but that truth only comes out the more clearly from all the efforts which are made for its confusion. It is a fortunate day for the cause of historic truth when the leaders of the democratic party leave the declamation of the hustings and the base flattery of popular adulation, and betake themselves to the arena of real argument. We feel the same joy at beholding Mr. Bulwer arm himself in the panoply of the field, and court the assaults of historical investigation, with which the knights of old saw themselves extricated from the mob of plebeian insurrection, and led forth to the combat of highborn chivalry.

Mr. Bulwer is, in every point of view, a distinguished writer. His work on England and the English is a brilliant performance, abounding with sparkling, containing some profound

observations, and particularly interesting to the multitude of persons to whom foreign travelling has rendered the comparison of English and French character and institutions an object of interest. His novels in profound knowledge of the human heart, brilliancy of description, pathos of incident, and eloquence of language, are second to none in the English language. The great defects of his writings, in a political point of view, are the total absence of any reference to a superintending power and the moral government of the world; and the continual and laboured attempt to exculpate the errors, and screen the vices, and draw a veil over the perils of democratic government. The want of the first, in an investigation into human affairs, is like the absence of the character of Hamlet in the play bearing his name: the presence of the second a continual drawback on the pleasures which an impartial mind derives from his otherwise able and interesting observations. More especially is a constant sense of the corruption and weakness of human nature an indispensable element in every inquiry or observation which has for its object the weighing the capability of mankind to bear the excitements, and wield the powers, and exercise the responsibility of self-government. We are not going to enter into any theological argument on original sin, how intimately soever it may be blended with the foundation of all investigations into the right principles of government; we assert only a *fact*, demonstrated by the experience of every age, and acquiesced in by the wise of every country, that there is an universal tendency to corruption and license in human nature—that religion is the only effectual bridle on its excesses, and that the moment that a community is established, without the effective agency of that powerful curb on human passion, the progress of national affairs becomes nothing but the career of the prodigal, brilliant and alluring in the outset, dismal and degrading in the end. It is on this account that the friends of freedom have in every age been the most resolute and persevering enemies of democracy; because that fervent and searching element, essential to the highest national greatness, and the best ingredient in its prosperity, if duly coerced and tempered, becomes its most devouring and fatal enemy the instant that it breaks through its barriers, and obtains the unrestrained direction of the public destinies.

The views of the republican and the democrat are the very reverse of all this. According to them, wickedness and corruption are the inheritance of the oligarchy alone; aristocracies are always selfish, grasping, rapacious; democracies invariably energetic, generous, confiding. Nobles, they argue, never act but from designing or selfish views; their constant agent is human corruption; their incessant appeal to the basest and most degrading principles of our nature. Republicans alone are really philanthropic in their views; they alone attend to the interests of the masses; they alone lay the foundations of the social system on the broad basis of general well-being. Monarchical governments are founded on the caprice of

a single tyrant; aristocratic on the wants of a rapacious oligarchy; democratic alone on the consulted desires and grateful experience of the whole community. If these propositions were all true, they would be decisive in favour of popular, and highly popular institutions; but unfortunately, though it is perfectly correct that monarchies and aristocracies are mainly directed, if uncontrolled by the people, to support the interests of a single or an oligarchical government, it is no less true, that the rapacity of a democracy is just as great; that the responsibility of its leaders, from the number of those invested with power, is infinitely less, and that the calamities which, in its unmitigated form it in consequence lets loose on the community, are such as in every age have led to its speedy subversion.

The Conservative principle of government, on the other hand, is, that mankind are radically and universally corrupt; that when invested with power, in whatever form of government, and from whatever class of society, they are immediately inclined to apply it to their own selfish ends; that the diffusion of education and knowledge has no tendency whatever to eradicate this universal propensity, but only gives it a different, less violent, but not less interested direction;—that the diffusion of supreme power among a multitude of hands diminishes to nothing the responsibility of each individual, while it augments in a proportionate degree the rapacity and selfishness which is brought to bear on public affairs;—that when the multitude are the spectators of government, they are inclined to check or restrain its abuses, because others profit, and they suffer by them; but when they become government itself, they instantly support them, because they profit, and others suffer from their continuance;—that democratic institutions thus, when once fully and really established, rapidly deprave the public mind, and engender an universal spirit of selfishness in the majority of the people, which speedily subverts the foundations of national prosperity; and that it is only when property is the directing, and numbers the controlling power, that the inherent vices and selfishness of the depositaries of authority can be effectually coerced by the opinion of the great majority who are likely to suffer by its excesses, or a lasting foundation be laid in the adherence of national opinion to the principles of virtue for any lengthened enjoyment of the blessings of prosperity, or any durable discharge of the commands of duty.

These are the opposite and conflicting principles of government which are now at issue in the world: and it is to support the former that Mr. Bulwer has brought the power of a cultivated mind and the vigour of an enlarged intellect. Athens was a favourable ground to take, in order to enforce the incalculable powers of the democratic spring in society. Nowhere else is to be found a state so small in its origin, and yet so great in its progress: so contracted in its territory, and yet so gigantic in its achievements: so limited in numbers, and yet so immortal in genius. Its dominions on the continent of Greece did not exceed an English county; its free inhabitants never

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amounted to thirty thousand citizens—yet these inconsiderable numbers have filled the world with their renown; poetry, philosophy, architecture, sculpture, tragedy, comedy, geometry, physics, history, politics, almost date their origin from Athenian genius; and the monuments of art with which they have overspread the world still form the standard of taste in every civilized nation on earth. It is not surprising that so brilliant and captivating a spectacle should in every age have dazzled and transported mankind; and that seeing democratic institutions co-existing with so extraordinary a development of the intellectual faculties, it should have come to be generally imagined that they really were cause and effect, and that the only secure foundation which could be laid for the attainment of the highest honours of our being was in the extension of the powers of government to the great body of the people.

Athens, however, has its dark as well as its brilliant side; and if the perfection of its science, the delicacy of its taste, and the refinement of its arts, furnish a plausible, and, in a certain degree, a just ground for representing democratic institutions as the greatest stimulant to the human mind, the brevity of its existence, the injustice of its decisions, the instability of its councils, and the cruelty of its decrees, afford too fair a reason for doubting the wisdom of imitating, on a larger scale, any of its institutions. Its rise was rapid and glorious; but the era of its prosperity was brief; and it sunk, after a short space of existence, into an obscure, and, politically speaking, insignificant old age. The sway of the multitude, who formed the council of last resort in the commonwealth, was capricious and tyrannical; and such as thoroughly disgusted all the states in the confederacy of which it was the head. There was the secret of its weakness. Instead of protecting and cherishing the tributary and allied states, the Athenian democracy insulted and oppressed them, and in consequence, on the first serious reverse, they all revolted; and the fleets which had constituted their strength were at once ranged on the side of the enemies of the state. The flames of Aigospotamos consumed the Athenian navy; but that disaster, great as it undoubtedly was, was not greater than the rout of Trasymene, the slaughter of Cannæ, the irruption of the Gauls to Rome. But Athens had not the steady persevering rule of the Roman patricians; nor the wise and beneficent policy of the Senate to the states and alliance, and thence they wanted both the energy requisite to rise superior to all their misfortunes, and the grateful feelings which, in moments of disaster, ranged the allied states in steady and durable array around them. During the invasion by Hannibal, which, as involving a civil contest between the Patricians and Plebeians in all the Italian cities, very nearly resembled the Peloponnesian war, not one state of any moment revolted from the Roman alliance till after the disaster of Cannæ; and even then it was only Capua, the rival of Rome, which took any vigorous part with the Carthaginians, and a very little effort was sufficient to retain the other allied cities in the

Roman confederacy, or reclaim such as, from the presence of the Punic arms, had passed over to their enemies. Whereas, in Greece, on the very first reverse, the whole states and colonies in alliance constantly passed over to the Lacedæmonian league; and the growth of the power of Athens was repeatedly checked by the periodical reduction of its strength to the resources of its own territory. Had the Athenian multitude possessed the enduring fortitude and beneficent rule of the Roman aristocracy, they might, like them, have risen superior to every reverse, and gradually spread, by the willing incorporation of lesser states with their dominions, into a vast empire, extending over the whole shores of the Mediterranean, and giving law, like the mighty empire which succeeded them, for a thousand years to the whole civilized world.

Mr. Bulwer appears to be aware of the brief tenure of existence which Athens enjoyed; but he erroneously ascribes to general causes or inevitable necessity what in its case was the result merely of the fever of democratic activity.

"In that restless and unpausing energy, which is the characteristic of an intellectual republic, there seems, as it were, a kind of destiny: a power impossible to resist urges the state from action to action, from progress to progress, with a rapidity dangerous while it dazzles; resembling in this the career of individuals impelled onward, first to attain, and thence to preserve power, and who cannot struggle against the fate which necessitates them to soar, until, by the moral gravitation of human things, the point which has no beyond is attained; and the next effort to rise is but the prelude of their fall. In such states Time, indeed, moves with gigantic strides; years concentrate what would be the epochs of centuries in the march of less popular institutions. The planet of their fortunes rolls with an equal speed through the cycle of internal civilization as of foreign glory. The condition of their brilliant life is the absence of repose. The accelerated circulation of the blood beautifies but consumes, and action itself, exhausting the stores of youth by its very vigour, becomes a mortal but divine disease."

Now, in this eloquent passage there is an obvious error; and it is on this point that the Conservative or Constitutional principle of Government mainly differs from the Movement or Democratic. Aware of the violence of the fever which in Republican states exhausts the strength and wears out the energy of the people, the Conservative would not extinguish but regulate it; he would stop its diseased and feverish, to prolong and strengthen its healthy and vital action. He would not allow the youth to waste his strength and life in a brief period of guilty excess, or unrestrained indulgence, but so chasten and moderate the fever of the blood as to secure for him a useful manhood and a respected old age. The democrat, on the other hand, would plunge him at once into all the excesses of youth and intemperance, throw him into the arms of harlots and the orgies of drunkenness, and, amidst wine and women, the harp and the dance, lead him to

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poverty, sickness, and premature dissolution. And ancient history affords a memorable contrast in this particular; for while Athens, worn out and exhausted by the fever of democratic activity, rose like a brilliant meteor only to fall after a life as short as that of a single individual, Rome, in whom this superabundant energy was for centuries coerced and restrained by the solidity of Patrician institutions and the steadiness of Patrician rule, continued steadily to rise and advance through a succession of ages, and at length succeeded in subjecting the whole civilized earth to its dominion.

It has long been a matter of reproach to Athens, that she behaved with the blackest ingratitude to her greatest citizens; and that Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Cimon, Socrates, Thucydides, and a host of other illustrious men, received exile, confiscation, or death as the reward for the inestimable benefits they had conferred upon their fellow-citizens. Mr. Bulwer is much puzzled how to explain away these awkward facts; but as the banishment of these illustrious citizens, and the death of this illustrious sage, from the effects of popular jealousy, cannot be denied, he boldly endeavours to justify these atrocious acts of the Athenian democracy. In regard to Miltiades he observes:—

“The case was simply this,—Miltiades was accused—whether justly or unjustly no matter—it was clearly as impossible not to receive the accusation, and to try the cause, as it would be for an English court of justice to refuse to admit a criminal action against Lord Grey or the Duke of Wellington. Was Miltiades guilty or not? This we cannot tell. We know that he was tried according to the law, and that the Athenians thought him guilty, for they condemned him. So far this is not ingratitude—it is the course of law. A man is tried and found guilty—if past services and renown were to save the great from punishment when convicted of a state offence, society would, perhaps, be disorganized, and certainly a free state would cease to exist. The question, therefore, shrinks to this—was it, or was it not ungrateful in the people to relax the penalty of death, legally incurred, and commute it to a heavy fine? I fear we shall find few instances of greater clemency in monarchies, however mild. Miltiades unhappily died. But nature slew him, not the Athenian people. And it cannot be said with greater justice of the Athenians, than of a people no less illustrious, and who are now their judges, that it was their custom, *‘de tuer un Amiral pour encourager les autres.’*”

This passage affords an example of the determination which Mr. Bulwer generally evinces to justify and support the acts of his darling democracy, however extravagant or monstrous they may have been. Doubtless, we are not informed very specifically as to the nature of the evidence adduced in support of the charge of bribery brought against Miltiades. Doubtless, also, it was necessary to receive the charge when once preferred; but was it necessary to convict him, and send the hero of Marathon, the saviour of his country, into a painful exile, which ultimately proved his death?

That is the point, and, as the evidence is no laid before us, what right has Mr. Bulwer to assume that the Athenian multitude were not ungrateful or unjust in their decision? For their conduct, in this instance, they received the unanimous condemnation of the historian of antiquity, and yet Mr. Bulwer affirms that never was complaint more unjust. The fact is certain, that all the greatest benefactors of Athens were banished by the ostracism, or vote of all the citizens, though the evidence adduced in support of the charges is, for the most part, unknown; but as these deeds were the acts of democratic assemblies, Mr. Bulwer, without any grounds for his opinion, in opposition to the unanimous voice of antiquity, vindicates and approves them.

It is clear, from Mr. Bulwer's own admission, that the banishment of almost all these illustrious benefactors of Athens was owing to their resisting democratic innovations, or striving to restore the constitution to the mixed condition in which it existed previous to the great democratic innovations of Solon and Themistocles: but such resistance, or attempts even by the most constitutional means to restore, he seems to consider as amply sufficient to justify their exile! In regard to the banishment of Cimon he observes:—

“Without calling into question the integrity and the patriotism of Cimon, without supposing that he would have entered into any intrigue against the Athenian independence of foreign powers—a supposition his subsequent conduct effectually refutes—he might, as a sincere and warm partisan of the nobles, and a resolute opposer of the popular party, have sought to restore at home the aristocratic balance of power, by whatever means his great rank, and influence, and connection with the Lacedæmonian party could afford him. We are told, at least, that he not only opposed all the advances of the more liberal party—that he not only stood resolutely by the interests and dignities of the Areopagus, which had ceased to harmonize with the more modern institutions, but that he expressly sought to restore certain prerogatives which that assembly had formally lost during his foreign expeditions, and that he earnestly endeavoured to bring back the whole constitution to the more aristocratic government established by Clisthenes. It is one thing to preserve, it is another to restore. A people may be deluded, under popular pretexts, out of the rights they have newly acquired, but they never submit to be openly despoiled of them. Nor can we call that ingratitude which is but the refusal to surrender to the merits of an individual the acquisitions of a nation.

“All things considered, then, I believe, that if ever ostracism was justifiable, it was so in the case of Cimon—nay, it was, perhaps, absolutely essential to the preservation of the constitution. His very honesty made him resolute in his attempts against that constitution. His talents, his rank, his fame, his services, only rendered those attempts more dangerous. “Could the reader be induced to view, with an examination equally dispassionate, the several ostracisms of Aristides and Themistocles,

he might see equal causes of justification, both in the motives and in the results. The first was absolutely necessary for the defeat of the aristocratic party, and the removal of restrictions on those energies which instantly found the most glorious vents for action; the second was justified by a similar necessity, that produced similar effects. To impartial eyes a people may be vindicated without traducing those whom a people are driven to oppose. In such august and complicated trials the accuser and defendant may be both innocent."

Here then is the key to the hideous ingratitude of the Athenian people to their two most illustrious benefactors, Aristides and Cimon. *They obstructed the Movement Party*: they held by the constitution, and endeavoured to bring back a mixed form of government. This heinous offence was, in the eyes of the Athenian democracy, and their apologist, Mr. Bulwer, amply sufficient to justify their banishment: a proceeding, he says, which was right, even although they were *innocent* of the charges laid against them—as if injustice can in any case be vindicated by state necessity, or the form of government is to be approved which requires for its maintenance the periodical sacrifice of its noblest and most illustrious citizens!

In another place, Mr. Bulwer observes—
 "Themistocles was summoned to the ordeal of the ostracism, and condemned by the majority of suffrages. Thus, like Aristides, not punished for offences, *but paying the honourable penalty of rising by genius to that state of eminence, which threatens danger to the equality of republics.*

"He departed from Athens, and chose his refuge at Argos, whose hatred to Sparta, his deadliest foe, promised him the securest protection.

"Death soon afterwards removed Aristides from all competitorship with Cimon; according to the most probable accounts he died at Athens; and at the time of Plutarch his monument was still to be seen at Phalerum. His countrymen, who, despite all plausible charges, were never ungrateful except where their liberties appeared imperilled, (whether rightly or erroneously our documents are too scanty to prove,) erected his monument at the public charge, portioned his three daughters, and awarded to his son Lysimachus a grant of one hundred minæ of silver, a plantation of one hundred plethra of land, and a pension of four drachmæ a day, (double the allowance of an Athenian ambassador.)"

There can be no doubt that the admission here candidly made by Mr. Bulwer is well-founded; and that jealousy of the eminence of their great national benefactors, or anxiety to remove aristocratic barriers to further popular innovations, was the real cause of that ingratitude to their most illustrious benefactors, which has left so dark a stain on the Athenian character. But can it seriously be argued that that constitution is to be approved, and held up for imitation, which in this manner requires that national services should almost invariably be followed by confiscation and exile; and anticipates the overthrow of the public liberties from the ascendancy of every illus-

trious man, if he is not speedily sent into banishment? Is this the boasted intelligence of the masses? Is this the wisdom which democratic institutions bring to bear upon public affairs? Is this the reward which, by a permanent law of nature, freedom must ever provide for the most illustrious of its champions? Why is it necessary that great men and beneficent statesmen or commanders should invariably be exiled? The English constitution required for its continuance the exile neither of Pitt nor Fox, of Nelson nor Wellington. The Roman republic, until the fatal period when the authority of the aristocracy was overthrown by the growing encroachments of the plebeians, retained all its illustrious citizens, with a few well-known exceptions, in its own bosom: and the tomb of the Scipios still attests the number of that heroic race, who, with the exception of the illustrious conqueror of Hannibal, the victim, like Themistocles, of democratic jealousy, were gathered to the tomb of their fathers. There is no necessity in a well-regulated state, where the different powers are duly balanced, of subjecting the illustrious to the ostracism: good government provides against danger without committing injustice.

Mr. Bulwer has candidly stated the pernicious effect of those most vicious of the many vicious institutions of Athens—the exacting tribute from their conquered and allied states to the relief of the dominant multitude in the ruling city; and the fatal devolution to the whole citizens of the duties and responsibility of judicial power. On the first subject he observes:

"Thus at home and abroad, time and fortune, the occurrence of events, and the happy accident of great men, not only maintained the present eminence of Athens, but promised, to ordinary foresight, a long duration of her glory and her power. To deeper observers, the picture might have presented dim, but prophetic shadows. It was clear that the command Athens had obtained was utterly disproportioned to her natural resources—that her greatness was altogether artificial, and rested partly upon moral rather than physical causes, and partly upon the fears and the weakness of her neighbours. A sterile soil, a limited territory, a scanty population—all these—the drawbacks and disadvantages of nature—the wonderful energy and confident daring of a free state might conceal in prosperity; but the first calamity could not fail to expose them to jealous and hostile eyes. The empire delegated to the Athenians, they must naturally desire to retain and to increase; and there was every reason to forebode that their ambition would soon exceed their capacities to sustain it. As the state become accustomed to its power, it would learn to abuse it. Increasing civilization, luxury, and art, brought with them new expenses, and Athens had already been permitted to indulge with impunity the dangerous passion of exacting tribute from her neighbours. Dependence upon other resources than those of the native population has ever been a main cause of the destruction of despotisms, and it cannot fail, sooner or later, to be equally pernicious to the republics that trust to it. The resources of

taxation confined to freemen and natives, are almost incalculable: the resources of tribute wrung from foreigners and dependents, are sternly limited and terribly precarious—they rot away the true spirit of industry in the people that demand the impost—they implant ineradicable hatred in the states that concede it."

Reliance on colonies for produce

There can be no doubt that these observations are well-founded; and let us beware lest they become applicable to ourselves. Already in the policy of England has been evinced a sufficient inclination to load colonial industry with oppressive duties, to the relief of the dominant island, as the enormous burdens imposed on West India produce, to the entire relief of the corresponding agricultural produce at home, sufficiently demonstrates. And if the present democratic ascendancy in this country should continue unabated for any considerable time, we venture to prophesy, that if no other and more immediate cause of ruin sends the commonwealth to perdition, it will infallibly see its colonial empire break off, and consequently its maritime power destroyed, by the injustice done to, or the burdens imposed on, its colonial possessions, by the impatient ruling multitude at home, who, in any measure calculated to diminish present burdens on themselves, at whatever cost to their colonial dependencies, will ever see the most expedient and popular course of policy.*

The other enormous evil of the Athenian constitution—viz., the exercise of judicial powers of the highest description by a mob of several thousand citizens, is thus described by our author:

Quoted

"A yet more pernicious evil in the social state of the Athenians was radical in their constitution,—it was their courts of justice. Proceeding upon a theory that must have seemed specious and plausible to an inexperienced and infant republic, Solon had laid it down as a principle of his code, that as all men were interested in the preservation of law, so all men might exert the privilege of the plaintiff and accuser. As society grew more complicated, the door was thus opened to every species of vexatious charge and frivolous litigation. The common informer became a most harassing and powerful personage, and made one of a fruitful and crowded profession: and in the very capital of liberty there existed the worst species of espionage. But justice was not thereby facilitated. The informer was regarded with universal hatred and contempt; and it is easy to perceive, from the writings of the great comic poet, that the sympathies of the Athenian audience were, as those of the English public at this day, enlisted against the man who brought the inquisition of the law to the hearth of his neighbour.

"Solon committed a yet more fatal and incurable error when he carried the democratic principle into judicial tribunals. He evidently considered that the very strength and life of his constitution rested in the *Heliaea*—a court the numbers and nature of which have been already described. Perhaps, at a time when

the old oligarchy was yet so formidable, it might have been difficult to secure justice to the poorer classes, while the judges were selected from the wealthier. But justice to all classes became a yet more capricious uncertainty when a court of law resembled a popular hustings.

"If we intrust a wide political suffrage to the people, the people at least hold no trust for others than themselves and their posterity—they are not responsible to the public, for they are the public. But in law, where there are two parties concerned, the plaintiff and defendant, the judge should not only be incorruptible, but strictly responsible. In Athens the people became the judge; and, in offences punishable by fine, were the very party interested in procuring condemnation; the numbers of the jury prevented all responsibility, excused all abuses, and made them susceptible of the same shameless excesses that characterize self-elected corporations—from which appeal is idle, and over which public opinion exercises no control. These numerous, ignorant, and passionate assemblies, were liable at all times to the heats of party, to the eloquence of individuals—to the whims, and caprices, the prejudices, the impatience, and the turbulence, which must ever be the characteristics of a multitude orally addressed. It was evident also that from service in such a court, the wealthy, the eminent, and the learned, with other occupation or amusement, would soon seek to absent themselves. And the final blow to the integrity and respectability of the popular judicature was given at a later period by Pericles, when he instituted a salary, just sufficient to tempt the poor and to be disdained by the affluent, to every dicast or juryman in the ten ordinary courts. Legal science became not the profession of the erudite and the laborious few, but the livelihood of the ignorant and idle multitude. The canvassing—the cajoling—the bribery—that resulted from this, the most vicious, institution of the Athenian democracy—are but too evident and melancholy tokens of the imperfection of human wisdom. Life, property, and character, were at the hazard of a popular election. These evils must have been long in progressive operation; but perhaps they were scarcely visible till the fatal innovation of Pericles, and the flagrant excesses that ensued allowed the people themselves to listen to the branding and terrible satire upon the popular judicature, which is still preserved to us in the comedy of Aristophanes.

"At the same time, certain critics and historians have widely and grossly erred in supposing that these courts of 'the sovereign multitude' were partial to the poor, and hostile to the rich. All testimony proves that the fact was lamentably the reverse. The defendant was accustomed to engage the persons of rank or influence whom he might number as his friends, to appear in court on his behalf. And property was employed to procure at the bar of justice the suffrages it could command at a political election. The greatest vice of the democratic *Heliaea* was, that by a fine the wealthy could purchase pardon—by interest

* How soon has this prophecy been accomplished! Sept. 5, 1844.

the great could soften law. But the chances were against the poor man. To him litigation was indeed cheap, but justice dear. He had much the same inequality to struggle against in a suit with a powerful antagonist, that he would have had in contesting with him for an office in the administration. In all trials resting on the voice of popular assemblies, it ever has been and ever will be found, that, *cæteris paribus*, the aristocrat will defeat the plebeian."

These observations are equally just and luminous; and the concluding one in particular, as to the tendency of a corrupt or corruptible judicial multitude to decide in favour of the rich aristocrat in preference to the poor plebeian, in an author of Mr. Bulwer's prepossession, highly creditable. The only surprising thing is how an author, who could see so clearly, and express so well, the total incapacity of a multitude to exercise the functions of a judge, should not have perceived, that, for the same reason, they are disqualified from taking an active part to any good or useful purpose in the formation of laws or practical administration of government, except by preserving a vigilant eye on the conduct of others. In fact, the temptations to the poor to swerve from the path of rectitude, or conscience, in the case of government appointments or measures, are just as much the stronger than in the judgment of individuals, as the subjects requiring investigation are more intricate or difficult, the objects of contention more important and glittering, and the wealth which will be expended in corruption more abundant. And there in truth lies the eternal objection to democratic institutions, that, by withdrawing the people from their right province—that of the censors or controllers of government—and vesting in them the perilous powers of actual administration or direction of affairs, they necessarily expose them to such a deluge of flattery or corruption, from the eloquent or wealthy candidates for power, as not merely unfits them for the sober or rational discharge of any public duties, but utterly confounds and depraves their moral feelings; and induces, before the time when it would naturally arrive, that universal corruption of opinion which speedily attaches no other test to public actions but success, and leads men to consider the exercise of public duties as nothing but the means of individual elevation or aggrandizement.

We have given some passages from Mr. Bulwer from which we dissent, or in the principles of which we differ. Let us now, in justice both to his principles and his powers of description, give a few others, in which we cordially concur, or for which we feel the highest admiration. The first is the description of the memorable conduct of the Laconian government, upon occasion of the dreadful revolt of the Helots which followed the great earthquake which nearly overthrew Lacedæmon, and rolled the rock of Mount Taygetus into the streets of Sparta—

"An earthquake, unprecedented in its violence, occurred in Sparta. In many places throughout Laconia, the rocky soil was rent asunder. From Mount Taygetus, which overhung the city, and on which the women of

Lacedæmon were wont to hold their bacchanalian orgies, huge fragments rolled into the suburbs. The greater portion of the city was absolutely overthrown; and it is said, probably with exaggeration, that only five houses wholly escaped the shock. This terrible calamity did not cease suddenly as it came; its concussions were repeated; it buried alike men and treasure: could we credit Diodorus, no less than twenty thousand persons perished in the shock. Thus depopulated, impoverished, and distressed, the enemies whom the cruelty of Sparta nursed within her bosom, resolved to seize the moment to execute their vengeance, and consummate her destruction. Under Pausanias, we have seen before, that the Helots were already ripe for revolt. The death of that fierce conspirator checked, but did not crush, their designs of freedom. Now was the moment, when Sparta lay in ruins—now was the moment to realize their dreams. From field to field, from village to village, the news of the earthquake became the watchword of revolt. Up rose the Helots—they armed themselves, they poured on—a wild and gathering and relentless multitude resolved to slay, by the wrath of man, all whom that of nature had yet spared. The earthquake that levelled Sparta, rent her chains; nor did the shock create one chasm so dark and wide as that between the master and the slave.

"It is one of the sublimest and most awful spectacles in history—that city in ruins—the earth still trembling—the grim and dauntless soldiery collected amidst piles of death and ruin; and in such a time, and such a scene, the multitude sensible, not of danger, but of wrong, and rising, not to succour, but to revenge:—all that should have disarmed a feebler enmity, giving fire to theirs; the dreaddest calamity their blessing—dismay their hope: it was as if the Great Mother herself had summoned her children to vindicate the long-abused, the all-inalienable heritage derived from her; and the stir of the angry elements was but the announcement of an armed and solemn union between Nature and the Oppressed.

"Fortunately for Sparta, the danger was not altogether unforeseen. After the confusion and horror of the earthquake, and while the people, dispersed, were seeking to save their effects, Archidamus, who, four years before, had succeeded to the throne of Lacedæmon, ordered the trumpets to sound as to arms. That wonderful superiority of man over matter which habit and discipline can effect, and which was ever so visible amongst the Spartans, constituted their safety at that hour. Forsaking the care of their property, the Spartans seized their arms, flocked around their king, and drew up in disciplined array. In her most imminent crisis, Sparta was thus saved. The Helots approached, wild, disorderly, and tumultuous; they came intent only to plunder and to slay; they expected to find scattered and affrighted foes—they found a formidable army; their tyrants were still their lords. They saw, paused, and fled, scattering themselves over the country—exciting all they met to rebellion, and, soon, joined with the

Messenians, kindred to them by blood and ancient reminiscences of heroic struggles, they seized that same Ithomë which their hereditary Aristodemus had before occupied with forgotten valour. This they fortified; and occupying also the neighbouring lands, declared open war upon their lords. As the Messenians were the more worthy enemy, so the general insurrection is known by the name of the Third Messenian War."

The incident here narrated of the King of Sparta, amidst the yawning of the earthquake and the ruin of his capital, sounding the trumpets to arms, and the Lacedæmonians assembling in disciplined array around him, is one of the sublimest recorded in history. The pencil of Martin would there find a fit subject for its noblest efforts. We need not wonder that a people, capable of such conduct in such a moment, and trained by discipline and habit to such docility in danger, should acquire and maintain supreme dominion in Greece.

The next passage with which we shall gratify our readers, is an eloquent eulogium on a marvellous topic—the unrivalled grace and beauty of the Athenian edifices, erected in the time of Pericles.

"Then rapidly progressed those glorious fabrics which seemed, as Plutarch gracefully expresses it, endowed with the bloom of a perennial youth. Still the houses of private citizens remained simple and unadorned; still were the streets narrow and irregular; and even centuries afterwards, a stranger entering Athens would not at first have recognised the claims of the mistress of Grecian art. But to the homeliness of her common thoroughfares and private mansions, the magnificence of her public edifices now made a dazzling contrast. The Acropolis that towered above the homes and thoroughfares of men—a spot too sacred for human habitation—became, to use a proverbial phrase, 'a city of the gods.' The citizen was everywhere to be reminded of the majesty of the STATE—his patriotism was to be increased by the pride in her beauty—his taste to be elevated by the spectacle of her splendour. Thus flocked to Athens all who throughout Greece were eminent in art. Sculptors and architects vied with each other in adorning the young Empress of the Seas; then rose the masterpieces of Phidias, of Callicrates, of Menesicles, which, even either in their broken remains, or in the feeble copies of imitators less inspired, still command so intense a wonder, and furnish models so immortal. And if, so to speak, their bones and relics excite our awe and envy, as testifying of a lovelier and grander race, which the deluge of time has swept away, what, in that day, must have been their brilliant effect—unmutilated in their fair proportions—fresh in all their lineaments and hues! For their beauty was not limited to the symmetry of arch and column, nor their materials confined to the marbles of Pentellicus and Paros. Even the exterior of the temples glowed with the richest harmony of colours, and was decorated with the purest gold; an atmosphere peculiarly favourable both to the display and the preservation of art, permitted to external pediments and friezes all

the minuteness of ornament—all the brilliancy of colours;—such as in the interior of Italian churches may yet be seen—vitiating, in the last by a gaudy and barbarous taste. Nor did the Athenians spare any cost upon the works that were, like the tombs and tripods of their heroes, to be the monuments of a nation to distant ages, and to transmit the most irrefragable proof 'that the power of ancient Greece was not an idle legend.' The whole democracy were animated with the passion of Pericles; and when Phidias recommended marble as a cheaper material than ivory for the great statue of Minerva, it was for that reason that ivory was preferred by the unanimous voice of the assembly. Thus, whether it were extravagance or magnificence, the blame in one case, the admiration in another, rests not more with the minister than the populace. It was, indeed, the great characteristic of those works, that they were entirely the creations of the people: without the people, Pericles could not have built a temple, or engaged a sculptor. The miracles of that day resulted from the enthusiasm of a population yet young—full of the first ardour for the beautiful—dedicating to the state, as to a mistress, the trophies honourably won, on the treasures injuriously extorted—and uniting the resources of a nation with the energy of an individual, because the toil, the cost, were borne by those who succeeded to the enjoyment and arrogated the glory."

This is eloquently said: but in searching for the causes of the Athenian supremacy in taste and art, especially sculpture and architecture, we suspect the historic observer must look for higher and more spiritual causes than the mere energy and feverish excitement of democratic institutions. For, admitting that energy and universal exertion are in every age the characteristic of republican states, how did it happen that, in Athens alone, it took so early and decidedly the direction of taste and art? That is the point which constitutes the marvel, as well as the extraordinary perfection which it at once acquired. Many other nations in ancient and modern times have been republican,—Corinth, Tyre, Carthage, Sidon, Sardis, Syracuse, Marseilles, Holland, Switzerland, America,—but where shall we find one which produced the Parthenon or the Apollo Belvidere, the Tragedies of Æschylus or the wisdom of Socrates, the thought of Thucydides or the visions of Plato? How has it happened that those democratic institutions, which in modern times are found to be generally associated only with vulgar manners, urban discord, or commercial desires, should there have elevated the nation in a few years to the highest pinnacle of intellectual glory—that, instead of Dutch ponderosity, or Swiss slowness, of American ambition, or Florentine discord, republicanism on the shores of Attica produced the fire of Demosthenes, the grace of Euripides, the narrative of Xenophon, the taste of Phidias? After the most attentive consideration, we find it impossible to explain this marvel of marvels by the agency merely of human causes; and are constrained to ascribe the placing of the eye of Greece on the shores of Attica to the

same invisible hand which has fixed the wonders of vision in the human forehead. There are certain starts in human progress, and more especially in the advance of art, which it is utterly hopeless to refer to any other cause but the immediate design and agency of the Almighty. Democratic institutions afford no sort of explanation of them: we see no Parthenons, nor Sophocles, nor Platos in embryo, either in America since its independence, or France during the Revolution, nor England since the passing of the Reform Bill. When we reflect that taste, in Athens, in thirty years after the Persian invasion, had risen up from the infantine rudeness of the *Ægina Marbles* to the faultless peristyle and matchless sculpture of the Parthenon; that in modern Italy, the art of painting rose in the lifetime of a single individual, who died at the age of thirty-eight, from the stiff outline and hard colouring of Pietro Perruggino to the exquisite grace of Raphael: and that it was during an age when the barons to the north of the Alps could neither read nor write, and when rushes were strewed on the floors instead of carpets, that the unrivalled sublimity of Gothic Cathedrals was conceived, and the hitherto unequalled skill of their structure attained: we are constrained to admit that a greater power than that of man superintends human affairs, and that, from the rudest and most unpromising materials, Providence can, at the appointed season, bring forth the greatest and most exalted efforts of human intellect.

As a favourable specimen of our author's powers of military description, no unimportant quality in an historian, we shall gratify our readers by his account of the battle of Platea; the most vital conflict to the fortunes of the species which occurred in all antiquity, and which we have never elsewhere read in so graphic and animated a form—

"As the troops of Mardonius advanced, the rest of the Persian armament, deeming the task was now not to fight but to pursue, raised their standards and poured forward tumultuously, without discipline or order.

"Pausanias, pressed by the Persian line, and if not of a timorous, at least of an irresolute, temper, lost no time in sending to the Athenians for succour. But when the latter were on their march with the required aid, they were suddenly intercepted by the auxiliary Greeks in the Persian service, and cut off from the rescue of the Spartans.

"The Spartans beheld themselves thus left unsupported, with considerable alarm. Yet their force, including the Tegeans and Helots, was fifty-three thousand men. Committing himself to the gods, Pausanias ordained a solemn sacrifice, his whole army awaiting the result, while the shafts of the Persian bowmen poured on them near and fast. But the entrails presented discouraging omens, and the sacrifice was again renewed. Meanwhile the Spartans evinced their characteristic fortitude and discipline—not one man stirring from his ranks until the auguries should assume a more favouring aspect; all harassed, and some wounded, by the Persian arrows, they yet, seeking protection only beneath their broad

bucklers, waited with a stern patience the time of their leader and of Heaven. Then fell Callicrates, the stateliest and strongest soldier in the whole army, lamenting, not death, but that his sword was as yet undrawn against the invader.

"And still sacrifice after sacrifice seemed to forbid the battle, when Pausanias, lifting his eyes that streamed with tears, to the temple of Juno, that stood hard by, supplicated the tutelary goddess of Cithæron, that if the fates forbade the Greeks to conquer, they might at least fall like warriors. And while uttering this prayer, the tokens waited for became suddenly visible in the victims, and the augurs announced the promise of coming victory.

"Therewith, the order of battle rang instantly through the army, and, to use the poetical comparison of Plutarch, the Spartan phalanx suddenly stood forth in its strength, like some fierce animal—erecting its bristles and preparing its vengeance for the foe. The ground broken in many steep and precipitous ridges, and intersected by the Asopus, whose sluggish stream winds over a broad and rushy bed, was unfavourable to the movements of cavalry, and the Persian foot advanced therefore on the Greeks.

"Drawn up in their massive phalanx, the Lacedæmonians presented an almost impenetrable body—sweeping slowly on, compact and serried—while the hot and undisciplined valour of the Persians, more fortunate in the skirmish than the battle, broke itself in a thousand waves upon that moving rock. Pouring on in small numbers at a time, they fell fast round the progress of the Greeks—their armour slight against the strong pikes of Sparta—their courage without skill—their numbers without discipline; still they fought gallantly, even when on the ground seizing the pikes with their naked hands, and with the wonderful agility which still characterizes the Oriental swordsmen, springing to their feet, and regaining their arms, when seemingly overcome; wresting away their enemy's shields, and grappling with them desperately hand to hand.

"Foremost of a band of a thousand chosen Persians, conspicuous by his white charger, and still more by his daring valour, rode Mardonius, directing the attack—fiercer wherever his armour blazed. Inspired by his presence, the Persians fought worthily of their warlike fame, and, even in falling, thinned the Spartan ranks. At length the rash but gallant leader of the Asiatic armies received a mortal wound—his skull was crushed in by a stone from the hand of a Spartan. His chosen band, the boast of the army, fell fighting round him, but his death was the general signal of defeat and flight. Encumbered by their long robes, and pressed by the relentless conquerors, the Persians fled in disorder towards their camp, which was secured by wooden entrenchments, by gates, and towers and walls. Here, fortifying themselves as they best might, they contended successfully, and with advantage, against the Lacedæmonians, who were ill skilled in assault and siege.

"Meanwhile, the Athenians obtained the victory on the plains over the Greeks of Mar-

donius—finding their most resolute enemy in the Thebans—(three hundred of whose principal warriors fell in the field)—and now joined the Spartans at the Persian camp. The Athenians are said to have been better skilled in the art of siege than the Spartans; yet at that time their experience could scarcely have been greater. The Athenians were at all times, however, of a more impetuous temper; and the men who had ‘run to the charge’ at Marathon, were not to be baffled by the desperate remnant of their ancient foe. They scaled the walls—they effected a breach through which the Thebans were the first to rush—the Greeks poured fast and fierce into the camp. Appalled, dismayed, stupified, by the suddenness and greatness of their loss, the Persians no longer sustained their fame—they dispersed themselves in all directions, falling, as they fled, with a prodigious slaughter, so that out of that mighty armament scarce three thousand effected an escape.”

Our limits will admit of only one extract more, but it is on a different subject, and exhibits Mr. Bulwer's powers of criticism in the fields of poetry and romance, with which he has long been familiar:—

“Summoning before us the eternal character of the Athenian drama, the vast audience, the unroofed and enormous theatre, the actors themselves enlarged by art above the ordinary proportions of men, the solemn and sacred subjects from which its form and spirit were derived, we turn to Æschylus, and behold at once the fitting creator of its grand and ideal personifications. I have said that Homer was his original; but a more intellectual age than that of the Grecian epic had arrived, and with Æschylus, philosophy passed into poetry. The dark doctrine of Fatality imparted its stern and awful interest to the narration of events—men were delineated, not as mere self-acting and self-willed mortals, but as the agents of a destiny inevitable and unseen—the gods themselves are no longer the gods of Homer, entering into the sphere of human action for petty motives, and for individual purposes—drawing their grandeur, not from the part they perform, but from the descriptions of the poet;—they appear now as the oracles or the agents of fate—they are visitors from another world, terrible and ominous from the warnings which they convey. Homer is the creator of the material poetry, Æschylus of the intellectual. The corporeal and animal sufferings of the Titan in the epic hell become exalted by tragedy into the portrait of moral fortitude defying physical anguish. The Prometheus of Æschylus is the spirit of a god disdainfully subjected to the misfortunes of a man. In reading this wonderful performance, which in pure and sustained sublimity is perhaps unrivalled in the literature of the world, we lose sight entirely of the cheerful Hellenic worship; and yet it is in vain that the learned attempt to trace its vague and mysterious metaphysics to any old symbolical religion of the east. More probably, whatever theological system it shadows forth, was rather the gigantic conception of the poet himself, than the imperfect revival of any forgotten creed, or the poetical

disguise of any existent philosophy. However this be, it would certainly seem, that in this majestic picture of the dauntless enemy of Jupiter, punished only for his benefits to man, and attracting all our sympathies by his courage and his benevolence, is conveyed something of disbelief or defiance of the creed of the populace—a suspicion from which Æschylus was not free in the judgment of his contemporaries, and which is by no means in consonant with the doctrines of Pythagoras.”

Mr. Bulwer justifies this warm eulogium by some beautiful translations. We select his animated version of the exquisite passage so well known to scholars, where Clytemnestra describes to the chorus the progress of the watch-fires which announced to expecting Greece the fall of Troy—a passage perhaps unrivalled in the classical authors in picturesque and vivid images, and which approaches more nearly, though it has surpassed in sublimity, Sir Walter Scott's description of the bale-fires which announced to the Lothians a warden inroad of the English forces:—

“A gleam—a gleam—from Ida's height,
By the Fire-god sent, it came;—
From watch to watch it leapt that light,
As a rider rode the Flame!
It shot through the startled sky,
And the torch of that blazing glory
Old Lemnos caught on high,
On its holy promontory.
And sent it on, the jocund sign,
To Athos, Mount of Jove divine.
Wildly the while, it rose from the isle,
So that the might of the journeying light
Skimmed over the back of the gleaming brine
Farther and faster speeds it on,
Till the watch that keep Macistus steep—
See it burst like a blazing sun!
Doth Macistus sleep
On his tower-clad steep?
No! rapid and red doth the wild fire sweep;
It flashes afar, on the wayward stream
Of the wild Euripus, the rushing beam!
It rouses the light on Messapion's height,
And they feed its breath with the withered heath.
But it may not stay!
And away—away—
It bounds in its freshening might.

Silent and soon,
Like a broadened moon,
It passes in sheen, Asopos green,
And bursts on Cithæron gray!
The warder wakes to the signal-rays,
And it swoops from the hill with a broader blaze,
On—the fiery glory rode—
Thy lonely lake, Gorgopis, glowed—
To Megara's mount it came;
They feed it again,
And it streams amain—
A giant beard of flame!
The headland cliffs that darkly down
O'er the Saronic waters frown,
Are pass'd with the swift one's lurid stride,
And the huge rock glares on the glaring tide,
With mightier march and fiercer power
It gained Arachne's neighbouring tower—
Thence on our Argive roof its rest it won,
Of Ida's fire the long-descended Son!
Bright harbinger of glory and of joy!
So first and last with equal honour crown'd,
In solemn feasts the race-torch circles round.—
And these my heralds!—this my SIGN OF PEACE;
Lo! while we breathe, the victor lords of Greece,
Stalk, in stern tumult, through the halls of Troy.”

We have now discharged the pleasing duty of quoting some of the gems, and pointing out some of the merits of this remarkable work. It remains with equal impartiality, and in no unfriendly spirit, to glance at some of its faults—faults which, we fear, will permanently prevent it from taking the place to which it is en

titled, from its brilliancy and research, in the archives of literature.

The first of these defects is the constant effort which is made to justify the proceedings, and extenuate the faults, and magnify the merits of democratic societies; and the equally uniform attempt to underrate the value of aristocratic institutions, and blacken the proceedings of aristocratic states. This, as Fouché would say, is worse than an offence—it is a fault. Its unfairness and absurdity is so obvious, that it neutralizes and obliterates the effect which otherwise might be produced by the brilliant picture which Mr. Bulwer's transcendent subject, as well as his own remarkable powers of narrative and description, afford. By the common calculation of chances, it is impossible to suppose that the aristocracies are always in the wrong, and the democracies always in the right; that the former are for ever actuated by selfish, corrupt, and discreditable motives, and the latter everlastingly influenced by generous, ennobling, and upright feelings. We may predicate with perfect certainty of any author, be he aristocratic, monarchical, or republican, who indulges in such a strain of thought and expression, extravagant eulogiums from his own party in the outset, and possibly undeserved but certain neglect from posterity in the end. Mankind, in future times, when present objects and party excitement have ceased, will never read—or, at least, never attach faith to—any works which place all the praise on the one side and all the blame to the other of any of the children of Adam. Rely upon it, virtue and vice are very equally divided in the world: praise and blame require to be very equally bestowed. Different institutions produce a widely different effect upon society and the progress of human affairs: but it is not because the one makes all men good, the other all men bad; but because the one permits the bad or selfish qualities of one class to exercise an unrestrained influence—the other, because it arrays against their excesses the bad or selfish qualities of the other classes. All theories of government rounded upon the virtue of mankind or the perfectability of human nature, will, to the end of the world, be disproved by the experience, and discarded by the common sense of mankind. Mother Eve has proved, and will prove, more than a match for the strongest of her descendants. Instability, selfishness, folly, ambition, rapacity, ever have and ever will characterize alike democratic and aristocratic societies and governors. The wisdom of government and political philosophy consists not in expecting or calculating on impossibilities from a corrupted being, but in so arranging society and political powers that the selfishness and rapacity of the opposite classes of which it is composed may counteract each other.

The second glaring defect is the asperity and bitterness with which the author speaks of those who differ from him in political opinion. He in an especial manner is unceasing in his attacks upon Mr. Mitford: the historian whose able researches have added so much to our correct information on the state of the Grecian commonwealth. Here, too, is more

than an impropriety—there is a fault. By displaying such extraordinary bitterness on the subject, Mr. Bulwer clearly shows that he feels the weight of the Mitford fire; the strokes delivered have been so heavy that they have been felt. Nothing could be more impolitic than this, even for the interests of the party which he supports. It is not by perpetually attacking an author on trifling points or minor inaccuracies that you are to deaden or neutralize the impression he has made on mankind: it is by stating facts, and adducing arguments inconsistent with his opinions. The maxim, "*ars est eclare artem*," nowhere applies more clearly than here: Lingard is the model of a skilful controversialist, whose whole work, sedulously devoted to the upholding of the Catholic cause through the whole history of England, hardly contains a single angry or venomous passage against a protestant historian. Mr. Bulwer would be much the better of the habits of the bar, before he ventured into the arena of political conflict. It is not by his waspish notes that the vast influence of Mitford's Greece on public thought is to be obviated: their only effect is to diminish the force of his attempted and otherwise able refutation. The future historian, who is to demolish the influence of Colonel Napier's eloquent and able, but prejudiced and, in political affairs, partial history of the Peninsular war, will hardly once mention his name.

The last and by far the most serious objection to Mr. Bulwer's work is the complete oblivion which it evinces of a superintending Providence, either in dealing out impartial retribution to public actions, whether by nations or individuals in this world, or in deducing from the agency of human virtue or vice, and the shock of conflicting passions, the means of progressive improvement. We do not say that Mr. Bulwer is irreligious; far from it. From the brightness of his genius, as well as many exquisite passages in his novels, we should infer the reverse, and we hope yet to see his great powers exerted in the noblest of labours, that of tracing the wisdom of Providence amidst the mighty maze of human events. We say only that he ascribes no influence in human affairs to a superintending agency. This is being behind the age. It is lagging in arrear of his contemporaries. The vast changes consequent on the French Revolution have blown the antiquated oblivion of Providence in Raynal or Voltaire out of the water. The convulsions they had so large a share in creating have completely set at rest their irreligious dogmas. Here, too, Mr. Bulwer has fallen into an imprudence, for his own sake, as much as an error. If he will take the trouble to examine the works which are rising into durable celebrity in this country, those which are to form the ideas of *la jeune Angleterre*, he will find them all, without being fanatical, religious in their tendency. For obvious reasons we do not give the names of living authors; but we admire Mr. Bulwer's talents: we would fain, for the sake of the public, see them enlisted in the Holy Alliance—for the sake of himself, fall in more with the rising spirit of the age; and we give a word to the wise

Provide
superior
all
them

As an example of the defect of which we complain, and to avoid the suspicion of injustice in the estimate we have formed of the tendency in this particular of his writings, we shall give an extract. Perhaps there is no event in the history of the world which has been so momentous in its consequences, so vital in its effects, as the repulse of the Persian invasion of Greece by Xerxes, and none in which the superintending agency of an overruling Providence was so clearly evinced. Observe the reflections which Mr. Bulwer deduces from this memorable event.

"When the deluge of the Persian arms rolled back to its eastern bed, and the world was once more comparatively at rest, the continent of Greece rose visibly and majestically above the rest of the civilized earth. Afar in the Latian plains, the infant state of Rome was silently and obscurely struggling into strength against the neighbouring and petty states in which the old Etrurian civilization was rapidly passing to decay. The genius of Gaul and Germany, yet unredeemed from barbarism, lay scarce known, save where colonized by Greeks, in the gloom of its woods and wastes. The pride of Carthage had been broken by a signal defeat in Sicily; and Gelo, the able and astute tyrant of Syracuse, maintained, in a Grecian colony, the splendour of the Grecian name.

"The ambition of Persia, still the great monarchy of the world, was permanently checked and crippled; the strength of generations had been wasted, and the immense extent of the empire only served yet more to sustain the general peace, from the exhaustion of its forces. The defeat of Xerxes paralyzed the East.

"Thus, Greece was left secure, and at liberty to enjoy the tranquillity it had acquired, and to direct to the arts of peace the novel and amazing energies which had been prompted by the dangers, and exalted by the victories, of war.

"The Athenians, now returned to their city, saw before them the arduous task of rebuilding its ruins, and restoring its wasted lands. The vicissitudes of the war had produced many silent and internal, as well as exterior, changes. Many great fortunes had been broken; and the ancient spirit of the aristocracy had received no inconsiderable shock in the power of new families; the fame of the base-born and democratic Themistocles—and the victories which a whole people had participated—broke up much of the prescriptive and venerable sanctity attached to ancestral names, and to particular families. This was salutary to the spirit of enterprise in all classes. The ambition of the great was excited to restore, by some active means, their broken fortunes and decaying influence—the energies of the humbler ranks, already aroused by their new importance, were stimulated to maintain and to increase it. It was the very crisis in which a new direction might be given to the habits and the character of a whole people; and to seize all the advantages of that crisis, *FATE*, in Themistocles, had allotted to Athens, a man whose qualities were

not only pre-eminently great in themselves, but peculiarly adapted to the circumstances of the time. And, as I have elsewhere remarked, it is indeed the nature and prerogative of free states, to concentrate the popular will into something of the unity of despotism, by producing, one after another, a series of representatives of the wants and exigencies of The Hour—each leading his generation, but only while he sympathizes with its will;—and either baffling or succeeded by his rivals, not in proportion as he excels or he is outshone in genius, but as he gives, or ceases to give, to the widest range of the legislative power, the most concentrated force of the executive; thus uniting the desires of the greatest number, under the administration of the narrowest possible control;—the constitution popular—the government absolute but responsible."

Now, in this splendid passage is to be seen a luminous specimen of the view taken of the most memorable events in history by the liberal writers. In his reflections on this heart-stirring event, in his observations on the glorious defeat of the arms of Eastern despotism by the infant efforts of European freedom, there is nothing said of the incalculable consequences dependent on the struggle—nothing on the evident protection afforded by a superintending Providence to the arms of an inconsiderable Republic—nothing on the marvellous adaptation of the character of Themistocles to the mighty duty with which he was charged, that of rolling back from the cradle of civilization, freedom and knowledge, the wave of barbaric conquests. It was *FATE* which raised him up! Against such a view of human affairs we enter our solemn protest. We allow nothing to fate, unless that is meant as another way of expressing the decrees of an overruling, all-seeing, and beneficent intelligence. We see in the defeat of the mighty armament by the arms of a small city on the Attic shore—in the character of its leaders—in the efforts which it made—in the triumphs which it achieved, and the glories which it won—the clearest evidence of the agency of a superintending power, which elicited, from the collision of Asiatic ambition with European freedom, the wonders of Grecian civilization, and the marvels of Athenian genius. And it is just because we are fully alive to the important agency of the democratic element in this memorable conflict; because we see clearly what inestimable blessings, when duly restrained, it is capable of bestowing on mankind; because we trace in its energy in every succeeding age the expansive force which has driven the blessings of civilization into the recesses of the earth, that we are the determined enemies of those democratic concessions which entirely destroy the beneficent agency of this powerful element, which permit the vital heat of society to burst forth in ruinous explosions, or tear to atoms the necessary superincumbent masses, and instead of the smiling aspect of early and cherished vegetation, leave only in its traces the blackness of desolation and the ruin of nature.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.*

THE French Revolution is a subject on which neither history nor public opinion have been able as yet to pronounce an impartial verdict; nor is it perhaps possible that the opinions of mankind should ever be unanimous, upon the varied events which marked its course. The passions excited were so fierce, the dangers incurred so tremendous, the sacrifices made so great, that the judgment not only of contemporary but of future generations must be warped in forming an opinion concerning it; and as long as men are divided into liberal and conservative parties, so long will they be at variance in the views they entertain in regard to the great strife which they first maintained against each other.

There are some of the great events of this terrible drama, however, concerning which there appears now to be scarcely any discrepancy of opinion. The execution of the king and the royal family—the massacre of the Girondists—the slaughter in the prisons, are generally admitted to have been, using Fouché's words, not only crimes but faults; great errors in policy, as well as outrageous violations of the principles of humanity. These cruel and unprecedented actions, by drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard, are allowed to have dyed with unnecessary blood the career of the Revolution; to have needlessly exasperated parties against each other; and by placing the leaders of the movement in the terrible alternative of victory or death, rendered their subsequent career one incessant scene of crime and butchery. With the exception of Levasseur de la Sarthe, the most sturdy and unenvomed of the republican writers, there is no author with whom we are acquainted, who now openly defends these atrocities; who pretends, in Barrère's words, that "the tree of liberty cannot flourish unless it is watered by the blood of kings and aristocrats;" or seriously argues that the regeneration of society must be preceded by the massacre of the innocent and the tears of the orphan.

But although the minds of men are nearly agreed on the true character of these sanguinary proceedings, there is a great diversity of opinion as to the necessity under which the revolutionists acted, and the effects with which they were attended on the progress of freedom. The royalists maintain that the measures of the Convention were as unnecessary as they were atrocious; that they plunged the progress of social amelioration into an ocean of blood; devastated France for years with fire and sword; brought to an untimely end above a million of men; and finally riveted about the neck of the nation an iron despotism, as the inevitable result and merited punishment of such criminal excesses. The revolutionists,

on the other hand, allege that these severities, however much to be deplored, were unavoidable in the peculiar circumstances in which France was then placed: they contend that the obstinate resistance of the privileged classes to all attempts at pacific amelioration, their implacable resentment for the deprivation of their privileges, and their recourse to foreign bayonets to aid in their recovery, left to their antagonists no alternative but their extirpation; that in this "mortal strife" the royalists showed themselves as unscrupulous in their means, and would, had they triumphed, been as unsparing in their vengeance, as their adversaries; and they maintain, that notwithstanding all the disasters with which it has been attended, the triumph of the Revolution has prodigiously increased the productive powers and public happiness of France, and poured a flood of youthful blood into her veins.

The historians of the Revolution, as might have been expected, incline to one or other of these two parties. Of these the latest and most distinguished are Bertrand de Molleville and Lacretelle on the royalist side, and Mignet and Thiers on that of the Revolution, the reputation of whose works is now too well established to require us to enter here into an appreciation of their merits or defects, or to be affected by our praise or our censure. The work now before us, which is confined to the most stormy and stirring period of the Revolution, does not aspire, by its form, to a rivalry with all or any of those we have just mentioned. It consists of a series of graphic sketches of the National Convention, drawn evidently by one well acquainted with the actors in its terrific annals and interspersed with a narrative composed at a subsequent period, with the aids which the memoirs and historians of later times afford. As such, it possesses a degree of interest equal to any work on the same subject with which we are acquainted. Not only the speeches, but the attitudes, the manner, the appearance, and very dress of the actors in the drama are brought before our eyes. The author seems, in general, to speak in the delineation of character from his own recollections; the speeches which he has reported are chiefly transcribed from the columns of the *Moniteur*; but in some instances, especially the conversations of Danton, Robespierre, Barrère, and the other leaders of the Jacobins, we suspect that he has mingled his historical reminiscences with subsequent acquisitions, and put into the mouths of the leading characters of the day, prophecies too accurate in their fulfilment to have been the product of human sagacity. Generally speaking, however, the work bears the impress of intimate acquaintance with the events and persons who are described; and although from being published without a name, it has not the guarantee for its authenticity which known character and respectability afford, yet, in so far as internal evidence is concerned, we are

* *Histoire de la Convention Nationale.* Par M. L., Conventionel. Paris, 1833. *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. XXV., February, 1834.

inclined to rank it with the most faithful narratives of the events it records which have issued from the press. Its general accuracy, we are enabled, from a pretty extensive comparison of the latest authorities, to confirm. We shall give some extracts, which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will justify the tone of commendation in which we have spoken of it.

The period at which the work commences is the opening of the Convention, immediately after the revolt on the 10th of August had overturned the throne, and when a legislature, elected by almost universal suffrage, in a state of unprecedented exasperation, was assembled to regenerate the state.

Robespierre and Marat, the Agamemnon and Ajax of the democracy, are thus ably sketched:

"Robespierre and Marat—enemies in secret, to external appearance friends—were early distinguished in the Convention; both dear to the mob, but with different shades of character. The latter paid his court to the lowest of the low, to the men of straw or in rags, who were then of so much weight in the political system. The needy, the thieves, the cut-throats—in a word, the dregs of the people, the *caput mortuum* of the human race, to a man supported Marat.

"Robespierre, albeit dependent on the same class to which his rival was assimilated by his ugliness, his filth, his vulgar manners, and disgusting habits, was nevertheless allied to a more elevated division of it: to the shopkeepers and scribes, small traders, and the inferior rank of lawyers. These admired in him the *politesse bourgeoise*; his well-combed and powdered head, the richness of his waistcoats, the whiteness of his linen, the elegant cut of his coats, his breeches, silk stockings carefully drawn on, bright knee and shoe buckles; every thing, in short, bespoke the gentlemanly pretensions of Robespierre, in opposition to the sans-culottism of Marat.

"The shopkeepers and the lower ranks of the legal profession never identify themselves with the populace, even during the fervour of a revolution. There is in them an innate spirit of feudality, which leads them to despise the canaille and envy the noblesse: they desire equality, but only with such as are above themselves, not such as would confound them with their workmen. The latter class is odious to them; they envy the great, but they have a perfect horror for those to whom they give employment; never perceiving that the democratic principle can admit of no such distinction. This is the reason which made the *aristocratie bourgeoise* prefer Robespierre; they thought they saw in his manners, his dress, his air, a certain pledge that he would never degrade them to the multitude; never associate them with those whose trade was carried on in the mud, like Marat's supporters. Amidst these divisions, one fixed idea alone united these opposite leaders; and that was, to give such a pledge to the Revolution, as would render it impossible to doubt their sincerity, and that pledge was to be the blood of Louis XVI"—Vol. i. p. 28.

Roland and his wife, the beautiful victim of Jacobin vengeance, are thus portrayed:

"Roland was a man of ordinary capacity, but he obtained the reputation of genius by means of his wife, who thought, wrote, and spoke for him. She was a woman of a most superior mind; with as much virtue as pride, as much ambition as domestic virtue. Daughter of an engraver, she commenced her career by wishing to contend with a queen; and no sooner had Marie Antoinette fallen, than she seemed resolute to maintain the combat, no longer against a person of her own sex, but with the men who pretended to rival the reputation of her husband.

"Madame Roland had great talent, but she wanted tact and moderation. She belonged to that class in the middling ranks that scarcely knows what good breeding is; her manners were too brusque; she trusted implicitly to her good intentions, and was quite indifferent in regard to external appearances, which, after all, are almost every thing in this world. Like Marie Antoinette, she was master in her own family; the former was king, the latter was minister; her husband, whom she constantly put forward, as often disappeared in her presence, which gave rise to the bon mot of Condorcet: 'When I wish to see the minister of the interior, I never can see any thing but the petticoat of his wife.' This was strictly true: persons on business uniformly applied to Madame Roland instead of the minister; and whatever she may have said in her memoirs, it is certain that unconsciously she opened the portfolio with her own hand. She was to the last degree impatient under the attacks of the tribune, to which she had no means of reply, and took her revenge by means of pamphlets and articles in the public journals. In these she kept up an incessant warfare, which Roland sanctioned with his name, but in which it was easy to discover the warm and brilliant style of his wife."—i. 38.

These observations exhibit a fair specimen of the author's manner. It is nervous, brief, and sententious, rather than eloquent or impressive. The work is calculated to dispel many illusions under which we, living at this distance, labour, in regard to the characters of the Revolution. They are here exhibited in their genuine colours, alike free from the dark shades in which they have been enveloped by one party, and the brilliant hues in which they are arrayed by the other. In the descriptions, we see the real springs of human conduct on this elevated stage; the same littlenesses, jealousies, and weaknesses which are every day conspicuous around us in private life.

The Girondists in particular are stripped of their magic halo by his caustic hand. He displays in a clear light the weakness as well as brilliant qualities of that celebrated party: their ambition, intrigues, mob adulation, when rising with the Revolution; their weakness, irresolution, timidity, when assailed by its fury. Their character is summed up in the following words, which are put into the mouth of Lanjuinais, one of the most intrepid and noble-minded of the moderate party.

"The Girondists are in my mind a living example of the truth of the maxim of Beaumarchais: 'My God! what idiots these men of talent are!' All their speeches delivered at our tribune are sublime; their actions are inexplicable on any principles of common sense. They amuse themselves by exhausting their popularity in insignificant attacks, and waste it by that means in such a manner that already it is almost annihilated. They destroyed themselves when they overturned the monarchy; they flattered themselves that they would reign afterwards by their virtue and their brilliant qualities, little foreseeing how soon the Jacobins would mount on their shoulders. At present, to maintain themselves in an equivocal position, they will consent to the trial of the king, flattering themselves that they will decide his fate—they are mistaken; it is the Mountain, not they, that will carry the day. The Mountain is so far advanced in the career of crime that it cannot recede. Besides, it is indispensable for it to render the Gironde as guilty as itself, in order to deprive it of the possibility of treating separately; that motive will lead to the destruction of Louis XVI."—i. 142, 143.

These observations are perfectly just; whether they were made by Lanjuinais or not at the period when they are said to have been spoken, may be doubtful; but of this we are convinced, that they contain the whole theory and true secret of the causes which convert popular movements into guilty revolutions. It is the early commission of crime which renders subsequent atrocities unavoidable; men engage in the last deeds of cruelty to avoid the punishment of the first acts of oppression. The only rule which can with safety be followed, either in political or private life, is *uniformly* to abstain from acts of injustice; never to do evil that good may come of it; but invariably to ask, in reference to any proposed measure, not merely whether it is expedient, but whether it is just. If any other principle be adopted—if once the system is introduced of committing acts of injustice or deeds of cruelty, from the pressure of popular clamour, or the supposed expediency of the measures, the career of guilt is commenced, and can seldom be arrested. The theory of public morals, complicated as it may appear, is in reality nothing but a repetition, on a greater scale, of the measures of virtue in private life; crime cannot be committed with impunity in the one more than the other, with this difference, that if the individuals who commit the wrong escape retribution, it will fall on the state to which they belong.

One of the most important steps in the progress of the Revolution, and from which so much evil subsequently flowed, was the failure in the impeachment of Marat by the Girondists in 1792. Marat's defence on that occasion, which is here given from the *Moniteur*, is a choice specimen of the revolutionary talent which then exercised so powerful a sway.

"I am accused of having conspired with Robespierre and Danton for a triumvirate; that accusation has not a shadow of truth, except so far as concerns myself.—I am bound in duty to declare that my colleagues, Danton and Robespierre, have constantly rejected the

idea alike of a triumvirate or a dictatorship.—If any one is to blame for having scattered these ideas among the public, it is myself; I invoke on my own head the thunder of the national vengeance—but before striking, deign to hear me.

"When the constituted authorities exerted their power only to enchain the people; to murder the patriots under the name of the law, can you impute it to me as a crime that I invoked against the wicked the tempest of popular vengeance?—No—if you call it a crime, the nation would give you the lie; obedient to the law, they felt that the method I proposed was the only one which could save them, and assuming the rank of a dictator, they at once purged the land of the traitors who infested it.—

"I shuddered at the vehement and disorderly movements of the people, when I saw them prolonged beyond the necessary point; in order that these movements should not for ever fail, to avoid the necessity of their recommencement, I proposed that some wise and just citizen should be named, known for his attachment to freedom, to take the direction of them, and render them conducive to the great ends of public freedom.—If the people could have appreciated the wisdom of that proposal, if they had adopted it in all its plenitude, they would have swept off, on the day the Bastille was taken, five hundred heads from the conspirators. Every thing, had this been done, would now have been tranquil.—For the same reason, I have frequently proposed to give instantaneous authority to a wise man, under the name of tribune, or dictator,—the title signifies nothing; but the proof that I meant to chain him to the public service is, that I insisted that he should have a bullet at his feet, and that he should have no power but to strike off criminal heads.—Such was my opinion; I have expressed it freely in private, and given it all the currency possible in my writings; I have affixed my name to these compositions; I am not ashamed of them; if you cannot comprehend them, so much the worse for you.—The days of trouble are not yet terminated; already a hundred thousand patriots have been massacred because you would not listen to my voice; a hundred thousand more will suffer, or are menaced with destruction; if the people falter, anarchy will never come to an end. I have diffused those opinions among the public; if they are dangerous, let enlightened men refute them with the proofs in their hands; for my own part, I declare I would be the first to adopt their ideas, and to give a signal proof of my desire for peace, order, and the supremacy of the laws, whenever I am convinced of their justice.

"Am I accused of ambitious views? I will not condescend to vindicate myself; examine my conduct; judge my life. If I had chosen to sell my silence for profit, I might have now been the object of favour to the court.—What on the other hand has been my fate? I have buried myself in dungeons; condemned myself to every species of danger; the sword of twenty thousand assassins is perpetually suspended over me; I preached the truth with my head laid on the block. Let those who are now re-

rifying you with the shadow of a dictator, unite with me; unite with all true patriots, press the Assembly to expedite the great measures which will secure the happiness of the people, and I will cheerfully mount the scaffold any day of my life."—Vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

We have given this speech at length, because it contains a fair sample of revolutionary logic, and displays that mixture of truth and error, of generous sentiments and perverted ambition, which characterized the speeches as well as the actions of the leaders. Marat was well acquainted with his power before he made these admissions; he knew that the armed force of the multitude would not permit a hair of his head to be touched; he already saw his adversaries trembling under the menaces which encircled the hall, and the applause of the galleries which followed his words; he had the air of generous self-devotion, when in truth he incurred no real danger. The principles here professed were those on which he and his party constantly acted. Their uniform doctrine was, that they must destroy their enemies, or be destroyed by them; that the friends of the Revolution were irrevocably engaged in a strife of life or death with the aristocracy; that there was no alternative in the struggle—it must be victory or death. Such were the maxims of the Jacobins, and we should greatly err if we ascribed them to any peculiar or extraordinary ferocity or wickedness in their character. They sprung entirely from their early commission of unpardonable offences, and the recklessness with which they perpetrated acts of violence and spoliation, the moment that they obtained supreme power. The conclusion to be drawn from this is, not that the progress of innovation and social amelioration inevitably leads to wickedness, but that the commission of one crime during its progress necessarily occasions another, because it is in the commission of the second that impunity for the first is alone looked for; and therefore, that the only way during such trying times to prevent the progress from terminating in disaster, is steadily to adhere to the principles of justice and humanity; and if violence is once unavoidable, to revert to the temper and moderation of happier times, the moment that such a return is practicable.

The Jacobin Club, the Dom-daniel where all the bloody scenes of the Revolution were hatched, must ever be an object of interest and curiosity to future ages. The author's picture of it is so graphic, that we shall give it in his own words, for fear of weakening their force by translation; it will also serve as a fair specimen of his style.

"Le club des Jacobins était véritablement le double de la puissance souveraine, et la portion la plus énergique: on ne pouvait assez la redouter, tant sa susceptibilité était extrême et ses vengeances terribles. Il se montrait inquiet, pusillanime, méfiant, cruel et féroce; il ne concevait la liberté qu'avec le concours des prisons, des fers, et à deminoyée dans le sang. Tous les maux, tous les crimes, toutes les résolutions funestes, qu'il pendant trois années desolèrent la France, partirent de cet antre d'horreur. Les Jacobins dominèrent

avec une tyrannie épaisse, vaste et lourde, qui nous enveloppa tous comme un cauchemar permanent. Inquisition terrible, violente, néanmoins cauteleuse, il se nourrissait d'épouvante calculée, de fureurs, de dénonciations, et de l'effroi général qu'il inspirait. Les plus importants parmi les révolutionnaires tirèrent de la toute leur force, et en même temps ne cessèrent de flagorner, d'aduler ce club, et cela avec autant de persistance, que de bassesse: à tel point la masse du club abait du pouvoir, et à tel point celui qu'obtenaient des particuliers devaient remonter à lui, comme à son origine unique.

"Jamais un homme d'honneur, jamais la vertu parée de ses qualités précieuses ne purent être soufferts dans cette société: elle était antipathique avec tout ce qui n'était pas entaché d'une manière quelconque. Un voleur, un assassin, y trouvait plus d'affinité que le volé ou le victime. Le propos célèbre, *Qu'as tu fait pour être pendu, si l'ancien régime revenait?* pouvait s'appliquer également à la morale, qu'à la politique. Quiconque se présentait avec une vie exempte de reproches devenait suspect nécessairement: mais l'impur inspirait de l'intérêt, et se trouvait en harmonie, ou en point de contact avec les habitués de ce cloaque. Le club se réunissait à l'ancien convent des Jacobins, dans la Rue St. Honoré, au local de la bibliothèque: c'était une salle vaste de forme gothique. On orna le local de drapeaux tricolores, de devises anarchiques, de quelques portraits et bustes des révolutionnaires les plus fameux. J'ai vu, bien antérieurement au meurtre de Louis XVI., deux portraits, ceux de Jacques Clement et de Ravailleac, environnés d'une guirlande de chêne, en manière de couronne civique: au-dessous leur nom, accompagné de la date de leur régicide, et au-dessus il y avait ces mots *Ils furent heureux—ils tuèrent un roi.*"—Tom. i. pp. 110—112.

It may be imagined from these and similar passages that the author is a royalist: but such in reality is not the case. He is equally severe on the other parties, and admits that he himself acquiesced in all the savage measures of the Convention. The Jacobins in fact have become equal objects of detestation to all parties in the Revolution: to the royalists, by the cruelties which they exercised—to the republicans, by the horror which they excited, and the reaction against the principles of popular government which they produced. The description of them by Thiers and Mignet is nearly as black as that given by our author.

It is a curious speculation what it is during revolutionary troubles that gives an influence to men of desperate character. Why is it that when political institutions are undergoing a change, the wicked and profligate should acquire so fearful an ascendancy? That thieves and robbers should emerge from their haunts when a conflagration is raging, is intelligible enough,—but that they should then all at once become omnipotent, and rule their fellow citizens with absolute sway, is the surprising phenomenon. In considering the causes of this catastrophe in France, much is no doubt to be ascribed to the corrupt and rotten state of society under the monarchy, and the total want

of all those habits of combination for mutual defence and support, which arise from the long-continued enjoyment of freedom. More however, we are persuaded, is to be ascribed to the general and unparalleled desertion of their country by the great majority of the nobility and landed proprietors, and their imprudent—to give it no severer name—union with foreign powers to regain their privileges by main force. If this immense and powerful body of men had remained at home, yielded to the torrent when they could not resist it, and taken advantage of the first gleams of returning sense and moderation, to unite with the friends of order of every denomination, it is impossible to doubt that a great barrier against revolutionary violence must have been erected. But what could be done by the few remaining priests and royalists, or by the king on the throne, when a hundred thousand proprietors, the strength and hope of the monarchy, deserted to the enemy, and appeared combating against France under the Austrian eagles? There was the fatal error. Every measure of severity directed against them or their descendants, appeared justifiable to a people labouring under the terrors of foreign subjugation; if they had remained at home and armed against the stranger, as the worst mediator in their internal dissensions, the public feeling would not have been so strongly roused against them, and many of the worst measures of the Revolution would have been prevented. The comparatively bloodless character of the English civil war in the time of Charles I. is in a great measure to be ascribed to the courageous residence of the landed proprietors at home, even during the hottest of the struggle; and but for that intrepid conduct, they might, like the French noblesse, have been for ever stript of their estates, and the cause of freedom stained by unnecessary excesses.

Our author visited Dumourier, when he returned to Paris, to endeavour to stem the torrent of the Revolution.—On that occasion, the general addressed him in these remarkable words:—

“If the men of honour in the country would act as I do, these miserable anarchists would speedily be reduced to their merited insignificance, and France would be delivered; but they fear them, and the terror which they inspire constitutes their whole strength. I shall never permit them at least to extend their power over my determinations.”

“Dumourier was right; it is the weakness of honest men which in every age has constituted the strength of the rabble.”—Vol. i. p. 128

He mentions a singular fact, well known to all who are tolerably acquainted with the history of the Revolution, which remarkably illustrates the slender reliance which during the fervour of a revolution can be placed on the support of the populace.—

“The Girondists trusted to their patriotism, to the pledges they had never ceased to give to the popular cause; they constantly flattered themselves that the people would keep their qualities in remembrance; and experience never taught them that the people, ever ungrate-

ful and forgetful of past services, have neither eyes nor ears but for those who flatter them without intermission.” They had another reason for their confidence, in the enormous majority which had recently re-elected Petion to the important situation of mayor of Paris. No less than 14,000 voices had pronounced in his favour, while Robespierre had only 23, Billaud-Varennes 14, and Danton 11. The Girondists flattered themselves that their influence was to be measured in the same proportion; that error was their ruin, for they continued to cling to it down to the moment when necessity constrained them to see that they stood alone in the commonwealth. Bailly, the virtuous Bailly, that pure spirit who had the misfortune to do so much evil with the best intentions, had only two votes.”—Vol. i. p. 130.

Thus the Girondists, only a few months before their final arrest and overthrow by the mob of Paris, had fourteen thousand votes, while Robespierre and Danton, who led them out to the slaughter, had only thirty-four. Whence arose this prodigious decline of popularity in so short a time, and when they had done nothing in the intervening period to justify or occasion it? Simply from this, that having latterly endeavoured to repress the movement, that instant their popularity dissolved like a rope of sand, and they were consigned in a few months to the scaffold by their late noisy supporters.

This respectable writer adds his testimony to a fact now generally admitted, that the well-known novel of Faublas gave a correct picture of the manners of France at the outset of the Revolution. In such a corrupt state of society, it is not surprising that political change should have led to the most disastrous results: nor can any thing be imagined much worse than the old regime.

“Louvet de Courtray, born at Paris in 1764, was the son of a shopkeeper, and made his debut, not as an advocate, but as a shopman in the employment of Brault, the bookseller. He there acquired a taste for literature, which he soon made known by his well-known novel of Faublas. The Revolution commenced, and despite its agitation, the ‘Amours and gallant Adventures of the Chevalier de Faublas’ soon obtained a deserved reputation. You find in that book a faithful picture of the manners of the age—its levity, its follies; the mode of life of good company is there accurately depicted; and if decency is little respected, it is because it met with as little respect at the period when the hero of the story was supposed to be living.”—Vol. i. p. 145.

But we must hasten to yet more interesting scenes. The appearance of the Duke of Orleans when he voted for the death of the king is thus described.

“Egalité, walking with a faltering step and a countenance paler than the corpse already stretched in the tomb, advanced to the place where he was to put the seal to his eternal infamy; and there, unable to utter a word in public unless it was written down, he read in these terms his fearful vote:

“‘Exclusively governed by my duty, and convinced that all those who have resisted the

sovereignty of the people deserve death, my vote is for DEATH!"

"Oh, the monster!" broke forth from all sides; "how infamous!" and general hisses and imprecations attended Egalité as he returned to his seat. His conduct appeared so atrocious, that of all the assassins of September, of all the wretches of every description who were there assembled, and truly the number was not small, *not one* ventured to applaud him: all, on the contrary, viewed him with distrust or maledictions; and at the conclusion of his vote, the agitation of the assembly was extreme. One would have imagined from the effect it produced, that Egalité, by that single vote, irrevocably condemned Louis to death, and that all that followed it was but a vain formality."—Vol. ii. p. 48.

One of the most instructive facts in the whole history of the Revolution, was the *unanimous* vote of the assembly on the *guilt* of Louis. Posterity has reversed the verdict; it is now unanimously agreed that he was innocent, and that his death was a judicial murder. That the majority, constrained by fear, misled by passion, or seduced by ambition, should have done so, is intelligible enough; but that seven hundred men should unanimously have voted an innocent man guilty, is the real phenomenon, for which no adequate apology can be found even in the anxieties and agitation of that unhappy period. Like all other great acts of national crime, it speedily brought upon itself its own punishment. It rendered the march of the Revolution towards increasing wickedness inevitable, because it deprived its leaders of all hope of safety but in the rule of the multitude, supported by acts of universal terror.

The result of the vote which, by a majority of forty-seven, condemned Louis to death, is well described:

"When the fatal words were pronounced, an explosion of satanic joy was expected from the tribunes: nothing of the kind occurred. A universal stupor took possession of the whole assembly, damping alike the atrocious hurrahs and the infernal applause. The victory which had been obtained filled the victors with as much awe as it inspired the vanquished with consternation; hardly was a hollow murmur heard; the members gazed at each other in death-like silence; every one seemed to dread even the sound of his own voice. There is something so over-powering in great events, that those even whose passions they most completely satisfy, are restrained from giving vent to their feelings."—Vol. ii. p. 61.

The death of the king, and its effect on the people, is very impressive:

"The sight of the royal corpse produced divers sensations in the minds of the spectators. Some cut off parts of his dress; others sought to gather a few fragments of his hair; a few dipped their sabres in his blood; and many hurried from the scene, evincing the most poignant grief in their countenances. An Englishman, bolder than the rest, threw himself at the foot of the scaffold, dipped his handkerchief in the blood which covered the ground, and disappeared.

"In the capital, the great body of the citi-

zens appeared to be overwhelmed by a general stupor: they hardly ventured to look each other in the face in the street: sadness was depicted in every countenance: a heavy disquietude seemed to have taken possession of every mind. The day following the execution they had not got the better of their consternation, which appeared then to have reached the members of the Convention, who were astonished and terrified at so bold a stroke, and the possible consequences with which it might be followed. Immediately after the execution, the body of Louis XVI. was transported into the ancient cemetery of the Madeleine: it was placed in a ditch of six feet square, with its back against the wall of the Rue d'Anjou, and covered with quick-lime, which was the cause of its being so difficult afterwards, in 1815, to discover the smallest traces of his remains.

"The general torpor, without doubt, paralyzed many minds, but shame had a deplorable effect upon others. It was certainly a deplorable thing to see the king put to death without the smallest effort being made to save him from destruction; and on the supposition that such an attempt might have led to his assassination by the Jacobins, even that would have been preferable to the disgraceful tranquillity which prevailed at his execution. I am well aware that all who had emigrated had abandoned the king; but as there remained in the interior so many loyal hearts devoted to his cause, it is astonishing that no one should have shown himself on so rueful an occasion. Has crime then alone the privilege of conferring audacity? is weakness inseparable from virtue? I cannot believe it, although every thing conspired to favour it at that period, when the bravest trembled and retired into secrecy."—Vol. ii. pp. 13, 44.

The Girondists were far from reaping the benefits they expected from the death of the king; Lanjuinais's prophecy in this respect proved correct: it was but the forerunner of their own ruin.

"The death of Louis, effected by a combination of all parties, satisfied none. The Girondists in particular, as Lanjuinais had foretold, found in it the immediate cause of their ruin. Concessions made to crime benefit none but those who receive them: they make use of them and speedily forget the givers. This was soon demonstrated; for no sooner was the trial of Louis concluded by his death, than the Jacobins commenced their attacks on Roland, the minister of the interior, with such vehemence, that on the day after the king's execution he sent in his resignation.

"The Girondists did every thing in their power to prevent him from proceeding to this extremity: his wife exerted all her influence to make him retain his situation, offering to share all his labours, and take upon herself the whole correspondence. It was all in vain: he declared that death would be preferable to the mortifications he had to undergo ten times a day. What made his friends so anxious to retain him was their conviction that they could find no one to supply his place. They clearly saw their situation, when it was no longer possible to apply a remedy. The

Mountain, strong through their weakness, overwhelmed them: already it broke through every restraint, and the system of terror, so well organized after the revolution of the 10th of August, was put into full activity."—Vol. ii. pp. 153, 154.

It has never yet been clearly explained how Robespierre rose to the redoubtable power which he possessed for sixteen months before his death. His contemporaries are unanimous in their declarations that his abilities were extremely moderate, that his courage was doubtful, and his style of oratory often tiresome and perplexed. How, if all this be true, did he succeed in rising to the head of an assembly composed of men of unquestioned ability, and ruled by the oldest and most audacious orators in France? How did he compose the many and admirable speeches, close in reasoning, energetic in thought, eloquent in expression, which he delivered from the tribune, and which history has preserved to illustrate his name? Supposing them to have been written by others, how did he maintain his authority at the Jacobin Club, whose nocturnal orgies generally took a turn which no previous foresight could have imagined, and no ordinary courage could withstand? How did he conduct himself in such a manner as to destroy all his rivals, and, at a time when all were burning with ambition, contrive to govern France with an authority unknown to Louis XIV.? The truth is, Robespierre must have been a man of most extraordinary ability; and the depreciatory testimony of his contemporaries probably proceeded from that envy which is the never-failing attendant of sudden and unlooked-for elevation. The account of the system he pursued, in order to raise himself to supreme power, is pregnant with instruction.

"It was at this period (March, 1793) that Robespierre began to labour seriously at the plan which was destined to lead him to the dictatorship. It consisted, in the first instance, in getting rid of the Gironde by means of the Mountain; and secondly, in destroying by their aid every man of the ancient regime, capable by his rank, his talent, or his virtue, of standing in his way. It was indispensable to reduce to his own level all the heads above himself which he suffered to exist, and among those which it was necessary to cut off, he ranked in the first class those of the queen and of Egalité. Having done this, his next object was to destroy the Mountain itself: he resolved to decimate it in its highest summits, in such a manner that he alone would remain, and nothing oppose his governing France with absolute sway. Robespierre at the same time assailed with mortal anxiety all the military reputations which might stand in his way; and, in the end, death delivered him from every general from whose opposition he had any thing to apprehend.

"That this frightful plan existed, is but too certain; that it was executed in most of its parts, is historically known. That it did not finally succeed, was merely owing to the circumstance that the Jacobins, made aware of their danger before it was too late, assailed him when he was unprepared, and overturned

him in a moment of weakness."—Vol. ii. pp. 192—195.

Fouquier-Tinville, the well-known public accuser in the revolutionary tribunal, is drawn in the following graphic terms:—

"Fouquier-Tinville, a Picard by birth, born in 1747, and procureur in the court of the Chatelet, exhibited one of those extraordinary characters in which there is such a mixture of bad and strange qualities as to be almost inconceivable. Gloomy, cruel, atrabilious: the unsparing enemy of every species of merit or virtue; jealous, artful, vindictive: ever ready to suspect, to aggravate the already overwhelming dangers of innocence, he appeared impervious to every feeling of compassion or equity; justice in his estimation consisted in condemnation; an acquittal caused him the most severe mortification; he was never happy but when he had sent all the accused to the scaffold: he prosecuted them with an extreme *acharnement*, made it a point of honour to repel their defences: if they were firm or calm in presence of the judges of the tribunal, his rage knew no bounds. But with all this hatred to what generally secures admiration and esteem, he showed himself alike insensible to the allurements of fortune and the endearments of domestic life: he was a stranger to every species of recreation: women, the pleasures of the table, the theatres, had for him no attractions. Sober in his habits of life, if he ever became intoxicated, it was with the commonest kind of wine. The orgies in which he participated had all a political view, as, for example, to procure a *feu de file*; on such occasions he was the first to bring together the judges and juries and to provoke bacchanalian orgies. What he required above every thing was human blood. "A *feu de file*, in the Jacobin vocabulary was the condemnation to death of all the accused. When it took place, the countenance of Fouquier Tinville became radiant; no one could doubt that he was completely happy; and to attain such a result he spared no pains. He was, to be sure, incessantly at work: he went into no society, hardly ever showed himself at the clubs: it was not there, he said, that his post lay. The only recreation which he allowed himself was to go to the place of execution, to witness the pangs of his victims: on such occasions his gratification was extreme.

"Fouquier Tinville might have amassed a large fortune: he was, on the contrary, poor, and his wife, it is said, actually died of starvation. He lived without any comforts: his whole furniture, sold after his decease, only produced the sum of five hundred francs. He was distinguished by the appearance of poverty and a real contempt of money. No species of seduction could reach him: he was a rock, a mass of steel, insensible to every thing which usually touches men, to beauty and riches: he became animated only at the prospect of a murder which might be committed, and on such occasions he was almost handsome, so radiant was the expression of his visage.

"The friend of Robespierre, who fully appreciated his valuable qualities, he was th

depository of his inmost thoughts. The Dictator asked him one day, what he could offer him most attractive, when supreme power was fully concentrated in his hands. 'Repose,' replied Fouquier Tinville, 'but not till it is proved that not another head remains to fall; incessant labour till then.'—Vol. ii. 216, 217.

On reading these and similar passages regarding the Reign of Terror, and the characters which then rose to eminence, one is tempted to ask, is human nature the same under such extraordinary circumstances as in ordinary times; or is it possible, that by a certain degree of political excitement, a whole nation may go mad, and murders be perpetrated without the actors being in such a state as to be morally responsible for their actions? In considering this question, the conclusion which is irresistibly impressed on the mind by a consideration of the progress of the French Revolution, is, that the error lies more in the head than in the heart, and that it is by the incessant application of false principles to the understanding, that the atrocious actions which excite the astonishment of posterity are committed. Without doubt there are in all troubled times a host of wicked and abandoned men, who issue from their haunts, stimulated by cupidity, revenge, and every evil passion, and seek to turn the public calamities to their individual advantage. But neither the leaders nor the majority of their followers are composed of such men. The *political fanatics*, those who do evil that good may come,—who massacre in the name of humanity, and imprison in that of public freedom,—these are the men who are most to be dreaded, and who, in general, acquire a perilous sway over the minds of their fellow citizens. When vice appears in its native deformity, it is abhorred by all: it is by assuming the language and working upon the feelings of virtue that it acquires so fatal an ascendant, and that men are led to commit the most atrocious actions, in the belief that they are performing the most sacred of duties. The worst characters of the Revolution who survived the scaffold, were found in private life to have their humanity unimpaired, and to lead peaceable and inoffensive lives. Barrère is now, or was very recently, at Brussels, where his time is devoted to declaiming on the necessity of entirely abolishing capital punishments; and yet Barrère is the man who proposed the famous decree for the annihilation of Lyons, beginning with the words "Lyons faisait la guerre à la liberté: Lyons n'est plus;" and constantly affirmed, that "le vaisseau de la Revolution ne peut arriver au port que sur une ocean du sang."

The origin and composition of the famous Committee of Public Safety, and the manner in which it gradually engrossed the whole powers of the state, and became concentrated in the persons of the Triumvirate, are thus given:

"It was on the 6th April, 1793," says our author, "that the terrible Committee of Public Safety was constituted: which speedily drew to itself all the powers in the state. It did not manifest its ambition at the outset: it was useful at starting: it exhibited no symptoms

of an ambitious disposition, but that prudent conduct ceased after the great revolt of 31st May. Then the Convention, its committees, and in an especial manner that of General Safety, fell under the yoke of the Committee of Public Safety, which performed the part of the Council of Ten and the Three inquisitors in the Venetian state. Its power was monstrous, because it was in some sort concealed; because amidst the multitude of other committees it veiled its acts; because, renewing itself perpetually among men of the same stamp, it constantly destroyed the personal responsibility of its members, though its measures were ever the same.

"The Committee of Public Safety terminated by being concentrated, not in the whole of its members, but in three of their number. Robespierre was the real chief, but half concealed from view; the two others were Couthon and St. Just. There was between these monsters a perfect unanimity down to the moment of their fall: in proportion as the Mountain was divided and its chiefs perished, the alliance between them became more firmly cemented. I have every reason to believe that they had resolved to perpetuate their power in unison, and under the same title which Bonaparte afterwards adopted at the 18th Brumaire. Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just were to have formed a supreme council of three consuls. The first, with the perpetual presidency, was to have been intrusted with the departments of the exterior, of justice, and of the finances: Couthon was to have had the interior; and St. Just the war portfolio, which suited his belligerent inclination."—p. 229.

One of the most singular circumstances in all civil convulsions, when they approach a crisis, is the mixed and distracted feelings of the great majority, even of the actors, in the anxious scenes which are going forward. A signal instance occurred on occasion of the revolt of 31st May, which overturned the Girondists, and openly established the supremacy of the armed force of Paris over the National Convention. This eventful crisis is thus powerfully described by our author:—

"The assembly, in a body, rose to present itself at the great gate to go out upon the Place de Caroussel. We were all uncovered, in token of the danger of the country: the president alone wore his hat. The officers of the assembly preceded him: he ordered them to clear a passage. Henriot, at that decisive moment, breaking out into open revolt, advanced on horseback at the head of his aides-de-camp. He drew his sabre and addressed us in a tone, the arrogance of which was deserving of instant punishment—"You have no orders to give here," said he, "return to your posts, and surrender the rebellious deputies to the people." Some amongst us insisted: the president commanded his officers to seize that rebel. Henriot retired fifteen paces, and exclaimed: "Cannoniers, to your pieces!" The troops that surrounded him at the same time made preparations to charge us. Already the muskets were raised to take aim, the hussars drew their sabres, the artillerymen inclined their lighted matches towards their pieces. A

this spectacle, Herault de Sechelles, the president, was disconcerted, turned about, and we followed him. He went to all the other gates, followed by the same escort: traversed the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Place de Carousel, in vain seeking to escape: at every issue a barrier of cannon and bayonets opposed his exit.

"At the same time,—who would believe it? the greater part of the troops, with their hats on the point of their bayonets, were shouting: 'Vive la Convention Nationale!' 'Vive la Republique!' 'Peace—Laws—a Constitution!' Some cried out: 'Vive la Montagne!' a still smaller number, 'A la mort Brissot, Gensonné, Vergniaud, Guadet!' A few voices exclaimed, 'Purge the Convention! let the blood of the wicked flow!'—Pp. 379, 380.

Yet though the opinions of the national guard, the armed force of Paris, were thus divided, and a minority only supported the violent measures of Henriot and the insurgents, this minority, by the mere force of unity of action, triumphed over all the others, and made their unwilling fellow-soldiers the instruments in imposing violence on the legislature, and dragging its most illustrious members to prison. Such was the French Revolution; and such is the ascendancy which in all extreme cases of public agitation is acquired by audacious, united wickedness, over irrelative, divided virtue.

It is interesting to examine the line of conduct adopted by the moderate members of the assembly after this crisis, which prostrated the legislature before the municipality and armed force of Paris. The author gives us the following account of the principles by which he himself and the majority of the members were actuated:—

"Overwhelmed with consternation as all men of property were by the audacity of the revolutionists, and convinced of our impotence at that time, (for virtue has but feeble nerves, and none of that vigour which was manifested not only by antiquity, but even by our fathers,) I asked myself, I am not ashamed to confess, whether a public sacrifice to the country would ultimately be more advantageous than a silent, cautious opposition, which in the end might unite to itself all whom the fury of the Mountain had spared. My answer was, that every one must carry on war according to his means; and, as in our case, an open resistance would have been followed by a speedy overthrow, I resolved to assume the appearance of absolute indifference, which might leave me at liberty to aid many unfortunate persons, and keep alive the hope of finally overturning that abominable tyranny.

"Having formed this resolution, I immediately proceeded to act upon it. I was present at the assembly; I quitted it without any one being sensible of my presence. I lived on terms of tolerable intimacy with Danton, Tallien, the younger Robespierre, so that by the aid of their hints and indiscretions, I was prepared for every storm which was approaching.

"This line of conduct, which was pursued at the same time by Durand, Garau, Dupuis,

Demartin, and a number of others, perfectly succeeded. We were soon forgotten, while the remnants of the Jacobin faction assailed each other without mercy; we were passed over in silence for fifteen months, and that happy state of oblivion proved our salvation; for all at once, changing our tactics, and declaring against Robespierre, our unexpected vote gave his opponents the majority, and soon drew after it the whole Assembly. In less than an hour after it was given, we became an authority which it was necessary to consult, and which, continually increasing, because it had struck in at the fortunate moment, speedily made itself master of that supreme authority which the Jacobins were no longer in a condition to dispute.

"I know that our conduct is blamed, and was blamed by many persons. A number of knights of the saloon exclaim against it: I will only ask, which of them, with all their boasting, did any thing useful at the fall of Robespierre?

"It is necessary in difficult times to distinguish obstinate folly from measured energy; there would be no wisdom in attempting to overthrow the pyramids of Egypt by striking them with the hand: but in beginning with the upper tier, and successively pulling down all those which compose the mass, the object might be accomplished."—Vol. iii. p. 78.

This passage involves a question of the utmost moment to all true patriots in periods of public danger from civil convulsion; which is, what should be their conduct when they are openly assailed by an anarchical faction? The answer to this is to be found in the situation of the parties, at the time when the collision takes place. If supreme authority, that of the armed force, has not passed into the hands of the anarchists, every effort should be made to retain it in the possession of the holders of property; but if that is impossible, the conduct pursued by these members of the Convention at that period is not only the most prudent, but in the end the most useful. To "stoop to conquer" is a maxim often as applicable to political as to private life; and when the majority of a nation are so heated by passion as to be incapable of appreciating the force of reason, it is only by waiting for the moment when they have begun to feel the consequences, that a favourable reaction can be anticipated.

The Reign of Terror is thus described:—

"The Reign of Terror was a terrible epoch, when the patriotic party acted with indescribable fury, and resistance to it appeared only in the feeblest form; a frightful struggle, during which punishment was daily inflicted in the name of freedom; when the people were governed with the most despotic forms, and equality existed only for the vilest of assassins. Those who have not lived through it can have no idea of what it really was; those who do remember it are monsters if they do not do their utmost to prevent its recurrence: any government, of whatever kind, and from whatever quarter, should be embraced in preference. Eternal curses on the man who should bring it back to his country!

"Yes, I repeat it: that era has no reser-

blance to any other. I have seen the despotism of Napoleon : I have witnessed the terror of 1815 ; paltry imitations of those tremendous years ! France in 1793 and 1794 was furrowed in every direction by the revolutionary thunder ; the most insignificant commune had its denouncers and its executioners. Ridicule was frequently joined to atrocity. Recollect that village of the Limousin, from the top of whose steeple the tricolour flag suddenly disappeared. A violent disturbance was instantly raised ; search was made for the daring offender, who could not be found, and in consequence a dozen persons were instantly arrested on suspicion. At length the fragments of the flag were discovered suspended from the branches of a tree, and it was found that a magpie had made its nest with the remains of the national colour. Oh, the tyrannical bird ! they seized it, cut off its head, and transmitted the *procès verbal* to the Convention. We received it without bursting into laughter : had any one ventured to indulge himself in that way, he would have run the risk of perishing on the public scaffold.

"The Jacobins were not ashamed to propose to us, and we passed into a law the decree, which awarded 50 francs to every girl who should any how become a mother. This abominable demoralization flowed naturally from the manners of that period. They made a Goddess of Reason, whose altar was the scaffold. They there sacrificed to crime by massacring virtue ; nothing sacred or respectable remained : things arrived at length at such a point, that the denunciation of the innocent was recommended as a duty to sons, friends, and servants ; in a word, there was no degree of degradation to which we did not descend."—Vol. iii. pp. 42, 43.

It is well known that when the Duke of Orleans was sent to the scaffold, he was detained nearly ten minutes opposite to the Palais Royal, for no intelligible reason which has yet been divulged. The following explanation of that circumstance, which our author says he received from Tallien, is new to us ; we give it as we find it, without either vouching for or discrediting its truth.

"It was not without full consideration that Robespierre formed his plan in regard to the Duke of Orleans, which consisted in this :—two presidents were to be established for France ; the one to preside over the war department, the other over the interior ; the one was to execute, the other to direct. The first of these places was destined, not for Egalité, but for his son, whose character was unsullied ; the second was to be occupied by Robespierre himself. But to cement this alliance, Robespierre insisted as a *sine qua non* that the daughter of Egalité should be given to him in marriage. The proposition was made by Couthon, and Egalité consulted his son upon it, whose resolution was decidedly opposed to the alliance. It was accordingly refused, with every affectation of regret on the part of the Duke of Orleans ; and thereafter Robespierre's indignation knew no bounds. The proposition, however, was afterwards renewed through Tallien, who had many pecuniary connections with

Egalité, but with no better success. He evinced an invincible repugnance to such a son-in-law. 'In that resolution,' said Tallien, 'I clearly saw the prince of the blood ; he was deaf to all the offers and considerations of advantage which I pointed out.'

"After Tallien had received this positive refusal, he returned to his constituent, who was immediately seized with a violent fit of rage, and swore to avenge the affront by the destruction of the whole family. Every one knows how, in consequence, he forced Dumourier to throw off the mask, and from that incident deduced the flight of young Egalité from the kingdom, and the arrest of his father. After he was imprisoned, Robespierre let him know that his fate would be different if he would reconsider his refusal. The answer was still in the negative ; the rage of the Jacobin then knew no bounds, and he decided upon the prompt execution of his intended father-in-law. At the last moment, a new proposal was made, according to Tallien's statement ; and if Egalité, when the fatal car was stopped opposite the Palais Royal, had made a signal to indicate that he now acquiesced, the means of extricating him from punishment by means of a popular insurrection were prepared. He still refused to make the signal, and after waiting ten minutes, Robespierre was obliged to let him proceed to the scaffold. I give the story as Tallien related it to me, without vouching for its truth ; but it is well known that this was not the only alliance with the royal family which Robespierre was desirous of contracting, and which would have covered with still greater infamy the Bourbon race."—Vol. iii. 179, 180.

There is no character so utterly worthless, that some redeeming point or other is not to be found in it. The Duke of Orleans has hitherto been considered as one of the most abandoned of the human race ; and the eye of impartial history could find nothing to rest on, except the stoicism of his death, to counterbalance the ignominy of his life. If the anecdote here told be true, however, another and a nobler trait remains ; and the picture of the first prince of the blood standing between death and an alliance with the tyrant of his country, and preferring the former, may be set off against his criminal vote for the death of Louis, and transmit his name to posterity with a lesser load of infamy than has hitherto attached to it.

The worship of the Goddess of Reason has past into a proverb. Here is the description of the initiatory "festival" in honour of the goddess.

"The day after the memorable sitting when the Christian religion was abolished, the Festival of Reason was celebrated in Notre Dame, which became the temple of the new divinity. The most distinguished artists of the capital, musicians and singers, were enjoined to assist at the ceremony, under pain of being considered suspected and treated as such. The wife of Monmoro represented the new divinity ; four men, dressed in scarlet, carried her on their shoulders, seated in a gilt chair adorned with garlands of oak. She had a scarlet cap on her head a blue mantle over her shoulders

a white tunic covered her body; in one hand she held a pike, in the other an oak leaf branch. Before her marched young women clothed in white, with tricolour girdles and crowned with flowers. The legislature with red caps, and the deputies of the sections brought up the rear.

"The cortège traversed Paris from the hall of the Convention to Notre Dame. There the goddess was elevated on the high altar, where she received successively the adoration of all present, while the young women filled the air with incense and perfumes. Hymns in honour of the occasion were sung, a discourse pronounced, and every one retired, the goddess no longer borne aloft, but on foot or in a hackney coach, I forget which.

"The most odious part of the ceremony consisted in this, that while the worship of the goddess was going on in the nave and in the sanctuary, every chapel round the cathedral, carefully veiled by means of tapestry hangings, became the scene of drunkenness, licentiousness and obscenity. No words can convey an idea of the scene; those who witnessed it alone can form a conception of the mixture of dissoluteness and blasphemy which took place. Prostitutes abounded in every quarter; the mysteries of Lesbos and Gnidos were celebrated without shame before assembled multitudes. The thing made so much noise that it roused the indignation of Robespierre himself; and on the day of the execution of Chaumette, who had presided over the ceremony, he said that he deserved death if it was only for the abominations he had permitted on that occasion."—Vol. iii. p. 195, 196.

The concluding months of the Reign of Terror are thus vividly depicted:—

"I have now arrived at the solemn period when the evil rapidly attained its height, by the usual progress of human events, which perish and disappear after a limited period, though not without leaving on some occasions bloody marks of its passage. The revolutionary excesses daily increased, in consequence of the union of the depraved perpetrators of them. One would have imagined that these monsters had but one body, one soul, to such a degree were they united in their actions. The Mountain in the Assembly, the Committees of Public Safety and of General Safety without its walls, the Revolutionary Tribunal, the Municipality of Paris, the Clubs of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers; all, according to their different destinations, conspired successively to bring about the death of the king, the overthrow of the monarchy; then all the acts of popular despotism; finally, the overthrow of the Girondists, who, notwithstanding their faults, and even their crimes, were, fairly enough, entitled to be placed comparatively among the upright characters of the Convention.

"This combination of wicked men had filled France with terror; by them opulent cities were overturned; the inhabitants of the communes decimated; the country impoverished by means of absurd and terrible regulations; agriculture, commerce, and the arts destroyed; the foundations of every species of property

shaken; and all the youth of the kingdom driven to the frontiers, less to uphold the integrity of France, than to protect themselves against the just vengeance which awaited them both within and without.

"All bowed the neck before this gigantic assemblage of wickedness; virtue resigned itself to death or dishonour. There was no medium between falling the victims of such atrocities or taking a part in them. A universal disquietude, a permanent anxiety settled over the realm of France; energy appeared only in the extremity of resignation; it was evident that every Frenchman preferred death to the effort of resistance, and that the nation would submit to this horrid yoke as long as it pleased the Jacobins to keep it on.

"Was then all hope of an amelioration of our lot finally lost?—Unquestionably it was, if it had depended only on the efforts of the virtuous classes; but as it is the natural effect of suffering to induce a remedy, so it was in the shock of the wicked among themselves that our only hope of salvation remained; and although nearly a year was destined to elapse before this great consummation was effected, yet from the beginning of 1794, men gifted with foresight began to hope that heaven would at length have pity on them, throw the apple of discord among their enemies, and strike them with that judicial blindness which is the instrument it makes use of to punish men and nations."—Vol. iii. p. 230.

The first great symptom of this approaching discord was the quarrel between Danton and Robespierre, which terminated in the destruction of the former. It was impossible that two such characters, both eminently ambitious, and both strongly entrenched in popular attachment, could long continue to hold on their course together; when their common enemies were destroyed, and the adversaries of the Revolution scattered, they necessarily fell upon each other. It is the strongest proof of the ability of Robespierre that he was able to crush an adversary who had the precedence of him in the path of popularity, who possessed many brilliant qualities of which he was destitute; whose voice of thunder had so often struck terror into the enemies of the Revolution, and who was supported by a large and powerful party in the capital. It is in vain, after such an achievement, to speak of the insignificance of Robespierre's abilities, or the tedium of his speeches. This great contest is thus described—Robespierre is addressing the assembly on occasion of the impeachment of his rival.

"The Orleans party was the first which obtained possession of power; its ramifications extended through all the branches of the public service. That criminal party, destitute of boldness, has always availed itself of existing circumstances and the colours of the ruling party. Thence has come its fall; for ever trusting to dissimulation and never to open force, it sank before the energy of men of good faith and public virtue. In all the most favourable circumstances, Orleans failed in resolution; they made war on the nobility to prepare the throne for him; at every step you see the efforts of his partisans to ruin the court his

enemy, and preserve the throne; but the fall of the one necessarily drew after it that of the other.—No royalist could endure a parricide.

“A new scene opens.—The opinion of the people was so strongly opposed to royalty, that it became impossible to maintain it openly. Then the Orleans party dissembled anew; it was they who proposed the banishment of the Bourbons. That policy, however, could not resist the energy of the partisans of the Revolution. In vain did Dumourier, the friend of kings and of Orleans, make his calculations the policy of Brissot and his accomplices was soon seen through.—It was a king of the Orleans family that they wished; thenceforward no hope of peace to the republic till the last of their partisans has expired.

“Danton! you shall answer to inflexible justice. Let us examine your past conduct. Accomplice in every criminal enterprise, you ever espoused the cause which was adverse to freedom; you intrigued alike with Mirabeau and Dumourier, with Hebert and Herault de Sechelles. Danton! you have made yourself the slave of tyranny; you opposed Lafayette, it is true, but Mirabeau, Orleans, Dumourier, did the same. It was by the influence of Mirabeau that you were appointed administrator of the Department of Paris. Mirabeau, who meditated a change of dynasty, felt the value of your audacity, and secured it; you then abandoned all your former principles, and nothing more was heard of you till the massacre in the Champ de Mars. What shall I say of your cowardly desertion of the public interest in every crisis, where you uniformly adopted the party of retreating.

“At the conclusion of this incomprehensible tirade, he proposed that Camille Desmoulins, Herault, Danton, Lacroix, Philippaux, convicted of accession to the conspiracy of Dumourier, should be sent to the revolutionary tribunal.

“Not one voice ventured to raise itself in favour of the accused. Their friends trembled and were silent. The decree passed unanimously, and with every expression of enthusiasm. The galleries imitated us: and from those quarters, from whence so often had issued bursts of applause in favour of Danton, now were heard only fierce demands for his head. This is the ordinary march of the public mind during a revolution. Fervid admiration of no one is of long duration: a breath establishes, a breath undoes it. In France this change was experienced in its turn by every leader of the Mountain.—Vol. iii. p. 338.

The final struggle which led to the overthrow of Robespierre has exercised the talents of many historians. None have given it in more vivid terms than our author:—

“The battalions of the sections, who had been convoked by the emissaries sent into the different quarters of Paris, arrived successively at the Tuileries around the National Assembly. Tallien said to the chief of the civic force—Depart, and when the sun rises, may he not shine on one conspirator in Paris.”

“The night was dark; the moon was in its first quarter; but the public anxiety had sup-

plied that defect by a general illumination. The defenders of the National Convention followed the line of the quay, bringing with them several pieces of cannon; they marched in silence. Impressed with the grandeur of their mission, they sustained each other's courage without the aid of the vociferations and exclamations which are the resource of those who march to pillage and disorder.

“The place in front of the Hôtel-de-Ville was filled with detachments of the national guard attached to the cause of the insurgents, companies of cannoniers and squadrons of gendarmerie, and with a multitude of individuals, some armed, others not, all inflamed with the most violent spirit of Jacobinism, or perhaps in secret sacrificing to fear.

“Leonard Bourdon, who was uncertain whether he should commence hostilities by at once attacking the different groups assembled on the place, before coming to that extremity resolved to despatch an agent of the Committee of Public Safety, named Dulac, a courageous man, but not apt unnecessarily to expose his life. Dulac did so, and read to the assembled crowd the decree of the Convention which declared Robespierre and his associates *hors la loi*. Immediately, the greater part of those who were assembled came over and arranged themselves with the forces of the Convention. Bourdon, however, still hesitated to advance, as the report was spread that the Hôtel-de-Ville was undermined, and that, rather than surrender, the conspirators would blow it and themselves in the air. Bourdon therefore kept his position and remained in suspense.

“Meanwhile every thing in the Hôtel-de-Ville was in a state of the utmost agitation. Irresolution, contradictory resolutions prevailed. Robespierre had never wielded a sabre; St. Just had dishonoured his; Henriot, almost drunk, knew not what to do. The municipal guards, a troop well accustomed to march towards crime, were stupefied when they in their turn became the objects of attack. All seemed to expect death, without having energy enough to strive to avert it by victory.

“At this crisis Payen read to the conspirators the decree of the Convention which declared them *hors la loi*, and included in the list the names of all those in the galleries who were applauding their proceedings. The ruse was eminently successful, for no sooner did these noisy supporters hear their names read over in the fatal list, than they dropped off one by one, and in a short time the galleries were empty. They soon received a melancholy proof how completely they were deserted. Henriot in consternation descended the stairs to harangue the cannoniers, upon whose fidelity every thing now depended. All had disappeared; the place was deserted, and in their stead Henriot perceived only the heads of the columns of the national guard advancing in battle-array.

“He reascended with terror in his looks and imprecations in his mouth; he announced the total defection of the troops;—instantly terror and despair took possession of that band of assassins; every one turned his fury on his neighbour; nothing but mutual execrations

could be heard. Some tried to hide themselves, others to escape. Coffinhal, maddened by a transport of rage, seized Henriot in his arms, and exclaiming, 'Vile wretch, your cowardice has undone us all!' threw him out of a window. Henriot was not destined to die then; a dunghill on which he fell so broke his fall as to preserve his life for the punishment which he so richly merited. Lebas took a pistol and blew out his brains; Robespierre tried to imitate him; his hand trembled, he only broke his jaw, and disfigured himself in the most frightful manner. St. Just was found with a poignard in his hand, which he had not the courage to plunge in his bosom. Couthon crawled into a sewer, from whence he was dragged by the heels; the younger Robespierre threw himself from the window."

The scene here described is, perhaps, the most memorable in the history of modern times; that in which the most vital interests of the human race were at stake, and millions watched with trembling anxiety—the result of the insurrection of order and virtue against

tyranny and cruelty. It is a scene which, to the end of time, will warmly interest every class of readers; not those merely who delight in the dark or the terrible, but all who are interested in the triumph of freedom over oppression, and are solicitous to obtain for their country that first of blessings—a firm and well-regulated system of general liberty.

Happen what may in this country, we do not anticipate the occurrence of such terrible scenes as are here described. The progress of knowledge—the influence of the press, which is almost unanimous in favour of humane measures—the vast extent of property at stake in the British islands—the habit of acting together, which a free government and the long enjoyment of popular rights have confirmed, will in all probability save us from such frightful convulsions. If the English are ever to indulge in unnecessary deeds of cruelty, they must belie the character which, with the single exception of the wars of the Roses, they have maintained in all their domestic contests since the Norman Conquest.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

THOSE who are conscious of a good cause, and of the support of historical facts, should never despair of making truth triumph, even under circumstances the most adverse and apparently hopeless. When we began to treat of the French Revolution two years ago, never did a resolute journal attempt to stem a more vehement torrent of public opinion. It was almost like striving in the days of Peter the Hermit against the passion for the Crusades. The public mind had been so artfully prepared by the incessant abuse of the revolutionary press in France and England for years before, against Charles X. and the Polignac Administration, to receive the worst impressions concerning them: they were so completely deceived by the same channels as to the real nature of the Parisian revolt, the objects to which it was directed, and the consequences with which it was attended, that it was all but hopeless to resist the torrent. But we knew that our case was rested on historical facts; and, therefore, though not possessed of any information concerning it, but what we derived from the public journals, and shared with the rest of our countrymen, we did not scruple to make the attempt.

We had looked into the old Almanac, and we did not find it there recorded, that constitutions, cast off like a medal at a single stroke, were of long duration; we did not find that the overthrow of government by explosions of the populace in great cities had been found to be

instrumental in increasing the happiness or tranquillity of mankind; we did not know of many examples of industry thriving during the reign of the multitude, or expenditure increasing by the destruction of confidence, or credit being augmented by a successful exertion of the sacred right of insurrection; and we saw no reason to conclude that a government arranged in a back-shop in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville, by half a dozen democrats, supported by shouting bands of workmen, and hot-headed students, and sent down by the diligence or the telegraph to the provinces of France, was likely to meet the views, or protect the interests, of thirty-two millions of souls in its vast territory. For these reasons, though possessed of no private information in regard to that important event, we ventured from the very first to differ from the great majority of our countrymen regarding it, and after doing all we could to dispel the illusion, quietly waited till the course of events should demonstrate their justice.

That course *has come*, and with a rapidity greatly beyond what we anticipated at the outset. The miserable state of France since the glorious days, has been such as to have been unanimously admitted by *all parties*. Differing on other subjects as far as the poles are asunder, they are yet unanimous in representing the state of the people since the Revolution as miserable in the extreme. The Royalists, the Republicans, the Orleanists, the Doctrinaires, vie with each other in painting the deplorable state of their country. They ascribe it to different causes; the Republicans are clear that it is all owing to Casimir Perier and the Doctrinaires, who have arrested the people in the middle of their glorious career.

* Blackwood's Magazine, December, 1832. Saint Chamans sur la Revolution de 1830, et ses Suites. Paris, 1832.

Peyronnet—Questions concerning Parliamentary Jurisdiction. Paris, 1831; and Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Polignac—Considerations Politiques sur l'Epoque Actuelle. Paris, 1832; and Blackwood, 1832.

and turned to gall and wormwood the sweet fruits of popular conquest; Guizot, the Duke de Broglie, and the Doctrinaires, ascribe it to the mad ambition of the democrats, and the incessant efforts they have made to agitate and distract the public mind; Saint Chamans and the Royalists trace it to the fatal deviation from the principle of legitimacy, and the interminable dissensions to which the establishment of a right in the populace of Paris to choose their sovereign must necessarily lead; while Marshal Soult has a clear remedy for all the disorders of the country, and without stopping to inquire whether they are revolting from starvation, ambition, or experienced evils, cuts them down by grape-shot, and charges their determined bands by squadrons of cuirassiers. Men in this country may vary in the causes to which they ascribe these evils, according to the side to which they incline in politics; but in regard to their existence and magnitude, after such a concurrence in the testimony of unwilling witnesses, no doubt can be entertained by Tory, Reformer, or Radical.

One single fact is sufficient to place in the clearest light the disastrous effect of this convulsion upon the internal industry of the country. It appears from the returns of the French Commerce lately published, that their imports before and after the Three Glorious Days stood thus:

		Francs.
General imports, 1830,		638,338,000
Do. 1831,		519,825,000
	Decrease,	118,513,000
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Imports for home consumption, 1830,		489,242,000
Do. 1831,		374,188,000
	Decrease,	111,054,000

Thus it appears, that although the Revolution did not break out till July 1830, so that one-half of the imports of that year was affected by the revolt of July, yet still the general imports in 1831, as compared with 1830, had fallen nearly a fifth, and those for home consumption about a fourth in a single year! Such is the deplorable effects of popular triumph upon public industry, and the suffering and starvation brought upon the poor by the criminal ambition of their demagogues.

The progress of events, and, above all, the necessity under which Marshal Soult was laid, of quelling the insurrection of June, 1832, by "a greater number of armed men than combated the armies of Prussia or Russia at Jena or Austerlitz,"* and following up his victory by the proclamation of a state of siege, and ordinances more arbitrary than those which were the immediate cause of the fall of Charles X., have gone far to disabuse the public mind on this important subject. In proof of this, we cannot refer to stronger evidence than is afforded by the leading Whig journal of this city, one of the warmest early supporters of the Revolution of July, and which is honoured by the communications of all the official men in the

Scottish metropolis. The passage is as honourable to their present candour, as their former intemperate and noisy declamation in favour of democratic insurrection was indicative of the slender judgment, and limited historical information, which they bring to bear on political questions. It is contained in the preface with which the "Caledonian Mercury" ushers in to their readers a series of highly interesting and valuable papers, by a most respectable eye-witness of the Parisian revolt:

"It has appeared to us desirable to lay before our readers a view of a great event, or rather concatenation of events, so different from any which they have hitherto been accustomed to have presented to them; and we have been the more easily induced to give insertion to these papers, because hitherto one side of the question has been kept wholly in the shade,—and because differing as we do, *toto celo*, from the author in general political principle, we are, nevertheless, perfectly at one with him in regard to the real origin or *primum mobile* of the Revolution of July, as well as the motives and character of the chief personages who benefited by that extraordinary event. The truth is, that, in this country, *we prejudged the case, and decided before inquiry*, upon the representations of one side, which had the advantage of victory to recommend and accredit the story which it deemed it convenient to tell: nor—first impressions being proverbially strong—has it hitherto been found possible to persuade the public to listen with patience to any thing that might be alleged in justification, or even in extenuation of the party which had had the misfortune to play the losing game. Of late, however, new light has begun to break in upon the public. All have been made sensible that the Revolution has retrograded; that its movement has been, crab-like, backwards; and that 'the best of republics' *has shown itself the worst, because the least secure, of actual despotisms*; while the 'throne, surrounded by republican institutions'—that monster of fancy, engendered by the spirit of paradoxical antithesis—has proved a monster in reality, broken down all the fantastic and baseless fabrics by which it was encircled, and swept away the very traces of the vain restraints imposed upon it. The empire, in short, has been reconstructed out of the materials cast up by a democratical movement; with this difference only, that, instead of a Napoleon, we now see a Punchinello at the head of it; and hence the same public, which formerly believed Louis Philippe to be a sort of Citizen Divinity, now discover in that personage only a newly-created despot without any of the accessories or advantages which give, even to despotism, some hold on public opinion. A reaction has accordingly taken place: and men are in consequence prepared to listen to things against which, previously, they, adderwise, closed their ears, and remained deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

But although from the very first we clearly discerned and forcibly pointed out the disastrous effects on the freedom, peace, and tranquillity, first of France, and then of the world, which the Parisian revolt was calculated to

produce, yet we were not aware of the strong grounds in constitutional law and public justice there were for the ordinances of Charles X. We considered them as a *coup d'état* justified by necessity, and the evident peril in which Charles stood of losing his crown, and throwing the nation back to the horrors of revolution, if he did otherwise, but as confessedly an infraction of the constitution. Upon this subject we are now better informed: The great and energetic ability of the royalist party has been exerted in France to unfold the real grounds of the question, and it is now manifest that the ordinances were not only imperiously called for by state necessity, but strictly justified by the Charter and the constitutional law of France. Many of those who now admit the lamentable effects of the overthrow of Charles X. are not disposed to go this length, and are not aware of the grounds on which it is rested. Let such persons attend to the following considerations:—

The king's defence of the ordinances is contained in the following proposition:—

1. That by an article of the Charter, granted by Louis XVIII. to the French, and the foundation of the constitution, power is reserved to the king to make such regulations and ordinances as are necessary for the execution of the laws, and the *safety of the state*.

2. That matters, through the efforts of the Revolutionists, had been brought to such a pass, that the ordinances of July were necessary "for the execution of the laws, and the safety of the state."

The 14th article in the Charter is in these terms—"Reserving to the king the power to make regulations and ordinances necessary to insure the execution of the laws, and the *safety of the state*." On these words we will not injure, by attempting to abridge, the argument of M. Peyronnet.

"The alleged treason is a violation of the Charter; and how can the Charter have been violated by the exercise of a power, of which it authorized the use? It has been asserted repeatedly, that the Charter authorized the king to make regulations and ordinances, necessary for the execution of the laws, and for the safety of the state. 'The execution of the laws, and the safety of the state;' these words demand attention. They were not written without a motive, nor without their signification and force being understood. Those who introduced these words into the Charter, well knew that they expressed two things, between which there was still more difference than analogy.

"If the first words had sufficed, the latter would not have been added. It is quite obvious, that if the framers of the Charter had understood that the *safety of the state* was in every case to be provided for *only by the execution of the laws*, these last words would have been sufficient. Why give an explanation in a special case, of the execution of the laws, after having decreed a general rule, including every case, whatever it might be? Can it be imagined, that a legislator could have spoken thus,—You are to execute the laws: and, farther, if the safety of the state be in danger, till you will execute the laws?"

"A very obvious necessity demands the admission, either, that the power to provide for the safety of the state, was independent of the power to enforce the execution of the laws, or, that the rules commonly admitted in legislation must be abandoned, to the extent of assuming that a positive provision, which has a known object—an evident meaning—a natural and important reference—means, however, nothing by itself, but is confounded and lost, as though it did not exist in the preceding provision, to which it adds nothing. Lawyers—literary men—all men of sense—well know that such an assumption is inadmissible. When the law is clear, nothing remains but to execute it; and even when it is obscure, the right of interpretation only extends to the preferring one meaning to another; it does not authorize the declaring it of no effect. The interpreter of the law does not annihilate it. He expounds and gives it life. '*Quoties oratio ambigua est, commodissimum est id accipi, quo res de qua agitur in tuto sit.*' Whenever the meaning of a law is doubtful, that interpretation is to be adopted which will insure its effect. This is what the law pronounces of itself; and this maxim has been transmitted to us by the Romans.

"Besides, what are the true interpreters of the law? They are, at first, example; and subsequently, the opinions of persons of authority, expressed at the period of the publication of these laws. Let the provisions of the Charter be submitted to this double test, and it will be seen, that, from the first days of the Restoration, the most enlightened, the most esteemed, and the most impartial men, have explained this provision as I have done. Of this, the *Moniteur* has collected the proofs. It will be farther seen, that in 1814, 1815, and 1816, even the founder of the Charter exercised without dispute the right I refer to,—sometimes as regarded the press—sometimes in relation to the enemies of the Crown—and sometimes, but in an opposite sense, as regarded the elections. No one has, however, asserted that the Ministers who signed the ordinances have been impeached as traitors, and threatened with death. On the contrary, they were not only obeyed, but applauded. Some have thought the ordinances of 1815 to have been just; others have considered those of 1816 salutary. Approval was general, and was given by all parties in succession. The measures were various, it is true, and could not fail to produce different results; but the source whence they sprang was the same—the right to dictate them was the same; and thus, whoever has approved of these measures, has consequently admitted this right."

M. Peyronnet proceeds to confirm, by examples, what is here adduced in regard to the power reserved to the king by this clause, and the practice which had followed upon it. The following instances, in none of which the exercise of the dispensing power was challenged as illegal, afford sufficient evidence of this position.

"In 1822, when the law relating to the censorship of the press was proposed, the following declaration was addressed to the Chamber of Deputies by its commissioners:

"In virtue of the 14th article of the Charter, the king possesses the right to decree by an ordinance the measure which is submitted to you, and under this view it might be thought that this proposition was not necessary. But since the government has thought that the intervention of the Chambers would be attended with some advantages, they cannot hesitate to consent to it."

"In 1828, when a new law was framed to abrogate and replace the former one, the commissioners, by their reporter M. Siméon, addressed the Chamber of Peers in the following terms:

"The 14th article of the Charter reserves to the king the power to make the regulations and ordinances necessary to insure the execution of the laws, and the safety of the state. It is not therefore necessary that the law should confirm to him that which he holds from the Charter, and from his prerogative as supreme head of the state. If any danger be imminent, a dictatorship, to the extent of providing against it, devolves upon him during the absence of the Chambers. He may also, in case of imminent danger, suspend personal liberty."

"But all this is only theory. Let us refer to acts. The Charter declared, that the laws which were not inconsistent with it should remain in force till they should be legally repealed. (Art. 63.)

"It declared, also, that the election of deputies should be made by the electoral colleges, the organization of which would be regulated by the laws. (Art. 35.)

"Thus, then, according to the letter of the Charter, the electoral laws existing previous to 1814, were to continue in force until new laws were made. 'New laws,' be it well remembered.

"What happened, however? On the 13th July, 1815, and on the 5th September, 1816, two new and different systems of election were created in turns; and they were created by ordinances.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"But this is little: The Charter declares that no one can be elected who is not forty years of age, and that no one can be an elector under the age of thirty. (Art. 38 and 40.)

"What happened, however? On the 13th of July, 1815, it was decreed that a person might exercise the right of an elector at the age of twenty-one, and be chosen deputy at the age of twenty-five.

"And how was this decreed? By what act was this important change in the Charter effected? By a law? No!—By an ordinance.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"This is still but of minor importance: The Charter declared that each department should return the same number of deputies which it had hitherto done. (Art. 36.) What, however, happened?

"On the 13th July, 1815, the number of deputies was augmented from two hundred and sixty-two to three hundred and ninety-five; and by what authority? By an ordinance.

"Again, what happened? In 1816, when it

was resolved to return to the number of deputies fixed by the Charter, instead of five deputies being returned for the department of l'Ain, three deputies for Corsica, and two for the department of Finistère, as was the case in 1814,—three were allotted to the first, two to the second, and four to the third: and by what act? By an ordinance.

"Where was the right to act thus found, if not in the 14th article of the Charter?

"Farther, the Charter declared that those persons only could be electors who themselves paid direct taxes to the amount of three hundred francs, and those only be deputies who paid them to the extent of one thousand francs. (Art. 38 and 40.)

"However, what happened? In 1816, it was decided, that to become an elector, or a deputy, the individual need not possess property in his own right chargeable with those taxes, but that it was sufficient if the requisite sums were paid by a wife, a minor child, a widowed mother, a mother-in-law, a father-in-law, or a father.

"What farther happened? In 1815, and again in 1816, it was decided that members of the Legion of Honour might be admitted to vote in the minor assemblies of the arrondissement; without paying taxes of any kind; and, on paying only three hundred francs, in the superior assemblies of the departments, where only those were entitled to vote, who were assessed at the highest rate of taxation.

"How were all these things decreed? By ordinances. And where was the right to act thus found? Evidently it existed only in the 14th article of the Charter. Now, let us recapitulate these facts. A double change of system—a double change of numbers—a double change as to age—a double change as to taxation—a change as to the particular rights of three departments. All this without any law. A direct formal, and essential encroachment on the articles 35, 36, 38, 40, and 63, of the Charter. All this without any law; all established by ordinances; all this by virtue of the 14th article; all this without crime—without condemnation—without even accusation: and now!"

These examples are worthy of the most serious consideration, and, in truth, are decisive of this legal question—How is it possible to stigmatize that as illegal in 1830, which had been exercised to *fully as great an extent*, on more than a dozen different occasions, from 1815 onwards? How is the change on the electoral law in 1815 and 1816 to be vindicated? And who ever complained of this? But, above all, attend to the important changes introduced in 1815, on the qualification of electors, and the representative body, by ordinances. The age of an elector was lowered from 30 to 21 years, and of a deputy from 40 to 25; the number of deputies increased from 262 to 395, by an ordinance. Did the French liberals ever complain of these ordinances as illegal? Did they ever object to that which declared that the 300 francs a-year, which is the qualification for an elector, might be paid not only by the elector, but his wife, child, mother, mother-in-law, father-in-

law, or father? Or that which admitted members of the Legion of Honour to vote in the minor assemblies without paying any taxes? Why were not the ministers impeached who signed the ordinances *in favour of the Liberal party*? Not a whisper was heard of their illegality on any of these occasions. But this is the uniform conduct of the Revolutionists in all ages and countries, and in all matters, foreign and domestic. Whatever is done in their favour is lauded to the skies, as the height of liberality, wisdom, and justice; whatever is aimed at their supremacy, is instantly stigmatized as the most illegal and oppressive act that ever was attempted by a blood-thirsty tyrant. Had the ordinances of July, instead of restoring the number of deputies to something approaching to that fixed by the Charter, and restraining the licentiousness of the press, been directed to the increase of democratic power, they would have been praised as the most constitutional act that ever emanated from the throne; and Charles X., for the brief period of popularity allotted to conceding monarchs, been styled "the most popular monarch that ever set on the throne since the days of Charlemagne."

There are many other instances of the exercise of the same power by the crown. In particular, in a report made in 1817 to the Chamber of Peers, respecting the jury law, which also contained several enactments, it is declared, to remove the fears expressed by the adversaries of the project of the law, that if these fears were realized, "the king would have the resource of *using the extraordinary power provided by the 14th article of the Charter.*" This report was received without opposition by the liberal part of the Chamber. Prince Polignac has adduced two instances, among a host of others which might be adduced, of the manner in which these acts of the crown were received by the Liberal party in France. "The Charter," says the National, "without the 14th article, would have been an absurdity." The founder of the Charter said, and was right in saying, "I am willing to make a concession; but not such a concession as would injure me and mine. If, therefore, experience proves that I have conceded too much, I reserve to myself the faculty to *revise the constitution*, and it is that which I express by the 14th article. This was perfectly reasonable; those who supported legitimacy and the Restoration, were right in insisting that the king was not to yield up his sword."

An equally decisive testimony was borne by a learned writer, in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, now a minister of France. "When the Charter appeared in 1814, what did the supreme authority do? It took care to put in the preamble the word 'octroyé,' and in the text the 14th article, which conferred the power of making ordinances for the safety of the state; that is, he attributed to himself before the Charter an anterior right prior to the Charter, or, in other words, a sovereign, constituent, absolute power."†

It is quite another question, whether it was wise or constitutional to have conferred this power on the crown. Suffice it to say, that it *did* possess it; that its exercise had repeatedly taken place on many different occasions, with the full concurrence and applause of the popular party; and therefore that the *legality* of the ordinances is beyond a doubt.

The question remains, whether the exercise of the power was justified by necessity, or called for by expedience?

Upon this subject, if any doubt existed, it has been removed by the events of the last two years. No one who contemplates the state of France during that period can doubt, that the power of the democracy has become too great, not merely for royalty, but for freedom; that the balance has been altogether subverted; and that the martial law, arbitrary measures, and relentless prosecution of the press, which has distinguished the administration of Casimir Perier and Marshal Soult, were imperatively called for, to restrain the anarchy which was rapidly conducting society in France to its dissolution. What the power of the democracy was—what formidable weapons it possessed—how complete was its organization, is proved by what it has done. It has subverted the most beneficent government that ever ruled in France since the days of Clovis; whose wisdom and moderation had gone far to close the frightful wounds of the Revolution; which gave perfect freedom to individuals, and absolute protection to property, during the fifteen years of its rule; and the unexampled prosperity resulting from whose administration all the anarchy and wretchedness consequent on the Revolution of July have not been able altogether to extinguish. The Revolutionists were victorious in the strife; they got a king of their own choosing, and a government of their own formation; their journalists were made Ministers of State, and the system for which they contended established; and what was the consequence? Why, that out of the triumph of the Liberals has arisen such turbulence, anarchy, and wretchedness, as rendered it absolutely necessary for the Liberals themselves to re-enact Prince Polignac's ordinances with still more arbitrary clauses, and support them by a bloody fight in the streets of Paris, and the array of "a greater number of armed men," as Sarrans tells us, "than combated Prussia or Russia at Jena or Austerlitz." This result is decisive of the question, it is the *experimentum crucis* which solves the doubt. It proves that Polignac and Charles were correct in their view of the terrible nature of the power they had to combat; that they foresaw, before they occurred, what the progress of events was destined to bring forth, took the measures best calculated to prevent them, and erred only by not duly estimating the magnitude of the physical strength which their adversaries had at their disposal.

On this subject we cannot do better than quote the able and eloquent observations of the Viscount Saint Chamans:—

ed to the 14th article by the Liberals, and contends only for such a power as is essential to *save the remainder* of the constitution.

* National, June 20th, 1831.

† Sitting of Dec. 29, 1830.—Polignac, 51, 52. Polignac justly disclaims so arbitrary a power as is here attribut-

"The Ordinances of July, and the sedition which followed them, were no more the cause of the Revolution of July than the dismissal of M. Neckar, and the storming of the Bastille, were the cause of the Revolution of 1789. I see in both these events the first acts of a Revolution, of which the causes had existed long before, but not the origin of that Revolution itself. You might just as well say that the battle of Arbela was the cause of the ruin of Darius: as if, when the enemy had invaded your territory, and penetrated to the heart of your dominions, you had any chance of safety by laying down your arms and submitting to his terms—as if it was not better to risk a struggle which would save you, if it was gained, and renders you no worse than you were before, if it is lost. Such was the position of Charles X. He is unjustly accused of having committed suicide; but there are many others to whom the reproach can with more reason be applied.

"Louis XVIII. committed suicide on his race, when he caused his ministers, in 1817, to bring forward a *democratic law for the election of Deputies* to Parliament, drawn in such a manner as gave little chance of success to the real friends of the monarchy, and when he created sixty Peers to hinder the reparation of that fatal step when it was yet time.

"The Chamber of Peers committed suicide, when, with a childish desire for popularity, they joined themselves to the Opposition (an unnatural union) to overturn the minister, who stood out as the last defender of monarchical and aristocratic principles, and to give a triumph to liberal ideas. They have received their reward in the overthrow of the hereditary Peerage.

"They committed suicide, the Royalists of every shade and description, who enrolled themselves under the Liberal banners, from whence, after the triumph was completed, they were ignominiously expelled.

"The courtiers committed suicide when they weakly joined the Liberals, not seeing that the principles of that party are inconsistent with their existence.

"The crowd of commercial and industrious persons committed suicide, when, become the soldiers and pioneers of Liberalism, they attacked with all their might, and finally overturned, that constitution which had conferred such blessings on them, and prosperity on their country, and under which France had enjoyed a prosperity without example.

"It is in the faults of these parties, in the situation of parties anterior to the Ordinances which resulted from these faults, that we must seek for the causes of the catastrophe, and not in the faults of Charles X. or his Ordinances. It is evident that the event has not created the situation, but only brought it to light; that his sceptre did not fall in pieces at the first stroke, from being then for the first time assailed, but because the blow unfolded the rottenness of the heart, brought about by anterior causes."

—*St. Chamans*, 3, 4.

We had begun to underline the parts of this striking passage, which bear in an obvious manner on the recent events in this country,

now, alas! beyond the reach of redemption but we soon desisted. Every word of it applies to our late changes; and demonstrates a coincidence between the march of revolution in the two countries, which is almost miraculous. At the distance of about ten years; our liberal Tories and revolutionary Whigs have followed every one of the steps of the Jacobins and Doctrinaires of France. While they were hastening down the gulf of perdition at a gallop, we followed at a canter, and have adopted every one of the steps which there rendered the downward progress of the Revolution irretrievable, and spread unheard-of misery through every part of France. We too have had Royalists of every shade inclining to liberal ideas; and the courtiers entering into alliance with their enemies, and a crowd of commercial and manufacturing citizens combining to overturn the constitution under which they and their fathers had, not for fifteen, but an hundred and fifty years, enjoyed unheard-of prosperity; and the Crown bringing forward a new and highly democratical system of election; and the concurrence of the Peers forced by a threatened creation of sixty members. Having sown the same seed as the French, can we hope to reap a different crop? May Heaven avert from these realms the last and dreadful catastrophe to which these measures led on the other side of the Channel!

With regard to the conduct of Charles X. after ascending the throne, the following account is given by the same writer:—

"The goodness of Charles X., his love for his people, his beneficence, his affability, his piety, his domestic virtues, doubtless have placed his private character beyond the reach of attack. Let us see whether his public conduct justifies any more the accusations of his enemies.

"On ascending the throne, he resisted the natural desire of giving the direction of affairs to his political confidants, and, sacrificing his private affections to his public duty, he retained the administration of his deceased brother who had raised France to so high a pitch of happiness. When, shortly after, public opinion, misled by the press, became weary of the prosperity of France, and overturned in its madness the ministers who had restored its prosperity within, and regained its consideration without, did Charles X. make use of any coup d'état to maintain in his government the principles which he deemed necessary to the salvation of France? No. He yielded: he sacrificed all his own opinions, he changed his ministers and his system, and in good faith embraced the new course which was prescribed to him. He conceded every thing that was demanded. As the reward of the many sacrifices made to opinion, he was promised a peaceable, beloved, and cherished existence. But bitter experience soon taught him that what was conceded passed for nothing, or rather was considered only as the means of obtaining fresh concessions; that the party which he hoped to have satisfied, multiplied one demand on another, moved incessantly forward from session to session, and evidently would not stop till it had fallen with him into the

gulf of democracy; that public opinion, that is to say, *its tyrant, the press*, was soon as much irritated at the new ministers as it had been at those which preceded them; that his government was harassed with as great obstacles as before; that the sacrifice made was therefore useless, and that the system on which, against his better judgment, he had entered, instead of being followed by the advantages which had been promised, was in fact precipitating him into those evils, the foresight of which had at first inclined him to a contrary system.

"Charles X., confirmed by that essay in his first ideas, reverted then to his own opinions, and the men who shared them; and, whatever calumny may assert to the contrary, neither those men nor those opinions were contrary to the charter. The real violators of the charter were to be found in the majority of the Chamber of Deputies; in the 221 who refused to respect the constitutional right of the monarch to choose his ministers, and who were resolved to force him to dismiss them, though they could not allege a single illegal act of which they had been guilty. And, in truth, their administration was perfectly legal and constitutional, down to the promulgation of the Ordinances, on which opinions are so much divided, and which necessity alone dictated to prevent the crown being taken off the head of the sovereign.

"Let the truth then be proclaimed boldly. Prior to the Ordinances, Charles X. merited reproach as little in his public as his private life. I may defy his most implacable enemies and his daily libellers, who have with such fury attacked a fallen victim, to point out one real grievance, or single illegal act of his whole reign. Are there any more reproaches to make to the family who surrounded him? You will find, on the contrary, in them an assemblage of all the virtues, of the noblest courage in the extremities of misfortune. If these virtues, these qualities, the inheritance of a noble race, are lost to us by our ingratitude, they are at least springing up again in another generation; they are yet growing for France."—*St. Chamans*, 7, 9.

In this particular, our own experience of the illustrious exiles in this city fully corroborates the testimony of the French royalists. Never, in truth, did simple, unobtrusive virtue work a more surprising change in favour of any family than that of Charles X. did in the opinion of this city. When he first arrived in Edinburgh, he was regarded by the great majority of the citizens, deluded by the revolutionary press, as a blood-thirsty tyrant, who took a pleasure in cutting down the people by discharges of grape-shot, and was intent only on the most arbitrary proceedings. His followers took no pains whatever to disabuse the public mind; not a pamphlet, nor a newspaper paragraph, issued from Holyrood; they lived in retirement, and were known only to a limited circle by the elegance of their manners, and to all by the extent and beneficence of their charities, and the sincere and unaffected discharge of their religious duties. By degrees the mask, placed by the Revolutionists dropped from

their faces; instead of a blood-thirsty tyrant a beneficent monarch, bravely enduring the storms of adversity, was discovered; and before the royal family departed for the continent, they had secured the interest, and won the affection, of all classes of the citizens.

"Were, then," continues M. St. Chamans "the Ordinances the cause of the catastrophe which ensued? Yes! if the Ordinances were useless—if the throne and the Constitution were not in danger; or if, though in danger, they could have been saved without a *coup d'etat*. Not, if they were necessary and unavoidable; if the throne, the dynasty, the Constitution, were about to perish; if the illegal attacks of the enemies of the monarchy had left the king no other resource but a desperate effort. What signifies whether you perish of the operation, or the progress of the disease?

"What was the situation of affairs at the epoch of the Ordinances? On that depends the solution of the question.

"The Chamber had been dissolved, because the majority was hostile; the elections had sent back a majority still more numerous and hostile; the Chamber was to assemble on the 3d August.

"Charles X. could not govern France with that Chamber, but by composing a ministry in harmony with the majority of its members; that is, by assuming nearly the same men, who, after the 7th August, formed the cabinet of Louis Philippe, and adopting the same system; for such a ministry could not have existed a day without conceding the same democratic demands which were granted in the modified charter of August 7th. We may judge, then, of the situation in which Charles X. would have been placed, by that in which we now see Louis Philippe. Now, if, in the short space of eighteen months three administrations have been overturned; if the throne itself is shaken—without authority, without force, without consideration—what must have been the fate of the royalty of Charles X.? If the liberal party has acted in this manner by a king whom they regarded as their own—the darling of their own creation, and who by his conduct and his personal qualities possessed all the sympathies of the revolutionary party; if, in spite of so many titles to their favour, that prince has been obliged to throw them out two or three administrations as morsels to devour; if the journals, the caricatures, the tumults, have troubled his days and his nights; if he has been obliged to deliver up to them even the arms of his race, and to degrade his own palace by effacing the fleur-de-lis; if they have thus treated their friend, their chosen prince, their citizen king, is it conceivable that they would have respected the crown of a king, the object of their hatred and jealousy, under which they would have incessantly trembled for concessions evidently extorted by force? Who can doubt that in these circumstances the throne of Charles X. would have perished some months sooner than that of Louis Philippe? Charles X. delivered over to a ministry and a chamber chosen from his enemies, would have found himself nearly in the

same position as Louis XVI. in 1792. The result would have been the same. If, then, the danger of destruction awaited him equally, whichever course he adopted, it was far better to perish when combating like a king of France than in weakly yielding. An open strife offered at least the chance of safety; concessions offered none."—*St. Chamans*, 11, 12.

"And that necessity is a sufficient ground for such violent measures as coups d'état, cannot surely be denied by those whose subsequent conduct has been entirely founded on that basis. What authorized them to revolt against the authority of the king? They answer, necessity, in default of constitutional means of resistance. Who gave them a right to change the dynasty? They answer, necessity. Who authorized them to overturn the charter sworn to by all the French? Necessity. Who authorized them to mutilate the chamber of peers, and to change into a life-rent their rights of eternal property? They answer, necessity. Necessity is their sole law: and, if necessity justifies measures evidently calculated to overturn, not only the throne but the constitution, with what reason can it be pretended that it does not justify a measure intended to preserve both?"—*Ibid.* 18, 19.

Saint Chamans gives an account of the *real causes* of the Revolution of July. These are, the democratic law of Feb. 5, 1817, regarding the elections; the licentious press; and the centralization of all the powers of France in Paris. This part of the subject is of the utmost importance, and is treated by our author with his usual ability. We shall endeavour only to do justice to the subject in our translation.

"Two causes have, in an especial manner, precipitated the monarchy into the abyss from which there was no escape. These were the license of the daily press, and the democratic law of elections. It was against them that the Ordinances were directed.

"I will not here repeat what I have often advanced in regard to the periodical press. I will only say, that ever since it has been unrestrained, it has engaged in a battle of life and death with the authority, whatever it was, which held the reins of government: that it stabbed to the heart the constitutional monarchy of 1791, established in the first fervour of the Revolution; that it afterwards slew the Girondists, who had overthrown the monarchy; that it itself was crushed on three different occasions, first by the Reign of Terror, then by the cannons of the 13th Vendémiaire, when Napoleon overthrew the sections, and again by the transportations which followed the 18th Fructidor; that having reappeared after an interval of twenty years, it destroyed the ministry of 1819, and shook the throne of the Restoration; that it overturned successively the ministry of Villele, of Martignac, and after that at one fell swoop the ministry, the throne, the charter, and the constitutional monarchy; that since that time it has slain the ministry of the Duke de Broglie and Guizot, and of M. Lafitte; the two last in a few months, and the third has no better lease of life than the popular throne. That is to say,

during twenty years that the press has been unfettered since 1789, it has uniformly come to pass, that in a short time it has either overturned the authority of government, or been overturned by it, through a violent coup d'état. It was the shock of these opposing powers, each of which felt that its existence could be secured only by the destruction of its enemy which produced the terrible struggle and the catastrophe of 1830. To appreciate, in a word, all the force of that demon-like power, it is sufficient to recall to recollection that the press succeeded in a few months in making the weak and unfortunate Louis XVI. pass for a blood-thirsty tyrant; and that latterly it created that strong disaffection, which, in the crisis of their fate, Charles X. and his noble family experienced in the population of Paris and its environs; the very men who were daily witnesses of their virtues, and literally overwhelmed with their benefactions.

"As to the law of elections, of February, 1817, it was framed in the true spirit of democracy; the necessary result of which was, that it delivered the whole influence in the state into the hands of the middling class, incapable of any practical instruction in public affairs, passionately devoted to change and disorder, from which it hopes to obtain its elevation to the head of affairs, as if it ever could maintain itself there. That law annulled at once the influence both of the higher classes intrusted in the preservation of order, and of the lower, ever ready, no doubt, to disturb the public peace, by the prospect of pillage, but who can never be led into long disorders, by the dream of governing the state. It follows, from these principles, that the law of February 5, 1817, whose enactments regulated three-fifths of the electors, gave the majority, and, by consequence, the control of the state, *precisely to the class the most dangerous to the public order*, and ever disposed to support revolutions, from the belief that it will benefit by their progress."—*St. Chamans*, 21, 22.

"The revolution, long previously prepared, broke out on occasion of the Ordinances, which were directed to the coercion of the press, and an alteration on the law of elections. The press could have been placed under no restraints if the elections had returned a Chamber of Deputies, enemies alike to order and public repose. It was the law of the elections, therefore, that alone rendered indispensable the employment of a violent remedy. The law of the election of 5th February, 1817, with the ordinance of 5th September following on it, and the creation of Peers which was its result—these were the true causes of the Revolution of 1830, and these causes existed before the reign of Charles X. He therefore is not to be blamed for it. If the throne has perished, it is not because the battle was engaged, but because it was lost. It was reduced to such a state, that nothing but a victory gained could have saved it.

"These were the causes which directly produced the catastrophe; but it would neither have been so complete nor so rapid, had it not been for the effects of that absurd centralization, of which the Constituent Assembly prepared the scourge, by dividing France into 84

many departments, nearly equal, and breaking down all the ties of the provinces cemented by time. That universal levelling paved the way for tyranny, by concentrating the whole moral strength of the nation in Paris. The universal destruction of the provinces has deprived France of all internal strength; the whole remainder of the country has been reduced to mimic the movements of Paris, and ape its gestures, like a reflection in a glass. Since that period, the provinces, or rather the departments, have not had a thought or a wish, but what they received from Paris; they have changed masters ten times, without knowing why, almost always against their will, beginning with the 10th August, 1792, and ending with the 29th July, 1830. How, in fact, can an eighty-sixth part of France organize any resistance to the central authority? The neighbouring departments first receive the impulse, which is instantly communicated like an electric shock to the others. All France being concentrated in Paris, there is neither force nor opinion beyond that limited spot. The moment that Paris falls, the whole kingdom instantly falls under the yoke of the stranger; the vast monarchy of France is reduced to the circuit of a single city. It was not thus with old France. A king of England reigned sixteen years in Paris, but the provinces resisted and saved France. Guise and the League, and latterly the Fronde, chased the king from Paris; but the provinces did not abandon their sovereign, and not only preserved his throne, but led him back in triumph to Paris.

"What a deplorable change is now exhibited! The great centralization of Paris is repeated in detail in the little centralization of the chief towns of the departments, which communicate their movement to all the districts of which they are the head. In each of these, a few of the rabble, headed by half a dozen advocates, make a little revolution, always following the model of the great one. This is what has been seen in our days, but never before in so extraordinary and disgraceful a manner. Who would believe it! A few thousand workmen and students, who had obtained the mastery in Paris by means of a sedition, changed the colours of the nation, and hoisted the tri-colour flag. The departments instantly covered themselves with white, blue, and red. Throughout all France they changed their colours, without knowing whose they were to mount; whether those of a republic, a military despotism, or a democratic government. They knew nothing of all this; but, as mobs must have a rallying cry, they called out, *Viva la Charte*, when they were supporting a faction which had overturned it. If you asked them what they wanted, what they complained of, whom they served, what they proposed to themselves? They answered, 'We will tell you when the next courier arrives from Paris.' They are in transports, and ready to lay down their life—for whom? Why, for the ruler whose name shall be proclaimed from the first mail-coach. Unhappily this is no pleasantry; the tri-colour was received in several departments many days before they knew what sort of government it was to bring

them. Thirty or forty keepers in Paris had as many millions in our noble France at their disposal, as if it were a matter which they could mould according to their will. They made use of our illustrious country as a statuary does of a block of marble, who asks himself, 'Shall I make a god, a devil, or a table?' Be he whom he may, it is certain that he is the very man whom the provinces would most desire, and whom they would instantly love with transport the moment he is on the throne. Who can be surprised after that, if these revolutionary improvisators are not supported by the same profound affections which ancient habits and old feelings have implanted in the hearts. How disgraceful to the age to see our countrymen, and precisely those amongst them who are most vociferous in support of liberty, make themselves the mute slaves of Paris, and accept with their eyes shut whoever is crowned there, whether he be a Nero, a Caligula, or a Robespierre!"—*Chamans*, 24—27.

These observations are worthy of the most serious attention. The utter and disgraceful state of thralldom in which France is kept by Paris—in other words, by twenty or thirty individuals commanding the press there—has long been proved, and was conspicuous through all the changes of the Revolution; and without doubt, the destruction of all the provincial courts, and the annihilation of the whole ancient distinctions of the provinces, has gone far to break down and destroy the spirit of the remainder of France. But the evil lies deeper than in the mere centralization of all the influences of France in Paris; its principal cause is to be found in the destruction of the higher ranks of the nobility, which took place during the first Revolution. In no part of France are there now to be found any great or influential proprietors, who can direct or strengthen public opinion in the provinces, or create any counterpoise to the overwhelming preponderance of the capital. Here and there may be found an insulated proprietor who lives on his estates; but, generally speaking, that class is extinct in the provinces, and so far from being able to resist the influence of Paris, its peasant landholders are unable to withstand the ascendancy of their prefect, or the chief town of their department. Napoleon was perfectly aware of this. He knew well, that in consequence of the destruction of the higher orders, regulated freedom was impossible in France, and he therefore signalized his first accession to the throne by the creation of a new order of noblesse, who, he flattered himself, would supply the place of that which had been destroyed. Imperfectly as a nobility, for the most part destitute of property, can supply the place of one who centre in themselves the great mass of the national property, it yet contributed something to preserve the balance of society; and of this the great prosperity and regulated freedom of the Restoration afforded decisive evidence. But this did not answer the purpose of the revolutionists. It raised few of them to supreme power; the editors of journals were not yet ministers of state, and therefore they never ceased agitating the pub

ic mind, and spreading the most false and malicious reports concerning all men in authority, till at length they succeeded in overturning, not only the throne, but the hereditary peerage, and have thus destroyed the last bulwark which stood between the Parisian mob and despotism, over the whole of France. Such is the unseen but resistless manner in which Providence counteracts the passions of individuals, and brings out of the furnace of democracy the strong government, which is ultimately destined to coerce it, and restore society to those principles which can alone insure the safety or happiness of its members.

Let us now hear M. St. Chamans on the effects of that great triumph of democracy.

“Let us now attend to the deplorable effects of the Revolution of 1830. To riches has succeeded misery; commerce, flourishing when the Glorious Days began, is now in the depth of suffering; industry, then so active, is languishing; the bankers, so splendid before that catastrophe, now attract the public attention by nothing but the eclat of their bankruptcies. Before it, consumption was continually increasing; order and tranquillity reigned universally in France; the public revenue was abundant, and easily collected: since it, consumption has greatly decreased; disorder and disquietude trouble every man in the country; the public receipts are constantly diminishing, and becoming of more difficult collection. Contrast the moderate imposts which were sufficient when peace was certain, with the extraordinary expenses and total deficiency of the ordinary receipts which have taken place since the Revolution disturbed the peace of Europe, and the disastrous effects of this calamitous event will distinctly appear.

“Instead of the perfect order which under the Restoration prevailed in France, we now see universally violence going on against churches, priests, juries, electors, and inoffensive citizens; against the collectors of the public revenue, their registers and furniture; against the organs of the press, and the press itself; royalty is obliged everywhere to efface the word ‘Royal’; government addressing to the departments telegraphic despatches, which the prefects are in haste to affix on their walls, and which the public read with avidity; the great, the important news is, that on such a day, the 14th or 28th of July, *Paris was tranquil*. Paris was tranquil! Why, tranquillity was so usual under the former reign, that no one thought of mentioning it, more than that the sun had risen in the morning.

“Nor have the effects of the Three Glorious Days been less conspicuous in every other department. We see regiments, ill-disciplined, acting according to their fancy; sometimes raging with severity against the insurrections; sometimes regarding, without attempting to suppress them; sometimes openly joining their violence; the theatres alternately shocking religion, its ministers, manners, and public decency; the minister opposing nothing to that torrent of insanity, though he knows where to apply the scissiors of the censorship when the license extends to his own actions.”

Ibid. 31, 32.

“Thus the Revolution, without having given us one of the ameliorations so loudly demanded by the Liberals, has exhibited no other result but anarchy and misery; the one the object of well-known terror to every friend to his country, the other universal suffering. It is needless to give any proofs of this state of decay and suffering; we have only to open our eyes to see it; all the world knows it, and not the least the authors of the Revolution of July; not only those who have been its dupes, but those who have been enriched by it, (if indeed it has benefited any one,) make no attempt to conceal the state of anarchy and disquietude into which France is plunged; on the contrary, they seek to turn it to their profit, by constantly exhibiting before the public eye a dismal perspective of evils suspended over our heads—disorder, anarchy, a republic, pillage, popular massacres, in fine, the Reign of Terror. They do not pretend that their rule can give us prosperity, but only that it stems the torrent of adversity.

“These disastrous consequences are maturing throughout France with a frightful rapidity. The inhabitants of Paris, and possibly the government, are not aware of the extent to which the principles of anarchy have spread in every part of France. They believe that the earth is undermined only where explosions have taken place, but they are in a mistake; it is everywhere, and on all sides, a *bouleversement* is threatened. Certainly, if any thing is more deplorable than the present state of things, it is the future, which to all appearance is in store for us.

“Discord and anarchy have penetrated everywhere; into most of the regiments of the army, into almost all the departments of France. In the army, it is well known that the non-commissioned officers have more authority than the officers; in the villages, the electors of the magistrates and municipal councils, with the officers of the National Guard, have everywhere created two parties, and distracted every thing. The source of their discord is deeper than any political contests; it is the old struggle of the poor against the rich; it is the efforts of the democracy in waistcoats, trying to subvert the intolerable aristocracy of coats.

“The disastrous effects of the Revolution of 1830 have not been confined to political subjects. To complete the picture of our interior condition, it is necessary to add that anarchy has spread not only into the state, but into religion, literature, and the theatres, for it will invariably be found that disorder does not confine itself to one object; that the contagion spreads successively into every department of human thought. It was reserved for the lights of the 19th century to draw an absurd and incredible religion from the principle that ‘labour is the source of riches.’ The first consequence they deduce is, that there is no one useful in the world but he who labours; those who do not are useless: The second, that all the good things of this world should belong to those who are the most useful, that is the day-labourers. M. St. Simon thence concludes that a shoemaker is more useful to society than the

Duchess d'Angoulême. He never hesitated as to his divine mission, and gave himself out for the prophet of a new religion, the high priest of a new church.

"In literature what a chaos of new and extravagant ideas—what a torrent of absurd revolting madness has burst forth in a short period! It is especially during the last eighteen months, that all men of reflection have become sensible of the reality of our state of perfection; they have seen that the inefficiency of our literary and political character is at least equal to their pride, and nothing more can be said of them.

"One would imagine, in truth, that Providence had intentionally rendered the triumph of the Revolutionists so sudden and complete, expressly in order to open the eyes of those by a new example, to whom the first would not suffice. Nothing has contended against them but the consequence of their own principles, and yet where are they? They have declaimed for fifteen years against the undue preponderance of the royal authority, and the want of freedom; and yet they have proved by their actions that they could take nothing from that authority, and add nothing to that freedom, without plunging us into anarchy. Follow attentively their reign—their own principles have been sufficient to destroy them, without the intervention of a human being. The first ministry, M. Guizot and the Duke de Broglie, had the favour of the king, and of the majority in both chambers. Under the Restoration, a ministry could never have been overturned which stood in such a situation; but nevertheless it did not exist three months; without being attacked it perished; disappeared in the midst of a tumult. The repression of that disorder was the nominal, the principles of the government itself the real cause. The same causes overthrew in a few months more the succeeding ministry. The administration of Casimir Perier had also the support of the king and of the chambers, and no one attacked it; but nevertheless it was compelled to purchase a disgraceful and ephemeral existence, by the suppression of the hereditary peerage. Such is the state of this government; with all the elements of force it is incapable of governing; with 500,000 men, and an annual budget of 1500,000,000, (64,000,000*l.*) which it has at its disposal, it is not obeyed. At Paris, nothing has occurred but revolt upon revolt, which could be suppressed only by abandoning to their fury the Cross, the emblem of Christianity, the palace of the Archbishop, and the arms of the throne; while in the provinces insurrections have broken out on all sides, sometimes against the authority of the magistrates, sometimes with their concurrence, which have led to such a stoppage of the revenue, as has led to the contraction of debt to the amount of 20,000,000*l.* a year.

"Whence is it, that with the same elements from whence Charles X. extracted so much prosperity, and maintained such perfect peace, nothing can be produced under Louis Philippe but misery and disorder? It is impossible to blink the question; it is with the same capital that industry and commerce are perishing; with the same manufactures that you cannot find

employment for your workmen; with the same ships that your merchants are starving; with the same revenues that you are compelled to sell the royal forests, contract enormous loans, pillage the fund laid aside for the indemnity of individuals, and incessantly increase the floating debt; that it is with peace both within and without that you are obliged to augment the army, and restore all the severity of the conscription. How is it that the ancient dynasty preserved us from so many misfortunes, and the new one has brought us such terrible scourges? I will explain the cause.

"Confidence creates this prosperity of nations. Disquietude and apprehension cause it to disappear. Security, for the future, given or taken away, produces activity or languor, riches or misery, tranquillity or trouble. You have made your election for the wrong side of that alternative, when instead of Right you substitute Might: because Right, which never changes, bears in itself all the elements of stability, while Power, which changes every day, brings home to every breast the feeling of instability. I know well, that to the present triumph of power its leaders strive to annex an idea of right; but it will be just as easy, when the next heave of the revolutionary earthquake displaces the present authority, to clothe that which succeeds it with a similar title to permanent obedience. Every successive party in its turn can rest its pretensions to sovereignty on the authority of the People. On the other hand, our right of succession depends on an immovable basis. If Charles X. or Henry V. is on the throne, every one knows that no person can claim the crown on the same title as that by which they held it: but under the present government, how is it possible to avoid the conviction, that if it pleases 300 persons at Metz or Grenoble to proclaim a republic, or 300 others at Toulouse or Bordeaux, Henry V., and if a general stupor, arising from the weakness of each of the departments taken singly, prevents any effectual resistance, the new government will immediately acquire the same title to obedience as that which now fills the throne?"—*St. Chamaans*, 57, 58.

"It is therefore in the principle on which the government is founded, that we must look for the cause of our suffering and our ruin. If to this cause we add the consequences, not less powerful, of a democratic constitution, that is, to an organized anarchy, we may despair of the safety of our country, if it is not destroyed by the seeds of destruction which such a government carries in its bosom. In no country, and in no age, has democracy made a great state prosper, or established it in a stable manner; and even though it should become inured to the climate elsewhere, it would always prove fatal in France. The foundation of the French character is vanity; and that feeling which, under proper direction, becomes a noble desire for illustrators, which has been the source of our military glory, and of our success in so many different departments, is an invincible bar to our essays in democracy, because every one is envious of the superiority of his neighbour, conceives himself qualified for every

thing, and pretends to every situation."—*Ibid.* 60.

"The Revolution of 1830 has lighted anew the torch of experience on many controverted points, and I appeal with confidence upon them to the many men of good faith who exist among our adversaries. They seek like us the good of our common country, and the welfare of humanity; they hold that in the Charter there was too little political power conferred upon the people. Let them judge now, for the proof has been decisive. They will find that on every occasion, without one exception, in which political power, unrestrained by strict limits, has been conferred upon the people, *personal liberty had been destroyed*; that the latter has lost as much as the former has gained. Such an extension of political power is nothing but democracy or supreme authority lodged in the hands of the people. Reflect upon the fate of personal freedom under the democratic constitutions which promised us the greatest possible extension of individual liberty. Was there liberty under the Constituent Assembly, for those who were massacred in the streets, and whose heads they carried on the ends of pikes? Was there liberty for the seigniors whose chateaux they burnt, and who saved their lives only by flight? Was there liberty for those who were massacred at Avignon, or whom the committee of Jacobins tore from the bosoms of their families to conduct to the guillotine? Was there liberty for the King, who was not permitted to move beyond the barriers of Paris, nor venture to breathe the fresh air at the distance of a league from the city? No, there was liberty only for their oppressors: the only freedom was that which the incendiaries, jailers, and assassins enjoyed.

"Since the Revolution of July, has there been any freedom for the clergy, who do not venture to show themselves in the streets of Paris, even in that dress which is revered by savage tribes; for the Catholics, who can no longer attend mass but at midnight; for the Judges, who are threatened in the discharge of their duties by the aspirants for their places; for the Electors, whose votes are overturned with the urns which contain them, and who return lacerated and bleeding from the place of election; for the Citizens arbitrarily thrust out of the National Guard; for the Archbishop of Paris, whose house was robbed and plundered with impunity, at the very moment when the ministers confessed in the chambers they could allege nothing against him; for the officers of all grades, even the generals expelled from their situations at the caprice of their inferiors; for the curates of churches, when the government, trembling before the sovereign multitude, close the churches to save them from the profanation and sacking of the mob; for the King himself, condemned by their despotism, to lay aside the arms of his race?"

"These evils have arisen from confounding personal with political liberty; a distinction which lies at the foundation of these matters.

"I call *personal* freedom the right to dispose,

without molestation, of one's person and estate, and be secure that neither the one nor the other will be disquieted without your consent. *That liberty* is an object of universal interest; its preservation the source of universal solicitude. I support the extension of that species of liberty to the utmost extent that society can admit; and I would carry it to a much greater length than ever has been imagined by our democrats. I would have every one's property held sacred; his person and estate inviolable, without the consent of his representatives, or the authority of the law; absolute security against forced service of any kind, or against either arrest or punishment, but under the strongest safeguard, for the protection of innocence.

"The other species of liberty, called Political Liberty, is an object of interest to the great body of the citizens; it consists in the right of taking a part in the government of the state. It cannot affect the great body, because in every country the immense majority can influence government neither by their votes nor their writings. This latter kind of liberty should be restrained within narrow limits, for experience proves it cannot be widely extended without destroying the other."

These observations appear to be as novel as they are important. They are not, strictly speaking, new; for in this Magazine for February, 1830,* the same principles are laid down and illustrated; and this furnishes another proof, among the many which might be collected, of the simultaneous extrication of the same original thought, in different countries at the same time, from the course of political events. But to any one who calmly and dispassionately considers the subject, it must be manifest that they contain the true principle on the subject. The difference, as St. Chamaus says, between personal and political liberty, or, as we should say in this country, between Freedom and Democracy, is the most important distinction which ever was stated; and it is from confounding these two different objects of popular ambition, that all the misery has arisen, which has so often attended the struggle for popular independence, and that liberty has so often been strangled by its own votaries. *Democracy, Enemy of Freedom*

To produce the greatest amount of personal freedom and security with the smallest degree of political power in the lower classes; to combine the maximum of liberty with the minimum of democracy, is the great end of good government, and should be the great object of the true patriot in every age and country. There is no such fatal enemy to Freedom as Democracy; it never fails to devour its offspring in a few years. True liberty, or the complete security of persons, thoughts, property, and actions, in all classes, from injury or oppression, never existed three months under an unrestrained Democracy; because the worst of tyrannies is a multitude of tyrants. The coercion of each class of society by the others;

* French Revolution, No. 2. February, 1830, written by the author.

of the impetuosity and vehemence of the populace and their demagogues by the steadiness and weight of the aristocracy; of the ambition and oppression of the aristocracy by the vigour and independence of the commons, is indispensable to the equilibrium of government and the preservation of freedom; but it is precisely the state of things which the revolutionists will ever assail with most vehemence, because it affords the most effectual coercion to their passions and despotic ambition. The spirit of democracy, that keen and devouring element which has produced, and is producing, such ravages in the world, is to the political what fire is to domestic life. Political freedom cannot exist without it, and when properly regulated, it vivifies and improves every department of society; but if once allowed to get ahead, if not confined within iron bars, it will instantly consume the fabric in which it is placed.

Napoleon has left the following picture of the manner in which freedom was devoured by democracy, during the first French Revolution:—"Liberty," said he, "was doubtless the first cry of the people when the Revolution arose; but that was not what they really desired. The first lightning of the Revolution showed what talents then existed, which the levelling principle would restore to society for the advantage and glory of the state. Thus it was *equality* which the French people always desired; and to tell the truth, *liberty hath never existed since it was proclaimed*. For the proper definition of liberty is the power of freely exercising all our faculties; and with the exception of some speeches which the orators of the sections were allowed to make in 1795, show me a period when the people were at liberty to say or do what they wished since 1789? Was it when the crowds of women and malecontents besieged the Convention? Begone; think of your business, said they; and yet these poor people only asked for bread. Will any one pretend that the years 1793 or 1794 were the eras of freedom? Under the Directory, no one dared to open their mouth; and after the 18th Fructidor in 1797, a second Reign of Terror arose. Never have the people, even under Louis XI. or Cardinal Richelieu, or in the most despotic states, *had less liberty than during the whole period which has elapsed since the first Revolution broke out*. What France always wished, *what she still wishes*, is equality; in other

words, the equal partition of the means of rising to glory and distinction in the state."^{*}

This lesson would not suffice. The revolutionists saw their despotic rule melting away under the just and equal sway of the Bourbons, and therefore they inflamed the public mind till they got their government overthrown. Despotism of one kind or another instantly returned: that of the National Guard, the Parisian Emeutes, or Marshal Soult's cannoniers, and liberty has been destroyed by the demagogues who roused the people in its name. Thus it ever has been; thus it ever will be to the end of time. Individuals may be instructed by history or enlightened by reflection; the great masses of mankind will never learn wisdom but from their own suffering.

This distinction between individual freedom and political power, between liberty and democracy, is the great point of separation between the Whigs and Tories. The Conservatives strive to increase personal freedom to the utmost degree, and to effect that they find it indispensable to restrain the efforts of its worst enemies, the democracy. The Whigs attend only to the augmentation of popular power, and in so doing they instantly trench on civil liberty. When were persons, property, life, and thoughts, more free, better protected or secured, than in Great Britain from 1815 to 1830, the days when the Democracy was restrained? When have they been so ill secured since the time of Cromwell, as during the last two years, illuminated as they have been by the flames of Bristol, and the conflagration of Jamaica, the days of democratic ascendancy? Ireland, at present under the distracting rule of O'Connell, the demagogue, is the prototype of the slavery to which we are fast driving, under the guidance of the Whigs: England, from 1815 to 1830, the last example of the freedom from which we are receding, established by the Tories. What farther evils the farther indulgence of this devouring principle is to produce, we know not, though experience gives us little hopes of amendment till we have gone through additional suffering; but of this we are well assured, that the time will come when these truths shall have passed into axioms, and experience taught every man of intelligence, that the assassins of freedom are the supporters of democratic power.

* Napoleon, en Duchesse Abrantes, vii. 169, 170

THE FALL OF TURKEY.*

THE long duration and sudden fall of the Turkish Empire is one of the most extraordinary and apparently inexplicable phenomena in European history. The decay of the Ottoman power had been constantly the theme of historians; their approaching downfall, the unceasing subject of prophecy for a century; but yet the ancient fabric still held out, and evinced on occasions a degree of vigour which confounded all the machinations of its enemies. For eighty years, the subversion of the empire of Constantinople had been the unceasing object of Moscovite ambition: the genius of Catherine had been incessantly directed to that great object; a Russian prince was christened after the last of the Paleologi expressly to receive his throne, but yet the black eagle made little progress towards the Danube; the Mussulman forces arrayed on its banks were still most formidable, and a host arrayed under the banners of the Osmanleys, seemingly capable of making head against the world. For four years, from 1808 to 1812, the Russians waged a desperate war with the Turks; they brought frequently an hundred and fifty, sometimes two hundred thousand men into the field; but at its close they had made no sensible progress in the reduction of the bulwarks of Islamism: two hundred thousand Mussulmans had frequently assembled round the banners of the Prophet; the Danube had been stained with blood, but the hostile armies still contended in doubtful and desperate strife on its shores; and on the glaci of Roudschouk, the Moscovites had sustained a bloodier defeat than they ever received from the genius of Napoleon. In the triumph of the Turks at that prodigious victory, the Vizier wrote exultingly to the Grand Seigneur, that such was the multitude of the Infidel heads which he had taken, that they would make a bridge for the souls of the Faithful from earth to heaven.

But though then so formidable, the Ottoman power has within these twenty years rapidly and irrecoverably declined. The great barrier of Turkey was reached in the first campaign of the next war, the Balkan yielded to Russian genius in the second, and Adrianople, the ancient capital of the Osmanleys, became celebrated for the treaty which sealed for ever the degradation of their race. On all sides the provinces of the empire have revolted: Greece, through a long and bloody contest, has at length worked out its deliverance from all but its own passions; the ancient war-cry of Byzantium, Victory to the Cross, has been again heard on the Ægean Sea;† and the Pasha of Egypt, tak-

ing advantage of the weakness consequent on so many reverses, has boldly thrown off the yoke, and, advancing from Acre in the path of Napoleon, shown to the astonished world the justice of that great man's remark, that his defeat by Sir Sidney Smith under its walls made him miss his destiny. The victory of Koniah prostrated the Asiatic power of Turkey; the standards of Mehemet Ali rapidly approached the Seraglio; and the discomfited Sultan has been driven to take refuge under the suspicious shelter of the Russian legions. Already the advanced guard of Nicholas has passed the Bosphorus; the Moscovite standards are floating at Scutari; and, to the astonishment alike of Europe and Asia, the keys of the Dardanelles, the throne of Constantine, are laid at the feet of the Czar.

The unlooked for rapidity of these events, is not more astonishing than the weakness which the Mussulmans have evinced in their last struggle. The Russians, in the late campaign, never assembled forty thousand men in the field. In the battle of the 11th June, 1828, which decided the fate of the war, Diebitsch had only thirty-six thousand soldiers under arms; yet this small force routed the Turkish army, and laid open the far-famed passes of the Balkan to the daring genius of its leader. Christendom looked in vain for the mighty host which, at the sight of the holy banner, was wont to assemble round the standard of the Prophet. The ancient courage of the Osmanleys seemed to have perished with their waning fortunes; hardly could the Russian outposts keep pace with them in the rapidity of their flight; and a force, reduced by sickness to twenty thousand men, dictated peace to the Ottomans within twenty hours' march of Constantinople. More lately, the once dreaded throne of Turkey has become a jest to its remote provinces; the Pasha of Egypt, once the most inconsiderable of its vassals, has compelled the Sublime Porte, the ancient terror of Christendom, to seek for safety in the protection of Infidel battalions; and the throne of Constantine, incapable of self-defence, is perhaps ultimately destined to become the prize for which Moscovite ambition and Arabian audacity are to contend on the glittering shores of Scutari.

But if the weakness of the Ottomans is surprising, the supineness of the European powers is not less amazing at this interesting crisis. The power of Russia has long been a subject of alarm to France, and having twice seen the Cossacks at the Tuileries, it is not surprising that they should feel somewhat nervous at every addition to its strength. England, jealous of its maritime superiority, and apprehensive—whether reasonably or not is immaterial—of danger to her Indian possessions, from the growth of Russian power in Asia, has long made it a fixed principle of her policy to

* Travels in Turkey, by F. Slade, Esq. London, 1832. Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1833.

† When the brave Canaris passed under the bows of the Turkish admiral's ship, to which he had grappled the fatal fireship, at Scio, the crew in his boat exclaimed, "Victory to the Cross!" the old war-cry of Byzantium. —Gordon's Greek Revolution, i. 274.

coerce the ambitious designs of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and twice she has saved Turkey from their grasp. When the Russians and Austrians, in the last century, projected an alliance for its partition, and Catherine and Joseph had actually met on the Wolga to arrange its details, Mr. Pitt interposed, and by the influence of England prevented the design; and when Diebitsch was in full march for Constantinople, and the insurrection of the Janissaries only waited for the sight of the Cossacks to break out, and overturn the throne of Mahmoud, the strong arm of Wellington interfered, put a curb in the mouth of Russia, and postponed for a season the fall of the Turkish power. Now, however, every thing is changed; — France and England, occupied with domestic dissensions, are utterly paralysed; they can no longer make a show of resistance to Moscovite ambition; exclusively occupied in preparing the downfall of her ancient allies, the Dutch and the Portuguese, England has not a thought to bestow on the occupation of the Dardanelles, and the keys of the Levant are, without either observation or regret, passing to the hands of Russia.

These events are so extraordinary, that they almost make the boldest speculator hold his breath. Great as is the change in external events which we daily witness, the alteration in internal feeling is still greater. Changes which would have convulsed England from end to end, dangers which would have thrown European diplomacy into agonies a few years ago, are now regarded with indifference. The progress of Russia through Asia, the capture of Erivan and Erzeroum, the occupation of the Dardanelles, are now as little regarded as if we had no interest in such changes; as if we had no empire in the East threatened by so ambitious a neighbour; no independence at stake in the growth of the Colossus of northern Europe.

The reason is apparent, and it affords the first great and practical proof which England has yet received of the fatal blow, which the recent changes have struck, not only at her internal prosperity, but her external independence. England is now powerless; and, what is worse, the European powers know it. Her government is so incessantly and exclusively occupied in maintaining its ground against the internal enemies whom the Reform Bill has raised up into appalling strength; the necessity of sacrificing something to the insatiable passions of the revolutionists is so apparent, that every other object is disregarded. The allies by whose aid they overthrew the constitution, have turned so fiercely upon them, that they are forced to strain every nerve to resist these domestic enemies. Who can think of the occupation of Scutari, when the malt tax is threatened with repeal? Who care for the thunders of Nicholas, when the threats of O'Connell are ringing in their ears! The English government, once so stable and steadfast in its resolutions, when rested on the firm rock of the Aristocracy, has become unstable as water since it was thrown for its support upon the Democracy. Its designs are as changeable, its policy as fluctuating, as the

volatile and inconsiderate mass from which it sprung; and hence its menaces are disregarded, its ancient relations broken, its old allies disgusted, and the weight of its influence being no longer felt, projects the most threatening to its independence are without hesitation undertaken by other states.

Nor is the supineness and apathy of the nation less important or alarming. It exists to such an extent as clearly to demonstrate, that not only are the days of its glory numbered, but the termination even of its independence may be foreseen at no distant period. Enterprises the most hostile to its interests, conquests the most fatal to its glory, are undertaken by its rivals not only without the disapprobation, but with the cordial support, of the majority of the nation. Portugal, for a century the ally of England, for whose defence hundreds of thousands of Englishmen had died in our own times, has been abandoned without a murmur to the revolutionary spoliation and propagandist arts of France. Holland, the bulwark of England, for whose protection the great war with France was undertaken, has been assailed by British fleets, and threatened by British power; and the shores of the Scheldt, which beheld the victorious legions of Wellington land to curb the power of Napoleon, have witnessed the union of the tricolour and British flags, to beat down the independence of the Dutch provinces. Constantinople, long regarded as the outpost of India against the Russians, is abandoned without regret; and, amidst the strife of internal faction, the fixing of the Moscovite standards on the shores of the Bosphorus, the transference of the finest harbour in the world to a growing maritime power, and of the entrepôt of Europe and Asia to an already formidable commercial state, is hardly the subject of observation.

The reason cannot be concealed, and is too clearly illustrative of the desperate tendency of the recent changes upon all the classes of the empire. With the revolutionists the passion for change has supplanted every other feeling, and the spirit of innovation has extinguished that of patriotism. They no longer league in thought, or word, or wish, exclusively with their own countrymen; they no longer regard the interests and glory of England, as the chief objects of their solicitude; what they look to is the revolutionary party in other states; what they sympathize with, the progress of the tricolour in overturning other dynasties. The loss of British dominion, the loss of British colonies, the downfall of British power, the decay of British glory, the loss of British independence, is to them a matter of no regret, provided the tricolour is triumphant, and the cause of revolution is making progress in the world. Well and truly did Mr. Burke say, that the spirit of patriotism and Jacobinism could not coexist in the same state; and that the greatest national disasters are lightly passed over, provided they bring with them the advance of domestic ambition.

The Conservatives, on the other hand, are so utterly desperate in regard to the future prospects of the empire, from the vacillation and violence of the Democratic party who are

installed in sovereignty, that external events, even of the most threatening character, are regarded by them but as dust in the balance, when compared with the domestic calamities which are staring us in the face. What although the ingratitude and tergiversation of England to Holland have deprived us of all respect among foreign states? That evil, great as it is, is nothing to the domestic embarrassments which overwhelm the country from the unruly spirit which the Whigs fostered with such sedulous care during the Reform contest. What although the empire of the Mediterranean, and ultimately our Indian possessions, are menaced by the ceaseless growth of Russia; the measures which government have in contemplation for the management of that vast dominion, will sever it from the British empire before any danger is felt from external foes; and long ere the Moscovite eagles are seen on the banks of the Indus, the insane measures of the Ten Pounders will in all probability have banished the British standards from the plains of Hindostan.

Every thing, in short, announces that the external weight and foreign importance of Great Britain are irrecoverably lost; and that the passing of the Reform Bill will ultimately prove to have been the death-warrant of the British empire. The Russians are at Constantinople! the menaces, the entreaties of England, are alike disregarded; and the ruler of the seas has submitted in two years to descend to the rank of a second-rate power. That which a hundred defeats could have hardly effected to old England, is the very first result of the innovating system upon which new England has entered. The Russians are at Constantinople! How would the shade of Chatham, or Pitt, or Fox thrill at the announcement! But it makes no sort of impression on the English people: as little as the robbery of the Portuguese fleet by the French, or the surrender of the citadel of Antwerp to the son-in-law of Louis Philippe. In this country we have arrived, in an inconceivably short space of time, at that weakness, disunion, and indifference to all but revolutionary objects, which is at once the forerunner and the cause of national ruin.

But leaving these mournful topics, it is more instructive to turn to the causes which have precipitated, in so short a space of time, the fall of the Turkish empire. Few more curious or extraordinary phenomena are to be met with in the page of history. It will be found that the Ottomans have fallen a victim to the same passion for innovation and reform which have proved so ruinous both in this and a neighbouring country; and that, while the bulwarks of Turkey were thrown down by the rude hand of Mahmoud, the States of Western Europe were disabled, by the same frantic course, from rendering him any effectual aid. How well in every age has the spirit of Jacobinism and revolutionary passion aided the march, and hastened the growth of Russia!

The fact of the long duration of Turkey, in the midst of the monarchies of Europe, and the stubborn resistance which she opposed for a series of ages to the attacks of the two great

est of its military powers, is of itself sufficient to demonstrate that the accounts on which we had been accustomed to rely of the condition of the Ottoman empire were partial or exaggerated. No fact is so universally demonstrated by history as the rapid and irrecoverable decline of barbarous powers, when the career of conquest is once terminated. Where is now the empire of the Caliphs or the Moors? What has survived of the conquests, one hundred years ago, of Nadir Shah? How long did the empire of Aurengzebe, the throne of the Great Mogul, resist the attacks of England, even at the distance of ten thousand miles from the parent state? How then did it happen that Turkey so long resisted the spoiler? What conservative principle has enabled the Osmanleys so long to avoid the degradation which so rapidly overtakes all barbarous and despotic empires; and what has communicated to their vast empire a portion of the undecaying vigour which has hitherto been considered as the grand characteristic of European civilization? The answer to these questions will both unfold the real causes of the long endurance, and at length the sudden fall, of the Turkish empire.

Though the Osmanleys were an Asiatic power, and ruled entirely on the principles of Asiatic despotism, yet their conquests were effected in Europe, or in those parts of Asia in which, from the influence of the Crusades, or of the Roman institutions which survived their invasion, a certain degree of European civilization remained. It is difficult utterly to exterminate the institutions of a country where they have been long established; those of the Christian provinces of the Roman empire have in part survived all the dreadful tempests which for the last six centuries have passed over their surface. It is these remnants of civilization, it is the institutions which still linger among the vanquished people, which have so long preserved the Turkish provinces from decay; and it is these ancient bulwarks, which the innovating passions of Mahmoud have now destroyed.

1. The first circumstance which upheld, amidst its numerous defects, the Ottoman empire, was the rights conceded on the first conquest of the country by Mahomet to the *dere beys* or ancient nobles of Asia Minor, and which the succeeding sultans have been careful to maintain inviolate. These *dere beys* all capitulated with the conqueror, and obtained the important privileges of retaining their lands in perpetuity for their descendants, and of paying a *fixed tribute* in money and men to the sultan. In other words, they were a hereditary noblesse; and as they constituted the great strength of the empire in its Asiatic provinces, they have preserved their privilege through all succeeding reigns. The following is the description given of them by the intelligent traveller whose work is prefixed to this article:—

"The *dere beys*," says Mr. Slade, "literally lords of the valleys, an expression peculiarly adapted to the country, which presents a series of oval valleys, surrounded by ramparts of hills, were the original possessors of those parts

of Asia Minor, which submitted, under feudal conditions, to the Ottomans. Between the conquest of Brussa and the conquest of Constantinople, a lapse of more than a century, chequered by the episode of Tamerlane, their faith was precarious; but after the latter event, Mahomet II. bound their submission, and finally settled the terms of their existence. He confirmed them in their lands, subject, however, to tribute, and to quotas of troops in war; and he absolved the head of each family for ever from personal service. The last clause was the most important, as thereby the sultan had no power over their lives, nor consequently, could be their heirs, that despotic power being lawful over those only in the actual service of the Porte. The families of the dere beys, therefore, became neither impoverished nor extinct. It would be dealing in truisms to enumerate the advantages enjoyed by the districts of these noblemen over the rest of the empire; they were oases in the desert: their owners had more than a life-interest in the soil, they were born and lived among the people, and, being hereditarily rich, had no occasion to create a private fortune, each year, after the tribute due was levied. Whereas, in a pashalic the people are strained every year to double or treble the amount of the impost, since the pasha, who pays for his situation, must also be enriched. The devotion of the dependents of the dere beys was great: at a whistle, the Car'osman-Oglous, the Tchapan-Oglous, the Ellezar-Oglous, (the principal Asiatic families that survive,) could raise, each, from ten thousand to twenty thousand horsemen, and equip them. Hence the facility with which the sultans, up to the present century, drew such large bodies of cavalry into the field. The dere beys have always furnished, and maintained, the greatest part; and there is not one instance, since the conquest of Constantinople, of one of these great families raising the standard of revolt. The pashas invariably have. The reasons, respectively, are obvious. The dere bey was sure of keeping his possessions by right: the pasha of losing his by custom, unless he had money to bribe the Porte, or force to intimidate it.

"These provincial nobles, whose rights had been respected during four centuries, by a series of twenty-four sovereigns, had two crimes in the eyes of Mahmoud II.; they held their property from their ancestors, and they had riches. To alter the tenure of the former, the destination of the latter, was his object. The dere beys—unlike the seraglio dependents, brought up to distrust their own shadows—had no causes for suspicion, and therefore became easy dupes of the grossest treachery. The unbending spirits were removed to another world, the flexible were despoiled of their wealth. Some few await their turn, or, their eyes opened, prepare to resist oppression. Car'osman Oglou, for example, was summoned to Constantinople, where expensive employments, forced on him during several years, reduced his ready cash; while a follower of the seraglio resided at his city of Magnesia, to collect his revenues. His peasants, in consequence, ceased to cultivate their lands, from

whence they no longer hoped to reap profit and his once flourishing possessions soon became as desolate as any which had always been under the gripe of pashas."

This passage throws the strongest light on the former condition of the Turkish empire. They possessed an *hereditary noblesse* in their Asiatic provinces; a body of men whose interests were permanent; who enjoyed their rights by succession, and, therefore, were permanently interested in preserving their possessions from spoliation. It was their feudal tenantry who flocked in such multitudes to the standard of Mohammed when any great crisis occurred, and formed those vast armies who so often astonished the European powers, and struck terror into the boldest hearts in Christendom. These hereditary nobles, however, the bones of the empire, whose estates were exempt from the tyranny of the pashas, have been destroyed by Mahmoud. Hence the disaffection of the Asiatic provinces, and the readiness with which they opened their arms to the liberating standards of Mehemet Ali. It is the nature of innovation, whether enforced by the despotism of a sultan or a democracy, to destroy in its fervour the institutions on which public freedom is founded.

2. The next circumstance which contributed to mitigate the severity of Ottoman oppression was the privileges of the provincial cities, chiefly in Europe, which consisted in being governed by magistrates elected by the people themselves from among their chief citizens. This privilege, a relic of the rights of the *Municipia* over the whole Roman empire, was established in all the great towns; and its importance in moderating the otherwise intolerable weight of Ottoman oppression was incalculable. The pashas, or temporary rulers appointed by the sultan, had no authority, or only a partial one in these free cities, and hence they formed nearly as complete an asylum for industry in Europe as the estates of the dere beys did in Asia. This important right, however, could not escape the reforming passion of Mahmoud; and it was accordingly overturned.

"In conjunction with subverting the dere beys, Mahmoud attacked the privileges of the great provincial cities, (principally in Europe,) which consisted in the election of ayans (magistrates) by the people, from among the notables. Some cities were solely governed by them, and in those ruled by pashas, they had, in most cases, sufficient influence to restrain somewhat the full career of despotism. They were the protectors of rayas, as well as of Mussulmans, and, for their own sakes, resisted exorbitant imposts. The change in the cities where their authority has been abolished (Adrianople, *e. g.*) is deplorable; trade has since languished, and population has diminished. They were instituted by Solyman, (the lawgiver,) and the protection which they have invariably afforded the Christian subjects of the Porte, entitles them to a Christian's good word. Their crime, that of the dere beys, was being possessed of authority not emanating from the sultan.

"Had Mahmoud II. intrusted the govern

ment of the provinces to the dere beys, and strengthened the authority of the ayans, he would have truly reformed his empire, by restoring it to its brightest state, have gained the love of his subjects, and the applauses of humanity. By the contrary proceeding, subverting two bulwarks (though dilapidated) of national prosperity—a provincial nobility and magistracy—he has shown himself a selfish tyrant."

3 In addition to an hereditary nobility in the dere beys, and the privileges of corporations in the right of electing their ayans, the Mussulmans possessed a powerful hierarchy in the *ulema*; a most important body in the Ottoman dominions, and whose privileges have gone far to limit the extent of its despotic government. This important institution has been little understood hitherto in Europe; but they have contributed in a most important manner to mitigate the severity of the sultan in those classes who enjoyed no special protection.

"In each of the Turkish cities," says Mr. Slade, "reside a muphti and a mollah. A knowledge of Arabic, so as to be able to read the Koran in the original, is considered sufficient for the former, but the latter must have run a legal career in one of the medressehs, (universities of Constantinople.) After thirty years' probation in a medresseh, the student becomes of the class of muderis, (doctors at law,) from which are chosen the mollahs, comprehended under the name of ulema. Students who accept the inferior judicial appointments can never become of the ulema.

"The ulema is divided into three classes, according to a scale of the cities of the empire. The first class consists of the *cazi-askers*, (chief judges of Europe and Asia;) the *Stamboul effendis*, (mayor of Constantinople;) the mollahs qualified to act at Mecca, at Medina, at Jerusalem, at Bagdat, at Salonica, at Aleppo, at Damascus, at Brussa, at Cairo, at Smyrna, at Cogni, at Galata, at Scutari. The second class consists of the mollahs qualified to act at the twelve cities of next importance. The third class at ten inferior cities. The administration of minor towns is intrusted to *cadis*, who are nominated by the *cazi-askers* in their respective jurisdictions, a patronage which produces great wealth to these two officers.

"In consequence of these powers the mollah of a city may prove as great a pest as a needy pasha; but as the mollahs are hereditarily wealthy, they are generally moderate in their perquisitions, and often protect the people against the extortions of the pasha. The *cadis*, however, of the minor towns, who have not the advantage of being privately rich, seldom fail to join with the aga to skin the 'serpent that crawls in the dust.'

"The mollahs, dating from the reign of Solymán—zenith of Ottoman prosperity—were not slow in discovering the value of their situations, or in taking advantage of them; and as their sanctity protected them from spoliation, they were enabled to leave their riches to their children, who were brought up to the same career, and were, by privilege, allowed

to finish their studies at the *medresseh* in eight years less time than the prescribed number of years, the private tuition which they were supposed to receive from their fathers making up for the deficiency. Thus, besides the influence of birth and wealth, they had a direct facility in attaining the degree of *muderi*, which their fellow-citizens and rivals had not, and who were obliged in consequence to accept inferior judicial appointments. In process of time the whole monopoly of the ulema centred in a certain number of families, and their constant residence at the capital, to which they return at the expiration of their term of office, has maintained their power to the present day. Nevertheless, it is true that if a student of a medresseh, not of the privileged order, possess extraordinary merit, the ulema has generally the tact to admit him of the body: wot to the cities to which he goes as mollah, since he has to create a private fortune for his family. Thus arose that body—the peerage of Turkey—known by the name of ulema, a body uniting the high attributes of law and religion; distinct from the clergy, yet enjoying all the advantages connected with a church paramount; free from its shackles, yet retaining the perfect odour of sanctity. Its combination has given it a greater hold in the state than the dere beys, though possessed individually of more power, founded too on original charters, sunk from a want of union."

The great effect of the ulema has arisen from this, that its lands are safe from confiscation or arbitrary taxation. To power of every sort, excepting that of a triumphant democracy, there must be some limits; and great as the authority of the sultan is, he is too dependent on the religious feelings of his subjects to be able to overturn the church. The consequence is that the *vacouf* or church lands have been always free both from arbitrary taxation and confiscation; and hence they have formed a species of mortmain or entailed lands in the Ottoman dominions, enjoying privileges to which the other parts of the empire, excepting the estates of the dere beys, are entire strangers. Great part of the lands of Turkey, in many places amounting to one-third of the whole, were held by this religious tenure; and the device was frequently adopted of leaving property to the ulema in trust for particular families, whereby the benefits of secure hereditary descent were obtained. The practical advantages of this ecclesiastical property are thus enumerated by Mr. Slade.

"The *vacouf* (mosque lands) have been among the best cultivated in Turkey, by being free from arbitrary taxation. The *mektebs* (public schools) in all the great cities, where the rudiments of the Turkish language and the Koran are taught, and where poor scholars receive food gratis, are supported by the ulema. The *medressehs*, *imarets*, (hospitals,) fountains, &c., are all maintained by the ulema; add to these the magnificence of the mosques, their number, the royal sepulchres, and it will be seen that Turkey owes much to the existence of this body, which has been enabled, by its power and its union, to resist royal cupidity. Without it, where would be the establishments

above mentioned! Religious property has been an object of attack in every country. At one period, by the sovereign, to increase his power; at another, by the people, to build fortunes on its downfall. Mahomet IV., after the disastrous retreat of his grand vizir, Cara Mustapha, from before Vienna, 1683, seized on the riches of the principal mosques, which arbitrary act led to his deposition. The ulema would have shown a noble patriotism in giving its wealth for the service of the state, but it was right in resenting the extortion, which would have served as a precedent for succeeding sultans. In fine, rapid as has been the decline of the Ottoman empire since victory ceased to attend its arms, I venture to assert, that it would have been *tenfold more rapid but for the privileged orders*—the dere beys and the ulema. Without their powerful weight and influence—effect of hereditary wealth and sanctity—the Janissaries would long since have cut Turkey in slices, and have ruled it as the Mamelukes ruled Egypt.

"Suppose, now, the influence of the ulema to be overturned, what would be the consequence? The mollaships, like the pashalics, would then be sold to the highest bidders, or given to the needy followers of the seraglio. These must borrow money of the bankers for their outfit, which must be repaid, and their own purses lined, by their talents at extortion."

It is one of the most singular proofs of the tendency of innovation to blind its votaries to the effects of the measures it advocates, that the ulema has long been singled out for destruction by the reforming sultan, and the change is warmly supported by many of the inconsiderate Franks who dwell in the east. Such is the aversion of men of every faith to the vesting of property or influence in the church, that they would willingly see this one of the last barriers which exist against arbitrary power done away. The power of the sultan, great as it is, has not yet ventured on this great innovation; but it is well known that he meditates it, and it is the knowledge of this circumstance which is one great cause of the extreme unpopularity which has rendered his government unable to obtain any considerable resources from his immense dominions.

4. In every part of the empire, the superior felicity and well-being of the peasantry in the mountains is conspicuous, and has long attracted the attention of travellers. Clarke observed it in the mountains of Greece, Mariti, and others in Syria and Asia Minor, and Mr. Slade and Mr. Walch in the Balkan, and the hilly country of Bulgaria. "No peasantry in the world," says the former, "are so well off as that of Bulgaria. The lowest of them has abundance of every thing—meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to kindle his passions, nor a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on; but these are the customs of the country, and a pasha is equally unhappy. Where, then, is the tyranny under which the Christian subjects of the Porte are generally

supposed to groan? Not among the Bulgarians certainly. I wish that in every country a traveller could pass from one end to the other, and find a good supper and a warm fire in every cottage, as he can in this part of European Turkey."* This description applies generally to almost all the mountainous provinces of the Ottoman empire, and in an especial manner to the peasants of Parnassus and Olympia, as described by Clarke. As a contrast to this delightful state of society, we may quote the same traveller's account of the plains of Romelia. "Romelia, if cultivated, would become the granary of the East, whereas Constantinople depends on Odessa for daily bread. The burial-grounds, choked with weeds and underwood, constantly occurring in every traveller's route, far remote from habitations, are eloquent testimonials of continued depopulation. The living too are far apart; a town every fifty miles, and a village every ten miles, is close, and horsemen meeting on the highway regard each other as objects of curiosity. The cause of this depopulation is to be found in the pernicious government of the Ottomans."† The cause of this remarkable difference lies in the fact, that the Ottoman oppression has never yet fully extended into the mountainous parts of its dominions; and, consequently, they remained like permanent veins of prosperity, intersecting the country in every direction, amidst the desolation which generally prevailed in the pashalics of the plain.

5. The Janissaries were another institution which upheld the Turkish empire. They formed a regular standing army, who, although at times extremely formidable to the sultan, and exercising their influence with all the haughtiness of Prætorian guards, were yet of essential service in repelling the invasion of the Christian powers. The strength of the Ottoman armies consisted in the Janissaries, and the Delhis and Spahis; the former being the regular force, the latter the contingents of the dere beys. Every battle-field, from Constantinople to Vienna, can tell of the valour of the Janissaries, long and justly regarded as the bulwark of the empire; and the Russian battalions, with all their firmness, were frequently broken, even in the last war, by the desperate charge of the Delhis. Now, however, both are destroyed; the vigorous severity of the sultan has annihilated the dreaded battalions of the former—the ruin of the dere beys has closed the supply of the latter. In these violent and impolitic reforms is to be found the immediate cause of the destruction of the Turkish empire.

Of the revolt which led to the destruction of this great body, and the policy which led to it, the following striking account is given by Mr. Slade:

"Every campaign during the Greek war a body was embarked on board the fleet, and landed in small parties, purposely unsupported, on the theatre of war: none returned, so that only a few thousand remained at Constantinople, when, May 30, 1826, the Sultan issued a

* Slade, ii. 97.

† Ibid. 15

hatti scheriff concerning the formation of 'a new victorious army.' This was a flash of lightning in the eyes of the Janissaries. They saw why their companions did not return from Greece; they saw that the old, hitherto abortive, policy, dormant since eighteen years, was revived; they saw that their existence was threatened; and they resolved to resist, confiding in the prestige of their name. June 15, following, they reversed their soup-kettles, (signal of revolt,) demanded the heads of the ministers, and the revocation of the said firman. But Mahmoud was prepared for them. Husseyin, the aga of the Janissaries, was in his interests, and with him the yamaks, (garisons of the castles of the Bosphorus,) the Galiondgis, and the Topchis. Collecting, therefore, on the following morning, his forces in the Atmeidan, the sand-jack scheriff was displayed, and the ulema seconded him by calling on the people to support their sovereign against the rebels. Still, noways daunted, the Janissaries advanced, and summoned their aga, of whom they had no suspicion, to repeat their demands to the sultan, threatening, in case of non-compliance, to force the seraglio gates. Husseyin, who had acted his part admirably, and with consummate duplicity, brought them to the desired point—open rebellion—flattering them with success, now threw aside the mask. He stigmatized them as infidels, and called on them, in the name of the prophet, to submit to the sultan's clemency. At this defection of their trusted favourite chief, their smothered rage burst out; they rushed to his house, razed it in a moment, did the same by the houses of the other ministers, applied torches, and in half an hour Constantinople streamed with blood beneath the glare of flames. Mahmoud hesitated, and was about to conciliate; but Husseyin repulsed the idea with firmness, knowing that to effect conciliation, his head must be the first offering. 'Now or never,' he replied to the sultan, 'is the time! Think not that a few heads will appease this sedition, which has been too carefully fomented by me,—the wrongs of the Janissaries too closely dwelt on, thy character too blackly stained, thy treachery too minutely dissected,—to be easily laid. Remember that this is the second time that thy arm has been raised against them, and they will not trust thee again. Remember, too, that thou hast now a son, that son not in thy power, whom they will elevate on thy downfall. Now is the time! This evening's sun must set for the last time on them or us. Retire from the city, that thy sacred person may be safe, and leave the rest to me.' Mahmoud consented, and went to Dolma Bachtche, (a palace one mile up the Bosphorus,) to await the result. Husseyin, then free to act without fear of interruption, headed his yamaks, and vigorously attacked the rebels, who, cowardly as they were insolent, offered a feeble resistance, when they found themselves unsupported by the mob, retreated from street to street, and finally took refuge in the Atmeidan. Here their career ended. A masked battery on the hill beyond opened on them, troops enclosed them in, and fire was applied to the wooden buildings. Desperation then gave them the

courage that might have saved them at first, and they strove with madness to force a passage from the burning pile; part were consumed, part cut down; a few only got out, among them five colonels, who threw themselves at the aga's feet, and implored grace. They spoke their last."

Five thousand fell under this grand blow in the capital alone; twenty-five thousand perished throughout the whole empire. The next day a hattı scheriff was read in the mosques, declaring the Janissaries infamous, the order abolished, and the name an anathema.

This great stroke made a prodigious sensation in Europe, and even the best informed were deceived as to its effects on the future prospects of the Ottoman empire. By many it was compared to the destruction of the Strelitzes by Peter the Great, and the resurrection of Turkey anticipated from the great reform of Mahmoud, as Moscow arose from the vigorous measures of the czar. But the cases and the men were totally different. Peter, though a despot, was practically acquainted with his country. He had voluntarily descended to the humblest rank, to make himself master of the arts of life. When he had destroyed the Prætorian guards of Moscow, he built up the new military force of the empire, in strict accordance with its national and religious feelings, and the victory of Pultowa was the consequence. But what did Sultan Mahmoud? Having destroyed the old military force of Turkey, he subjected the new levies which were to replace it to such absurd regulations, and so thoroughly violated the political and religious feelings of the country, that none of the Osmanleys who could possibly avoid it would enter his ranks, and he was obliged to fill them up with mere boys, who had not yet acquired any determinate feelings—a wretched substitute for the old military force of the empire, and which proved totally unequal to the task of facing the veteran troops of Russia. The impolicy of his conduct in destroying and re-building, is more clearly evinced by nothing than the contrast it affords to the conduct of Sultan Amurath, in originally forming these guards.

"Strikingly," says Mr. Slade, "does the conduct of Mahmoud, in forming the new levies, contrast with that of Amurath in the formation of the Janissaries; the measures being parallel, inasmuch as each was a mighty innovation, no less than the establishment of an entire new military force, on the institutions of the country. But Amurath had a master mind. Instead of keeping his new army distinct from the nation, he incorporated it with it, made it conform in all respects to national usages; and the success was soon apparent by its spreading into a vast national guard, of which, in later times, some thousands usurped the permanence of enrolment, in which the remainder, through indolence, acquiesced. Having destroyed these self-constituted battalions, Mahmoud should have made the others available, instead of outlawing them, as it were; and, by respecting their traditional whims and social rights, he would easily have given his subjects a taste for European discipline. They never objected

to it in principle, but their untutored minds could not understand why, in order to use the musket and bayonet, and manœuvre together, it was necessary to leave off wearing beards and turbans.

"But Mahmoud, in his hatred, wished to condemn them to oblivion, to eradicate every token of their pre-existence, not knowing that trampling on a grovelling party is the surest way of giving it fresh spirit; and trampling on the principles of the party in question, was trampling on the principles of the whole nation. In his ideas, the Oriental usages in eating, dressing, &c., were connected with the Janissaries, had been invented by them, and therefore he proscribed them, prescribing new modes. He changed the costume of his court from Asiatic to European; he ordered his soldiers to shave their beards, recommending his courtiers to follow the same example, and he forbade the turban,—that valued, darling, beautiful head-dress, at once national and religious. His folly therein cannot be sufficiently reprobated: had he reflected that Janissarism was only a branch grafted on a wide-spreading tree, that it sprang from the Turkish nation, not the Turkish nation from it, he would have seen how impossible was the more than Herculean task he assumed, of suddenly transforming national manners consecrated by centuries, —a task from which his prophet would have shrunk. The disgust excited by these sumptuary laws may be conceived. Good Mussulmans declared them unholy and scandalous, and the Asiatics, to a man, refused obedience; but as Mahmoud's horizon was confined to his court, he did not know but what his edicts were received with veneration.

"If Mahmoud had stopped at these follies in the exercise of his newly-acquired despotic power, it would have been well. His next step was to increase the duty on all provisions in Constantinople, and in the great provincial cities, to the great discontent of the lower classes, which was expressed by firing the city to such an extent that in the first three months six thousand houses were consumed. The end of October, 1826, was also marked by a general opposition to the new imposts; but repeated executions at length brought the people to their senses, and made them regret the loss of the Janissaries, who had been their protectors as well as tormentors, inasmuch as they had never allowed the price of provisions to be raised. These disturbances exasperated the sultan. He did not attribute them to the right cause, distress, but to a perverse spirit of Janissarism, a suspicion of harbouring which was death to any one. He farther extended his financial operations by raising the miri (land tax) all over the empire, and, in ensuing years, by granting monopolies on all articles of commerce to the highest bidder. In consequence, lands, which had produced abundance, in 1830 lay waste. Articles of export, as opium, silk, &c., gave the growers a handsome revenue when they could sell them to the Frank merchants, but at the low prices fixed by the monopolists they lose, and the cultivation languishes. Sultan Mahmoud kills the goose for the eggs. In a word, he adopted

in full the policy of Mehemet Ali, which supposed the essence of civilization and of political science to be contained in the word *taxation*; and having driven his chariot over the necks of the dere beys, and of the Janissaries, he resolved to tie his subjects to its wheels, and to keep them in dire slavery. Hence a mute struggle began throughout the empire between the sultan and the Turks, the former trying to reduce the latter to the condition of the Egyptian fellahs, the latter unwilling to imitate the fellahs in patient submission. The sultan flatters himself (1830) that he is succeeding, because the taxes he imposed, and the monopolies he has granted, produce him more revenue than he had formerly. The people, although hitherto they have been able to answer the additional demands by opening their hoards, evince a sullen determination not to continue doing so, by seceding gradually from their occupations, and barely existing. The result must be, if the sultan cannot compel them to work, as the Egyptians, under the lashes of task-masters, either a complete stagnation of agriculture and trade, ever at a low ebb in Turkey, or a general rebellion, produced by misery."

The result of these precipitate and monstrous innovations strikingly appeared in the next war with Russia. The Janissaries and dere beys were destroyed—the Mussulmans everywhere disgusted; the turban, the national dress—the scimitar, the national weapon, were laid aside in the army; and instead of the fierce and valiant Janissaries wielding that dreaded weapon, there was to be found only in the army boys of sixteen, wearing caps in the European style, and looked upon as little better than heretics by all true believers.

"Instead of the Janissaries," says Mr. Slade, "the sultan reviewed for our amusement, on the plains of Ramis Tchiflik, his regular troops, which were quartered in and about Constantinople, amounting to about four thousand five hundred foot, and six hundred horse; though beyond being dressed and armed uniformly, scarcely meriting the name of soldiers. What a sight for Count Orloff, then ambassador-extraordinary, filling the streets of Pera with his Cossacks and Circassians! The Count, whom the sultan often amused with a similar exhibition of his weakness, used to say, in reference to the movements of these successors of the Janissaries, that the cavalry were employed in holding on, the infantry knew a little, and the artillery galloped about as though belonging to no party. Yet over such troops do the Russians boast of having gained victories! In no one thing did Sultan Mahmoud make a greater mistake, than in changing the mode of mounting the Turkish cavalry, which before had perfect seats, with perfect command over their horses, and only required a little order to transform the best irregular horse in the world into the best regular horse. But Mahmoud, in all his changes, took the mask for the man, the rind for the fruit. European cavalry rode flat saddles with long stirrups; therefore he thought it necessary that his cavalry should do the same. European infantry wore tight jackets and close caps; therefore the same. Were this blind

adoption of forms only useless, or productive only of physical inconvenience, patience; but it proved a moral evil, creating unbounded disgust. The privation of the turban particularly affected the soldiers; first, on account of the feeling of insecurity about the head with a fez on; secondly, as being opposed to the love of dress, which a military life, more than any other, engenders."

"Mahmoud," says the same author, "will learn that in having attacked the customs of his nation—customs descended to it from Abraham, and respected by Mohammed—he has directly undermined the divine right of his family, that right being only so considered by custom—by its harmonizing with all other cherished usages. He will learn, that in having wantonly trampled on the unwritten laws of the land, those traditionary rights which were as universal household gods, he has put arms in the hands of the disaffected, which no rebel has hitherto had. Neither Ali Pasha nor Passwan Oglou could have appealed to the fanaticism of the Turks to oppose the sultan. Mehemet Ali can and will. Ten years ago, the idea even of another than the house of Othman reigning over Turkey would have been heresy: the question is now openly broached, simply because the house of Othman is separating itself from the nation which raised and supported it. Reason may change the established habits of an old people; despotism rarely can."

How completely has the event, both in the Russian and Egyptian wars, demonstrated the truth of these principles! In the contest in Asia Minor, Paskewitch hardly encountered any opposition. Rage at the destruction of the Janissaries among their numerous adherents—indignation among the old population, in consequence of the ruin of the dere beys, and the suppression of the rights of the cities—lukewarmness in the church, from the anticipated innovations in its constitution—general dissatisfaction among all classes of Mohammedans, in consequence of the change in the national dress and customs, had so completely weakened the feeling of patriotism, and the sultan's authority, that the elements of resistance did not exist. The battles were mere parades—the sieges little more than the summoning of fortresses to surrender. In Europe, the ruinous effects of the innovations were also painfully apparent. Though the Russians had to cross, in a dry and parched season, the pathless and waterless plains of Bulgaria; and though, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the climate, and the wretched arrangements of their commissariat, they lost two hundred thousand men by sickness and famine in the first campaign, yet the Ottomans, though fighting in their own country, and for their hearths, were unable to gain any decisive advantage. And in the next campaign, when they were conducted with more skill, and the possession of Varna gave them the advantage of a seaport for their supplies, the weakness of the Turks was at once apparent. In the battle of the 11th June, the loss of the Turks did not exceed 4000 men, the forces on neither side amounted to forty thousand combatants, and yet this defeat proved fatal to the empire. Of

this battle, our author gives the following characteristic and graphic account:

"In this position, on the west side of the Koulevscha hills, Diebitsch found himself at daylight, June 11th, with thirty-six thousand men, and one hundred pieces of cannon. He disposed them so as to deceive the enemy. He posted a division in the valley, its right leaning on the cliff, its left supported by redoubts; the remainder of his troops he drew up behind the hills, so as to be unseen from the ravine; and then with a well-grounded hope that not a Turk would escape him, waited the grand vizir, who was advancing up the defile, totally unconscious that Diebitsch was in any other place than before Silistria. He had broke up from Pravodi the day before, on the receipt of his despatch from Schumla, and was followed by the Russian garrison, which had been reinforced by a regiment of hussars; but the general commanding it, instead of obeying Diebitsch's orders, and quietly tracking him until the battle should have commenced, harassed his rear. To halt and drive him back to Pravodi, caused the vizir a delay of four hours, without which he would have emerged from the defile the same evening, and have gained Schumla before Diebitsch got into position.

"In the course of the night the vizir was informed that the enemy had taken post between him and Schumla, and threatened his retreat. He might still have avoided the issue of a battle, by making his way transversely across the defiles to the Kampchik, sacrificing his baggage and cannon; but deeming that he had only Roth to deal with, he, as in that case was his duty, prepared to force a passage; and the few troops that he saw drawn up in the valley, on gaining the little wood fringing it, in the morning, confirmed his opinion. He counted on success, yet, to make more sure, halted to let his artillery take up a flanking position on the north side of the valley. The circuitous and bad route, however, delaying this manœuvre, he could not restrain the impatience of the delhis. Towards noon, 'Allah, Allah her,' they made a splendid charge; they repeated it, broke two squares, and amused themselves nearly two hours in carving the Russian infantry, their own infantry, the while, admiring them from the skirts of the wood. Diebitsch, expecting every moment that the vizir would advance to complete the success of his cavalry—thereby sealing his own destruction—ordered Count Pahlen, whose division was in the valley, and who demanded reinforcements, to maintain his ground to the last man. The Count obeyed, though suffering cruelly; but the vizir, fortunately, instead of seconding his adversary's intentions, quietly remained on the eminence, enjoying the gallantry of his delhis, and waiting till his artillery should be able to open; when he might descend and claim the victory with ease. Another ten minutes would have sufficed to envelope him; but Diebitsch, ignorant of the cause of his backwardness, and supposing that he intended amusing him till night, whereby to effect a retreat, and unwilling to lose more men, suddenly displayed his whole force, and opened a tremendous fire on

the astonished Turks. In an instant the rout was general, horse and foot; the latter threw away their arms, and many of the nizam dje-ditt were seen clinging to the tails of the delhi's horses as they clambered over the hills. So complete and instantaneous was the flight, that scarcely a prisoner was made. Redschid strove to check the panic by personal valour, but in vain. He was compelled to draw his sabre in self-defence: he fled to the Kampitchik, accompanied by a score of personal retainers, crossed the mountains, and on the fourth day re-entered Schumla.

"This eventful battle, fought by the cavalry on one side, and a few thousand infantry on the other, decided the fate of Turkey—immense in its consequences, compared with the trifling loss sustained, amounting, on the side of the Russians, to three thousand killed and wounded; on that of the Turks, killed, wounded, and prisoners, to about four thousand. Its effect, however, was the same as if the whole Turkish army had been slain."

We have given at large the striking account of this battle, because it exhibits in the clearest point of view the extraordinary weakness to which a power was suddenly reduced which once kept all Christendom in awe. Thirty-six thousand men and a hundred pieces of cannon decided the fate of Turkey; and an army of Ottomans, forty thousand strong, after sustaining a loss of four thousand men, was literally annihilated. The thing almost exceeds belief. To such a state of weakness had the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud so soon reduced the Ottoman power. Such was the prostration, through innovation, of an empire, which, only twenty years before, had waged a bloody and doubtful war with Russia, and maintained for four campaigns one hundred and fifty thousand men on the Danube.

6. Among the immediate and most powerful causes of the rapid fall of the Ottoman empire, unquestionably, must be reckoned the Greek Revolution, and the extraordinary part which Great Britain took in destroying the Turkish navy at Navarino.

On this subject we wish to speak with caution. We have the most heartfelt wish for the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, and the liberation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage. But with every desire for the real welfare of the Greeks, we must be permitted to doubt whether the Revolution was the way to effect it, or the cause of humanity has not been retarded by the premature effort for its independence.

Since the wars of the French Revolution began, the condition and resources of the Greeks had improved in as rapid a progression as those of the Turks have declined. Various causes have contributed to this.

"The islanders," says Mr. Slade, "it may be said, have always been independent, and in possession of the coasting trade of the empire. The wars attendant on the French Revolution gave them the carrying trade of the Mediterranean; on the Euxine alone they had above two hundred sail under the Russian flag. Their vessels even navigated as far as England. Mercantile houses were established in the

principal ports of the continent of Europe; the only duty on their commerce was five per cent. *ad valorem*, to the sultan's custom-houses. The great demand of the English merchants for Turkish silk, when Italian silk, to which it is superior, was difficult to procure, enriched the Greeks of the interior, who engrossed the entire culture. The continental system obliged us to turn to Turkey for corn, large quantities of which were exported from Macedonia, from Smyrna, and from Tarsus, to the equal profit of the Grecian and Turkish agriculturists. The same system also rendered it incumbent on Germany to cultivate commercial relations with Turkey, to the great advantage of the Greeks, who were to be seen, in consequence, numerous, frequenting the fairs at Leipsic. Colleges were established over Greece and the islands, by leave obtained from Schim III; principally at Smyrna, Scio, Salonica, Yanina, and Hydra; and the wealthy sent their children to civilized Europe for education, without opposition from the Porte, which did not foresee the mischief that it would thereby gather.

"In short, the position of the Greeks, in 1810, was such as would have been considered visionary twenty years previous, and would, if then offered to them, have been hailed as the completion of their desires. But the general rule, applicable to nations as well as to individuals, that an object, however ardently aspired after, when attained, is chiefly valued as a stepping-stone to higher objects, naturally affected them: the possession of unexpected prosperity and knowledge opened to them further prospects, gave them hopes of realizing golden dreams, of revenging treasured wrongs—showed them, in a word, the vista of independence."

These causes fostered the Greek Insurrection, which was secretly organized for years before it broke out in 1821, and was then spread universally and rendered unquenchable by the barbarous murder of the Greek patriarch, and a large proportion of the clergy at Constantinople, on Easter Day of that year. The result has been, that Greece, after seven years of the ordeal of fire and sword, has obtained its independence; and by the destruction of her navy at Navarino, Turkey has lost the means of making any effectual resistance on the Black Sea to Russia. Whether Greece has been benefited by the change, time alone can show. But it is certain that such have been the distractions, jealousies, and robberies of the Greeks upon each other since that time, that numbers of them have regretted that the dominion of their country has passed from the infidels.

But whatever may be thought on this subject, nothing can be more obvious than that the Greek Revolution was utterly fatal to the naval power of Turkey; because it deprived them at once of the class from which alone sailors could be obtained. The whole commerce of the Ottomans was carried on by the Greeks, and their sailors constituted the entire seamen of their fleet. Nothing, accordingly, can be more lamentable than the condition of the Turkish fleet since that time. The catastrophe of Navarino deprived them of their

best ships and bravest sailors; the Greek revolt drained off the whole population who were wont to man their fleets. Mr. Slade informs us that when he navigated on board the Capitan Pasha's ship with the Turkish fleet in 1829, the crews were composed almost entirely of landsmen, who were forced on board without the slightest knowledge of nautical affairs; and that such was their timidity from inexperience of that element, that a few English frigates would have sent the whole squadron, containing six ships of the line, to the bottom. The Russian fleet also evinced a degree of ignorance and timidity in the Euxine, which could hardly have been expected, from their natural hardihood and resolution. Yet, the Moscovite fleet, upon the whole, rode triumphant; by their capture of Anapa, they struck at the great market from whence Constantinople is supplied, while, by the storming of Sizopolis, they gave a *point d'appui* to Diebitsch on the coast within the Balkan, without which he could never have ventured to cross that formidable range. This ruin of the Turkish marine by the Greek Revolution and the battle of Navarino, was therefore the immediate cause of the disastrous issue of the second Russian campaign; and the scale might have been turned, and it made to terminate in equal disasters to the invaders, if five English ships of the line had been added to the Turkish force; an addition, Mr. Slade tells us, which would have enabled the Turks to burn the Russian arsenals and fleet at Swartopol, and postponed for half a century the fall of the Ottoman empire.

Nothing, therefore, can be more instructive than the rapid fall of the Turkish power; nor more curious than the coincidence between the despotic acts of the reforming eastern sultan and of the innovating European democracies. The measures of both have been the same; both have been actuated by the same principles, and both yielded to the same ungovernable ambition. The sultan commenced his reforms by destroying the old territorial noblesse, ruining the privileges of corporations, and subverting the old military force of the kingdom; and he is known to meditate the destruction of the Mohammedan hierarchy, and the confiscation of the property of the church to the service of the public treasury. The Constituent Assembly, before they had sat six months, had annihilated the feudal nobility, extinguished the privileges of corporations, uprooted the military force of the monarchy, and confiscated the whole property of the church. The work of destruction went on far more smoothly and rapidly in the hands of the great despotic democracy, than of the eastern sultan; by the whole forces of the state drawing in one direction, the old machine was pulled to pieces with a rapidity to which there is nothing comparable in the annals even of Oriental potentates. The rude hand even of Sultan Mahmoud took a lifetime to accomplish that which the French democracy effected in a few months; and even his ruthless power paused at devastations, which they unhesitatingly adopted amidst the applause of the nation. Despotism, absolute despotism, was the ruling passion of both; the sultan proclaimed the principle that all authority flows

from the throne, and that every influence must be destroyed which does not emanate from that source; "The Rights of Man" publicly announced the sovereignty of the people, and made every appointment, civil and military, flow from their assemblies. So true it is that despotism is actuated by the same jealousies, and leads to the same measures on the part of the sovereign as the multitude; and so just is the observation of Aristotle: "The character of democracy and despotism is the same. Both exercise a despotic authority over the better class of citizens; decrees are in the first, what ordinances and arrests are in the last. Though placed in different ages or countries, the court favourite and democrat are in reality the same characters, or at least they always bear a close analogy to each other; they have the principal authority in their respective forms of government; favourites with the absolute monarch, demagogues with the sovereign multitude."^{*}

The immediate effect of the great despotic acts in the two countries, however, was widely different. The innovations of Sultan Mahmoud being directed against the wishes of the majority of the nation, prostrated the strength of the Ottomans, and brought the Russian battalions in fearful strength over the Balkan. The innovations of the Constituent Assembly being done in obedience to the dictates of the people, produced for a time a portentous union of revolutionary passions, and carried the Republican standards in triumph to every capital of Europe. It is one thing to force reform upon an unwilling people; it is another and a very different thing to yield to their wishes in imposing it upon a reluctant minority in the state.

But the ultimate effect of violent innovations, whether proceeding from the despotism of the sultan or the multitude, is the same. In both cases they totally destroy the frame of society, and prevent the possibility of freedom being permanently erected, by destroying the classes whose intermixture is essential to its existence. The consequences of destroying the *dere beys*, the *ayams*, the *Janissaries*, and *ulema* in Turkey, will, in the end, be the same as ruining the church, the nobility, the corporations, and landed proprietors in France. The tendency of both is identical, to destroy all authority but that emanating from a single power in the state, and of course to render that power despotic. It is immaterial whether that single power is the primary assemblies of the people, or the *divan* of the sultan; whether the influence to be destroyed is that of the church or the *ulema*, the *dere beys* or the nobility. In either case there is no counterpoise to its authority, and of course no limit to its oppression. As it is impossible, in the nature of things, that power should long be exercised by great bodies, as they necessarily and rapidly fall under despots of their own creation, so it is evident that the path is cleared, not only for despotism, but absolute despotism, as completely by the innovating democracy as the restless sultan. There never was such a pioneer for tyranny as the Constituent As-

^{*} Arist. de Pol. iv. c. 4.

sembly, they outstripped Sultan Mahmoud himself

It is melancholy to reflect on the deplorable state of weakness to which England has been reduced since revolutionary passions seized upon her people. Three years ago, the British name was universally respected; the Portuguese pointed with gratitude to the well-fought fields, where English blood was poured forth like water in behalf of their independence; the Dutch turned with exultation to the Lion of Waterloo, the proud and unequalled monument of English fidelity; the Poles acknowledged with gratitude, that, amidst all their sorrows, England alone had stood their friend, and exerted its influence at the Congress of Vienna to procure for them constitutional freedom; even the Turks, though mourning the catastrophe of Navarino, acknowledged that British diplomacy had at length interfered and turned aside from Constantinople the sword of Russia, after the barrier of the Balkan had been broke through. Now, how woful is the change! The Portuguese recount, with undisguised indignation, the spoliation of their navy by the tricolour fleet, then in close alliance with England; and the fostering by British blood and treasure, of a cruel and insidious civil war in their bosom, in aid of the principle of revolutionary propagandism. The Dutch, with indignant rage, tell the tale of the desertion by England of the allies and principles for which she had fought for a hundred and fifty years, and the shameful union of the Leopard and the Eagle, to crush the independence and partition the territories of Holland. The Polish exiles in foreign lands dwell on the heart-rending story of their wrongs, and narrate how they were led on by deceitful promises from France and England to resist, till the period of capitulation had gone by; the eastern nations deplore the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, and hold up their hands in astonishment at the infatuation which has led the mistress of the seas to permit the keys of the Dardanelles to be placed in the grasp of Moscovite ambition. It is in vain to conceal the fact, that by a mere change of ministry, by simply letting loose revolutionary passions, England has descended to the rank of a third-rate power. She has sunk at once, without any external disasters, from the triumphs of Trafalgar and Waterloo, to the disgrace and the humiliation of Charles II. It is hard to say whether she is most despised or insulted by her ancient allies or enemies; whether contempt and hatred are strongest among those she aided or resisted in the late struggle. Russia defies her in the east, and, secure in the revolutionary passions by which her people are distracted, pursues with now undisguised anxiety her longcherished and stubbornly-resisted schemes of ambition in the Dardanelles. France drags her a willing captive at her chariot-wheels, and compels the arms which once struck down Napoleon to aid her in all the mean revolutionary aggressions she is pursuing on the surrounding states. Portugal and Holland, smarting under the wounds received from their oldest ally, wait for the moment of British

weakness to wreak vengeance for the wrongs inflicted under the infatuated guidance of the whig democracy. Louis XIV., humbled by the defeats of Blenheim and Ramillies, yet spurned with indignation at the proposal that he should join his arms to those of his enemies, to dispossess his ally, the King of Spain; but England, in the hour of her greatest triumph, has submitted to a greater degradation. She has deserted and insulted the nation which stood by her side in the field of Vittoria; she has joined in hostility against the power which bled with her at Waterloo, and deserted in its last extremity the ally whose standards waved triumphant with her on the sands of Egypt.

The supineness and weakness of ministers in the last agony of Turkey have been such as would have exceeded belief, if woful experience had not taught us to be surprised at nothing which they can do. France acted with becoming foresight and spirit; they had an admiral, with four ships of the line, to watch Russia in the Dardanelles, when the crisis approached. What had England? *One ship of the line* on the way from Malta, and a few frigates in the Archipelago, were all that the mistress of the waves could afford, to support the honour and interests of England, in an emergency more pressing than any which has occurred since the battle of Trafalgar. Was the crisis not foreseen? Every man in the country of any intelligence foresaw it, from the moment that Ibrahim besieged Acre. Can England only fit out one ship of the line to save the Dardanelles from Russia? Is this the foresight of the Whigs, or the effect of the dockyard reductions? Or has the reform act utterly annihilated our strength, and sunk our name?

It is evident that in the pitiable shifts to which government is now reduced, foreign events, even of the greatest magnitude, have no sort of weight in its deliberations. Resting on the quicksands of popular favour; intent only on winning the applause or resisting the indignation of the rabble; dreading the strokes of their old allies among the political unions; awakened, when too late, to a sense of the dreadful danger arising from the infatuated course they have pursued; hesitating between losing the support of the revolutionists and pursuing the anarchical projects which they avow; unable to command the strength of the nation for any foreign policy; having sown the seeds of interminable dissension between the different classes of society, and spread far and wide the modern passion for innovation in lieu of the ancient patriotism of England; they have sunk it at once into the gulf of degradation. By the passions they have excited in the empire, its strength is utterly destroyed, and well do foreign nations perceive its weakness. They know that Ireland is on the verge of rebellion; that the West Indies, with the torch and the tomahawk at their throats, are waiting only for the first national reverse to throw off their allegiance; that the splendid empire of India is shaking under the democratic rule to which it is about to be subjected on the expiry of the charter; that the dock

yards, stripped of their stores to make a show of economy, and conceal a sinking revenue, could no longer fit out those mighty fleets which so recently went forth from their gates, conquering and to conquer. The foreign historians of the French revolutionary war deplored the final seal it had put upon the maritime superiority of England, and declared that human sagacity could foresee no possible extrication of the seas from her resistless dominion: but how vain are the anticipations of human wisdom! The fickle change of popular opinion subverted the mighty fabric; a Whig ministry succeeded to the helm, and before men had ceased to tremble at the thunder of Trafalgar, England had become contemptible on the waves!

From this sad scene of national degradation and decay, from the melancholy spectacle of the breaking up, from revolutionary passion and innovation, of the greatest and most beneficent empire that ever existed upon earth, we turn to a more cheering prospect, and joyfully inhale from the prospects of the species those hopes which we can no longer venture to cherish for our own country.

The attention of all classes in this country has been so completely absorbed of late years by the progress of domestic changes, and the march of revolution, that little notice has been bestowed on the events we have been considering; yet they are more important to the future fate of the species, than even the approaching dismemberment of the British empire. We are about to witness the overthrow of the Mohammedan religion; the emancipation of the cradle of civilization from Asiatic bondage; the accomplishment of that deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, for which the Crusaders toiled and bled in vain; the elevation of the cross on the Dome of St. Sophia and the walls of Jerusalem.

That this great event was approaching has been long foreseen by the thoughtful and the philanthropic. The terrors of the Crescent have long since ceased: it first paled in the Gulf of Lepanto: it waned before the star of Sobieski under the walls of Vienna, and set in flames in the Bay of Navarino. The power which once made all Christendom tremble, which shook the imperial throne, and penetrated from the sands of Arabia to the banks of the Loire, is now in the agonies of dissolution; and that great deliverance for which the banded chivalry of Europe fought for centuries, and to attain which millions of Christian bones whitened the fields of Asia, is now about to be effected through the vacillation and indifference of their descendants. That which the courage of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the enthusiasm of Godfrey of Bouillon, could not achieve; which resisted the arms of the Templars and the Hospitallers, and rolled back from Asia the tide of European invasion, is now in the act of being accomplished. A more memorable instance was never afforded of the manner in which the passions and vices of men are made to work out the intentions of an overruling Providence, and of the vanity of all human attempts to prevent that cease-

less spread of religion which has been decreed by the Almighty.

That Russia is the power by whom this great change was to be effected, by whose arm the tribes of Asia were to be reduced to subjection, and the triumph of civilization over barbaric sway effected, has long been apparent. The gradual but unceasing pressure of the hardy races of mankind upon the effeminate, of the energy of northern poverty on the corruption of southern opulence, rendered it evident that this change must ultimately be effected. The final triumph of the Cross over the Crescent was secure from the moment that the Turcoman descended to the plains of Asia Minor, and the sway of the Czar was established in the deserts of Scythia. As certainly as water will ever descend from the mountains to the plain, so surely will the stream of permanent conquest, in every age, flow from the northern to the southern races of mankind.

But although the continued operation of these causes was evident, and the *ultimate* ascendent of the religion of Christ, and the institutions of civilization, over the tenets of Mohammed, and the customs of barbarism, certain; yet many different causes, till within these few years, contributed to check their effects, and to postpone, apparently, for an indefinite period, the final liberation of the eastern world. But the weakness, insanity, and vacillation of England and France, while they will prove fatal to them, seem destined to subject the east to the sway of Russia, and renew, in the plains of Asia, those institutions of which Europe has become unworthy. The cause of religion, the spread of the Christian faith, has received an impulse from the vices and follies, which she never received from the sword of western Europe. The infidelity and irreligion of the French philosophers have done that for the downfall of Islamism which all the enthusiasm of the Crusaders could not accomplish. Their first effect was to light up a deadly war in Europe, and array the civilized powers of the world in mortal strife against each other; but this was neither their only nor their final effect. In this contest, the arms of civilization acquired an unparalleled ascendancy over those of barbarism; and at its close, the power of Russia was magnified fourfold. Turkey and Persia were unable to withstand the empire from which the arms of Napoleon rolled back. The overthrow of Mohammedanism, the liberation of the finest provinces of Europe from Turkish sway, flowed at last, directly and evidently, from the rise of the spirit which at first closed all the churches of France, and erected the altar of reason in the choir of Notre Dame. We are now witnessing the conclusion of the drama. When England descended from her high station, and gave way to revolutionary passions; when irreligion tainted her people, and respect for the institutions of their fathers no longer influenced her government, she, too, was abandoned to the consequences of her vices; and from her apostasy, fresh support derived to the cause of Christianity. French irreligion had quadrupled the military strength of Russia: but the English navy still

existed to uphold the tottering edifice of Turkish power. English irreligion and infidelity overturned her constitution, and the barrier was swept away.

The British navy, paralysed by democracy and divisions in the British islands, can no longer resist Moscovite ambition, and the prostration of Turkey is in consequence complete. The effects will in the end be fatal to England; but they may raise up in distant lands other empires, which may one day rival even the glories of the British name. The cross may cease to be venerated at Paris, but it will be elevated at St. Sophia: it may be ridiculed in

London, but it will resume its sway at Antioch. Considerations of this kind are fitted, if any can, to console us for the degradation and calamities of our own country: they show, that if one nation becomes corrupted, Providence can derive, even from its vices and ingratitude, the means of raising up other states to the glory of which it has become unworthy: and that from the decay of civilization in its present seats, the eye of hope may anticipate its future resurrection in the cradle from whence it originally spread its blessings throughout the world.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION OF 1820.*

THERE is no subject with which we are more completely unacquainted, or which has been more perverted by artful deception on the part of the revolutionary press throughout Europe, than the convulsions, which, since the general peace, have distracted the Spanish Peninsula. Circumstances have been singularly favourable to the universal diffusion of erroneous views on this subject. The revolutionary party had a fair field for the adoption of every kind of extravagance, and the propagation of every species of falsehood, in a country where the ruling class, who opposed the movement, had committed great errors, been guilty of black ingratitude, and were totally incapable of counteracting, by means of the press, those erroneous misrepresentations, with which the indefatigable activity of the revolutionary party overwhelmed the public mind in every part of the world. Their exertions, and the success which they have met with, in this respect, have accordingly been unprecedented; and there is no subject on which historic truth will be found to be so different from journal misrepresentation, as the transactions of the Peninsula during the last fifteen years.

That Ferdinand VII. is a weak man; that, under the government of the priests, he has violated his promises, behaved cruelly towards his deliverers, and been guilty of black ingratitude towards the heroic defenders of his throne during his exile, may be considered as historically certain. How, then, has it happened that the Revolution has retrograded in a country where so much was required to be done in the way of real amelioration, and the wishes of so large a portion of its inhabitants were unanimous in favour of practical improvement? How can we explain the fact, that the French, in 1823, led by the Duke d'Angoulême, under the weak and vacillating direction of the Bourbons, traversed the Peninsula from end to end, without even the shadow of resistance, and established their standard on the walls of Cadiz, after the heroic resistance which the peasantry of the Peninsula made to Gallic aggression

under Napoleon, and the universal hatred which their presence had excited in every part of that desolated and blood-stained country? Immense must have been the injustice, enormous the folly, ruinous the sway of the revolutionary party, when it so soon cured a whole nation of a desire for change, which all at first felt to be necessary, which so many were throughout interested in promoting, and which was begun with such unanimous support from all classes.

The Revolutionists explain this extraordinary fact, by saying that it was entirely owing to the influence of the priests, who, seeing that their power and possessions were threatened by the proposed innovations, set themselves vigorously and successfully to oppose them. But here again historical facts disprove party misrepresentations. It will be found, upon examination, that the priests at the outset made no resistance whatever to the establishment of the constitution on the most democratic basis; that the experiment of a highly popular form of government was tried with the unanimous approbation of *all classes*; and that the subsequent general horror at the constitutionalists, and the easy overthrow of their government, was owing to the madness of the popular rulers themselves, to the enormous injustice which they committed, the insane projects of innovation in which they indulged, and the weighty interests in all ranks, on which, in the prosecution of their frantic career, they were compelled to trench. Spain, when the veil is drawn aside which party delusions has so long spread before its transactions, will be found to add another confirmation to the eternal truths, that the career of innovation necessarily and rapidly destroys itself; that the misery it immediately produces renders the great body of men at length deaf to the delusive promises by which its promoters never fail to bolster up its fortunes, and that there is no such fatal enemy to real freedom as the noisy supporters of democratic ambition.

The work, whose title is prefixed to this article, is well calculated to disabuse the public mind in regard to these important transactions. The author is one of the liberal party in France.

* *Essai Historique sur la Revolution d'Espagne*, par le Vicomte de Martignac, Paris, Pinard, 1832. Blackwood's Magazine, September, 1832.

and bestows liberal and unqualified abuse upon all the really objectionable parts of Ferdinand's conduct. At the same time, he unfolds, in clear and graphic colours, the ruinous precipitance and fatal innovations of the Revolutionists, and distinctly demonstrates that it was not the priests nor the nobles, but their own injustice, and the wide-spread ruin produced by their own measures, which occasioned the speedy downfall of the absurd constitution which they had established.

We all recollect that the new constitution of Spain was framed in the Isle of Leon, in 1812, when the greater part of the Peninsula was overrun by the French troops. M. Martignac gives the following account of the original formation of the Cortes in that island, to whom the important task of framing a constitution which they had established.

"The greater part of the Spanish territory was at this period overrun by the French; Cadiz, Galicia, Murcia, and the Belearic Isles, alone elected their representatives: *No condition was imposed on the electors, but every one who presented himself was allowed to vote.* The deputies from the other provinces were elected by an equally *universal suffrage* of all their inhabitants who had taken refuge in the Isle of Leon; and thus the Cortes was at length assembled. Such was the origin of the assembly which gave to Spain its democratic constitution.

"We cannot now read without surprise, mingled with pity, the annals of that assembly, and the monuments it has left for the instruction of all nations, a prey to the same passions, and the victims of the same fury. The bloody annals of our Convention can alone give an idea of it; but to the revolutionary fanaticism which they shared with us, we must add, the influence of a burning sun over their heads, and the force of implacable animosities, nourished by the Moorish blood which flowed in their veins. All the recollections of our disasters were there cited, not as beacons to be avoided, but examples to be followed: all the men whose names are never pronounced amongst us but with an involuntary feeling of horror, were there cited as heroes, and proposed as models; all the measures of proscription and destruction which vengeance, inspired by hatred, could suggest, were there proposed and supported. One declared that in his eyes the hatchet of the executioner was the sole argument which he would deign to propose to the logic of his adversaries; another, and that was a priest, offered to take the axe into his own hands; a third, indignant at the scandal which Spain had so long exhibited, exclaimed, 'We have been assembled for six months, and not one head has as yet fallen.'

"In the midst of these manifestations of a furious delirium, some prudent and sagacious voices were heard, and united among each other to moderate the popular effervescence, which such pains had been taken to excite. Among those who executed with most success this honourable task, the voice of Arguelles was especially distinguished; of that Arguelles, whose mind, chastened by reflection, and enlightened by study, had subdued these extravagant ideas; whose eloquence at once cap-

tivated and entranced his auditors; and who, in a time and a place where any thing approaching to moderation was stigmatized as blasphemy, had obtained the extraordinary surname of the Divine.

"Nothing, however, could arrest the torrent of democracy which had now broken through all its bounds. The Cortes had been convoked to overturn the foundations of the Spanish monarchy, and consummate the work of the Revolution, and nothing could prevent the task being accomplished. From the day of their first meeting, they had proclaimed the principle, that sovereignty resides in the nation; and all their acts were the consequences of that principle. The national and rational party, whose conviction and good sense it outraged, were far from adopting so extravagant a proposition, and in ordinary circumstances they would have rejected it; but all their protestations and remonstrances were overturned, by pointing to their young king, a captive in a foreign land, and incessantly invoking the principle of popular sovereignty, as the sole method of awakening that general enthusiasm, which might ultimately deliver him from his fetters. The peril of foreign subjugation was such, that nothing tending to calm the public effervescence could be admitted; and the firmest royalists were, by an unhappy fatality, compelled to embrace principles subversive of the throne.

"The Cortes, therefore, was compelled to advance in the career on which it had entered, deliberating on the great interests of Spain under the irresistible influence of a *furious and democratic press*, and under the pressure of popular speeches delivered by the visionary and enthusiastic from all the provinces, who soon made Cadiz their common centre.

"It was in the midst of that fiery furnace that the constitution of Spain was forged: in the bosom of that crisis, the centre of that fermentation, in the absence of *all liberty of thought and action*, from the vehemence of the popular party, that the solemn act was adopted which was to regulate the destiny of a great people."—I. 94—97.

A constitution struck out in such a period of foreign danger and domestic deliverance, under the dread of French bayonets and the pressure of revolutionary fury, could hardly be expected to be either rational or stable, or adapted to the character and wants of the people. It was accordingly in the highest degree democratical; not only infinitely more so than Spain could bear, but more so than any state in Europe, not excepting England or France, could adopt with the slightest chance of safety. Its leading articles were as follows:—

- "1. The sovereignty resides in the nation.
- "2. The Cortes is to be elected by the *universal suffrage* of the whole inhabitants.
- "3. It possesses *alone* the legislative power, which comprises the sole power of proposing laws. It votes the taxes and the levies for the army; lays down all the regulations for the armed force; names the supreme judges; creates and institutes a regent, in case of minority or incapacity, of which last it alone is the judge, and exercises a direct control

over the ministers and all other functionaries, whose responsibility it alone regulates. During the intervals of its sessions, it is represented by a *permanent deputation*, charged with the execution of the laws, and the power of convoking it, in case of necessity.

"4. The king is inviolable. He sanctions the laws; but he can only refuse his assent twice, and to different legislatures." On the third bill being presented, *he must give his consent*. He has the right of pardon; but that right is circumscribed within certain limits fixed by law.

"5. The king names the public functionaries, but from a list presented to him by the council of state. The whole functionaries are subject to a supreme tribunal, the members of which are all appointed by the Cortes.

"6. The king cannot leave the kingdom without the leave of the Cortes; and if he marries without their consent, he is held by that act alone to have abdicated the throne.

"7. There is to be constantly attached to the king's person a council of forty members. Three counsellors are for life, named by the king, but from a list furnished by the Cortes, in which there can only be four of the great nobles, and four ecclesiastics. It is this council which presents the lists for all employments in church and state to the king, for his selection.

"8. No part of the new constitution is to be revised in any of its parts, but by the votes of three successive legislatures, and by a decree of the Cortes, not subject to the royal sanction." I. 97—99.

Such was the Spanish constitution of 1812, to the restoration of which, all the subsequent convulsions of the Revolutionary party have been directed. It was evidently in the highest degree democratical; so much so, indeed, that the President of the American Congress has fully as much real power. The Cortes was elected by universal suffrage; there was no upper chamber or House of Peers to restrain its excesses; it was alone invested with the right of voting the taxes, raising the army, and establishing its regulations; it controlled and directed all the public functionaries, and its powers were enjoyed, during the periods of its prorogation, by a permanent committee, which had the power at any time, of its own authority, to reassemble the whole body. By means of the Council of State substantially elected by the Cortes, and the lists which it presented to the king for the choice of all public functionaries, it was invested with the power of naming all officers, civil, military, ecclesiastical, and judicial; and, to complete this mass of democratic absurdity, this constitution could not be altered in any of its parts but by the concurring act of three successive legislatures, and a decree of the Cortes, not subject to the royal sanction. It is needless to say any thing of this constitution; it was much more democratical than the constitution of France in 1790, which was so soon overturned by the Revolutionists of that country, and was of such a kind as could not, by possibility, have failed to precipitate the Peninsula into all the horrors of anarchy.

The ultimate fate of such a mass of revolu-

tionary madness, in a country so little accustomed to bear the excitement, and so little aware of the duties of freedom as Spain, might easily have been anticipated. Its early reception in the different classes of the community is thus described by our author:—

"To those who are aware of the true spirit of that grave and constant nation, and who were not blinded by the passions or the excitation of political fanaticism, it was easy to foresee the reception which a constitution would receive, by which all the habits of the nation were violated, and all their affections wounded.

"At Cadiz, Barcelona, and, in general, in all the great commercial towns, the party who had urged forward the Revolution readily prevailed over the adherents of old institutions, and these towns expressed their adhesion with enthusiasm; but in the smaller boroughs in the country, and, above all, in the provinces of the interior, where the new ideas had not yet made any progress, this total prostration of the Royalty—this substitution of a new power instead of that which had been the object of ancient veneration, was received with a coldness which soon degenerated into discontent and open complaints.

"In vain the innovators sought to persuade the people, whose dissatisfaction could no longer be concealed, that the new constitution was but a restoration of the ancient principles of the monarchy, adapted to the new wants and exigencies of society; in vain had they taken care, in destroying things, to preserve names; this deceitful address deceived no one, and abated nothing of the public discontent.

"The clergy, discontented and disquieted at the prospect of a future which it was now easy to foresee—the great proprietors, who were subjected to new burdens, at the same time that they were deprived of their ancient rights—the members of all the provincial councils which were despoiled of their ancient jurisdictions, added to the public discontent. The creation of a direct tax, unknown till that day, appeared to the inhabitants of the country an intolerable burden—a sacrifice without any compensation; and as the burden of the war became more heavy as it continued in duration, these two causes of suffering worked the discontent of the people up, to perfect fury." 100, 101.

The universal discontent at the new constitution broke out into open expressions of detestation, when the king, liberated from the grasp of Napoleon, entered Spain in 1814.

"The king entered Spain in the midst of the transports of public joy at his deliverance, and advanced to Valencia, where he was proclaimed by the army under General Elio.

"From the frontiers to Valencia, Ferdinand heard nothing but one continued anathema and malediction against the constitution. From all sides he received petitions, memorials, addresses, in which he was besought to annul what had been done during his captivity, and to reign over Spain as his fathers had reigned. There was not a village through which he passed which did not express a similar wish, subscribed by men of all ranks, and even by the members of the municipalities created by

the constitution. The army held the same language; and those who had shed their blood for the defence of the throne, demanded, with loud cries, 'that the throne should be preserved pure, and without spot; and that, as formerly, it should be powerful, firm, and honoured.'

"The minority of the Cortes joined their voice to the many others which met the king's ears, and presented the same wishes and petitions. These members with that view signed a petition, since well known under the name of the Protestation of the Fathers. Sixty-nine deputies, named by the constitution, supplicated the king to destroy the act to which all classes had so recently been bound by a solemn oath."—I. 107—109.

The result of this unanimous feeling was the famous decree of Valencia of May 6, 1814, by which the monarch annulled the constitution which he had recently accepted in exile. The Cortes made several efforts to resist the change, but the public indignation overwhelmed them all.

"Resistance to the royal edict was speedily found to be a chimera. The torrent accumulated as it advanced, and no person in the state was able to stand against it. After the publication of the Edict of Valencia, the king marched to Madrid; and he found, wherever he went, the people in a state of insurrection against the constitutional authorities, the pillars of the constitution overturned and broken, and the *absolute king* proclaimed. Everywhere the soldiers, sent by the Cortes to restrain the transports of the people, joined their acclamations to theirs. It was in the midst of that cortege, which was swelled by the population of every village through which he passed, that Ferdinand traversed the space between Valencia and Madrid; and it was surrounded by a population more ardent and impassioned even than that of the 13th May, that he made one of those memorable entries into his capital which seemed to promise a long and tranquil futurity.

"Thus fell this imprudent and ephemeral constitution, cradled amidst troubles and war, prepared without reflection, discussed without freedom, founded on opinions and sentiments which were strangers to the soil, applied to a people for whom it was neither made nor adapted, and which could not survive the crisis in which it had been conceived."—I. 120, 121.

Thus terminated the first act of this unhappy drama. From the rash and absurd innovations, the democratic invasions and total destruction of the old form of government, by the revolutionary party, the maintenance even of moderate and regulated freedom had become impossible. In two years the usual career of revolution had been run; liberty had perished under the frantic innovations of its own supporters; its excesses were felt to be more formidable than the despotism of absolute power, and for shelter from a host of vulgar tyrants, the people ran to the shadow of the throne.

The cruel and unjustifiable use which the absolute monarch made of this violent reac-

tion in favour of monarchical institutions, the base ingratitude which he evinced to the popular supporters of his throne during his exile, and the enormous iniquities which were practised upon the fallen party of the liberals, are universally known. These excesses gave the revolutionary party too good reason to complain; they pointed out in clear colours the perils of unfettered power; they awakened the sympathies of the young and the generous in every part of the world, in favour of the unhappy victims of regal vengeance, whose blood was shed on the scaffold, or who were languishing in captivity; and therefore, if any events could do so, they left a fair field for the efforts of the constitutional party. Yet, even with such advantages, and the immense addition of power consequent on the defection of the army, the revolutionary party, after being again called to the helm of affairs, again perished under the weight of their own revolutionary passions and absurd innovations.

The events which soon followed; the insurrection of Riego, the revolt of the troops assembled in the Island of Leon for the South American expedition in 1820, and the compulsory acceptance of the democratic constitution of 1812 by the absolute king, are familiar to all our readers. The effects of this complete and bloodless triumph of democracy are what chiefly concern the people of this country, and they are painted in lucid colours by our author.

"As soon as the constitution had been accepted of by the king, its establishment experienced no serious resistance in the kingdom. The great nobles, accustomed to follow the orders of a master, hesitated not to follow his example. In the principal towns, all those engaged in commerce, industry, and the liberal professions, testified their adherence with the most lively satisfaction. The army expressed its devotion to the constitutional standard which it had erected, and evinced its determination to support it by the formidable weapons of force. The needy and idle; all who were bankrupt, in labouring circumstances, or destitute of the industrious habits necessary to secure a subsistence, flew with avidity to the support of a system, which promised them the spoils of the state. The dignified clergy and the monks beheld with grief the triumph of the theories which they condemned; but nevertheless they obeyed in silence. The magistracy followed their example. As to the people properly so called, that is to say, the industrious inhabitants of the towns, the peaceable cultivators of the fields, they regarded the change with disquietude and distrust, took no active share in promoting it, and awaited the course of events to decide their judgment."—I. 203.

The usual effects of democratic ascendancy were not long in proclaiming themselves.

The sixty-nine deputies of the old Cortes, who had signed the address to the king recommending the overthrow of the constitution, were everywhere arrested and thrown into prison. This was the first indication of what the constitutionalists understood by the amnesty which they had proclaimed.

"Whilst at Madrid, the royal government, deprived of all moral force, feebly struggled

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against the popular power, which had arisen by its side; whilst the patriotic societies overturned or displaced the local authorities, insulted the majesty of the throne and the royal authority, preached license and proclaimed disorder; whilst violence was organized, and anarchy systematically constituted, the provinces did not afford a more cheering example, and in that circle of fire into which Spain was now resolved, the extremities showed themselves not less inflamed than the centre. There could be discerned, by the prophetic eyes of wisdom, the black speck which was soon to enlarge and overwhelm the kingdom with the horrors of civil war.

"In a great proportion of the provinces, separate juntas were formed, while some disregarded alike the authority of government and that of the supreme assembly. Each of these assemblies deliberated, interpreted, acted according to the disposition of the majority of its members, and no central authority felt itself sufficiently strong to venture to subject to any common yoke the local parliaments, each of which, in its own little sphere, had more influence than the central alone possessed."—I. 211.

Amidst the general transports of the revolutionary party at this unexpected change, the usual and invariable attendant or revolutionary convulsions, *embarrassments of finance*, were soon experienced. The way in which this undying load precipitated the usual consequences of revolutionary triumph, national bankruptcy, and a confiscation of the property of the church, is thus detailed:—

"No sooner was the new Cortes installed, than numerous and important cares occupied their attention. Of these, the most pressing was the *state of the finances*. Disinterestedness is not in general the distinctive character of the leaders of party, and the countries delivered by revolutions usually are not long of discovering what it has cost them. In vain the ministry, in vain the Cortes, terrified at the *daily increasing deficit in the public treasury*, and the absence of all resources to supply it sought to reduce, by economical reductions, those charges which the state could evidently no longer support. While reductions were effected in one quarter, additional charges multiplied in another. All those who could make out the shadow of a claim of loss arising from the arbitrary government; all those whose hands had touched, to raise it up, the pillar of the constitution, had restitutions or indemnities to claim, without prejudice to arrears, and new places to demand. Refusal was out of the question; for it would have been considered as a denial of justice, an act of ingratitude, a proof of servility. *Amidst the public transports the revenue was incessantly going down.*"

It became absolutely indispensable, therefore, to provide new resources; but where was a government to find them, destitute of credit, in a country without industry and without commerce? The expedient of a patriotic loan was tried, but that immediately and totally failed. The patriots all expected to receive, not to be called upon to give money to government. Resource was then, from sheer necessity, had to

the most fatal of all measures,—to one of those which at once ruin the present, and destroy all prospects for the future. They made a separation between all arrears, or existing debt, and the current expenses of the year, and appropriated to *this last the whole revenue of the state*,—that is to say, they proclaimed public bankruptcy as to the national debt, and thus inflicted on public and private credit one of those mortal stabs from which they never recover.

"Having thus got quit of the debt, the next object was to bring up the income to the expenditure of the year. For this purpose, they re-established the *direct and burdensome land-tax*, which had been abandoned on the restoration of royalty, in 1814, and created various new taxes, most of which, from their extreme unpopularity, they were soon compelled to abandon.

"They next established on the frontier a line of custom-houses, with a rigour of prohibition which could hardly be conceived in an industrious country, which was unintelligible in Spain, and was speedily followed by the establishment, on the frontier, of a system of smuggling, the most vast and organized that ever existed.

"Finally, they abolished the tithes and feudal tenths, but established the half of them for the service of the state. This was immediately attended with the worst effects. The ecclesiastical tithe was the burden, of all others, which was most regularly and cheerfully paid in Spain, because the people were accustomed to it, and they conceived that, in paying it, they discharged at once a legal obligation and a debt of conscience; but when it was converted into a burden merely available to the ordinary wants of the state, it was no longer regarded in that light, but as an odious charge, and its collection was instantly exposed to the increasing embarrassments of the other imposts.

"At the time that they voted these different financial expedients, their total inadequacy was obvious to the most inconsiderate; and it soon became evident that additional resources were unavoidable."—I. 230, 231.

Thus the first effect of the triumph of revolution in Spain, was the imposition of a heavy income-tax, the destruction of the public debt, and the confiscation of tithes, and a large portion of the land rights of the kingdom, to the service of the treasury. One simple and irresistible cause produced these effects,—the failure of the revenue,—invariably consequent on the suspension of industry, the failure of credit, and contraction of expenditure, which result from popular triumph.

The rapid progress of innovation in every other department, in consequence of the re-establishment of the democratic constitution, speedily unhinged all the institutions of society. Its effect is thus detailed by our author:—

"Independent of the financial measures of which I have given an account, and which were attended with so little good effect, the Cortes were occupied with innumerable projects of reform in legislation, administration, and police, so numerous, that it is impossible to give any account of them. Devoured with the passion for destruction, and but little solicitous about restoring with prudence, the

ardent friends of reform did not allow a single day to pass without denouncing some abuse, declaiming against some remnants of despotism and arbitrary power. Projects of laws succeeded each other without interruption; and as every one of these projects was held to be an *incontestible and urgent necessity*, and to hesitate as to it would have been apparently to call in question the principles of the Revolution, and evince a certain mark of aversion for the supremacy of the people, not one of them was either adjourned or rejected. Innumerable commissions were established to examine the projects of innovation; reports made; laws discussed and voted; and the old legislation of the kingdom daily crumbled into dust, without a single individual in the country having either the time to read, or an opportunity to consider the innumerable institutions which were daily substituted, instead of those which had formerly existed."—I. 235.

All these projects of reform, however, and all this vast confiscation of property, both ecclesiastical and civil, could not supply the continually increasing deficit of the treasury. Another, and still greater revolutionary confiscation awaited the state, and to this, invincible necessity speedily led.

"From the commencement of the next session of the Cortes, measures had been taken to facilitate the secularization of the religious orders of both sexes; and many of them had already left their retreats, and rejoined their friends in the world.

"At length matters came to a crisis. On the proposition of Colonel Sancho, a law was passed, which *confiscated the whole property of the regular clergy to the service of the state*. This law, adopted by the Cortes, was submitted to the royal sanction. The king evinced the utmost repugnance to a measure so directly subversive of all the religious opinions in which he had been educated. Terrified at this resistance, with which they had not laid their account, the revolutionary party had recourse to one of those methods which nothing can either authorize or justify, and for which success can offer no excuse.

"Convinced that they could obtain only by terror what was refused to solicitation, they took the resolution to excite a popular sedition, organize a revolt, and excite a tumult to overcome the firmness of the king. For this purpose, they entered into communication with the runners of the revolutionary party, took into their confidence the leading orators of the clubs, and concerted measures in particular with the banker, *Bertrand du Lys*, who had always at his command a band of adventurers, ready to go wherever disorder was to be committed.

"The signal was given. The mobs assembled: Bands of vociferating wretches traversed the public streets, uttering frightful cries, and directing their steps to the arsenal. A slight demonstration of resistance was made; but the report was speedily spread that the troops were unable to make head against the continually increasing mass of the insurgents, and that the life of the king was seriously menaced. The ministers presented themselves in that cri-

tical moment; they renewed their instances, spoke of the public peace, order, and the life of the king, for which they declared they could not answer, if the public demands were refused; and finally drew from him a reluctant consent to the measure of spoliation.

"This success, so dearly bought, was by no means attended with the good effects which had been anticipated from it. The people would have seen, without dissatisfaction, a share of the public burdens borne by the ecclesiastical body; but a total abolition, an entire extinction of their property, appeared to them a cruel persecution, a work of heresy and impiety, the horror of which reacted on all the measures which had the same origin.

"The revolutionary party might have borne all the unpopularity which that exorbitant measure occasioned, if it had been attended with the immense consequences which had been anticipated in relieving the finances; but in that particular also, all their hopes proved fallacious. The property of the clergy, when exposed to sale, found few purchasers. The known opposition of the Holy See, the exasperation of the people, the dread of a revolution: all these circumstances rendered the measure perfectly abortive, and caused it to add nothing to the resources of the treasury."—I. 247—249.

This is the usual progress of revolutionary movements. Terror! terror! terror! That is the engine which they unceasingly put in force: Insurrections, mobs, tumults, the means of obtaining their demands, which they never fail to adopt. Demonstrations of physical strength, public meetings, processions, and all the other methods of displaying their numbers, are nothing but the means of showing the opponents of their measures the fate which awaits them, if they protract their resistance beyond a certain point. Force is their continual argument; the logic of brickbats and stones; the perspective of scaffolds and guillotines, their never-failing resource. Confiscation of the property of others, the expedients to which they always have recourse to supply the chasms which the disorganization of society and the dread of spoliation have occasioned in the public revenue.

The usual leprosy of revolutionary convulsions, Jacobin societies, and democratic clubs, were not long of manifesting themselves in this unhappy country.

"On all sides, secret societies were formed, whose statutes and oaths evinced but too clearly the objects which they had in view. Besides the freemasons, who had long been established, a club was formed which took the title of *Confederation of Common Chevaliers*, and declared themselves the champions of the perfect equality of the human race, and emancipated themselves in the very outset from all the restraints of philanthropy and moderation. To judge, to condemn, and to execute every individual whatsoever, without excepting the king and his successors, if they abused their authority, was one of the engagements, a part of the oath which they took on entering into the society."

"On the side of these secret societies clubs

rapidly arose, which soon became powerful and active auxiliaries of anarchy, wherever it appeared. The most tumultuous and dangerous of these was the Coffee-house of the Cross of Malta. There, and for long, the king was daily exposed to insult and derision, *without his ministers ever taking the smallest step to put an end to a scene of scandal, with which all loyal subjects in the realm were horrorstruck.* They hoped by thus abandoning the royal prey to his pursuers, to escape themselves from the fury of party; but their expectations were cruelly deceived. Public indignation speedily assailed them; the bitterest reproaches were daily addressed to them. All their disgraceful transactions, all the revolts they had prepared to overawe the sovereign, were recounted and exaggerated. The transports of indignation were so violent, that soon they were compelled to close this club, to save themselves from instant destruction."—I. 261, 262.

The Spanish Revolution was fast hastening to that deplorable result, a *Reign of Terror*, the natural consequence of democratic ascendancy, when its course was cut short by the French invasion, under the Duke d'Angoulême. The details on this subject are perfectly new, and in the highest degree instructive to the British public.

"For long the revolutionary party had borne with manifest repugnance the system of moderation which the government had adopted, and the majority of the Cortes had supported, during the last session. That party proceeded on the principle, that terror alone could overawe the enemies of the Revolution, and that nothing was to be gained with them by moderation in language or indulgence in action. It saw no chance of safety, but in a *system of terror* powerfully organized. The catastrophe of Naples, the submission of Piedmont, the repression of the insurrection attempted in France, furnished them with a favourable opportunity to renew their efforts; and from the reception which it then met with, it was evident that the taste for blood was beginning to manifest itself among the people.

"While things were taking this direction at Madrid, and the people were awaiting with a sombre disquietude the measures which were in preparation, the Reign of Terror and Violence had already commenced in the provinces, by the effects of the supreme popular will, and the progress of anarchy in every part of the kingdom.

"Individuals of every age and sex were arrested and imprisoned, without the warrant of any of the constituted authorities, by men without a public character, on the mere orders of the chiefs of the revolutionary party, who thus usurped the most important functions of government. They threw the individuals thus collected together into the first vessels which were at hand, or could be found in any of the ports of the kingdom, and transported them, some to the Balearic, others to the Canary Islands, according to the caprice of the revolutionary rulers.

"This is perhaps the event of all others in the history of modern revolutions, so fertile in crimes, which excites, if not the greatest hor-

ror, at least the greatest surprise: nothing can give a better idea of the true spirit of anarchy. Nothing was here done in disorder, or in one of those moments when the exaltation or delirium of the moment has become impossible to repress. It was calmly, with reflection, at leisure, and with the aid of numbers, who were ignorant of the spirit which ruled the movement, that they imprisoned, led forth from prison, thrust on board vessels, and despatched for a distant destination, a multitude of citizens, proprietors, fathers of families, whom no law had condemned, no trial proved guilty; and all this by the means, and under the orders of a body of men who had no pretensions to any legal authority.

"These acts were committed in open day, at the same time at Barcelona, at Valencia, at Corunna, and Carthage. This was anarchy in unbridled sovereignty; and let us see what the legal authorities did to punish a series of acts so fatal to their influence, and of such ruinous example in a country already devoured by revolutionary passions.

"The government was informed of all that passed; the facts were public and incontestable; they were acted in the face of day, in the face of the entire population of cities. No prosecution was directed against the criminals; no punishment was pronounced; no example was given. A few inferior functionaries, who had aided in the atrocious acts were deprived of their situations, and orders secretly despatched for the clandestine recall of the exiles. Such was the sole reparation made for an injury which shook the social edifice to its foundation, and trampled under foot all the rights and liberties of the citizens."—I. 287—290.

The famous massacres in the prison on September 2, 1792, did not fail to find their imitators among the Spanish revolutionists. The following anecdote shows how precisely similar the democratic spirit is in its tendency and effects in all ages and parts of the world.

"A priest, a chaplain of the king, Don Mathias Vinuesa, was accused of having formed the plan of a counter-revolution. This absurd design, which he had had the imprudence to publish, was easily discovered, and Vinuesa was arrested and brought to trial. The law punished every attempt of this description which had not yet been put into execution, with the galleys, and Vinuesa was, in virtue of this statute, condemned to ten years of hard labour in those dreary abodes. This sentence, of a kind to satisfy the most ardent passions, was the highest which the law would authorize; but it was very far indeed from coming up to the wishes of the revolutionary clubs.

"On the 4th May, two days after the condemnation of the prisoner, a crowded meeting took place at the gate of the Sun, in open day, when a mock trial took place, and the priest was by the club legislators condemned to death. It was agreed that the judges should themselves execute the sentence, and that measure was resolved on amidst loud acclamations. Having resolved on this, they quietly took their siesta, and at the appointed hour proceeded to carry it into execution, without

the legal authorities taking the slightest step to prevent the outrage.

"At four o'clock the mob reassembled, and proceeded straight to the prison doors. No one opposed their tumultuous array; they presented themselves at the gate, and announced their mission. Ten soldiers, who formed the ordinary guard of the prison, made, for a few minutes, a shadow of resistance, which gave no sort of trouble to the assailants. The barriers were speedily broken; the conquerors inundated the prison; with hurried steps they sought the cell where the condemned priest was confined, and instantly broke open the door. The priest appeared with a crucifix in his hand; he fell at their feet, and in the name of the God of mercy, whose image he presented, besought them to spare his life. Vain attempt!—to breasts which acknowledged no religion, felt no pity, what availed the image of God who died to save us. One of the judges of the gate of the Sun advanced. He was armed with a large hammer, and struck a severe blow at the head bowed at his feet. The victim fell, and a thousand strokes soon completed the work of death. Blood has flowed, the victim is no more.

"But the head which that hammer had slain, could not suffice for the murderers. Besides the criminal there remained the judge. He also was condemned to die, for having only applied the existing law, and not foreseen the judgment which the tribunal of the Sun was to pass on the criminal. The assassins made straight to his house, amidst cries of 'Death to the traitors, Long live the constitution!' They traversed the town, and arrived at the house of the judge; five men with drawn swords entered the house, after placing sentinels around it, to prevent the possibility of escape. But Heaven did not permit that new murder to be committed. The judge, informed of what was going forward, had fled, in the interval between the first judgment and execution, and the murderers, after covering him with execrations, dispersed themselves through the town to recount their exploits, and dwell with exultation on the commencement of the reign of terror.

"In the evening, the clubs resounded with acclamations, and the expressions of the most intoxicating joy; and popular songs were composed and published, celebrating the first triumph of popular justice. No one ventured to hint at punishing the criminals. A few insulated individuals ventured to condemn them; a thousand voices rose to applaud and defend them. The press joined its powerful efforts to celebrate that memorable day; and, in fine, to commemorate the public exultation, a sort of monument was erected to perpetuate its recollection. Vinuesa had fallen under the blows of a hammer; his murderers, and their protectors, created a decoration, and instituted a sort of order, called the *order of the hammer*. The ensigns of this new honour were speedily fabricated; they consisted in a little hammer of iron, made in imitation of that which had struck the fatal blow. The new chevaliers proudly decorated their bosoms with the insignia. It bore an inscription, which, when

divested of revolutionary jargon, amounted to this: 'On the 4th May, 1821, four or five hundred men murdered in prison an old priest, who implored their pity. Behold and honour one of the assassins.'—I. 297—299.

The gradual decline of the moderate party under the increasing fervour of the times, and their final extinction in the Cortes, under the incessant attacks, and irresistible majorities of the revolutionists, is thus narrated:—

"In the second session, it was no longer possible to recognize the Cortes of the first. They were the same individuals, but not the same legislators, or the same citizens. Worn out by a continual struggle with men whom nothing could either arrest or discourage; disgusted with discussions, in which they were always interrupted by the hisses or groans of the galleries; irritated by the attempts at civil war which were daily renewed in the provinces; heated by the burning political atmosphere in which they found themselves immovably enclosed; the moderate deputies, who, in the preceding year, had formed the majority of the Cortes to combat the forces of anarchy, gave up the contest, and yielded without opposition to whatever was demanded of them.

"The most dangerous enemies of the public peace, beyond all question, were the Patriotic Societies. There it was that all heads were exalted—that all principles were lost amidst the extravagancies of a furious democracy—that all sinister projects were formed, and all criminal designs entertained. A wise law, the work of the first Cortes, had armed government with the power to close these turbulent assemblies, when they threatened the public tranquillity. But this feeble barrier could not long resist the increasing vehemence of the revolutionists. A law was proposed, and speedily passed, which divested government of all control over these popular societies. It placed these agglomerations of fire beyond the reach of the police—forbade the magistrates to be present at their debates—substituted internal regulations for external control—and, instead of any real check, recognised only the 'elusory responsibility of the presidents.'

"Never, perhaps, did human folly to such a degree favour the spirit of disorder, or so weakly deliver over society to the passions which devoured it. Hardly was the law passed, when numbers who had been carried away by the public outcry, were terrified at the work of their own hands, and looked back with horror on the path on which they had advanced, and the vantage ground which they had for ever abandoned."—I. 302, 303.

"The clubs were not slow in taking advantage of the uncontrolled power thus conceded to them. The most violent of their organs, which was at once the most dangerous and the most influential, because he incessantly espoused the cause of spoliation, Romero Alfuentes, published a pamphlet full of the most furious ebullitions of revolutionary zeal, in which he divulged a pretended conspiracy against the constitutional system, whose ramifications, diverging from Madrid, extended into the remotest provinces and foreign states. The plans, the resources, the names, of the

conspirators, were given with affected accuracy; nothing was omitted which could give to the discovery the air of truth. The electric spark is not more rapid in communicating its shock, than was that infamous libel. Never had the tribune of the Club of the Golden Fountain resounded with such menacing and sanguinary acclamations. They went even so far as to say that the political atmosphere could not be purified but by the blood of fourteen or fifteen thousand inhabitants of Madrid."—I. 351, 352.

"In the midst of these ebullitions of revolutionary fury, the provinces were subjected to the most cruel excesses of anarchy. At Cadiz, Seville, and Murcia, the people broke out into open revolt; the authorities imposed by the Cortes were all overthrown, and the leaders of the insurrection installed in their stead. All the vigour and reputation of Mina could not prevent the same catastrophe at Corunna. He resigned his command, and Latré, the insurrectionary leader, stepped into his place. Everywhere the authority of government, and of the Central Cortes, was disregarded; the most violent revolutionists got the ascendant, and society was fast descending towards a state of utter dissolution.

"All these disorders, all these excesses, found in the capital numerous and ardent defenders. The press, in particular, everywhere applauded and encouraged the anarchists; it incessantly exalted the demagogues, for whom it proudly accepted the title of *Descamisados*, (shirtless,) and for whose excesses it found ample precedents among our *Sans Culottes*. It condemned to contempt, or marked out for proscription, all the wise men who yet strove to uphold the remnants of the Spanish monarchy. Occupied without intermission in detracting from all the attributes of the monarchical power; in dragging in the gutter the robe of royalty, in order to hold it up to the people covered with mire; it invented for all the monarchs of Europe the most calumnious epithets and ridiculous comparisons, and offered to the factious of every state in Europe, whatever their designs were, the succours of their devouring influence."—I. 357, 358.

"Three evils, in an especial manner, spread the seeds of dissolution over this agitated country, and spread their ramifications with the most frightful rapidity. These were the press, with its inexpressible violence, and its complete impunity; the petitions which rendered the tribune of the Cortes the centre of denunciations, the focus of calumny, and the arena where all the furious passions contended with each other; in fine, the licentiousness of the patriotic societies, where the public peace was every day, or rather every night, delivered up to the fury of an unbridled democracy. The Cortes were perfectly aware of these causes of anarchy; they had openly denounced them, and declared their intention of applying a prompt remedy. Still nothing was done, and the Assembly was dissolved without having done any thing to close so many fountains of anarchy."—I. 377.

One would imagine that the accumulation of so many evils would have produced a reaction in the public mind; that the universal anxiety, distress, and suffering, would have opened the

eyes of the people to their real interests, and the pernicious tendency of the course into which they had been precipitated by their demagogues; and that the new elections would have produced a majority in favour of the prudent and restraining measures, from which alone public safety could be expected. The case, however, was just the reverse: the revolutionary party, by violence and intimidation, almost everywhere gained the ascendancy; and the fatal truth soon became apparent, that democratic ambition is insatiable; that it is blind to all the lessons of experience, and deaf to all the cries of suffering; that like a maddened horse, it rushes headlong down the precipice, and never halts in its furious career till it has involved itself and public freedom in one common ruin.

"The new Cortes commenced its labours under the most sinister auspices; the circumstances under which the elections had taken place were sufficient to justify the most serious apprehensions.

"The elections in the south had taken place under the immediate influence and actual presence of open rebellion. At Grenada, the people by force intruded into the electoral college, and openly overwhelmed the election; in all the provinces of the north, the proprietors had absented themselves from the elections, from hatred at the Revolution, and a sense of inability to restrain its excesses. At Madrid, even, all the partisans of the old regime had been constrained to abstain from taking any part in the vote, notwithstanding the undoubted right which the amnesty gave them. In many places, actual violence; in all, menaces were employed, with too powerful effect, to keep from the poll all persons suspected of moderation in their principles.

"In the whole new Cortes not one great proprietor nor one bishop was to be found. The whole body of the noblesse was represented only by two or three titled but unknown men; the clergy by a few curates and canons, well known for the lightness with which the restraints of faith sat upon them. Only one grandee of Spain was to be found there, the Duke del Parque, who had abandoned the palace of the Escorial for the Club of the Fountain of Gold; and had left the halls of his king to become the flatterer of the people.

"Among the new deputies great numbers were to be found who had signalized themselves by the violence of their opinions, and the spirit of vengeance against all moderate men, by which they were animated. The first measure of the Cortes was to elect Riego for president, a nomination which confirmed the hopes of the anarchist party, and excited everywhere the most extravagant joy among the partisans of the Revolution."—I. 383, 384.

As the other insanities and atrocities of the French Revolution had found their admirers and imitators in Spain, so the overthrow of the constitutional throne of Louis XVI., on the 10th August, 1792, was followed by too close a parallel in the Spanish monarchy.

The public distress, and the violence of the revolutionary faction in every part of the kingdom, at length produced a reaction. Civil

war commenced in Aragon, Catalonia, and Andalusia, and Spanish blood soon dyed every part of the Peninsula. The crisis which this induced at Madrid, which finally laid the throne prostrate at the feet of the Revolutionists, is thus described:

"The session was about to finish, the closing was fixed for the 30th June, 1822. Great fermentation reigned at Madrid, and every one, without being able to account for it, was aware that a crisis was approaching.

"The king seated himself in his carriage, after closing the session. Cries of 'Long live the constitutional king,' were heard on all sides, mingled, in feebler notes, with the cry of 'Long live the absolute king.' The guards repulsed with violence those who raised inflammatory or seditious cries, and blood already began to flow. The tumult redoubled at the moment that the king descended from his carriage. The guard wished to disperse it; they experienced resistance, and had recourse to their arms. The exasperation was extreme among the soldiers; one of their officers, named Landaburo, desirous of restraining them, was insulted by his own men. He drew his sabre, but speedily fell, shot dead by a musket from the ranks.

"Landaburo was the son of a merchant at Cadiz, and well known for his liberal opinions. His death became instantly a party affair, and excited to the last degree the fury of all those who professed the same principles. The militia were soon under arms; the troops of the garrison and the artillery united themselves to their colours; the whole officers and non-commissioned officers, who were at Madrid detached from their regiments, joined their ranks. The artillery put their pieces in position; the municipal body declared its sittings permanent; and every thing announced the speedy approach of hostilities between the court and the people.

"Had they possessed an able chief and a determined will, the guards might have made themselves masters of Madrid. They were more numerous, better armed, more inured to war, than the constitutional bands which composed the garrison. They occupied the barriers and principal posts. Nothing was easier for them than to have made themselves masters of the park of artillery, and the possession of the park would have rendered all resistance impossible. Nothing, however, was attempted—nothing was thought of.

"Of the six battalions of which it was composed, two remained to protect the king; the four others, afraid of being shut up in their barracks, clandestinely left the town during the obscurity of the night; but this movement was executed with such confusion, that the first battalion, when they arrived at the rendezvous, opened a fire upon the others which were approaching.

"On the other side, the constitutionalists of all descriptions united to resist the common enemy. The militia night and day blockaded the palace; the regular soldiers soon obtained a formidable auxiliary; this was a band composed of men without name, without character; adventurers and enthusiasts, who were

organized under the name of the *Sacred Band*. Many generals presented themselves, also offering their services and their swords; among this number were Ballasteros and Riego.

"Negotiations and indecision continued for six days, during which the two parties remained constantly encamped, notwithstanding the tropical sun of the dogdays, venting reproaches at each other sabre in hand, the torches lighted awaiting only the signal of the combat. At intervals single muskets were discharged, which sounded like the distant peals of thunder, which announced the approach of a frightful tempest.

"At length the attack commenced. The divisions of the guard at a distance from Madrid, marched upon the capital, but they were met and defeated at all points by the constitutional forces, and the fugitives in great numbers fled for refuge to the palace. The militia were everywhere victorious; triumphant and victorious, they surrounded the royal abode, while *Te Deum* was celebrated on the Place of the Constitution, and the walls of the palace resounded with menaces against the king. A capitulation was proposed; but nothing but an unconditional surrender would satisfy the conquerors. Two battalions agreed to it; the others, conceiving that a snare was laid for them, fired a volley upon the militia, abandoned the palace, and rushed out of the city, where they were soon cut to pieces by the popular dragoons and the incessant discharge of grape-shot. This victory was decisive; the violent party now reigned in uncontrolled supremacy, and nothing remained to oppose even the shadow of resistance to their domination."—I. 420—424.

Such was the state of the Revolution, and the prostration of the throne, when the invasion of the Duke d'Angoulême dissipated the fumes of the Revolutionists, and re-established the absolute throne.

Several reflections arise upon the events, of which a sketch has been here given.

In the first place, they show how precisely similar the march of revolution is in all ages and countries; and how little national character is to be relied on to arrest or prevent its fatal progress. The horrors of the French Revolution, it was said, were owing to their volatile and unstable character, and the peculiar combination of events which preceded its breaking out. The Spanish Revolution, notwithstanding their grave and thoughtful national character, and a totally different chain of previous events, exhibited, till it was cut short by French bayonets, exactly the same features and progress. Recent experience leaves it but too doubtful, whether, in the sober and calculating realm of England, similar passions are not in the end destined to produce similar effects.

In the next place, the historical facts now brought forward demonstrate how enormous is the delusion which the revolutionary party, by means of a false and deceitful press, spread over the world in regard to all the transactions in which their projects are concerned. We put it to the candour of every one of our read-

ers, whether the facts now detailed do not put in an entirely different point of view from any in which they had yet considered it, the Spanish Revolution? Certainly these facts were utterly unknown to us, not the least vigilant observers of continental transactions, and the march of revolution in the adjoining states. The truth is, that what Jefferson long ago said of the American, has become true of the European press; events are so utterly distorted, falsehoods are so unblushingly put forth, hostile facts are so sedulously suppressed, that it is utterly impossible from the public journals to gather the least idea of what they really are, if they have the slightest connection with revolutionary ambition. Till the false light of newspapers has ceased, and the steady light of history begins, no reliance whatever can be placed on the public accounts, even of the most notorious transactions.

Lastly, we now see how inconceivably the British people were deceived in regard to these transactions, and how narrowly we escaped at that juncture being plunged into a war, to uphold what is now proved to have been, not the cause of freedom and independence, but of *anarchy, democracy, and revolution*. We all recollect the vigorous efforts which the Movement party in this country made to engage us in a war with France, in support of the Spa-

nish Revolution; the speech of Mr. Brougham, on the opening of the session of Parliament in February, 1823, still resounds in our ears. We were told, and we believed, that the Spanish constitution conferred upon the people of the Peninsula moderated freedom; that the cause of liberty was at stake; and that unless we interfered, it would be trampled down under the bayonets of the Holy Alliance. And what is the fact as *now* proved by historical documents? Why, that it was the cause of *Pure Democracy* which we were thus called on to support; of universal suffrage, Jacobin clubs, and a furious press; of revolutionary confiscation, democratic anarchy, and unbridled injustice; of the most desolating of tyrannies, the most ruinous of despotisms. Such is the darkness, the thick and impenetrable darkness, in which we are kept in regard to passing events by the revolutionary press of Europe; and when historic truth comes to illuminate the transactions of our times, the Revolution of July, the Belgian Insurrection, it will be found that we have been equally deceived; and that, by the use of heart-stirring recollections, and heart-rending fabrications, we have been stimulated to engage in war, to support a similar system of revolutionary cupidity and democratic ambition.

PARTITION OF THE KINGDOM OF THE NETHERLANDS.*

It is related by Bourrienne, that it was during the visit of Napoleon to the shores of the ocean, by order of the Directory, in February, 1798, to prepare for the invasion of England, that he first was struck with the vast importance of Antwerp as a naval station to effect that great object of Gallic ambition. The impression then made was never afterwards effaced; his eagle eye at once discerned, that it was from that point, that the army destined to conquer England was to sail. Its secure and protected situation, guarded alike by powerful fortresses and an intricate and dangerous inland navigation; its position at the mouth of the Scheldt, the great artery of the Flemish provinces of the empire; its proximity on the one hand to the military resources of France, and on the other to the naval arsenals of the United Provinces; its near neighbourhood to the Thames and the Medway, the centre of the power of England, and the most vulnerable point of its empire, all pointed it out as the great central depot where the armament for the subjugation of this country was to be assembled, as the advanced work of French ambition against English independence. No sooner had he seized the reins of power than he turned his attention to the strengthening

of this important station: all the resources of art, all the wealth of the imperial treasury, were lavished upon its fortification; ramparts after ramparts, bastion after bastion, surrounded its ample harbour; docks capable of holding the whole navy of France were excavated, and the greatest fleet which ever menaced England assembled within its walls. Before the fall of his power, thirty-five ships of the line were safely moored under its cannon; he held to it with tenacious grasp under all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and when the Allies approached its walls, he sent the ablest and firmest of the republicans, Carnot, to prolong even to the last extremity its means of defence. "If the allies were encamped," said he in the Legislative Body, on the 31st March, 1813, "on the heights of Montmartre, I would not surrender one village in the thirty-second military division." Though hard pressed in the centre of his dominions, he still clung to this important bulwark. When the Old Guard was maintaining a desperate struggle in the plains of Champagne, he drafted not a man from the fortifications of the Scheldt; and when the conqueror was struck to the earth, his right hand still held the citadel of Antwerp.

* Blackwood's Magazine, Dec. 1832. Written at the time when the French army, aided by the English fleet, were besieging Antwerp

In all former times, and centuries before the labour of Napoleon had added so immensely to its importance, the Scheldt had been the

centre of the most important preparations for the invasion of England, and the spot on which military genius always fixed from whence to prepare a descent on this island. An immense expedition, rendered futile by the weakness and vacillation of the French monarch, was assembled in it in the fourteenth century; and sixty thousand men on the shore of the Scheldt awaited only the signal of Charles VI.* to set sail for the shore of Kent. The greatest naval victory ever gained by the English arms was that at Sluys, in 1340, when Philip of France lost thirty thousand men and two hundred and thirty ships of war, in an engagement off the Flemish coast with Edward III.† a triumph greater, though less noticed in history, than either that of Cressy or Poitiers. When the great Duke of Parma was commissioned by Philip II. of Spain to take steps for the invasion of England, he assembled the forces of the Low Countries at Antwerp; and the Spanish armada, had it proved successful, was to have wafted over that great commander from the banks of the Scheldt to the opposite shore of Essex, at the head of the veterans who had been trained in the Dutch war. In an evil hour, Charles II., bought by French gold and seduced by French mistresses, entered into alliance with Louis XIV. for the coercion of Holland; the Lilies and the Leopards, the navies of France and England, assembled together at Spithead, and made sail for the French coast, while the armies of the Grande Monarque advanced across the Rhine into the heart of the United Provinces. The consequence was, such a prodigious addition to the power of France, as it took all the blood and treasure expended in the war of the Succession and all the victories of Marlborough, to reduce to a scale at all commensurate with the independence of the other European states. Mr. Pitt, how adverse soever to engage in a war with republican France, was driven to it by the advance of the tricolour standard to the Scheldt, and the evident danger which threatened English independence from the possession of its fortresses by the French armies; and the event soon proved the wisdom of his foresight. The surrender of the Low Countries, arising from the insane demolition of its fortresses by the Emperor Joseph, soon brought the French armies to Amsterdam; twenty years of bloody and destructive war; the slaughter of millions, and the contraction of eight hundred millions of debt by this country, followed the victorious march of the French armies to the banks of the Scheldt; while seventeen years of unbroken rest, a glorious peace, and the establishment of the liberties of Europe upon a firm basis, immediately succeeded their expulsion from them by the arms of Wellington.

Before these sheets issue from the press, an English and French fleet will have sailed from the British shores to co-operate with a French army in RESTORING ANTWERP TO FRANCE. The tricolour flag has floated alongside of the British pendant; the shores of Spithead, which

never saw a French fleet but as prizes, have witnessed the infamous coalition, and the unconquered citadels of England thundered with salutes to the enemies who fled before them at Trafalgar! Antwerp, with its dockyards and its arsenals; Antwerp, with its citadel and its fortifications; Antwerp, the outpost and stronghold of France against English independence, is to be purchased by British blood for French ambition! Holland, the old and faithful ally of England; Holland, which has stood by us in good and evil fortune for one hundred and fifty years; Holland, the bulwark of Europe, in every age, against Gallic aggression, is to be partitioned, and sacrificed in order to plant the standards of a revolutionary power on the shores of the Scheldt! Deeply has England already drunk, deeper still is she destined to drink of the cup of national humiliation, for the madness of the last two years.

Disgraceful as these proceedings are to the national honour and integrity of England; far as they have lowered its ancient flag beneath the degradation it ever reached in the darkest days of national disaster, their *impolicy* is, if possible, still more conspicuous. Flanders, originally the instructor, has in every age been the rival of England in manufactures; Holland, being entirely a commercial state, and depending for its existence upon the carrying trade, has in every age been her friend. The interest of these different states has led to this opposite policy, and must continue to do so, until a total revolution in the channels of commerce takes place. Flanders, abounding with coal, with capital, with great cities, and a numerous and skilful body of artisans, has from the earliest dawn of European history, been conspicuous for her manufactures; Holland, without any advantages for the fabricating of articles, but immense for their transport, has, from the establishment of Dutch independence, been the great carrier of Europe. She feels no jealousy of English manufactures, because she has none to compete with them; she feels the greatest disposition to receive the English goods, because all those which are sent to her add to the riches of the United Provinces. Belgium, on the other hand, is governed by a body of manufacturers, who are imbued with a full proportion of that jealousy of foreign competition which is so characteristic in all countries of that profession. Hence, the Flemish ports have always been as rigorously closed as the Dutch were liberally opened to British manufactures; and at this moment, not only are the duties on the importation of British goods greatly higher in Flanders than they are in Holland, but the recent policy of the former country has been as much to increase as that of the other has been to lower its import burdens. Since the Belgian revolution, the duties on all the staple commodities of England, coal, woollens, and cotton cloths, have been lowered by the Dutch government; but the fervour of their revolutionary gratitude has led to no such measure on the part of the Belgians.

This difference in the policy of the two states being founded on their habits, interests

* Sismondi, Hist. de France, xi. 357.

† Hume, ii. 230.

Condemned
 to English
 ships
 and
 Belgium

and physical situation, must continue permanently to distinguish them. Dynasties may rise or fall: but as long as Flanders, with its great coal mines and iron foundries, is the rival of England in those departments of industry in which she most excels, it is in vain to expect that any cordial reception of British manufactures is to take place within her provinces. The iron forgers of Liege, the woollen manufacturers or cotton operatives of Ghent or Bruges, will never consent to the free importation of the cutlery of Birmingham, the woollen cloths of Yorkshire, the muslins of Glasgow, or the cotton goods of Manchester. But no such jealousy is, or ever will be, felt by the merchants of Amsterdam, the carriers of Rotterdam, or the shipmasters of Flushing. Flanders always has been, and always will desire to be, incorporated with France, in order that her manufactures may feel the vivifying influence of the great home market of that populous country; Holland always has been, and always will desire to be, in alliance with England, in order that her commerce may experience the benefit of a close connection with the great centre of the foreign trade of the world.

Every one practically acquainted with these matters, knows that Holland is at this moment almost the only inlet which continental jealousy will admit for British manufactures to the continent of Europe. The merchants of London know whether they can obtain a ready vent for their manufactures in the ports of France or the harbours of Flanders. The export trade to France is inconsiderable; that to Flanders trifling; but that to Holland is immense. It takes off 2,000,000*l.* worth of our exports, and employs 350,000 tons of shipping, about a seventh of the whole shipping of Great Britain. Were it not for the facilities to British importation, afforded by the commercial interests of the Dutch, our manufactures would be well nigh excluded from the continent of Europe. The Scheldt, when guarded by French batteries, and studded with republican sails, may become the great artery of European, but unquestionably it will not be of English commerce. The great docks of Antwerp may be amply filled with the tricolour flag; but they will see but few of the British pendants. In allying ourselves with the Belgians, we are seeking to gain the friendship of our natural rivals, and to strengthen what will soon become a province of our hereditary enemies; in alienating the Dutch, we are losing our long-established customers, and weakening the state, which, in every age, has been felt to be the outwork of British independence.

But it is not the ruinous consequences of this monstrous coalition of the two great revolutionary powers of Europe against the liberty and independence of the smaller states which are chiefly to be deplored. It is the shameful *injustice* of the proceeding, the profligate disregard of treaties which it involves, the open abandonment of national honour which it proclaims, which constitute its worst features. We have not yet lived so long under democratic rule as to have become habitu-

ated to the principles of iniquity, to have been accustomed, as in revolutionary France, to have spoliation palliated on the footing of expedience, and robbery justified by the weakness of its victim. We have not yet learned to measure political actions by their success; to praise conquest to the skies when it is on the side of revolution, and load patriotism with obloquy when it is exerted in defence of regulated freedom. We are confident that the British seamen under any circumstances will do their duty, and we do not see how Holland can resist the fearful odds which are brought against her; but recollecting that there is a moral government of nations, that there is a God who governs the world, and that the sins of the fathers, in nations as well as individuals, will be visited upon the children, we tremble to think of its consequences, and conscientiously believe that such a triumph may ultimately prove a blacker day for England, than if the army of Wellington had been dispersed in the forest of Soignes, or the fleet of Nelson swallowed up in the waves of Trafalgar.

What is chiefly astonishing, and renders it painfully apparent that revolutionary ambition has produced its usual effect in confounding and undermining all the moral feelings of mankind in this country, is the perfect indifference with which the *partition of Holland* is regarded by all the Movement party, as contrasted with the unmeasured lamentations with which they have made the world resound for the *partition of Poland*. Yet if the matter be impartially considered, it will be found that our conduct in leaguuing with France for the partition of the Netherlands, has been *much more infamous* than that of the eastern potentates was in the subjugation of Poland. The slightest historical retrospect must place this in the clearest light.

Poland was of old, and for centuries before her fall, the standing enemy of Russia. Twice the Polish armies penetrated to the heart of her empire, and the march of Napoleon to the Kremlin had been anticipated five centuries before by the arms of the Jagellons. Austria had been delivered from Turkish invasion by John Sobieski, but neither that power nor Prussia were bound to guaranty the integrity of the Polish dominions, nor had they ever been in alliance with it for any length of time. The instability of Polish policy, arising from the democratic state of its government, the perpetual vacillation of its councils, and the weakness and inefficiency of its external conduct, had for centuries been such that no lengthened or sustained operation could be expected from its forces. It remained in the midst of the military monarchies a monument of democratic madness, a prey to the most frightful internal anarchy, and unable to resist the most inconsiderable external aggression. Its situation and discord rendered it the natural prey of its more vigorous and efficient military neighbours. In combining for its partition, they effected what was on their part an atrocious act of injustice; but will ultimately prove, as Lord Brougham long ago observed,* the most beneficial change for the ultimate

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nappiness of its people, by forcibly repressing their democratical passions, and turning its wild but heroic spirit into the channels of regulated and useful patriotism. In dividing Poland, the three powers incurred the guilt of robbers who plunder a caravan, which, from internal divisions, is unable to defend itself; Austria was guilty of black ingratitude in assailing her former deliverer; but Russia violated no oaths, broke no engagements, betrayed no treachery—she never owed any thing to Poland—she was her enemy from first to last, and conquered her as such. We attempt no vindication of this aggression; it was the work of ruthless violence, alike to be stigmatized in a monarchical as a republican power. We observe only how Providence overrules even human iniquity to purposes finally beneficent.

But what shall we say to the partition of the Netherlands, effected by France and England in a moment of profound peace, when its dominions were guarantied by both these powers, and it had done nothing to provoke the hostility of either? Can it be denied that we, in common with all the allied powers, guarantied to the King of the Netherlands his newly created dominions? The treaty of 1815 exists to disprove the assertion. Has Holland done any injury to Great Britain or France to justify their hostility? Has she laid an embargo on their ships, imprisoned their subjects, or confiscated their property? Confessedly she has done none of these things. Has she abandoned us in distress, or failed to succour us, as by treaty bound, in danger? History proves the reverse: for one hundred and fifty years she has fought by our side against our common enemies; she has shared alike in the disaster of Lafelt and Fontenoy, and the triumphs of Ramillies and Oudenarde, of Malplaquet and Waterloo. Has she injured the private or public interests of either of the powers who now assail her? Has she invaded their provinces, or laid siege to their fortresses, or blockaded their harbours? The idea of Holland, with her 2,500,000 souls, attempting any of these things against two nations who count above fifty millions of inhabitants in their dominions, is as ridiculous as it would be to suppose an infant in its nurse's arms to make war on a mounted dragoon of five-and-twenty. What then has she done to provoke the partition of the lords of the earth and the ocean? She has resisted the march of revolution, and refused to surrender her fortresses to revolutionary robbery, and therein, and therein alone, she has offended.

But this is not all. Unprincipled as such conduct would have been, if it had been the whole for which this country had to blush, it is but a part of the share which England and France have taken in this deplorable transaction. These powers were not only allies of the King of the Netherlands; they had not only solemnly guarantied the integrity of his dominions, but they had accepted, with the other allied powers, the office of *mediators and arbiters* between him and his revolted subjects; and they have now united to *spoliates the party who made the reference*. To the violence of an ordi-

nary robber, they have superadded the abandonment of a friend and the partiality of a judge. It is this lamentable combination of unprincipled qualities, which makes our conduct in this transaction the darkest blot on our annals, and will ultimately render the present era one for which posterity will have more cause to blush than for that when John surrendered his dominions to the Papal legate, or Charles gifted away to French mistresses the honour and the integrity of England.

The Revolution of the Three Glorious Days, which has, for the last two years, steeped France in misery and Paris in blood, having excited the revolutionary party in every part of Europe to unheard-of transports, Brussels, in order not to be behind the great centre of democracy, rose in revolt against its sovereign, and the King of Belgium was expelled from its walls. An attack of the Dutch troops, ill planned and worse executed, having been defeated, the King of the Netherlands applied to England to restore him by force to the throne which she had guarantied. This took place in October, 1830, when the Duke of Wellington was still in power.

To have interfered with the land and sea forces of England to restore the Dutch king to the throne of Belgium, would, at that juncture, have been highly perilous. It was doubtful whether we were bound to have afforded such aid,—the guarantee contained in the treaty of 1815 being rather intended to secure the dominions of the Netherlands against foreign aggression, than to bind the contracting parties to aid him in stifling domestic revolt. At all events it was certain that such a proceeding would at once have roused the revolutionary party throughout Europe, and would have afforded France a pretext, of which she would instantly and gladly have availed herself, for interfering with her powerful armies, in favour of her friends, among the Belgian Jacobins. The Duke of Wellington, therefore, judged wisely, and with the prudence of a practised statesman, when he declined to lend such aid to the dispossessed monarch, and tendered the good offices of the allied powers to mediate in an amicable way between the contending parties. The proffered mediation coming from such powers as Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and England, could not possibly have been resisted by the Dutch States; and the offer of their good offices was too valuable to be declined. They agreed to the offer, and on this basis the London Conference assembled. This was the whole length that matters had gone, when the Duke of Wellington resigned in November, 1830; and most unquestionably nothing was farther from the intentions of the British ministry at that period, as the Duke of Wellington has repeatedly declared in Parliament, than to have acted in any respect without the concurrence of the other powers, or to have made this mediation a pretext for the forcible partition of the Dutch dominions.

But with the accession of the Whigs to power commenced a different system. They at once showed, from their conduct, that they were actuated by that unaccountable partiality for French democracy, which has ever since

1789 distinguished their party, and for which the great writers of its Revolution have themselves not scrupled to censure Mr. Fox and all his adherents. "The opposition in England," says Madame de Staël, "with Mr. Fox at their head, were entirely wrong in the opinion they formed regarding Bonaparte; and in consequence that party, formerly so much esteemed, entirely lost its ascendancy in Great Britain. It was going far enough to have defended the French Revolution through the Reign of Terror; but no fault could be greater than to consider Bonaparte as holding to the principles of the Revolution, of which he was the ablest destroyer."* The same blind admiration for revolutionary France, which Lord Grey had manifested from the outset of his career, was imbibed with increased ardour by his whole administration, upon the breaking out of the Three Glorious Days; and the King of the Netherlands soon found, to his cost, that instead of an equitable and impartial arbitrator, he had got a ruthless and partial enemy at the Conference, in Great Britain.

The first measure in which this altered temper was publicly manifested, was by the permission of England to Leopold to accept the crown of Belgium. This at once dissevered, and rendered irretrievable, without a general war, the separation of that country from Holland, because it established a *revolutionary interest*, and that too of the strongest kind, dependent on the maintenance of that separation. This step was a clear departure from the equity of an arbitrator and a judge, because it rendered final and irrevocable the separation which it was the object of the *mediation to heal*, and which, but for the establishment of that revolutionary interest, would speedily have been closed. In truth, the Belgians were, after a year's experience, so thoroughly disgusted with their revolution; they had suffered so dreadfully under the tyrants of their own choosing; starvation and misery had stalked in so frightful a manner through their populous and once happy streets, that they were rapidly becoming prepared to have returned under the mild government of the House of Orange, when this decisive step, by establishing a revolutionary interest on the throne, for ever blighted these opening prospects of returning tranquillity and peace.

But the matter did not rest here. France and England concluded a treaty in July, 1831, eight months after the accession of the Whigs to office; a treaty by which they *guarantied to Leopold his revolutionary dominions*, including that part of territory which included Maestricht, the frontier fortress of the *old United Provinces*, with the noble fortress of Luxemburg; and the free navigation of the Scheldt. This outrageous step was ruinous to Holland. The terms which it imposed on the King of the Netherlands, especially the surrender of Maestricht and Luxemburg, and the navigation of Dutch waters by the Belgians, were utterly destructive of that country. It was the same thing as if the free navigation of the Mersey and the Thames had been guarantied to the

manufacturers of France and Belgium. The guarantee of Limburg and Luxemburg, including Maestricht, to Belgium, was still more unpardonable, because Luxemburg was part of the *old patrimony of the House of Nassau*, and Limburg, with its barrier fortress Maestricht, was no part of Belgium, but of *Holland, properly so called*. Holland could not part with them, if she had the slightest regard to her future safety. After Maestricht, its old bulwark on the side of France, and Antwerp, its new bulwark on the side of Flanders, were lost, its independence was an empty name.

Determined to perish rather than yield to such ruinous conditions, the King of the Netherlands declared war against the new King of Belgium, and then was seen what a slight hold the revolutionary party possessed of the Flemish people. The revolutionary rabble were defeated in two pitched battles; the fumes of the Belgian revolt were dissipated; counter movements were beginning in Ghent and the principal towns in the Netherlands, and Brussels was within half an hour of falling into the hands of its lawful monarch, when the armies of France and the fleet of England, yielding to the demand of Leopold, and bound by the guarantee contained in the revolutionary treaty, advanced to support the cause of revolution. The consequences might easily have been foreseen. The armies of Holland were checked in the mid-career of victory, Brussels preserved for its cowardly revolutionary tyrants, and the ulcer of the Belgian revolts, when on the point of being closed, preserved open in the centre of Europe.

The King of the Netherlands gained something by this vigorous step; the French saw the utter worthlessness of their revolutionary allies; the crying injustice of demanding the cession of Maestricht and Luxemburg became too great even for the governments of the mediating powers, and the protocols took a new direction. Antwerp, and a free navigation of the Dutch waters, became now the great object on which France and England insisted, though it involved, by transferring the trade of the United Provinces to the Belgian territory, the most serious injury of Holland. That is the point which has since been insisted on; that is the object for which we are now to plunge into an iniquitous and oppressive war.

Shortly afterwards, an event took place, which, by drawing still closer the revolutionary bonds between France and Belgium, developed still farther the system of aggression to which England had in an evil hour lent the weight of her once venerated authority. Leopold married the daughter of Louis Philippe, and Flanders became in effect, as well as in form, a French province. This event might have been foreseen, and was foreseen, from the moment that he ascended the throne of that country. It was well known in the higher classes in London, that Leopold had more than once proposed to his present queen, before the Belgian revolt; that it was her disinclination to go to Greece which made him refuse the crown of that country; and that the moment he mounted the throne of Belgium, he would

become the son-in-law of the King of France. All this was distinctly known; it was well understood, that if Antwerp was demanded for Belgium, it was in effect demanded for France, and that the establishment of the tricolour flag on the great arsenals and dockyards of that city, was the necessary result of making it a *sine qua non* of the pacification of the Netherlands. All this, we repeat, was thoroughly known before Leopold was counselled by our administration to accept the throne of Belgium, or Antwerp was seriously insisted upon at the Conference; and it was in the full knowledge of that consequence that he was placed on that throne, and the cession of that great outwork of revolutionary France imperiously demanded by the French and English plenipotentiaries. And it is in the full knowledge that this effect *must follow*, that a war is now undertaken by England, the effect of which may be to throw Europe into conflagration, and the consequences of which no man can foresee.

And what is the present state of the Belgian question? The King of the Netherlands, like a worthy descendant of the House of Nassau, refuses to surrender Antwerp to the *single demand* of France and England, but agrees to submit all disputes regarding it to the joint arbitration of the *five allied powers*. The *five powers* were the umpires originally chosen; and the *five alone* have any legal or equitable title to interfere in the matter. But how stands the fact now? Have the five powers, whose united and balanced judgment was relied on by the parties to the arbitration—have they all combined in the measures of violence against Holland? Quite the reverse: Austria, Russia, and Prussia, a majority of the arbiters, have solemnly protested against such a measure, and its prosecution is likely to involve France and England in a desperate contest with these Northern potentates. Who then insists on the spoliation? A *minority* of the arbiters; revolutionary France and revolutionary England: revolutionary France, panting to regain the frontier of the Rhine, and secure the great fortified harbour of Antwerp, as an advanced post from whence to menace our independence; and revolutionary England following with submissive steps, like the Cisalpine or Batavian republic, in the wake of the great parent democracy. And this is the first fruits of the government of the Whigs.

This puts, in the clearest point of view, the extravagant injustice of our present attack on Dutch independence. The mediation of the five powers was accepted; the five, taken jointly, have *alone* the power of fixing the award. Three hold out, and refuse to accede to the violent measures which are now proposed; but two, carried away by an adverse interest, and having formed a marriage connection with one of the submitting parties, insist upon instantaneous measures of spoliation. What title have the *two* to drop the pen and take up the sword, in order to enforce measures which the other three refuse to sanction? Who gave France and England, taken singly, any rights to act as arbiters between Belgium and Holland? Who authorized the fleets and ar-

mies of the great democratic powers to partition the dominions of the King of the Netherlands, and force him to give up what his revolted subjects have not been able to wrest from him? It won't do to say, they derived the power from the acquiescence of the King of the Netherlands, in the forcible mediation of the Allied Powers; for what he acquiesced in was the *peaceful* arbitration of the five, and not the *hostile* intervention of the *two*. From what then do they derive their right? From the same title which Russia has to the partition of Poland; the right of the strongest; the title of a revolutionary state to extend and strengthen all the subordinate revolutionary dynasties with which in terror at a righteous retribution it has strengthened its sides.

Setting aside, therefore, altogether the obvious and crying inexpediency of this war, which is to restore to France that important naval station so threatening to England, which it took us so much blood and treasure to wrest from her in the last war; setting aside the extreme impolicy of irritating and spoliating our best customers and oldest allies, in the hopeless idea of winning the favour of a fickle and jealous manufacturing rabble; what we chiefly view with alarm is, the monstrous injustice and gross partiality of our conduct; the total disregard of the faith of treaties, and the obligations of centuries which it involves, and the deplorable degradation to which it reduces England, in compelling her, instead of standing forward in the vanguard of freedom, to follow an obsequious vassal in the train of Gallic usurpation. Not if her fleets were sunk, or her armies defeated,—not if Portsmouth was in ashes or Woolwich in flames,—not if the Tower of London bore the flag of an enemy and the tombs of Westminster Abbey were rifled by foreign bands, in defence of our liberties in a just cause, would we think so despondingly of our destinies, would we feel so humbled in our national feelings, as we do at thus witnessing the English pendant following the tricolour flag in a crusade against the liberty of nations. We have descended at once from the pinnacle of glory to the depths of humiliation; from being the foremost in the bands of freedom, to being last in the train of tyranny; from leading the world against a despot in arms, to crouching at the feet of our vanquished enemy. That which an hundred defeats could not have done, a disgrace which the loss of an hundred sail of the line, or the storming of an hundred fortresses could not have induced upon *Old England*, has been voluntarily incurred by *New England*, to obtain the smiles of a revolutionary throne. Well and justly has Providence punished the people of this country for the democratic madness of the last two years. That which all the might of Napoleon could not effect, the insanity of her own rulers has produced; and the nation which bade defiance to Europe in arms, has sunk down before the idol of revolutionary ambition. "Ephraim," says the Scripture, "has gone to his idols; let him alone."

Suppose that La Vendee, which is not impossible, were to revolt against Louis Philippe, and by a sudden effort expel the troops of the

French monarch from the west of France—that the Allied Powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, were then to interfere, and declare that the first shot fired by the Citizen King at his revolted subjects, would be considered by them as a declaration of war against the Holy Alliance; that, intimidated by such formidable neighbours, France was to agree to their mediation; that immediately a monarch of the legitimate race were to be placed by the Allies, without the concurrence of Louis Philippe, on the throne of Western France, and he were to be married with all due expedition to an archduchess of Austria; and that shortly after, a decree should be issued by the impartial mediators, declaring that Lyons was to be annexed to the newly erected dynasty, and that in exchange Tours should be surrendered to the republican party; and that upon the French king refusing to accede to such iniquitous terms, the armies of the Holy Alliance were to march to the Rhine. How would Europe be made to ring from side to side, by the revolutionary press, at such a partition; and how loudly would they applaud the Citizen King for having the firmness to resist the attempt? And yet this is what France and England are now doing, with the applause of all the liberal press of Europe; and it is for such intrepid conduct on the part of the King of the Netherlands, that he is now the object of their obloquy and derision.

Ireland, which is perhaps as likely to happen, revolts against England. She shows her gratitude for the important concessions of the last fifty years, by throwing off the yoke of her benefactor, and proclaims a republican form of government. The Allied Powers, with France at their head, instantly interfere—declare that the first shot fired by England at her revolted subjects, will be considered as a declaration of war against all Europe, but offer, at the same time, their good offices and mediation to effect a settlement of the differences between Great Britain and the Emerald Isle. Weakened by so great a defection, and overawed by so formidable a coalition, England reluctantly consents to the arbitration, and a truce is proclaimed between the adverse parties. Immediately the Allies declare, that the separation must be permanent; that “it is evident” that England’s means of regaining her lost dominions are at an end, and that the peace of Europe must be no longer compromised by the disputes between the Irish and English people. Suiting the action to the word, they forthwith put a foreign prince, without the consent of England, on the Irish throne, and, to secure his independence of Great Britain, marry him to the daughter of the King of France. Immediately after, the Allied Powers make a treaty, by which Ireland is guaranteed to the revolutionary king; and it is declared that the new kingdom is to *embrace Plymouth*, and have right to the free navigation of the Mersey. Upon England’s resisting the iniquitous partition, a French and Russian army, a hundred and fifty thousand strong, prepare for a descent on the shores of Kent. What would the English people, and the friends of freedom throughout the world, say to such a

proceeding? Yet this is precisely what the English people have been led, blindfold, by their Whig rulers, and the revolutionary press, to do! If his character is not totally destroyed, terrible will be the wakening of the Lion when he is roused from his slumber.

The hired journals of government, sensible that the conduct of their rulers on this vital question will not bear examination, endeavour to lay it upon the shoulders of the Allied Powers, and affect to lament the meshes in which they were left by the foreign policy of Lord Aberdeen. Of all absurdities, this is the greatest; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, are so far from sanctioning the attack on the King of the Netherlands, that they have solemnly *protested against it*; and Prussia, preparing to second her words by blows, has concentrated her armies on the Meuse. The King of the Netherlands professes his willingness *still* to submit the question of Antwerp and the Scheldt to the five Allied Powers, though he refuse to yield them up to the imperious demand of two of them. How, then, is it possible to involve the other Allied Powers in an iniquity of which they positively disapprove, and for which they are preparing to make war? True, they signed the treaty which gave Antwerp to Belgium, and their reasons for doing so, and the grounds on which they are to justify it, we leave it to them and their paid journalists to unfold. But they have positively refused to sanction the employment of force to coerce the Dutch; and without that, the revolutionary rabble of Belgium may thunder for ever against the citadel of Antwerp.

But because the three powers who signed the treaty for the partition of Poland, have also signed the treaty for the partition of the Netherlands, is that any vindication for our joining in the spoliation? When two robbers unite to waylay a traveller, is it any excuse for them that *three others* have agreed to the conspiracy? We were told that arbitrary despotic governments alone commit injustice, and that with the triumph of the people, and the extension of democracy, the rule of justice and equity was to commence. How then are revolutionary France and revolutionary England the foremost in the work of partition, when the other powers, ashamed of their signature at the disgraceful treaty, hang back, and refuse to put it in force? Is this the commencement of the fair rule of democratic justice? A treaty, which the three absolute powers, the *partitioners of Poland*, are ashamed of, the revolutionary powers have no scruple in enforcing—an iniquity which Russia and Austria refuse to commit, France and England are ready to perpetrate!

The pretence that we are involved in all this through the diplomacy of the Tories, is such a monstrous perversion of truth as cannot blind any but the most ignorant readers. When was the treaty which guaranteed Leopold’s dominions signed by France and England? in July, 1831; eight months after the accession of the Whigs to office. When was the treaty, giving Antwerp to Belgium, signed by the five powers? In November, 1831, a year after the retirement of the Duke of Wellington from

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power. What treaty did the Duke of Wellington leave binding on his successors, in regard to Belgium? The treaty of 1815, which guaranteed to the King of the Netherlands his whole dominions. What incipient mediation did he leave them to complete? That of the five Allied Powers, for the *pacific* settlement of the Belgian question. And yet we are told he involved Great Britain in a hostile aggression on Holland, and was the author of a measure of robbery by two of the mediating powers!

To give a show of equity to their spoliation, the revolutionary powers have summoned Leopold to surrender Venloo, and declare that Holland is to retain Luxemburg and Limburg. This is a mere colourable pretext, destitute of the least weight, and too dimly to deceive any one acquainted with the facts. Luxemburg always was in the hands of the Dutch; it formed part of the old patrimony of the house of Nassau, and the Belgians have no more right to that great fortress, or its territory, than they have to Magdebourg or Lisle. Venloo is a fortress of third-rate importance, about as fair an equivalent for Antwerp as Conway would be for Liverpool. Who ever heard of any works of Napoleon on Venloo, or any effort on his part to retain it as part of the outworks of his conquering dominions? Venloo is situated on the right or German bank of the Meuse, and never belonged to Belgium; so that to consider it as a compensation for the great and magnificent fortress of Antwerp, the key of the Scheldt, is as absurd as it would be to speak of Harwich as a compensation for London.

Hitherto we have argued the question on the footing of the *real merits* of the points at issue, and not the subordinate question on which the negotiations finally broke off. But here, too, the injustice of the proceeding is not less manifest than in the general nature of the transaction.

It was stipulated by the treaty of 15th November, 1821, signed by all the Allied Powers, that the evacuation of the provinces to be mutually ceded on both sides, should take place *after* the exchange of the ratification of a final peace. Of course, Antwerp was held by Holland, and Venloo by Belgium, until that event; and on that footing they have been held for the last twelve months.

But what do France and England *now* require? Why, that Antwerp should be ceded by Holland *before* the treaty is either signed or agreed to, and when weighty matters are still in dependence between the contracting parties. The advantages which the King of the Netherlands holds, the security he possesses by holding that great fortress, is to be instantly abandoned, and he is to be left, *without any security*, to the tender mercies of the father-in-law of his enemy, and the friendly sympathy of their democratic allies in this island. Is this just? Is it consistent with the treaty of November, 1831, on which England and France justify their armed interference? Is it not evidently a violation of both? and does not it leave the revolutionary states as much in the wrong on the last disputed point of the Conference as on its general spirit?

The answer of the King of the Netherlands to the summons of France and England to surrender the citadel of Antwerp, is so decisive of the justice of his cause on this point, that we cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"Holland having acceded, not to the treaty of the 15th of November, 1831, but to the greater part of its arrangements, must found its proceedings on the stipulations which it has accepted. Among the articles agreed to in concert with the Conference of London, is included the evacuation, in a fixed time after the exchange of the ratifications of the territories which were respectively to change hands, which point was regulated by the last of the 24 articles of 15th October, 1831, by the treaty of 15th November, and in the projects of convention which have followed it. If, on the 11th June, the Conference proposed the 20th July, for the evacuation of the respective territories, it declared, by its note of 20th July, that in making this proposal, it had thought that the treaty between Holland and Belgium would be ratified. To effect the evacuation at a time anterior to the exchange of the ratifications, would be acting in opposition both to the formally announced intentions of the Conference, and to the assent which has been given to them by the government of the Netherlands."

"It is true," says the Times, "that the territories were not to be evacuated on each side till the ratifications of a general peace are exchanged." This puts an end to the argument: we have not a shadow of justice for our demand of the immediate evacuation of Antwerp, any more than for the preceding treaty, which assigned it to Belgium.

The war in which, to serve their new and dearly-beloved revolutionary allies, and enable them to regain their menacing point to our shores, we are now about to be involved, may last ten days or ten years: it may cost 500,000*l.* or 500,000,000*l.*: all that is in the womb of fate, and of that we know nothing; but the justice of the case in either event remains the same. That which is done is done, and cannot be undone: the signature of England has been affixed to the treaty with revolutionary France for the partition of our allies, and there it will remain for ever, to call down the judgment of Heaven upon the guilty nation which permitted, and the execrations of posterity on the insane administration which effected it.

In this war, our rulers have contrived to get us into such a situation, that by no possibility can we derive either honour, advantage, or security, from the consequences to which it may lead. If the French and English are victorious, and we succeed in storming the citadel of Antwerp for the tricolour flag, will England be a gainer by the victory—will our commerce be improved by surrendering the navigation of the Scheldt into the hands of the jealous manufacturers of France and Belgium, and for ever alienating our old and willing customers in the United Provinces? Will our national security be materially improved by placing the magnificent dockyards, and spacious arsenals, and impregnable fortifications, which Napoleon erected for our subjugation,

in the hands of a revolutionary King of France and his warlike and able prime minister? If we are defeated, is the honour of England, the conqueror of France, likely to be upheld, or its influence increased, by our inability to bully a fifth-rate power, even with the aid of our Jacobin allies? Whatever occurs, whether Holland submits in five days, or holds out bravely and nobly for five years; whether the united tricolour and the leopard are victorious or are vanquished, we can derive nothing but humiliation, danger, and disgrace from the event. We shall certainly incur all the losses and burdens of war: we can never obtain either its advantages or its glories.

Every man in England may possibly soon be compelled to *ten pounds in the hundred* to undo the whole fruits of our former victories, and give back Antwerp to France!!! *And give back Antwerp to France!!!* This is the first fruits of our Whig diplomacy, and our new revolutionary alliance. Will the surrender of Portsmouth or Plymouth, or of an hundred ships of the line, be the second?*

In making these observations, we disclaim all idea of imputing to ministers any intentional or wilful abandonment of the interests and honour of England. We believe that as Englishmen and gentlemen, they are incapable of such baseness. What we assert is, that the passion for innovation, and their long-established admiration of France, have blinded their eyes; that they are as incapable of seeing the real consequences of their actions, as a young man is in the first fervour of love, or an inmate of bedlam in a paroxysm of insanity.

From this sickening scene of aggression, spoliation, and robbery, we turn with pride and admiration to the firm and dignified, yet mild and moderate language of the Dutch government. There was a time, when their conduct in resisting the partition of their country by two powerful and overbearing revolutionary neighbours, would have called forth the unanimous sympathy and admiration of the British people: when they would have compared it to the long glories of the House of Nassau, and the indomitable courage of that illustrious chief, who, when the armies of Louis XIV. were at the gates of Amsterdam, declared that he knew one way to avoid seeing the disgrace of his country, and that was to die in the last ditch. We cannot believe that revolutionary passions should have so completely changed the nature of a whole people in so short a time, as to render them insensible to such heroic conduct: at all events, for the honour of human nature, we cannot forbear the gratification of adorning our pages by the following quotation from the last reply of the States-General of Holland to the speech of the King of the Netherlands, announcing the approaching attack of France and England.

"Never did the States-General approach the throne with feelings similar to those of the present moment. They had fostered the well-

grounded hope that equitable arrangements would have put a period to the pressure on the country, but this just expectation has been disappointed. The States-General are grieved at the course of the negotiations. Whilst we are moderate and indulgent, demands are made on us which are in opposition to the honour and the independence of the nation; a small but glorious state is sacrificed to a presumed general interest. It makes a deep impression to see that foreign powers entertain a feeling in favour of a people torn from us by violence and perfidy—a feeling leading to our destruction—instead of experiencing from the great powers aid in upholding our rights. The clouds that darken the horizon might lead to discouragement, were it not for the conviction of the nation that she does not deserve this treatment, and that the moral energy which enabled her to make the sacrifices already rendered, remains in undiminished strength to support her in the further sacrifices necessary for the conservation of the national independence; that energy ever shone most brilliant when the country was most in danger, and had to resist the superior forces of united enemies; that energy enabled her to re-establish her political edifice which had been demolished by the usurper; and the same energy must, under our king, maintain that edifice against the usurpatory demands or attacks of an unjust defection.

"The result is anticipated with confidence. The nation glories in her powerful means of defence, and in her sea and land forces, which are in arms to obtain equitable terms of the peace that is still so anxiously solicited.

"The charges are heavy, but the circumstances that render them necessary are unexampled; and there is no native of the country who would not cheerfully make the utmost sacrifices when the honour and independence of the nation are endangered. Much may be conceded for the sake of the peace of Europe, but self-preservation puts a limit to concessions when they have approached to the utmost boundary. The Netherlands have ever made, willingly, great sacrifices for the defence of their rights; but never have they voluntarily relinquished their national existence, and many times they have defended them with small numerical forces against far superior numbers. This same feeling now glows in every heart; and still there is the God of our forefathers, who has preserved us in times of the most imminent peril. In union with their king, the States-General put their confidence in God; and, strong as they are in their unanimity of sentiments, and in the justice of their cause, they confidently look forward to the reward of a noble and magnanimous perseverance."

The revolutionary journals of England call this the obstinacy of the king of Holland. It is obstinacy. It is the same obstinacy as Leonidas showed at Thermopylæ, and Themistocles at Salamis, and the Roman senate after the battle of Cannæ, and the Swiss at Morgarten, and the Dutch at Haarlem; the obstinacy which commands the admiration of men through every succeeding age, and, even

* Of course the surrender of Antwerp to revolutionary Belgium, governed by the son-in-law of France, is, in other words, a surrender to the great parent democracy itself.

amidst the injustice of this world, secures the blessing of Heaven.

The Dutch may have Antwerp wrested from them; they may be compelled, from inability to resist, to surrender it to the Allies. All that will not alter the case; it will not ultimately avert an European war; it will not the less prove fatal to the progress of freedom. The Allies, and above all, England, allow the key to the Scheldt, and the advanced post of France against Britain, to remain in the hands of the French, or, what is the same thing, their subsidiary ally, the Belgians. In every age the establishment of the French power in Flanders has led to an European war; that in which a revolutionary force is entrenched there, is not destined to form an exception. A war of opinion must ensue sooner or later, when the tricolour standard is brought down to the Scheldt, and the eagle of Prussia floats on the Meuse. When that event comes, as come it will, then will England, whether republican or monarchical, be compelled to exert her force to drive back the French to their old frontier. A second war *must* be undertaken to regain what a moment of weakness and infatuation has lost in the first.

But what will be the result of such a war, provoked by the revolutionary ambition of France, and the tame subservience of England, on the interests of freedom? If revolutionary ambition prevails, what chance has liberty of surviving amidst the tyranny of democratic power? If legitimate authority conquers, how can it exist amidst the Russian and Austrian bayonets? When will real freedom again be restored as it existed in France under the mild sway of the Bourbons; or as prosperous a period be regained for that distracted country, as that which elapsed from 1815 to 1830? It is evident, that freedom must perish in the fierce contest between democratic and regal tyranny: it is hard to say, whether it has most to fear from the triumph of the French or the Russian bayonets. To their other claims to the abhorrence of mankind, the liberals of England, like the Jacobins of France, will add that of being the assassins of real liberty throughout the world.

It is sometimes advantageous to see the light in which the conduct of Great Britain is viewed in foreign states. The following article is from the *Manheim Gazette* of the 8th inst.:—"The French ministry and the English Whigs have in vain asserted that they do not mean to rule by the principle of propagandism; these assurances are no guarantee, since propagandism subsists in the system they have established, and cannot cease till that system is at an end. The delegates of the people, for in this light must be viewed all governments founded upon the principle of popular sovereignty, must of necessity seek their allies among other delegates of the same character; and to endeavour to find friends among their neighbours, is to act as if they sought to revolutionize such states as profess the monarchical principle. In this respect the influence of the Grey ministry is more pernicious than that of the French ministry. The former having commenced by revolutionizing England, and feel-

ing itself closely pressed by a reaction at home, feels a greater desire to form alliances with other nations; and consequently it is less solicitous about treaties and rights than France, who would unite herself more readily with monarchical states, if she were not restrained by the alliance with England. It is evident that England now occupies the place which was occupied by France after the revolution. Already the Grey ministry finds itself compelled to repair one extreme resolution by another; and in a very short time, repose, order, and peace, will become impossible. We repeat, therefore, that it is the Grey ministry which threatens the peace of Europe." Such is the light in which our government is viewed by the continental powers, and such the alarm which they feel at the threatened attack on Holland by the two revolutionary states; and yet we are told by the partisans of administration, that they are going to attack Antwerp "to preserve the peace of Europe."

The ministerial journals have at length let out the real motive of our conduct; the *Times* tells us that it is useless to blink the question, for if the French and English do not attack Antwerp together, France *will attack it alone*, and that this would infallibly bring on a general war. That is to say, we have got into the company of a robber who is bent upon assailing a passenger upon the highway, and to prevent murder *we join the robber in the attack*. Did it never occur to our rulers, that there was a more effectual way to prevent the iniquity? and that is to get out of such bad company, and *defend the traveller*. Would France ever venture to attack Antwerp if she were not supported by England? Would she ever do so if England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, were leagued together to prevent the march of revolutionary ambition? On whom then do the consequences of the aggression clearly rest? On the English government, who, against the interests and honour of England, join in the attack, when they hold the balance in their hands, and by a word could prevent it.

It is evident that it is this portentous alliance of France and England which really threatens the peace of Europe, and must ultimately lead to a universal war. The *Manheim Gazette* is perfectly right; it is the Grey administration who head the revolutionary crusade. Holding the balance in our hands, we voluntarily throw our decisive weight into the scales of aggression, and the other powers must unite to restore the beam.

The years of prosperity will not endure for ever to England, any more than to any earthly thing. The evil days will come when the grandeur of an old and venerated name will sink amidst the storms of adversity; when her vast and unwieldy empire will be dismembered, and province after province fall away from her mighty dominions. When these days come, as come they will, then will she feel what it was to have betrayed and insulted her allies in the plenitude of her power. When Ireland rises in open rebellion against her dominion; when the West Indies are lost, and with them the right arm of her naval strength; when the armies of the continent crowd the

Disastrous
 consequences
 to follow
 any such
 interference
 on / Antwerp

coasts of Flanders, and the navies of Europe are assembled in the Scheldt, to humble the mistress of the waves, then will she feel how deeply, how irreparably, her character has suffered from the infatuation of the last two years. In vain will she call on her once faithful friends in Holland or Portugal to uphold the cause of freedom; in vain will she appeal to the world against the violence with which she is menaced; her desertion of her allies in the hour of their adversity, her atrocious alliance with revolutionary violence, will rise up in judgment against her. When called on for aid, they will answer, did you aid us in the day of trial? when reminded of the alliance of an hundred and fifty years, they will point to the partition of 1832. England may expiate by suffering the disgrace of her present defection; efface it from the minds of men she never will.

The conservative administration of England

have had many eulogists, but they have had none who have established their reputation so effectually as their successors: Mr. Pitt's glory might have been doubtful in the eyes of posterity, had he not been succeeded by Lord Grey. The contrast between the firmness, integrity, and good faith of the one, and the vacillation, defection, and weakness of the other, will leave an impression on the minds of men which will never be effaced. The magnitude of the perils from which we were saved by the first, have been proved by the dangers we have incurred under the second; the lustre of the intrepidity of the former, by the disgrace and humiliation of the latter. To the bright evening of England's glory, has succeeded the darkness of revolutionary night: may it be as brief as it has been gloomy, and be followed by the rise of the same luminary in a brighter morning, gilded by colours of undecaying beauty!

KARAMSIN'S RUSSIA.*

NEVER was there a more just observation, than that there is no end to authentic history. We shall take the most learned and enthusiastic student of history in the country; one who has spent half his life in reading the annals of human events, and still we are confident that much of what is about to be stated in this article will be new to him. Yet it relates to no inconsiderable state, and is to be found in no obscure writer. It relates to the history of Russia, the greatest and most powerful empire, if we except Great Britain, which exists upon the earth, and with which,—sometimes in alliance,—sometimes in jealousy,—we have been almost continually brought in contact during the last half century. It is to be found in the history of Karamsin, the greatest historian of Russia, who has justly acquired an European reputation; but whose great work, though relating to so interesting a subject, has hitherto, in an unaccountable manner, been neglected in this country.

We complain that there is nothing new in literature,—that old ideas are perpetually recurring, and worn-out topics again dressed up in a new garb,—that sameness and imitation seem to be irrevocably stamped upon our literature, and the age of original thought, of fresh ideas, and creative genius, has passed away! Rely upon it, the fault is not in the nature of things, but in ourselves. The stock of original ideas, of new thoughts, of fresh images, is not worn out; on the contrary, it has hardly been seriously worked upon by all the previous efforts of mankind. We may say of it, as Newton did of his discoveries in physical science, that "all that he had done seemed like a boy playing on the sea-shore, finding sometimes a brighter pebble or a

smoother shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him." We complain of sameness of thought, of want of originality in topics, and yet we live in the midst of a boundless profusion of new facts and virgin images, for the first time brought forward by our extended intercourse with all parts of the world, and the heart-stirring events of our political history. There never was a period in the annals of mankind, if we except that of the discovery of America, in which new facts and novel images, and the materials for original thought, were brought with such profusion to the hand of genius; and there never was one in which, in this country at least, so little use was made of them, or in which the public mind seems to revolve so exclusively round one centre, and in one beaten and wellnigh worn-out orbit.

Whence has arisen this strange discrepancy between the profusion with which new materials and fresh objects are brought to hand, and the scanty proportion in which original thought is poured out to the world?—The cause is to be found in the impossibility of getting the great majority of men to make the "past or the future predominant over the present." If we add "*the absent*" to the famous apothegm of Johnson, we shall have a summary of the principal causes which in ordinary times chain mankind to the concentric circles of established ideas. Amidst common events, and under the influence of no peculiar excitement, men are incapable of extricating themselves from the ocean of habitual thought with which they are surrounded. A few great men may do so, but their ideas produce no impression on the age, and lie wellnigh dormant till they are brought to fructify and spread amidst the turbulence or sufferings of another. Thence the use of periods of suffering or intense excitement to the growth of intellect, and the

* Karamsin, *Histoire de Russie*, 11 vols. Paris, 1819-823. Foreign and Colonial Review, No. VII. July, 1844.

development of truth. *The past and the future are then made the present*; ages of experience, volumes of speculation, are then concentrated into the passing results of a few years, and thus spread generally throughout mankind. What original thought was evolved in England during the fervour of the Reformation! in France, during the agonies of the Revolution! Subsequent centuries of ease and peace to each were but periods of transfer and amplification,—of studied imitation and laboured commentary. There has been, there still is, original thought in our age; but it is confined to those whom the agitation of reform roused from the intellectual lethargy with which they were surrounded, and their opinions have not yet come to influence general thought. They will do so in the next generation, and direct the course of legislation in the third. Public opinion, of which so much is said, is nothing but the re-echo of the opinions of the great among our fathers,—legislation among our grandfathers; so slowly, under the wise system of providence, is truth and improvement let down to a benighted world!

We have been forcibly led to these observations by the study of Karamsin's History of Russia, and the immense stores of new facts and novel ideas which are to be found in a work long accessible in its French translation to all, hardly as yet approached by any. We are accustomed to consider Russia as a country which has only been extricated by the genius of Peter the Great, little more than a century and a half ago, from a state of barbarism, and the annals of which have been lost amidst general ignorance, or are worthy of no regard till they were brought into light by the increasing intercourse with the powers of western Europe. Such, we are persuaded, is the belief of ninety-nine out of an hundred, even among learned readers, in every European state; yet we perceive from Karamsin, that Russia is a power which has existed, though with great vicissitudes of fortune, for a thousand years; that Rurick, its founder, was contemporary with Alfred; and that it assailed the Bosphorus and Constantinople in the ninth century, with a force greater than that with which William the Conqueror subverted the Saxon monarchy at Hastings, and more powerful than were led against it in after times by the ambition of Catherine or the generals of Nicholas! What is still more remarkable, the mode of attack adopted by these rude invaders of the Byzantine empire was precisely that which long and dear-bought experience, aided by military science, subsequently taught to the Russian generals. Avoiding the waterless and unhealthy plains of Bessarabia and Walachia, they committed themselves in fearful multitudes to boats, which were wafted down the stream of the Dnieper to the Black Sea; and when the future conqueror of the east approaches to place the cross on the minarets of St. Sophia, he has only to follow the track of the canoes, which a thousand years ago brought the hordes of Rurick to the entrance of the Bosphorus.

Complicated, and to appearance inextricable as the transactions of the Slavonic race seem

at first sight, the history of Russia is yet singularly susceptible of simplification. It embraces four great periods, each of which have stamped their own peculiar impress upon the character of the people, and which have combined to produce that mighty empire which now numbers 60,000,000 of men among its subjects, and a seventh of the surface of the globe beneath its dominion.

The first of these periods is that which commences with the foundation of the Russian empire by Rurick, in 862, and terminates with the commencement of the unhappy division of the empire into *apanages*, or provisions for younger children,—the source of innumerable evils both to the monarchy and its subjects, in 1054. The extent to which the empire had spread, and the power it had acquired before this ruinous system of division commenced, is extraordinary. In the 10th century, Russia was as prominent, comparatively speaking, among the powers of Europe, in point of territory, population, resources, and achievements, as she is at this moment. The conquests of Oleg, of Sviatoslof, and of Vladimir, to whom the sceptre of Rurick had descended, extended the frontiers of the Russian territory from Novogorod and Kieff—its original cradle on the banks of the Dnieper—to the Baltic, the Dwina, and the Bug, on the west; on the south, to the cataracts of the Dnieper and the Cimmerian Bosphorus; in the north, to Archangel, the White Sea, and Finland; on the east, to the Ural Mountains and shores of the Caspian. All the territory which now constitutes the strength of Russia, and has enabled it to extend its dominion and influence so far over Asia and Europe, was already ranged under the sceptre of its monarchs before the time of Edward the Confessor.

The second period comprehends the innumerable intestine wars, and progressive decline of the strength and consideration of the empire, which resulted from the adoption of the fatal system of *apanages*. This method of providing for the younger children of successive monarchs, so natural to parental affection, so just with reference to the distribution of possessions among successive royal families, so ruinous to the ultimate interests of the state, was commenced by the Grand Prince Dmitri, in 1054, and afforded too ready a means of providing for the succeeding generation of princes to be soon abandoned. The effects of such a system may without difficulty be conceived. It reduced a solid compact monarchy at once to the distracted state of the Saxon heptarchy, and soon introduced into its vitals those fierce internal wars which exhaust the strength of a nation without either augmenting its resources, or adding to its reputation. It is justly remarked accordingly, by Karamsin, that for the next three hundred years after this fatal change in the system of government, Russia incessantly declined; and after having attained, at a very early period, the highest pitch of power and grandeur, she sunk to such a depth of weakness as to be incapable of opposing any effectual resistance to a foreign invader.

The third period of Russian history, and not the least in the formation of its national

racter, commenced with the Tartar invasion, and terminated with the final emancipation of the Moscovite dominions. In 1224, the first intelligence of a strange, uncouth, and savage enemy having appeared on the eastern frontier, was received at Kieff, then the capital of the Muscovite confederacy, for it no longer deserved the name of an empire; and two hundred and fifty years had elapsed before the nation was finally emancipated from their dreadful yoke. This was accomplished by the abilities, and perseverance of John III., the true restorer, and, in some degree, the second founder of the empire, in 1480, in which year the last invasion of the Tartar was repulsed, and the disgraceful tribute so long paid to the great khan was discontinued. During this melancholy interval, Russia underwent the last atrocities of savage cruelty and barbaric despotism. Moscow, then become the capital, was sacked and burnt by the Tartars, in 1387, with more devastation than afterwards during the invasion of Napoleon; every province of the empire was repeatedly overrun by these ruthless invaders, who, equally incapable of giving or receiving quarter, seemed, wherever they went, to have declared a war of extermination against the human race, which their prodigious numbers and infernal energy in war generally enabled them to carry on with success. Nor was their pacific rule, where they had thoroughly subjugated a country, less degrading than their inroad was frightful and devastating. Oppression, long continued and systematic, constituted their only system of government; and the Russians owe to these terrible tyrants the use of the knout, and of the other cruel punishments, which, from their long retention in the empire of the czars, when generally disused elsewhere, have so long excited the horror of Western Europe.

The fourth period commences with the abolition of the ruinous system of *apanages* by the mingled firmness and cunning, wisdom and fortune, of John III., about the year 1480; and continued till the genius of Peter the Great gave the country its great impetus two hundred years after. This period was a chequered one to the fortunes of Moscovy, but, on the whole, of general progressive advancement. Under Vassili, the successor of John III., the Russians made themselves masters of Smolensko, and extended their frontiers on the east to the Dwina. Under John the Terrible, who succeeded him, they carried by assault, after a terrible struggle, Kazan, in the south of Moscovy, where the Tartars had established themselves in a solid manner and formed the capital of a powerful state, which had more than once inflicted, in conjunction with the Lithuanians, the most dreadful wounds on the vitals of the empire. Disasters great and repeated still marked this period, as wave after wave break on the shore after the fury of the tempest has been stilled. Moscow was again reduced to ashes during the minority of John the Terrible; it was again burnt by the Tartars; and a third time, by accident; the victorious Poles advanced their standards to its gates, and so low were his fortunes reduced, that that heroic but bloody monarch had at

one period serious thoughts of deserting his country, and seeking refuge in England from his numerous enemies. Yet, Russia, thanks to the patriotism of her children and the indomitable firmness of her character, survived all these disasters; in the succeeding reign her arms were extended across the Ural mountains over Siberia, though her dominion over its immense wilds was for long little more than nominal, and a fortress was erected at Archangel, which secured to her the command of the White Sea.

The last period commences with the taking of Azoph, by Peter the Great, in 1696, which first opened to the youthful czar the dominion of the Black Sea, and terminates with the prodigious extension of the empire, consequent on the defeat of Napoleon's invasion. Europe has had too much reason to be acquainted with the details of Russian victories during this period. Her wars were no longer with the Tartars or Lithuanians: she no longer fought for life or death with the khan of Samarcand, the hordes of Bati, or the czar of Kazan. Emerging with the strength of a giant from the obscure cloud in which she had hitherto been involved, she took an active, and at length a fearful part, in the transactions of Western Europe. The conquest of Azoph, which opened to them the command of the Black Sea—the fierce contest with Sweden, and ultimate overthrow of its heroic monarch at Pultowa—the bloody wars with Turkey, commencing with the disasters of the Pruth, and leading on to the triumphs of Ockzakow, of Ismael, and Adrianople—the conquest of Georgia, and passage of the Russian arms over the coast of the Caucasus and to the waters of the Araser—the acquisition of Walachia and Moldavia, and extension of their southern frontier to the Danube—the partition of Poland, and entire subjugation of their old enemies, the Lithuanians—the seizure of Finland by Alexander—in fine, the overthrow of Napoleon, capture of Paris, and virtual subjugation of Turkey by the treaty of Adrianople, have marked this period in indelible characters on the tablets of the world's history. Above Alexander's tomb are now hung the keys of Paris and Adrianople: those of Warsaw will be suspended over that of his successor! The ancient and long dreaded rivals of the empire, the Tartars, the Poles, the French, and the Turks, have been successively vanquished. Every war for two centuries past has led to an accession to the Moscovite territory; and no human foresight can predict the period when the god Terminus is to recede. There is enough here to arrest the attention of the most inconsiderate; to occupy the thoughts of the most contemplative.

History exhibits numerous instances of empires which have been suddenly elevated to greatness by the genius or fortune of a single man; but in all such cases the dominion has been as short-lived in its endurance as it was rapid in its growth. The successive empires of Alexander, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, attest this truth. But there is no example of a nation having risen to durable greatness.

or attained a lasting dominion over the bodies and minds of men, but by long previous efforts, and the struggles and sufferings of many successive centuries. It would appear to be a general law of nature, alike in the material and the moral world, that nothing permanent is erected but by slow degrees, and that hardship and suffering constitute the severe but necessary school of ultimate greatness. In this point of view, there is a remarkable analogy between the history, from the earliest periods, of England, France, and Russia,—the three powers which stood forth so prominent in the great fight of the 19th century. Their periods of greatness, of suffering, and of probation, from their infancy have been the same; and during the long training of a thousand years, each has at the same time, and in a similar manner, been undergoing the moral discipline requisite for ultimate greatness, and the effects of which now appear in the lasting impression they have made upon the world. We do not recollect to have ever seen this remarkable analogy in the annals of three first-born of European states; but it is so striking, that we must request our reader's attention for a few minutes to its consideration.

The Russian empire, as already mentioned, was founded by Rurick, a hero and a wise monarch, about the year 860; and ere long its forces were so powerful, that eighty thousand Russians attacked the Bosphorus, and threatened Constantinople in a more serious manner than it has since been, even by the victorious arms of Catherine or Nicholas. This first and great era in Russian story—this sudden burst into existence, was contemporary with that of Alfred in England, who began to reign in 871, and nearly so with Charlemagne in France, who died at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 814, leaving an empire co-extensive with that which was exactly a thousand years afterwards lost by Napoleon.

The two centuries and a half of weakness, civil dissension, and external decline, which in Russia commenced with the system of dividing the empire into *apanages* in 1060, were contemporary with a similar period of distraction and debility, both to the English and French monarchies. To the former by the Norman conquests, which took place in that very year, and was followed by continual oppression of the people, and domestic warfare among the barons, till they were repressed by the firm hand of Edward I., who first rallied the native English population to the support of the crown, and by his vigour and abilities overawed the Norman nobility in the end of the 13th century. To the latter, by the miserable weakness which overtook the empire of Charlemagne under the rule of his degenerate successor; until at length its frontiers were contracted from the Elbe and the Pyrenees to the Aisne and the Loire,—till all the great feudatories in the monarchy had become independent princes, and the decrees of the king of France were not obeyed farther than twenty miles around Paris.

The woful period of Moscovite oppression, when ravaged by the successful armies of Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, and Bati, and

when the people for two centuries drank the cup of humiliation from Tartar conquests, or purchased a precarious respite by the ignominy of Tartar tribute, was contemporary with the disastrous English wars in France. The battle of Cressy was fought in 1314; that of Azincourt in 1415; and it was not till 1449, that these hated invaders were at length finally expelled from the Gallic shores, by the effects of the heroism of the Maid of Orleans, and the jealousies of the English nobility in the time of Henry VI. If these wars were disastrous to France,—if they induced the horrors of famine, pestilence, and Jacquerie, which ere long reduced its inhabitants a-half,—not less ruinous were their consequences to England, exhausting, as they did, the strength of the monarchy in unprofitable foreign wars, and leaving the nation a prey, at their termination, to the furious civil contests of York and Lancaster, which for above twenty years drenched their fields with blood, almost destroyed the old nobility, and left the weak and disjointed people an easy prey to the tyrannic rule of Henry VIII., who put 72,000 persons to death by the hand of the executioner in his single reign. It is hard to say whether Russia, when emerging from the severities of Tartar bondage—or France, when freed from the scourge of English invasions—or England, when decimated by the frightful carnage of York and Lancaster, were in the more deplorable condition.

From this pitiable state of weakness and suffering all the three monarchies were raised about the same period by three monarchs, who succeeded in each, partly by wisdom, partly by good fortune, partly by fraud, in reconstructing the disjointed members of the state, and giving to the central government the vigour and unity which had been lost amidst the distractions and sufferings of former times, but was essential to the tranquillity and well-being of society. John III., who achieved this great work in Russia, was the counterpart of Louis XI., who at the same time accomplished it in France. John III. ascended the throne in 1462, and reigned till 1505. Louis XI. in 1461, and reigned till 1483. Both were cautious in design, and persevering in execution; both were bold in council rather than daring in the field; both prevailed in a barbarous age, rather by their superior cunning and dissimulation than the wisdom or justice of their measures. Both had implicitly adopted the Machiavelian maxim, that the end will in all cases justify the means, and employed without scruple fraud and perfidy, as well as wisdom and perseverance to accomplish their grand object, the restoration of the throne, and abasement of the great feudatories. Both were equally successful. The reunion of the *apanages* to the crown of the Russian Grand Prince, the subjugation of the ancient republic of Novogorod, the annexation of that of Pskov by his successors, were steps extremely analogous to the defeat of Charles the Bold, and the acquisition of Normandy and Aquitaine by Louis XI., and the happy marriage of Anne of Brittany to his royal successor. Nor was the coincidence of a similar monarch on the throne, and a similar

revolution in society in England at the same period, less remarkable. Henry VII. won the crown of England on the field of Bosworth in 1483, and reigned till 1509. By uniting the rival pretensions of the Houses of York and Lancaster to the throne, through his marriage with the heiress of the former house, he reconstructed the English monarchy; his avarice left a vast treasure which rendered the crown independent to his vehement successor; his cautious policy broke down the little power which the fierce contests of former times had left to the Norman nobility. John III., Louis XI., and Henry VII. were the real restorers of the monarchy in their respective kingdoms of Russia, France, and England; and they were men of the same character, and flourished very nearly at the same time.

The next epoch in the history of Russia was that of Peter the Great, whose genius overcame the obstacles consequent on the remoteness of its situation, and opened to its people the career of European industry, arts, and arms. Russia had now gone through the ordeal of greatness and of suffering; it had come powerful, energetic, and valiant, out of the school of suffering. But the remoteness of its situation, the want of water communication with its principal provinces, the barbarous Turks who held the key to its richest realms in the south, and the Frozen Ocean, which for half the year barricaded its harbours in the north, had hitherto prevented the industry and civilization of its inhabitants from keeping pace with their martial prowess and great aspirations. At this period Peter arose, who, uniting the wisdom of a philosopher and the genius of a lawgiver, to the zeal of an enthusiast and the ferocity of a despot, forcibly drove his subjects into the new career, and forced them, in spite of themselves, to engage in the arts and labours of peace. Contemporary with this vast heave of the Moscovite empire, was a similar growth of the power and energy of France and England; but the different characters of the Asiatic and European monarchy and of the free community, were now conspicuous. The age of Peter the Great, in Russia, was that of Louis XIV. in France; of the Revolution of 1688, and of Marlborough, in England. The same age saw the victories of Pultowa and Blenheim; the overthrow of Charles XII. and humbling of the Grand Monarque. But great was now the difference in the character of the nations by whom these achievements were effected. Peter, by the force of Asiatic power, drove an ignorant and brutish race into industry and art; Louis led a chivalrous and gallant nation to the highest pitch of splendour and greatness; William III. was impelled by the free spirit of an energetic and religious community, into the assertion of Protestant independence, and the maintenance of European freedom. But this great step in all the three nations took place at the same time, and under sovereigns severally adapted to the people they were called to rule, and the part they were destined to play on the theatre of the world.

The last great step in the history of Russia has been that of Alexander—an era signalized beyond all others by the splendour and magni-

tude of military success. It witnessed the conquest of Finland and Georgia, of Walachia, Moldavia, the acquisition of Poland, and the extension of the empire to the Araxes. Need we say with what events this period was contemporary in France and England?—that the age which witnessed the burning of Moscow, saw also the taking of Paris—that Pitt and Wellington were contemporary with Alexander and Barclay—that but a year separated Leipsic and Waterloo? Coming, as it did, at the close of this long period of parallel advance and similar vicissitudes, during a thousand years, there is something inexpressibly impressive in this contemporaneous rise of the three great powers of Europe to the highest pinnacle of worldly grandeur—this simultaneous efflorescence of empires, which during so long a period had advanced parallel to each other in the painful approach to worldly greatness. Nor let the intellectual pride of western Europe despise the simple and comparatively untutored race, which has only within the last century and a half taken a prominent part in the affairs of Europe. The virtues, whether of nations or individuals, are not the least important which are nursed in solitude; the character not the least commanding, which, chastened by suffering, is based on a sense of religious duty. The nation is not to be despised which overthrew Napoleon; the moral training not forgotten which fired the torches of Moscow. European liberalism and infidelity will acquire a right to ridicule Moscovite ignorance and barbarity, when it has produced equal achievements, but not till then.

All the recent events in history, as well as the tendency of opinion in all the enlightened men in all countries who have been bred up under their influence, point to the conclusion that there is an original and indelible difference in the character of the different races of men, and that each will best find its highest point of social advancement by institutions which have grown out of its ruling dispositions. This is but an exemplification of the profound observation long ago made by Montesquieu, that no nation ever rose to durable greatness but by institutions in harmony with its spirit. Perhaps no national calamities have been so great, because none so lasting and irremediable, as those which have arisen from the attempt to transfer the institutions of our race and stage of political advancement to another family of men and another era of social progress. Recollecting what great things the Slavonic race has done both in former and present times, it is curious to see the character which Karamsin gives of them in the first volume of his great work:—

“Like all other people the Slavonians, at the commencement of their political existence, were ignorant of the advantages of a regular government; they would neither tolerate masters nor slaves among them, holding the fruit of blessings to consist in the enjoyment of unbounded freedom. The father of a family commanded his children, the husband his wife, the master his household, the brother his sisters; every one constructed his hut in a place apart from the rest, in order that he might live

more at ease, and according to his own inclinations. A wood, a stream, a field, constituted the dominion of a Slavonian; and no unarmed person ventured to violate the sanctity of his domain—each family formed a little independent republic; and the ancient customs, common to the whole nation, served them instead of laws. On important occasions the different tribes assembled to deliberate on their common concerns; they consulted the old men, those living repositories of ancient usages, and they evinced the utmost deference to their advice. The same system was adopted when they required to elect a chief for one of their warlike expeditions; but such was their excessive love of freedom, and repugnance towards any kind of constraint, that they imposed various limitations on the authority of their chiefs, whom they often disobeyed, even in the heat of battle: after having terminated their expedition, every one returned to his home, and resumed the command of his children and household.

“That savage simplicity—that rudeness of manners could not long endure. The pillage of the empire of the east, the centre of luxury and riches, made the Slavonians acquainted with new pleasures and hitherto unfelt wants. These wants, by putting an end to their solitary independence, drew closer the bonds of social dependence: they daily felt more strongly the necessity of mutual support; they placed their homes nearer each other; they began to build towns. Others, who had seen in foreign countries magnificent cities and flourishing villages, lost all taste for the obscurity of the forests, once endeared to their hearts by the love of independence; they passed into the provinces of Greece; they consented to range themselves under the rule of the emperor. The fate of war placed, for a brief season, a large part of the German Slavonians under the government of Charlemagne and his successors; but an unconquerable love of freedom was ever the basis of their character. On the first favourable opportunity they threw off the yoke, and avenged themselves cruelly on their rulers for their transient subjection: they were never finally reduced to order but by the influences of the Christian religion.”—Vol. i. p. 68, 69.

How strongly does this picture of the Slavonic race, a thousand years ago, recall the traces of the Poles of the present time! The same love of solitary and isolated freedom,—the same passion for independence,—the same fretting under the restraints of civilization and the curb of authority,—the source at once of their strength and their weakness—their glories and their ruin!

If it be true, as Shakspeare has told us, that the ruling passion is strong in death; no slight interest will attach to Karamsin's graphic picture of the character evinced in the supreme hour by the three races which have so long contended for the mastery of the east, viz., the Tartars, the Russians or Slavonians, and the Turks.

“Cannons for a long time were not regarded by the Russians as a necessary part of the implements of war. Invented as they conceived by the Italian artists for the defence of

fortresses, they allowed them to remain motionless on their carriages on the ramparts of the Kremlin. In the moment of combat the Russians trusted more to their number than to the skill of their manœuvres; they endeavoured in general to attack the enemy in rear, and surround him. Like all Asiatic nations, they looked rather to their movements at a distance than in close fight; but when they did charge, their attacks were impetuous and terrible, but of short duration. ‘In their vehement shock,’ says Herberstein, ‘they seemed to say to their enemy,—Fly, or we will fly ourselves!’ In war as in pacific life, the people of different races differ to an astonishing degree from each other. Thrown down from his horse, disarmed, and covered with blood, the Tartar never thinks of surrender: he shakes his arms, repels the enemy with his foot, and with dying fury bites him. No sooner is the Turk sensible he is overthrown, than he throws aside his scimitar, and implores the generosity of his conqueror. Pursue a Russian, he makes no attempt to defend himself in his fight, but never does he ask for quarter. Is he pierced by lances or swords, *he is silent, and dies.*”—Vol. vii. p. 252.

These are the men of whom Frederick the Great said, you might kill them where they stood, but never make them fly.—“They were motionless, fell, and died!”

“Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave.”

A devout sense of religion, a warm and constant sense of Divine superintendence, has in every age, from the days of Rurick to those of Alexander, formed the ruling principle and grand characteristic of the Russians, and has of all nations which have ever risen to durable greatness. Karamsin tells us that from the remotest period this has been the unvarying characteristic of the Slavonic race:—

“In the 6th century, the Slavonians adored the *Creator of Thunder*,—the God of the universe. The majestic spectacle of storms,—at the moment when an invisible hand appears from the height of the burning heavens to dart its lightnings upon the earth,—must ever make a deep impression alike on civilized and savage man. The Slavonians and Antes, as Procopius observes, did not believe in destiny; but, according to them, all events *depended on the will of a Ruler of the world*. On the field of battle, in the midst of perils, in sickness, in calamity, they sought to bind the Supreme Being,—by vows, by the sacrifice of bulls and goats, to appease his wrath. On the same principle, they adored the rivers and mountains, whom they peopled with nymphs and genii, by whose aid they sought to penetrate the depths of futurity. In later times, the Slavonians had abundance of idols; persuaded that true wisdom consisted in knowing the name and qualities of each god, in order to be able to propitiate his favour. They were true polytheists, considering their statues not as images of the gods, but as inspired by their spirit, and wielding their power.

“Nevertheless, in the midst of these absurd superstitions, the Slavonians had an idea of a supreme and all-powerful Being, to whom the

immensity of the heavens, dazzling with thousands of stars, formed a worthy temple; but who was occupied only with celestial objects, while he had intrusted to subaltern deities, or to his children, the government of the world. They called him 'Bilibos,' or 'the White God,' while the spirit of evil was named 'Teherm-bog,' or 'the Black God.' They sought to appease the lash by sacrifices: he was represented under the image of a lion; and to his malignant influences they ascribed all their misfortunes and miseries of life. The beneficent Deity they considered too elevated to be swayed by prayers, or approached by mortals: it was the inferior executors of his will who alone were to be propitiated."—Vol. i. p. 99—102.

It has been already mentioned, that the Russian empire was founded by Rurick, in 862. And it is very remarkable that supreme power was obtained by that great warrior, not by the sword of conquest, but by the voluntary and unanimous will of the people.

"In Russia," says Karamsin, "sovereign power was established with the unanimous consent of the inhabitants; and the Slavonic tribes concurred in forming an empire which has for its limits now the Danube, America, Sweden and China. The origin of the government was as follows:—the Slavonians of Novogorod and the central districts around Moscow, sent an embassy to the Vargue-Russians, who were established on the other side of the Baltic, with these words—'Our country is great and fertile, but under the rule of disorder: come and take it.' Three brothers named Rurick, Sincori, and Trouver, illustrious alike by their birth and their great actions, escorted by a numerous body of Slavonians, accepted the perilous invitation, and fixed their abode, and began to assume the government in Russia,—Rurick at Novogorod, Sincori at Bich Ozero, near the Fins, and Trouver at Izbornsk. Within less than two years, Sincori and Trouver both died, and Rurick obtained the government of the whole provinces which had invited them over; and which embraced all the central provinces of Russia; and the feudal system was established over their whole extent."—Vol. i. p. 143, 144.

The Dnieper was the great artery of this infant dominion; at once their watery high road, and no inconsiderable source of subsistence. It was on its bosom that the innumerable canoes were launched, which, filled with yellow-haired and ferocious warriors, descended to the Sea of Azoph, penetrated into the Black Sea, forced the passage of the Bosphorus, and often besieged Constantinople itself. In less than a century after its first origin, the Russian empire was already a preponderating power in the east of Europe. Before the year 950 the conquests of Oleg, Sviatoslof, and Vladimir, the successors of Rurick, had advanced its frontiers, on the west, to the Baltic, the Dwina, the Bug, and the Carpathian mountains; on the south, to the cataracts of the Dnieper, and the Cimmerian Bosphorus; on the east and north to Finland and the Ural mountains, and on the south-east nearly to the Caspian Sea; corresponding nearly to the

boundaries of Russia in Europe at this time. The words of the Novogorodians, their allies, which the old annalist of Russia, Nestor, has transmitted, expressed the principle of the government of this vast empire, at this early period: "We wish a prince who will command and govern us according to the laws;" that is to say, as a limited monarchy.

Kieff was for centuries the capital of this rising dominion, its situation on the bank of the Dnieper being singularly favourable for the development of the resources of the empire. Of its strength and formidable character from the earliest times, decisive evidence is afforded by the three great expeditions which they fitted out against Constantinople, and which are recorded alike by the Greek and early religious annalists. Of the first of these, in 905, Karamsin has given us the following animated account:—

"In 905, Oleg, in order to find employment for his restless and rapacious subjects, declared war against the empire. No sooner was this determination known, than all the warlike tribes from the shores of Finland to those of the Vistula, crowded to the Dniester, and were ranged under the standard of Oleg. Speedily the Dniester was covered by 2,000 light barks, each of which carried forty combatants. Thus 80,000 armed men descended the river, flushed with victory, and eager for the spoils of the imperial city. The cavalry marched along the banks, and soon the mighty host approached the cataracts of the Dnieper, which were of a much more formidable character than they are now, when so many subsequent centuries, and no small efforts of human industry, have been at work in clearing away the obstacles of the navigation. The Varagues of Kieff had first ventured with two hundred barks to enter into the perilous rapids, and through pointed rocks, and amidst foaming whirlpools, had safely reached the bottom. On this occasion Oleg passed with a fleet and army ten times as numerous. The Russians threw themselves into the water, and conducted the barks by the strength of the swimmers down the rapids. In many places they were obliged to clamber up on the banks, and seeking a precarious footing on the sharp ridges of rocks and precipices, often bore the barks aloft on their shoulders. After incredible efforts they reached the mouth of the river, where they repaired their masts, sails, and rudders; and boldly putting to sea, which most of them had never seen before, spread forth on the unknown waters of the Euxine. The cavalry marched by land, and though grievously weakened in number by the extraordinary length of the land journey, joined their fleet at the mouth of the Bosphorus; and the united force, 60,000 strong, approached Constantinople.

"Leon, surnamed the philosopher, reigned there; and incapable of any warlike effort he contented himself with closing the mouth of the Golden Horn, or harbour of Constantinople; and secure behind its formidable ramparts, beheld with indifference the villages around in flames, their churches pillaged and destroyed, and the wretched inhabitants driven

by the swords and lances of the Russians into the capital. Nestor, the Russian annalist, has left the most frightful account of the cruel barbarities committed on these defenceless inhabitants by the victorious warriors, who put their prisoners to death by the cruellest tortures, and hurled the living promiscuously with the dead into the sea. Meanwhile the Greeks, albeit numerous and admirably armed, remained shut up in Constantinople; but soon the Russian standards approached the walls, and they began to tremble behind their impregnable ramparts. Oleg drew up his boats on the shore, and putting them, as at the cataracts of the Dnieper, on the shoulders of his men, reached the harbour on the land side; and after launching them on its upper extremity, appeared with spreading sails, as Mahomet II. afterwards did, ready to land his troops behind the chain, and escalate the walls, on the side where they were weakest. Terrified at this audacious enterprise, the Emperor Leon hastened to sue for peace, offering to send provisions and equipments for the fleet, and to pay an annual tribute; and a treaty was at length concluded, on the condition that each Russian in the armament should receive twelve gronas, and heavy contributions should be levied on the empire for the towns of Kieff, Tchernigof, Polteck, Lubetch, and other dependencies of Russia."—Vol. i. p. 162—165.

When the imperial city in the commencement of the 10th century was assailed by such formidable bodies of these northern invaders, and its emperors were so little in a condition to resist the attack, it is not surprising that it should have been prophesied in that city 900 years ago, that in its last days Constantinople should be taken by the Russians. The surprising thing rather is, that in consequence of the lateral irruption of the Turks, and the subsequent jealousies of other European powers, this consummation should have been so long delayed as it actually has.

Passing by the two centuries and a half of weakness, civil warfare, and decline, which followed the disastrous system of *apanages*, which are uninteresting to general history, we hasten to lay before our readers a specimen of the description Karamsin has given of the terrible effects produced by the Tartar invasions, which commenced in 1223. The devastation of that flourishing part of Asia which formerly bore the name of Bactriana and Sogdiana, is thus described:—

"Bokhara in vain attempted a defence against Genghis Khan. The elders of the town came out to leave the keys of the city at the feet of the conqueror, but to no purpose. Genghis Khan appeared on horseback, and entered the principal mosque; no sooner did he see the Alcoran there, than he seized it, and threw it with fury to the ground. That capital was reduced to ashes. Samarcand, fortified with care, contained 100,000 soldiers, and a great number of elephants, which constituted at that period the principal strength of the Asiatic armies. Distrusting even these powerful means of defence, the inhabitants threw themselves on the mercy of the conqueror, but met with a fate as cruel as if they had stood

an assault. Thirty thousand were put to death in cold blood, a like number condemned to perpetual slavery, and a contribution of 200,000 pieces of gold levied on the town. Khiva, Tirmel, and Balkh, in the last of which were 1200 mosques, and 200 baths for strangers alone, experienced the same fate. During two or three years the ferocious wars of Genghis Khan ravaged to such a degree the wide countries stretching from the sea of Aral to the Indus, that during the six centuries which have since elapsed, they have never recovered their former flourishing condition."—Vol. iii. p. 281, 282.

At length this terrible tempest approached the Moscovite plains. The first great battle between the Moguls and the Russians took place in 1226.

"Encouraged by a trifling success they had gained over the advanced guard of the enemy, the Russians drew up their army on the left bank of the Kalka, and calmly awaited the approach of the enemy. Soon the innumerable squadrons of the Tartars appeared, and the intrepid Daniel, overflowing with courage, bore down upon the vanguard, broke it, and had well-nigh gained a glorious victory; but the cowardly Polontsks could not stand the shock of the Moguls, and speedily turned their backs and fled. In the delirium of terror, they precipitated themselves on the Russians, penetrated their ranks, and carried the most frightful disorder into their camp, where the princes of Kieff and Tchernigof had made no preparations for battle, as Moteslaf, their general, who commanded the leading column, wishing to engross the whole honours of victory, had given them no warning of the approaching fight. Once broken, the Russians made but a feeble resistance; even the young Daniel was swept away by the torrent, and it was not till his horse stopped on the brink of a stream which it could not pass, that he felt a deep wound which he had received in the commencement of the action. The Tartars, in continuing the pursuit to the banks of the Dnieper, made a prodigious slaughter of the flying Muscovites; among others, six princes and seventy nobles were put to death. Never did Russia experience a more stunning calamity. A superb army, numerous, valiant, animated with the highest spirit, almost entirely disappeared; hardly a tenth part of its numbers escaped. The base Polontsks, our pretended allies, joined in the massacre of the Russians, when victory had decidedly declared in favour of the Moguls. In the consternation which followed, the few Russian generals who survived threw themselves into the Dnieper, and destroyed all the boats on the river, to prevent the enemy from following after them. All but Moteslaf Romanevich, of Kieff, passed over: but that chief, who was left in a fortified camp on the summit of a hill, disdained to abandon his post, and actually awaited the whole fury of the Mogul onset. During three days, at the head of his heroic band, he repulsed all their efforts, and at length wearied with a resistance which they saw no means of surmounting, the Mogul leaders proposed to allow him to retire with his troops

provided a ransom was agreed to, which capitulation was agreed to and sworn on both sides. No sooner, however, had the perfidious Tartars by this device wiled the Russians out of their stronghold, than they fell upon them and massacred the whole, and concluded their triumph, by making a horrid feast of their bloody remains."—Vol. iii. p. 289—291.

The immediate subjugation of Russia seemed presaged by this dreadful defeat; but the danger at the moment was averted by orders from Genghis Khan, who withdrew his forces to the south for an expedition against Persia. But the breathing-time was not of long duration. Before many years had elapsed, the Tartars returned flushed with fresh conquest under the redoubtable Bati. That terrible conqueror, the scourge of Russia, took and burnt Moscow, where the prince, who commanded, and the whole of the inhabitants, were put to the sword, without distinction of age or sex. City after city, province after province, fell before the dreadful invaders, who seemed as irresistible as they were savage and pitiless. Broken down into numerous little *apanages*, or separate principalities, the once powerful Russian empire was incapable of making any effectual resistance. Yet were examples not wanting of the most heroic and touching devotion, worthy to be placed beside the names of Astapa and Numantium.

"Bati sent a part of his troops against Souzdel, which made no resistance. As soon as they had entered it, the Tartars, according to their usual custom, put to death the whole population, with the exception of the young monks at Nuni, who were reserved for slavery. On the 6th of February, 1238, the inhabitants of Vladimir beheld the dark squadrons of the Tartars, like a black torrent, surround their walls; and soon the preparation of scaling ladders and palisades indicated an immediate assault. Unable to resist this innumerable army, and yet sensible that it was in vain, as the Moguls would massacre, or sell them all for slaves, the boyards, and nobles, inspired with a sublime spirit, resolved to die as became them. The most heart-rending spectacle followed. Vsevoid, his wife and children, and a great number of illustrious nobles assembled in the church of Notre Dame, where they supplicated the Bishop Metrophene, to give them the 'tonsure monacale,' which severed them from the world. That solemnity took place in profound silence. Those heroic citizens had bid adieu to the world and to life; but at the moment of quitting it, they did not pray the less fervently for the existence of their beloved Russia. On the 7th of February, being the Sunday of the Carnival, the assault commenced,—the Tartars broke into the city by the Golden Gate, by that of Brass and that of Saint Irene. Vsevoid and Moteslaf retired with their guards into the old town, while Agatha, the wife of Georges, the general-in-chief, his daughters, nieces, grand-daughters, and a crowd of citizens of the highest rank, flocked to the cathedral, where they were soon surrounded by the ferocious Moguls, who set fire to the building. No sooner did he perceive the flames, than the bishop exclaimed,

'Oh, Lord! stretch out your invisible arms, and receive your servants in peace,' and gave his benediction to all around him. In fervent devotion they fell on their faces, awaiting death, which speedily overtook them. Some were suffocated by the volumes of smoke which rushed in on all sides, others perished in the flames or sank beneath the sword of the Tartars. The blood-thirstiness of the Moguls could not await the advance of the conflagration; with hatchets they burst open the gates and rushed in, eager for the treasures which they thought were hid in the interior. The cruel warriors of Bati made scarce any prisoners: all perished by the sword or the flames. The Prince Vsevoid and Moteslaf, finding themselves unable to repel the enemy, strove to cut their way through their dense battalions, and both perished in the attempt."—Vol. iii. p. 344, 345.

Another instance of sublime devotion will close our extracts from the scenes of carnage:—

"After the destruction of Vladimir, the numerous Tartar bands advanced towards Kozils, in the government of Kalonga. Vassili commanded in that town, and with his guards and his people deliberated on the part which they should adopt. 'Our prince is still young,' exclaimed those faithful Russians: 'It is our duty to die for him, in order to leave a glorious name, and to find beyond the tomb the crown of immortality.' All united in this generous determination, resolving at the same time to retard the enemy as much as possible by the most heroic resistance. During more than a month the Tartars besieged the fortress without being able to make any sensible progress in its reduction. At length a part of the walls, having fallen down, under their strokes, the Tartars escalated the ramparts; but at their summit, they were met by a determined band of Russians, who with knives and swords, disputed every inch of ground, and slew 4,000 Tartars before they sank under the innumerable multitude of their enemies. Not one of that heroic band survived; the whole inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to death, and Bati, astonished at so vehement a resistance, called the town, 'the wicked city,' a glorious appellation when coming from a Tartar chief. Vassili perished, literally drowned in the blood of his followers."—Vol. iii. p. 549, 550.

And it is at the time when these heroic deeds are for the first time brought under the notice of the people of this country, that we are told that every thing is worn out, and that nothing new or interesting is to be found in human affairs.

But all these efforts, how heroic soever, could not avert the stroke of fate. Russia was subdued—less by the superior skill or valour, than the enormous numbers of the enemy, who at length poured into the country 400,000 strong. For above two hundred and fifty years they were tributary to the Tartars, and the grand princes of Russia were confirmed in their government by the Great Khan. The first great effort to shake off that odious yoke, was made in 1378, when Dmitri collected the

scattered forces of the *apanages* to make head against the common enemy. The two armies, each 150,000 strong, met at Koulikoff, on the 7th September, 1378, on which day, four hundred and thirty-four years afterwards, Napoleon and Kutasoff commenced the dreadful struggle at Borodino.

"On the 6th September, the army approached the Don, and the princes and boyards deliberated whether they should retire across the river, so as to place it between them and the enemy, or await them where they stood, in order to cut off all retreat from the cowardly, and compel them to conquer or die. Dmitri then ascended a mound, from which he could survey his vast army. 'The hour of God,' said he, 'has sounded.' In truth no one could contemplate that prodigious multitude of men and horses; those innumerable battalions ranged in the finest order; the thousands of banners, and tens of thousands of arms glittering in the sun, and hear the cry repeated by a hundred and fifty thousand voices,—'Great God, give us the victory over our enemies,' without having some confidence in the result. Such was the emotion of the prince, that his eyes filled with tears; and dismounting, he knelt down, and stretching out his arm to the black standard, on which was represented our Saviour's figure, he prayed fervently for the salvation of Russia.—Then mounting his horse, he said to those around,—'My well-beloved brothers and companions in arms, it is by your exploits this day, that you will live in the memory of man, or obtain the crown of immortality.'

"Soon the Tartar squadrons were seen slowly advancing, and ere long they covered the whole country to the eastward, as far as the eye could reach. Great as was the host of the Russians, they were outnumbered considerably by the Moguls. His generals besought Dmitri to retire, alleging the duty of a commander-in-chief to direct the movements, not hazard his person like a private soldier; but he replied, 'No, you will suffer wherever you are: if I live, follow me, if I die avenge me.' Shortly after the battle commenced, and was the most desperate ever fought between the Russians and the Tartars. Over an extent of ten wersts, (seven miles,) the earth was stained with the blood of the Christians and Infidels. In some quarters the Russians broke the Moguls; in others they yielded to their redoubtable antagonists. In the centre some young battalions gave way, and spread the cry that all was lost: the enemy rushed in at the opening this afforded, and forced their way nearly to the standard of the Grand Prince, which was only preserved by the devoted heroism of his guard. Meanwhile Prince Vladimir Andreiwitch, who was placed with a chosen body of troops in ambuscade, was furious at being the passive spectator of so desperate a conflict in which he was not permitted to bear a part. At length, at eight at night, the Prince of Volhynia, who observed with an experienced eye the movements of the two armies, exclaimed, 'My friends, our time has come!' and let the whole loose upon the enemy, now somewhat disordered by success.

Instantly they emerged from the forest which had concealed them from the enemy, and fell with the utmost fury on the Moguls. The effect of this unforeseen attack was decisive. Astonished at the vehement onset, by troops fresh and in the best order, the Tartars fled, and their chief, Mamia, who, from an elevated spot beheld the rout of his host, exclaimed, 'The God of the Christian is powerful!' and joined in the general flight. The Russians pursued the Moguls to the Metcha, in endeavouring to cross which vast numbers were slain or drowned, and the camp, with an immense booty, fell into the hands of the victors."—Vol. v. pp. 79—82.

This great victory, however, did not decide the contest, and nearly a hundred years elapsed before the independence of Russia from the Tartars was finally established. Not long after this triumph, as after Boradino, Moscow was taken and burnt by the Moguls; the account of which must, for the present, close our extracts.

"No sooner were the walls of Moscow escalated by the Tartars, than the whole inhabitants, men, women, and children, became the prey of the cruel conquerors. Knowing that great numbers had taken refuge in the stone churches, which would not burn, they cut down the gates with hatchets, and found immense treasures, brought into these asylums from the adjoining country. Satiated with carnage and spoil, the Tartars next set fire to the town, and drove a weeping crowd of captives, whom they had selected for slaves, from the massacre into the fields around. 'What terms,' say the contemporary annalists, 'can paint the deplorable state in which Moscow was then left? That populous capital, resplendent with riches and glory, was destroyed in a single day!' Nothing remained but a mass of ruins and ashes; the earth covered with burning remains and drenched with blood, corpses half burnt, and churches wrapt in flames. The awful silence was interrupted only by the groans of the unhappy wretches, who, crushed beneath the falling houses, called aloud for some one to put a period to their sufferings."—Vol. v. p. 101.

Such was Russia at its lowest point of depression in 1378. The steps by which it regained its independence and became again great and powerful, will furnish abundant subject for another article on Karamsin's *Modern History*. *Permanent Rev.*

We know not what impression these extracts may have made on our readers, but ourselves they have produced one of the most profound description. Nothing can be so interesting as to trace the infancy and progressive growth of a great nation as of a great individual. In both we can discover the slow and gradual training of the mind to its ultimate destiny, and the salutary influence of adversity upon both in strengthening the character, and calling forth the energies. It is by the slowest possible degrees that nations are trained to the heroic character, the patriotic spirit, the sustained effort, which is necessary to durable elevation. Extraordinary but fleeting enthusiasm, the genius of a six

gie man, the conquests of a single nation, may often elevate a power like that of Alexander, in ancient, or Napoleon in modern times, to the very highest pitch of worldly greatness. But no reliance can be placed on the stability of such empires; they invariably sink as fast as they had risen, and leave behind them nothing but a brilliant, and, generally, awful impression on the minds of succeeding ages. If we would seek for the only sure foundations of lasting greatness, we shall find them in the persevering energy of national character; in the industry with which wealth has been accumulated, and the fortitude with which suffering has been endured through a long course of ages; and, above all, in the steady and continued influence of strong religious impressions, which, by influencing men in every important crisis by a sense of duty, has rendered them superior to all the storms of fortune. And the influence of these principles is nowhere more clearly to be traced than in the steady progress and present exalted position of the Russian empire.

Of Karamsin's merits as an author, a conception may be formed from the extracts we have already given. We must not expect in the historian of a despotic empire, even when recording the most distant events, the just discrimination, the enlightened views, the fearless opinions, which arise, or can be hazarded only in a free country. The philosophy of history is the slow growth of the opinions of all different classes of men, each directed by their

ablest leaders, acting and receding upon each other through a long course of ages. It was almost wholly unknown to the ancient Greeks; it was first struck out, at a period when the recollections of past freedom contrasted with the realities of present servitude, by the mighty genius of Tacitus, and the sagacity of Machiavelli, the depth of Bacon, the philosophy of Hume, the glance of Robertson, and the wisdom of Guizot, have been necessary to bring the science even to the degree of maturity which it has as yet attained. But in brilliancy of description, animation of style, and fervour of eloquence, Karamsin is not exceeded by any historian in modern times. The pictures he has given of the successive changes in Russian manners, institutions, and government, though hardly so frequent as could have been wished, prove that he has in him the spirit of philosophy; while in the animation of his descriptions of every important event, is to be seen the clearest indication that he is gifted with the eye of poetic genius. Russia may well be proud of such a work, and it is disgraceful to the literature of this country that no English translation of it has yet appeared. We must, in conclusion, add, that the elevated sentiments with which it abounds, as well as the spirit of manly piety and fervent patriotism in which it is conceived, diminish our surprise at the continued progress of an empire which was capable of producing such a writer.

EFFECTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

EVER since the late French Revolution broke out, and at a time when it carried with it the wishes, and deluded the judgment, of a large and respectable portion of the British public, we have never ceased to combat the then prevailing opinion on the subject. We asserted from the very outset that it was calculated to do incredible mischief to the cause of real freedom; that it would throw back for a very long period the march of tranquil liberty; that it restored at once the rule of the strongest; and, breaking down the superiority of intellect and knowledge by the mere force of numbers, would inevitably and rapidly lead, through a bitter period of suffering, to the despotism of the sword.

We founded our opinion upon the obvious facts, that the Revolution was effected by the populace of Paris, by the treachery of the army, and the force of the barricades, without any appeal to the judgment or wishes of the remainder of France; that a constitution was framed, a king chosen, and a government established at the Hotel de Ville, by a junto of enthusiastic heads, without either deliberation,

time, or foresight; that this new constitution was announced to the provinces by the telegraph, before they were even aware that a civil war had broken out; that the Citizen King was thus not elected by France, but imposed upon its inhabitants by the mob of Paris; that this convulsion prostrated the few remaining bulwarks of order and liberty which the prior revolution had left standing, and nothing remained to oppose the march of revolution, and the devouring spirit of Jacobinism, but the force of military despotism. That in this way no chance existed of liberty being ultimately established in France, because that inestimable blessing depended on the fusion of all the interests of society in the fabric of government, and the prevention of the encroachments of each class by the influence of the others; and such mutual balancing was impossible in a country where the whole middling ranks were destroyed, and nothing remained but tumultuous masses of mankind on the one hand, and an indignant soldiery on the other. We maintained that the convulsion at Paris was a deplorable catastrophe for the cause of freedom in all other countries; that by precipitating the democratic party everywhere into revolutionary measures or revolutionary ex-

* Selze Mois, ou La Revolution et La Revolutionnaires, par N. A. Salvandy, auteur de l'Histoire de la Pologne. Paris, 1831.—Blackwood's Magazine, June, 1832.

cesses, it would inevitably rouse the conservative interests to defend themselves; that in the struggle, real liberty would be equally endangered by the fury of its insane friends and the hostility of its aroused enemies; and that the tranquil spread of freedom, which had been so conspicuous since the fall of Napoleon, would be exchanged for the rude conflicts of military power with popular ambition.

Few, we believe, comparatively speaking, of our readers, fully went along with these views when they were first brought forward; but how completely have subsequent events demonstrated their justice; and how entirely has the public mind in both countries changed as to the character of this convulsion since it took place! Freedom has been unknown in France since the days of the Barricades; between the dread of popular excess on the one hand, and the force of military power on the other, the independence of the citizens has been completely overthrown; Paris has been periodically the scene of confusion, riot, and anarchy; the revolt of Lyons has only been extinguished by Marshal Soult at the head of as large an army as fought the Duke of Wellington at Toulouse, and at as great an expense of human life as the revolt of the Barricades; the army, increased from 200,000 to 600,000 men, has been found barely adequate to the maintenance of the public tranquillity; 40,000 men, incessantly stationed round the capital, have, almost every month, answered the cries of the people for bread by charges of cavalry, and all the severity of military execution; the annual expenditure has increased from 40,000,000*l.* to 60,000,000*l.*; fifty millions sterling of debt has been incurred in eighteen months; notwithstanding a great increase of taxation, the revenue has declined a fourth in its amount, with the universal suffering of the people; and a pestilential disorder following as usual in the train of human violence and misery, has fastened with unerring certainty on the wasted scene of political agitation, and swept off twice as many men in a few weeks in Paris alone, as fell under the Russian cannon on the field of Borodino.

Externally, have the effects of the three glorious days been less deplorable? Let Poland answer; let Belgium answer; let the British empire answer. Who precipitated a gallant nation on a gigantic foe; and roused their hot blood by the promises of sympathy and support, and stirred up by their emissaries the revolutionary spirit in the walls of Warsaw? Who is answerable to God and man for having occasioned its fatal revolt, and buoyed its chiefs up with hopes of assistance, and stimulated them to refuse all offers of accommodation, and delivered them up, unaided, unfriended, to an infuriated conqueror? The revolutionary leaders; the revolutionary press of France and England; the government of Louis Philippe, and the reforming ministers of England; those, who, knowing that they could render them no assistance, allowed their journals, uncontradicted, to stimulate them to resistance, and delude them to the last with the hopes of foreign intervention. Who is answerable to God and man for the Belgian

revolt? Who has spread famine and desolation through its beautiful provinces, and withered its industry with a blast worse than the simoom of the desert; and sown on the theatre of British glory those poisoned teeth, which must spring up in armed battalions, and again in the end involve Europe in the whirlwind of war? The revolutionary leaders; the revolutionary press of France and England; the government of Louis Philippe, and the reforming ministers of this country; those who betrayed the interests of their country in the pursuit of democratic support; who dismembered the dominions of a faithful ally, and drove him back at the cannon mouth, when on the point of regaining his own capital; who surrendered the barrier of Marlborough and Wellington, and threw open the gates of Europe to republican ambition after they had been closed by British heroism. Who are answerable to God and man for the present distracted state of the British empire? Who have suspended its industry, and shaken its credit, and withered its resources? Who have spread bitterness and distrust through its immense population, and filled its poor with expectations that can never be realized, and its rich with terrors that can never be allayed? Who have thrown the torch of discord into the bosom of an united people; and habituated the lower orders to license, and inflated them with arrogance, and subjugated thought and wisdom by the force of numbers, and arrayed against the concentrated education and wealth of the nation the masses of its ignorant and deluded inhabitants? The reforming ministers; the revolutionary press of England; those who ascended to power amidst the transports of the Barricades; who incessantly agitated the people to uphold their falling administration, and have incurred the lasting execration of mankind, by striving to array the numbers of the nation against its intelligence, and subjugate the powers of the understanding by the fury of the passions.

To demonstrate that these statements are not overcharged as to the present condition of France, and the practical consequence of the Revolution of the Barricades, we subjoin the following extract from an able and independent reforming journal.

"If a government is to be judged of by the condition of the people, as a tree by its fruits, the present government of France must be deemed to be extremely deficient in those qualities of statesmanship which are calculated to inspire public confidence and make a people happy—for public discontent, misery, commotion, and bloodshed, have been the melancholy characteristics of its sway. If the ministry of Louis Philippe were positively devoted to the interests of the ex-royal family, they could not take more effective steps than they have hitherto done to make the vices of the family be forgotten, and to reinforce the ranks of the party which labours incessantly for their recall.

"With short intervals of repose, Paris has been a scene of *émeutes* and disturbances which would disgrace a semi-civilized country, and to this sort of intermittent turbulence it has been doomed ever since Louis Philippe ascended the

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throne, but more especially since Casimir Perier was intrusted with the reins of responsible government. It is a melancholy fact that, under the revolutionized government of France, more blood has been shed in conflicts between the people and the military, than during the fifteen years of the Restoration, if we except the three days of resistance to the ordinances in Paris, which ended in the dethronement of Charles the Tenth.

"Yet we do not know if we ought to except the carnage of those three days, for we recollect having seen a communication from Lyons, soon after the commotions in that city, in which it was stated that a greater number of persons, both citizens and soldiers, fell in the conflict between the workmen and the military, than were slain during the memorable three days of Paris. Let us add to this the slaughter at Grenoble, where the people were again victorious, and the sabrings and shootings which have taken place in minor conflicts in several towns and departments, and it will be found that the present government maintains its power at a greater cost of French blood than that which it has superseded."—*Morning Herald*.

We have long and anxiously looked for some publication from a man of character and literary celebrity of the liberal party in France, which might throw the same light on the consequences of its late revolution as the work of M. Dumont has done on the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly. Such a work is now before us, from the able and eloquent pen of M. Salvandy, to whose striking history of Poland we have in a recent number requested the attention of our readers. He has always been a liberal, opposed in the Chamber of Deputies all the arbitrary acts of the late government, and is a decided defender of the Revolution of July. From such a character the testimony borne to its practical effects is of the highest value.

"The Restoration," says he, "bore in its bosom an enemy, from whose attacks France required incessant protection. That enemy was the counter revolutionary spirit; in other words, the passion to deduce without reserve all its consequences from the principle of legitimacy; the desire to overturn, for the sake of the ancient interests, the political system established by the Revolution, and consecrated by the Charter and a thousand oaths. It was the cancer which consumed it; the danger was pointed out for fifteen years, and at length it devoured it.

"The Revolution of July also bore in its entrails another curse: this was the revolutionary spirit, evoked from the bloody chaos of our first Revolution, by the sound of the rapid victory of the people over the royalty. That fatal spirit has weighed upon the destinies of France, since the Revolution of 1830, like its evil genius. I write to illustrate its effects; and I feel I should ill accomplish my task if I did not at the same time combat its doctrines.

"The counter-revolution was no ways formidable, but in consequence of the inevitable understanding which existed between its sup-

porters and the crown, who, although it long refused them its arms, often lent them its shield. The revolutionary spirit has also a powerful ally, which communicates to it force from its inherent energy. This ally is the *democracy which now reigns as a despot over France*; that is, without moderation, without wisdom, without perceiving that it reigns only for the behoof of the spirit of disorder—that terrible ally which causes it to increase its own power, and will terminate by destroying it. It is time to speak to the one and the other a firm language; to recall to both principles as old as the world, which have never yet been violated with impunity by nations, and which successively disappear from the midst of us, stifled under the instinct of gross desires, rash passions, pusillanimous concessions, and subversive laws. Matters are come to such a point, that no small courage is now required to unfold these sacred principles; and yet all the objects of the social union, the bare progress of nations, the dignity of the human race, the cause of freedom itself, is at stake. That liberty is to be seen engraven at the gate of all our cities, emblazoned on all our monuments, floating on all our standards; but, alas! it will float there in vain if the air which we breathe is charged with anarchy, as with a mortal contagion, and if that scourge marks daily with its black mark some of our maxims, of our laws, of our powers, while it is incessantly advancing to the destruction of society itself."

"What power required the sacrifice of the peerage? Let the minister answer it, he said it again and again with candour and courage. *It is to popular prejudice, democratic passion, the intoxication of demagogues, the blind hatred of every species of superiority, that this immense sacrifice has been offered.* I do not fear to assert, that a nation which has enforced such a sacrifice, on such altars; a nation which could demand or consent to such a sacrifice, has declared itself in the face of the world ignorant of freedom, and perhaps incapable of enjoying it.

"That was the great battle of our revolutionary party. It has gained it. It is no longer by our institutions that we can be defended from its enterprises and its folly. The good sense of the public is now our last safeguard. But let us not deceive ourselves. Should the public spirit become deranged, we are undone. It depends in future on a breath of opinion, whether anarchy should not rise triumphant in the midst of the powers of government. Mistress of the ministry by the elections, it would speedily become so of the Upper House, by the new creations which it would force upon the crown. The Upper House will run the risk, at every quinquennial renewal of its numbers, of becoming a mere party assemblage: an assembly elected at second hand by the Chamber of Deputies and the electoral colleges. The ruling party henceforth, instead of coming to a compromise with it, which constitutes the balance of the three powers, and the basis of a constitutional monarchy, will only require to incorporate itself with it. At the first shock of parties, the revolutionary faction will gain this immense advantage; it will emerge from the bosom of

our institutions as from its eyrie, and reign over France with the wings of terror.

"In vain do the opposing parties repeat that the Revolution of 1830 does not resemble that of 1789. That is the very point at issue; and I will indulge in all your hopes, if you are not as rash as your predecessors, as ready to destroy, as much disposed to yield to popular wishes, that is, *to the desire of the demagogues who direct them*. But can I indulge the hope, that a people will not twice in forty years commence the same career of faults and misfortunes, when you who have the reins of power, are already beginning the same errors? I must say, the Revolution of 1830 runs the same risk as its predecessor, if it precipitates its chariot to the edge of the same precipices. Everywhere the spirit of 1791 will bear the same fruits. In heaven as in earth, it can engender only the demon of anarchy.

"The monarchy of the Constituent Assembly, that monarchy which fell almost as soon as it arose, did not perish, as is generally supposed, from an imperfect equilibrium of power, a bad definition of the royal prerogative, or the weakness of the throne. No—the vice lay deeper; it was in its entrails. The old crown of England was not adorned with more jewels than that ephemeral crown of the King of the French. But the crown of England possesses in the social, not less than the political state of England, powerful support, of which France is totally destitute. A constitution without guarantees there reposed on a society which was equally destitute of them, which was as movable as the sands of Africa, as easily raised by the breaths of whirlwinds. The Revolution which founded that stormy society, founded it on false and destructive principles. Not content with levelling to the dust the ancient hierarchy, the old privileges of the orders, the corporate rights of towns, which time had doomed to destruction, it levelled with the same stroke the most legitimate guarantees as the most artificial distinctions. It called the masses of mankind *not to equality, but to supremacy*.

"The constitution was established on the same principles. In defiance of the whole experience of ages, the Assembly disdained every intermediate or powerful institution which was founded on those *conservative principles, without attention to which no state on earth has ever yet flourished*. In a word, it called the masses not to liberty, but to power.

"After having done this, no method remained to form a counterpoise to this terrible power. A torrent had been created without bounds—an ocean without a shore. By the eternal laws of nature, it was furious, indomitable, destructive, changeable; leaving nothing standing but the scaffolds on which royalty and rank, and all that was illustrious in talent and virtue, speedily fell; until the people, disabused by suffering, and worn out by passion, resigned their fatal sovereignty into the hands of a great man. Such it was, such it will be, to the end of time. The same vices, the same scourges, the same punishments.

"When you do not wish to fall into an abyss, you must avoid the path which leads to it. When you condemn a principle, you must

have the courage to condemn its premises, *of* to resign yourself to see the terrible logic of party, the austere arms of fortune, deduce its consequences; otherwise, you plant a tree, and refuse to eat its fruits; you form a volcano, and expect to sleep in peace by its side.

"With the exception of the Constituent Assembly, where all understandings were fascinated, where there reigned a sort of sublime delirium, all the subsequent legislatures during the Revolution did evil, intending to do good. The abolition of the monarchy was a concession of the Legislative Assembly; the head of the king an offering of the Convention. The Girondists in the Legislative Body, in surrendering the monarchy, thought they were doing the only thing which could save order. Such was their blindness, that they could not see that their own acts had destroyed order, and its last shadow vanished with the fall of the throne. The Plain, or middle party in the Convention, by surrendering Louis to the executioner, thought to satiate the people with that noble blood; and they were punished for it, by being compelled to give their own, and that of all France. It was on the same principle that in our times the peerage *has fallen the victim of deplorable concessions*. May that great concession, which embraces more interests, and destroys more conservative principles than are generally supposed, which shakes at once all the pillars of the social order, not prepare for those who have occasioned it unavailing regret and deserved punishment!

"The divine justice has a sure means of punishing the exactions, the passions, and the weakness which subvert society. *It consists in allowing the parties who urge on the torrent, to reap the consequences of their actions*. Thus they go on, without disquieting themselves as to the career on which they have entered; without once looking behind them; thinking only on the next step they have to make in the revolutionary progress, and always believing that it will be the last. But the weight of committed faults drags them on, and they perish under the rock of Sisypus.

"I will not attempt to conceal my sentiments; the political and moral state of my country fills me with consternation. When you contemplate its population in general, so calm, so laborious, so desirous to enjoy in peace the blessings which the hand of God has poured so liberally into the bosom of our beautiful France, you are filled with hope, and contemplate with the eye of hope the future state of our country. But if you direct your look to the region where party strife combats; if you contemplate the incessant efforts to excite in the masses of the population all the bad passions of the social order; to rouse them afresh when they are becoming dormant; to enrol them in regular array when they are floating; to make, for the sake of contending interests, one body, and march together to one prey, which they will dispute in blood; how is it possible to mistake, in that delirium of passion, in that oblivion of the principles of order, in that forgetfulness of the conditions on which it depends, the fatal signs which precede the most violent convulsions! A people in whose

bosom, for sixteen months, *disorder has marched with its head erect*, and its destroying axe in hand, has not yet settled its accounts with the wrath of Heaven.

"While I am yet correcting these lines; while I am considering if they do not make too strong a contrast to the public security—if they do not too strongly express my profound conviction of the dangers of my country—the wrath of Heaven has burst upon that France, half blinded, half insane. Fortune has too cruelly justified my sinister presages. Revolt, assassination, civil war, have deluged with blood a great city; and it would be absurd to be astonished at it. We have sown the seeds of anarchy with liberal hands; it is a crop which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest.

"It is to the men of property, of whatever party, that I now address myself: to those who have no inclination for anarchy, whatever may be its promises or its menaces; to those who would fear, by running before it, to surrender the empire to its ravages, and to have to answer to God and man for the disastrous days, the dark futurity of France. I address myself to them, resolved to unfold to the eyes of my country all our wounds; to follow out, even to its inmost recesses, the malady which is devouring us. It will be found; that, in the last result, they all centre in one; and that is the same which has already cleft in two this great body, and brought the country to the brink of ruin. *We speak of liberty, and it is the government of the masses of men which we labour to establish.* Equality is the object of our passionate desires, and we confound it with levelling. I know not what destiny Providence has in reserve for France; but I do not hesitate to assert, that, so long as that double prejudice shall subsist amongst us, we will find no order but under the shadow of despotism, and may bid a final adieu to liberty."—Pp. 20—36.

There is hardly a sentence in this long quotation, that is not precisely applicable to this country, and the revolutionary party so vehemently at work amongst ourselves. How strikingly applicable are his observations on the destruction of the hereditary peerage, and the *periodical creations* which will prostrate the upper house before the power of the democracy, to the similar attempt made by the revolutionary party in this country! But how different has been the resistance made to the attempt to overthrow this last bulwark of order in the two states! In France, the Citizen King, urged on by the movement party, *created thirty Peers to subdue that assembly*, and by their aid destroyed the hereditary peerage, and knocked from under the throne the last supports of order and freedom. In Great Britain, the same course was urged by an insane populace, and a reckless administration, on the crown; and an effort, noble indeed, but, it is to be feared, too late, was made by the crown to resist the sacrifice. The "Masses" of mankind, those immense bodies whom it is the policy of the revolutionary party in every country to enlist on their side, are still agitated and discontented. But, thanks to the generous efforts of the Conservative party, the noble resistance of the House of Peers, and the ulti-

mate effort for liberation by the crown, the flood of revolution has been at least delayed and if the constitution is doomed to destruction, the friends of freedom have at least the consolation of having struggled to the last to avert it.*

Salvandy gives the basis on which alone, in his opinion, the social edifice can with safety be reconstructed. His observations are singularly applicable to the future balance which must obtain in the British empire:

"The more democratic the French population becomes from its manners and its laws, the more material it is that its government should incline in the opposite direction, to be able to withstand that flux and reflux of free and equal citizens. The day of old aristocracies, of immovable and exclusive aristocracies, is past. Our social, our political condition, will only permit of such as are accessible to all. But all may arrive at distinction, for the paths to eminence are open to all; all may acquire property, for it is an acquisition which order and talent may always command. In such a state of society, is it a crime to insist that power shall not be devolved but to such as have availed themselves of these universal capabilities, and have arrived either at eminence or property; to those who have reached the summit of the ladder in relation to the commune, the department, or the state, to which they belong? No, it is no crime; for if you cast your eyes over the history of the world, you will find that freedom was never yet acquired but at that price.

"It is the law of nature that societies and nations should move like individuals; that the head should direct the whole. Then only it is that the power of intelligence, the moral force, is enabled to govern; and the perfection of such moral and intellectual combinations is freedom. The party in France who support a republic, do so because they consider it as synonymous with democracy. They are in the right. Democracy, without the most powerful counterpoises, leads necessarily to popular anarchy. It has but one way to avoid that destiny, and that is despotism; and thence it is that it invariably terminates, weary and bloody, by reposing beneath its shades."—Pp. 44, 45.

Numerous as have been the errors, and culpable the recklessness, of the Reform rulers of England; their constant appeal to the masses of mankind; their attempt to trample down intelligence, education, and property by the force of numbers; their ceaseless endeavours to sway the popular elections, in every part of the country, by brutal violence and rabble intimidation, is the most crying sin which besets them. It will hang like a dead weight about their necks in the page of history; it will blast for ever their characters in the eyes of posterity; it will stamp them as men who sought to subvert all the necessary and eternal relations of nature; to introduce a social, far worse than a political revolution; and subject England to that rule of the multitude, which must engender a Reign of Terror and a British Napoleon.

* Written shortly after the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Peers

*Secured
Reform*

Our author gives the following graphic picture of the state of France for a year and a half after the Revolution of July. How exactly does it depict the state of the British islands after eighteen months of popular domination!

"For eighteen months the greatest political lessons have been taught to France. On the one hand, we have seen what it has cost its rulers to have attempted to subvert the laws; on the other what such a catastrophe costs a nation, even when it is most innocently involved in it. The state, shaken to its centre, does not settle down without long efforts. The farther the imagination of the people has been carried, the more extravagant the expectations they have been permitted to form, the more difficulty have the unchained passions to submit to the yoke of constituted authority, or legal freedom. Real liberty, patient, wise, and regular, irritates as a fetter those who, having conquered by the sword, cannot conceive any better arbiter for human affairs. To insurrection for the laws, succeeds everywhere, and without intermission, insurrection against the laws. From all quarters, the desire is manifested for new conquests, a new futurity; and that devouring disquietude knows no barrier, before which the ambitions, the hatreds, the theories, the destruction of men, may be arrested. It appears to the reformers, that all rights should perish, because one has fallen. *There is no longer an institution which they do not attack, nor an interest which does not feel itself compromised.* The disorder of ideas becomes universal, the anxiety of minds irresistible. A city, with 100,000 armed men in the streets, no longer feels itself in safety. Should the public spirit arouse itself, it is only to fall under the weight of popular excesses, and still more disquieting apprehension. For long will prevail that universal and irresistible languor; hardly in a generation will the political body regain its life, its security, its confidence in itself. What has occasioned this calamitous state of things? Simply this. Force—popular force, has usurped a place in the destinies of the nation, and its appearance necessarily inflicts a fatal wound on the regular order of human society. Every existence has been endangered when that principle was proclaimed."—Pp. 50, 51.

"England has done the same to its sovereign as the legislators of July; and God has since granted to that nation one hundred and forty years of prosperity and glory. But let it be observed, that when it abandoned the principle of legitimacy, England made no change in its social institutions. *The Aristocracy still retained their ascendancy:* though the keystone of the arch was thrown down, they removed none of its foundations. But suppose that the English people had proceeded, at the same time that they overthrew the Stuarts, to overturn their civil laws and hereditary peerage—to force through Parliamentary Reform, remodel juries, bind all authorities beneath the yoke of the populace, extended fundamental changes into the state, the church, and the army: had it tolerated a doctrine which is anarchy itself, the doctrine of universal suffrage: suppose, in fine, that it had seen in the first fervour of the revolutionary

intoxication, that parliament had laid the axe to all subsisting institutions: then, I say, that the Revolution of 1688 would most certainly have led the English people to their ruin; that it would have brought forth nothing but tyranny, or been stifled in blood and tears"—Pp. 59, 60.

The real state of France, under the Restoration, has been the subject of gross misrepresentation from all the liberal writers in Europe. Let us hear the testimony of this supporter of the Revolution of July, to its practical operation.

"The government of the Restoration was a constitutional, an aristocratic, and a free monarchy. It was monarchical in its essence, and in the prerogatives which it reserved to the crown. *It was free, that is no longer contested.* Inviolability of persons and property; personal freedom; the liberty of the press; equality in the eye of law; the institution of juries; independence in the judiciary body; responsibility in the agents of power; comprised every thing that was ever known of freedom in the universe. Public freedom consisted in the division of the legislative authority between the king and the people—the independence of both Chambers—the annual voting of supplies—the freedom of the periodical press—the establishment of a representative government.

"Democracy, in that regime, was, God knows, neither unknown nor disarmed. For in a country where the aristocracy is an hotel, open to whoever can afford to enter it, it as necessarily forms part of the democracy as the head does of the body. The whole body of society has gained the universal admissibility, and the real admission of all to every species of public employment; the complete equality of taxation; the eligibility of all to the electoral body; the inevitable preponderance of the middling orders in the elections; in fine, the entire command of the periodical press.

"At the time of the promulgation of the Charter, France had not the least idea of what freedom was. That Revolution of 40 years' duration, which had rolled over us, incessantly resounding with the name of liberty, *had passed away without leaving a conception of what it really was.* Coups d'état—that is, strokes by the force of the popular party—composed all its annals, equally with all that was to be learned from it; and these violent measures never revolted the opinion of the public, as being contrary to true freedom, which ever rejects force, and reposes only on justice, but merely spread dismay and horror through the ranks of the opposite party. The only struggle was, who should get the command of these terrible arms. On the one hand, these triumphs were called order; on the other, liberty. No one gave them their true appellation, which was a return to the state of barbarous ages, a restoration of the rule of the strongest."—Pp. 115, 116.

These observations are worthy of the most profound meditation. Historical truth is beginning to emerge from the fury of party ambition. Here we have it admitted by a liberal historian, that throughout the whole course of the French revolution, that is of the resurrec-

non and rule of the masses, there was not only no trace of liberty established, but no idea of liberty acquired. Successive coups d'état, perpetual insurrection; a continued struggle for the rule of these formidable bodies of the citizens, constituted its whole history. They fell at last under the yoke of Napoleon, easily and willingly, because they had never tasted of real freedom. That blessing was given to them, for the first time, under a constitutional monarchy and a hereditary peerage; in a word, in a mixed government. How instructive the lesson to those who have made such strenuous endeavours to overturn the mixed government of Britain; to establish here the ruinous preponderance of numbers, and beat down the freedom of thought, by the brutal violence of the multitude.

The following observations are singularly striking. Their application need not be pointed out; one would imagine they were written to depict the course to which the reforming administration is rapidly approaching.

"There is in the world but two courses of policy: the one is regular, legitimate, cautious: it leans for support, not on the physical strength, but the moral intelligence of mankind, and concedes influence less to the numbers than the lights, the stability, the services, the love of order, of the superior class of citizens.

"This lofty and even policy respects within the laws, and without the rights of nations, which constitutes the moral law of the universe. It conducts mankind slowly and gradually to those ameliorations which God has made as the end of our efforts, and the compensation of our miseries; but it knows that Providence has prescribed two conditions to this progress,—patience and justice.

"The other policy has totally different rules, and an entirely different method of procedure. Force, brutal force, constitutes at once its principle and its law. You will ever distinguish it by these symptoms. In all contests between citizens, parties, or kingdoms, in every time and in every place, it discards the authority of justice, which is called the safety of the people; that is to say, the prevailing object of popular ambition, or, in other words, mere force, comes in its stead. Would you know its internal policy: difference of opinion is considered as a crime; suspicion is arrest; punishment, death: it knows no law but force to govern mankind. Regard its external policy. It regards neither the sanction of treaties nor the rights of neutrals, nor the inviolability of their territories, nor the conditions of their capitulations: its diplomacy is nothing else but war; that is to say, force, its last resource in all emergencies. In its internal government it has recourse to no lengthened discussion, to no delays, no slow deliberations; caprice, anger, murder, cut short all questions, without permitting the other side to be heard. In a word, in that system, force thinks, deliberates, wishes, and executes. It rejects all the authority of time and the lessons of experience; the past it destroys, the future it devours. It must invade every thing, overcome every thing, in a single day. *Marching at the head of menacing masses, it compels all wishes, all resistance, all genius, all grandeur, all virtue, to*

bend before those terrible waves, where there is nothing enlightened which is not perverted, nor worthy which is not buried in obscurity. What it calls liberty consists in the power of dictating its caprice to the rest of mankind; to the judge on the seat of justice, to the citizen at his fireside, to the legislator in his curule chair, to the king on his throne. Thus it advances, overturning, destroying. But do not speak to it of building; that is beyond its power. It is the monster of Asia, which can extinguish but not produce existence."—Pp 230, 231.

At the moment that we are translating this terrible picture, meetings of the masses of mankind have been convened, by the reforming agents, in every part of the country, where by possibility they could be got together, to control and overturn the decisions of parliament. Fifty, sixty, and seventy thousand men, are stated to have been assembled at Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Edinburgh: their numbers are grossly exaggerated; disorders wilfully ascribed to them; menacing language falsely put into their mouth in order to intimidate the more sober and virtuous class of citizens. The brickbat and bludgeon system is invoked to cover the freedom of the next, as it did of the last general election, and obtain that triumph from the force of brutal violence, which it despairs of effecting by the sober influence of reason or justice. Who is so blind as not to see in this ostentatious parade of numbers, as opposed to knowledge; in this appeal to violence, in default of argument; in this recourse to the force of masses, to overcome the energy of patriotism, the same revolutionary spirit which Salvandy has so well described as forming the scourge of modern France, and which never yet became predominant in a country, without involving high and low in one promiscuous ruin? *an*

"England," says the same eloquent writer, "has two edifices standing near to each other: in the one, assemble from generation to generation, to defend the ancient liberties of their country, all that the three kingdoms can assemble that is illustrious or respectable: it is the chapel of St. Stephens. There have combated Pitt and Fox: there we have seen Brougham, Peel, and Canning, engaged in those noble strifes which elevate the dignity of human nature, and the very sight of which is enough to attach the mind to freedom for the rest of its life. At a few paces distance you find another arena, other combats, other champions: physical force contending with its like; man struggling with his fellow-creature for a miserable prize, and exerting no ray of intelligence, but to plant his blows with more accuracy in the body of his antagonist. From that spectacle to the glorious one exhibited in parliament, the distance is not greater than from revolutionary liberty to constitutional freedom."—P. 233.

To what does the atrocious system of popular intimidation, so long encouraged or taken advantage of by the reforming party, necessarily lead but to such a species of revolutionary liberty; in other words, to the unrestrained tyranny of the mob, over all that is dignified, or virtuous, or praiseworthy, in society? *It will*

be the eternal disgrace of that party; it will be the damning record of the reforming administration, that in the struggle for power, in the pursuit of chimerical and perilous changes, they invoked the aid of these detestable allies, and periled the very existence of society upon a struggle in which they could not be successful but by the aid of powers which never yet were let loose without devastating the world with their fury.

"In vain," continues our author, "the Movement party protest against such a result, and strive to support their opinions by the strange paradox, that the anarchy, towards which all their efforts are urging us, will *this time* be gentle, pacific, beneficent; that it will bring back the days of legitimacy, and bring them back by flowery paths. This brilliant colouring to the horrors of anarchy is one of the most deplorable productions of the spirit of party. For my part, I see it in colours of blood; and that not merely from historic recollection, but the nature of things. Doubtless we will not see the Reign of Terror under the same aspect: we will not see a Committee of Public Safety holding France enchained with a hand of iron: we will not see that abominable centralization of power: but what we will see is a domiciliary terror, more rapid and more atrocious; more destructive than on the first occasion, because it will be more nearly allied to the passion for gain and plunder. What will ultimately come out of it, God only knows; but this we may well affirm, that when the revolutionary party shall become master of France, it will slay and spoil as it has slain and spoiled; that it will decimate the higher classes as it has decimated them. I assert, that those of the present leaders of the party who shall oppose themselves to this horrible result, and assuredly the greater number will do so, will be crushed under the wheels of the chariot which they have so insantly put in motion. I maintain that this is a principle of its existence—a law of nature; in fine, the means destined by Providence for its extinction. *Existing solely on the support of the masses of mankind; having no support but in their aid, it can admit of no genius to rule its destinies but their genius. Thenceforward it is condemned, for its existence and its power, to model itself on the multitude; to live and reign according to its dictation. And the multitude, to use the nervous words of Odillon Barrot, is 'characterized by barbarity throughout all the earth.'*

"Thence it is that every state, which has once opened the door to democratic doctrines, totters under the draught, and falls, if it is not speedily disorged. Thence it is that every society which has received, which has become intoxicated with them, abjures the force of reason, devotes itself to the convulsions of anarchy, and bids at once a long adieu to civilization and to freedom. For the revolutionary party, while they are incessantly speaking of ameliorations and of perfection, is a thousand times more adverse to the progress of the social order and of the human mind, than the party of the ancient regime, which at least had its principal seat in the higher regions of society; a region cultivated, fruitful in intelligence, and

where the progress of improvement, however suspended for a time by the spirit of party, cannot fail speedily to regain its course. But our Revolutionists do more; they bring us back to the barbarous ages, and do so at one bound. All their policy may be reduced to two points. within, Revolution; without, War. Every where it is the same—an appeal to the law of the strongest; a return to the ages of barbarism."—P. 248.

Salvandy paints the classes whose incessant agitation is producing these disastrous effects. They are not peculiar to France, but will be found in equal strength on this side of the Channel.

"Would you know who are the men, and what are the passions, which thus nourish the flame of Revolution; which stain with blood, or shake with terror the world; which sadden the people, extinguish industry, disturb repose, and suspend the progress of nations? Behold that crowd of young men, fierce republicans, barristers without briefs, physicians without patients, who make a Revolution to fill up their vacant hours—ambitious equally to have their names inscribed in the roll of indictments for the courts of assizes, as in the records of fame. And it is for such ambitions that blood has flowed in Poland, Italy, and Lyons! The rivalry of kings never occasioned more disasters."—P. 270.

One of the most interesting parts of this valuable work, is the clear and luminous account which the author gives of the practical changes in the constitution, ideas, and morals, of France, by the late Revolution. Every word of it may be applied to the perils which this country runs from the Reform Bill. It is evident that France has irrecoverably plunged into the revolutionary stream, and that it will swallow up its liberties, its morals, in the end, its existence.

"The constitution of the National Guard," says our author, "is monstrous from beginning to end. There has sprung from it hitherto more good than evil, because the spirit of the people is still better than the institutions which the revolutionary party have given it; and that they have not hitherto used the arms so insantly given them, without any consideration. But this cannot continue; the election of officers by the privates is subversive of all the principles of government. The right of election has been given to them *without reserve*, in direct violation of the Charter, on the precedent of 1791, and in conformity to the wishes of M. Lafayette.

"In this National Guard, this first of political powers, since the maintenance of the Charter is directly intrusted to it—in that power, the most democratic that ever existed upon earth, since it consists of six million of citizens, equal among each other, and possessing equally the right of suffrage, which consists in a bayonet and ball-cartridges, we have not established for any ranks any condition, either of election or of eligibility. It is almost miraculous that the anarchists have not more generally succeeded in seizing that terrible arm. They have done so, however, in many places. Thence has come that scandal, that terrible calamity of the National Guards taking part in the insur-

rections, and marching in the ranks of anarchy with drums beating and colours flying. The sword is now our only refuge, and the sword is turned against us! While I am yet writing these convictions, in the silence of meditation and grief, a voice stronger than mine proclaims them in accents of thunder. Lyons has shown them written in blood. It is the handwriting on the wall which appeared to Belshazzar."—P. 391.

Of the changes in the electoral body, and the power of parliament, effected since the Revolution of July, he gives the following account:

"The power of parliament has been strengthened by all which the royal authority has lost. It has gained in addition the power of proposing laws in either chamber. The elective power, above all, has been immensely extended; for of the two chambers, that which was esteemed the most durable, and was intended to give stability to our institutions, has been so cruelly mutilated by the exclusions following the Revolution of July, and the subsequent creations to serve a particular purpose, that it is no longer of any weight in the state. The whole powers of government have centred in the Chamber of Deputies."

The right of election has been extended to 300,000 Frenchmen; the great colleges have been abolished; the qualification for eligibility has been lowered one half as the qualification for electing; and the farmers have been substituted for the great proprietors in the power of a double vote. The power of regulating the affairs of departments has been devolved to 800,000 citizens; that of regulating the communes to 2,500,000. The power of arms has been surrendered to all; and the power of electing its leaders given to the whole armed force without distinction.

"In this way property is entirely excluded from all influence in the election of magistrates; it has but one privilege left, that of bearing the largest part of the burdens, and every species of outrage, vexation, and abuse. As a natural consequence, the communes have been ill administered, and nothing but the worst passions regulate the election of their officers. The municipal councils are composed of infinitely worse members than they were before the portentous addition made to the number of their electors. To secure the triumph of having a bad mayor, a mayor suited to their base and ignorant jealousies, they are constrained to elect bad magistrates. *Abyssus abyssum vocat.*

"In the political class of electors, the effects of the democratic changes have been still worse. *The power of mobs has become irresistible.* The electoral body, which for fifteen years has struggled for the liberties of France, has been dispossessed by a body possessing less independence, less intelligence, which understands less the duties to which it is called. Everywhere the respectable classes, sure of being outvoted, have stayed away from the elections. In the department in which I write, an hundred voices have carried the election, because 300 respectable electors have not made their appearance. In all parts of the kingdom, the same melancholy spectacle presents itself.

The law has made a class arbiters of the affairs of the kingdom, which has the good sense to perceive its utter unfitness for the task, or its inability to contend with the furious torrent with which it is surrounded; and the consequence everywhere has been, that intrigue, and every unworthy passion, govern the elections, and a set of miserable low intriguers rule France with a rod of iron. In the state, the department, the communes, the National Guard, the prospect is the same. The same principle governs the organization, or rather disorganization, throughout the whole of society. Universally it is the lower part of the electoral body, which, being the most numerous, the most reckless, and the most compact, casts the balance; in short, it is the tail which governs the head. There is the profound grievance which endangers all our liberties. On such conditions, no social union is possible among men.

"Recently our electors have made a discovery, which fixes in these inferior regions not merely the power of election, but the whole political authority in the state; it is the practice of exacting from their representatives, before they are elected, pledges as to every measure of importance which is to come before them. By that single expedient, the representative system, with all its guarantees and blessings, has crumbled into dust. Its fundamental principle is, that the three great powers form the head of the state; that all three discuss, deliberate, decide, with equal freedom on the affairs of the state. The guarantee of this freedom consists in the composition of these powers, the slow method of their procedure, the length of previous debates, and the control of each branch of the legislature by the others. But the exacting of pledges from members of parliament destroys all this. Deliberation and choice are placed at the very bottom of the political ladder, and there alone. What do I say! Deliberation! the thing is unknown even there. A hair-brained student seizes at the gate of a city a peasant, asks him if he is desirous to see feudality with all its seigniorial rights re-established, puts into his hands a name to vote for, which will preserve him from all these calamities, and having thus sent him totally deluded into the election hall, returns to his companions, and laughs with them at having thus secured a vote for the abolition of the peerage.

"As little is the inclination of the electors consulted in their preliminary resolutions. It is in the wine-shops, amidst the fumes of intoxication, that the greatest questions are decided; without hearing the other side, without any knowledge on the subject; without the smallest information as to the matter on which an irrevocable decision is thus taken. This is what is called the liberty of democracy; a brutal, ignorant, reckless liberty, which cuts short all discussion, and decides every question without knowledge, without discussion, without examination, from the mere force of passion."

Of the present state of the French press, we have the following emphatic account. Democracy, it will be seen, produces everywhere the same effects.

And effects democracy

"At the spectacle of the press of France, I experienced the grief of an old soldier, who sees his arms profaned. The press is no longer that sure ally of freedom, which follows, step by step, the depositories of power, but without contesting with them their necessary prerogatives, or striving to sap the foundations of the state. It is an Eumenides, a Bacchante, which agitates a torch, a hatchet, or a poniard; which insults and strikes without intermission; which applies itself incessantly, in its lucid intervals, to demolish, stone by stone, the whole social edifice; which seems tormented by a devouring fever; which requires to revenge itself for the sufferings of a consuming pride, by the unceasing work of destruction. In other states, it has been found that calumny penetrates into the field of polemical contest. But France has gone a step farther; it possesses whole workshops of calumny. Insult possesses its seats of manufacture. We have numerous journals, which live by attacking every reputation, every talent, every species of superiority. *It is an artillery incessantly directed to level every thing which is elevated, or serves or honours its country.* It is no wonder that the observation should be so common, that society is undergoing an incessant degradation. A society in the midst of which a disorder so frightful is daily appearing, without exciting either attention or animadversion, is on the high road to ruin. It is condemned to the chastisement of heaven."—Pp. 394—399.

One would imagine that the following passage was written expressly for the state of the British revolutionary press, during the discussion of the Reform Bill.

"The more that the progress of the Revolution produced of inevitable concessions to the passion for democracy, the more indispensable it was, that the press should have taken an elevated ground, to withstand the torrent. The reverse has been the case. Thence have flowed that perpetual degradation of its tendency, that emulation in calumny and detraction, that obstinate support of doctrines subversive of society, those appeals to the passions of the multitude, *that ostentatious display of the logic of brickbats*, that indignation at every historic name, those assaults on every thing that is dignified or hereditary, on the throne, the peerage, property itself. Deplorable corruption! permanent corruption of talent, virtue, and genius! total abandonment of its glorious mission to enlighten, glorify, and defend its country."—P. 402.

The radical vice in the social system of France, our author considers as consisting in the overwhelming influence given to that class *a little above the lowest*, in other words, the 10^l. householders, in whom, with unerring accuracy, the Revolutionists of England persuaded an ignorant and reckless administration to centre all the political power of this country. Listen to its practical working in France, as detailed by this liberal constitutional writer:—

"The direct tendency of all our laws, is to deliver over the empire to one single class in society: that class, elevated just above the lowest, which has enough of independence and education to be inspired with the desire to centre

in itself all the powers of the state, but too little to wield them with advantage. This class forms the link between the upper ranks of the *Tiers Etat* and the decided anarchists; and it is actuated by passion, the reverse of those of both the regions on which it borders. Sufficiently near to the latter to be not more disturbed than it at the work of destruction, it is sufficiently close to the former to be filled with animosity at its prosperity: it participates in the envy of the one, and the pride of the other in fatal union, which corrupts the mediocrity of their intelligence, their ignorance of the affairs of state, the narrow and partial view they take of every subject. Thence has sprung that jealous and turbulent spirit which can do nothing but destroy: which assails with its wrath every thing which society respects, the throne equally with the altar, power equally with distinction: a spirit equally fatal to all above and all below itself, which dries up all the sources of prosperity, by overturning the principles, the feelings, which form the counterpoise of society; and which a divine legislator has implanted on the most ancient tables of the law, the human conscience.

"Thus have we gone on for eighteen months, accumulating the principles of destruction: the more that we have need of public wisdom for support, the more have we receded from it. The evil will become irreparable, if the spirit of disorder, which has overthrown our authorities, and passed from the authorities into the laws, should find a general entrance into the minds of the people.—There lies the incurable wound of France."—P. 405.

It was in the face of such testimony to the tremendous effect of rousing democratic ambition in the lowest of the middling class of society; it was within sight of an empire wasting away under their withering influence, that the Reformers roused them to a state of perfect fury, by the prospect of acquiring, through the 10^l. clause, an irresistible preponderance in the state. We doubt if the history of the world exhibits another instance of such complete infatuation.

Is the literature of France in such a state as to justify a hope, that a better day is likely to dawn on its democratic society? Let us hear what the friend of constitutional freedom says on that vital subject—

"There is a moral anarchy far worse than that of society, which saps even the foundation of order, which renders it hardly consistent even with despotism: utterly inconsistent with freedom. We have seen political principles and belief often sustain the state, in default of laws and institutions; but to what are we to look for a remedy to the disorder which has its seat in the heart?

"Were literature to be regarded as the expression of thought, there is not a hope left for France. Literary talent now shows itself stained with every kind of corruption. It makes it a rule and a sport to attack every sentiment and interest of which society is composed. One would imagine that its object is to restore to French literature all the vices with which it was disgraced in the last century. If, on the faith of daily eulogiums, you

go into a theatre, you see scenes represented where the dignity of our sex is as much outraged as the modesty of the other. Everywhere the same spectacles await you. Obscene romances are the model on which they are all formed. The muse now labours at what is indecent, as formerly it did at what would melt the heart. How unhappy the young men, who think they ape the elegance of riches by adopting its vices,—who deem themselves original, merely because they are retrograding, and who mistake the novels of Crebifon and Voltaire for original genius! It would seem that these shameful excesses are the inevitable attendant of ancient civilization. How often have I myself written, that that degrading literature of the last century flowed from the corruptions of an absolute monarchy! And now Liberty, as if to turn into derision my worship at its altars, has taken for its model the school of Louis XV., and improved upon its infamous inspirations.”

—Pp. 408, 409.

This revolutionary torrent has broken into every department; it has invaded the opinions of the thoughtful, the manners of the active, the morals of the young, and the sanctity of families. The fatal doctrine of a general division of property, is spreading to an extent hardly conceivable in a state possessing much property, and great individual ability.

“When the spirit of disorder has thus taken possession of all imaginations, when the revolutionary herald knocks with redoubled strokes, not only at all the institutions, but at all the doctrines and opinions which hold together the fabric of society, can property, the cornerstone of the edifice, be respected? Let us not flatter ourselves with the hope that it can.

“Property has already ceased to be the main pillar of the social constitution. It is treated as conquered by the laws, as an enemy by the politicians. Should the present system continue, it will soon become a slave.”—P. 416.

“The proof that the revolutionary torrent has overwhelmed us, and that we are about to retrograde for several centuries, is, that the principle of confiscation is maintained without intermission, without exciting any horror. An able young man, M. Lherminier, has lately advanced the doctrine, that society is entitled to dispossess the minority, to make way for the majority. Well, a learned professor of the law has advanced this doctrine, and France hears it without surprise. Nay, farther, we have a public worship, an hierarchy, missionaries—in fine, a whole corps of militia, who go from town to town, incessantly preaching to the people the necessity of overturning the hereditary descent of property; and that scandalous offence is openly tolerated. The state permits a furious association to be formed in its very bosom, to divide the property of others! Yet more—the French society assists at that systematic destruction of its last pillar, as it would at a public game. Lyons even cannot rouse them to their danger,—the conflagration of the second city in the empire fails to illuminate the public thought.”

—Pp. 418, 419.

In the midst of this universal fusion of pub-

lic thought in the revolutionary crucible, the sway of religion, of private morality, and parental authority, could not long be expected to survive. They have all accordingly given way.

“Possibly the revolutionary worship has come in place of the service of the altar, which has been destroyed. *Every religious tie has long been extinguished amongst us. But now, even its semblance has been abandoned.* A Chamber which boasts of having established freedom, has seriously entertained a project for the abolition of the Sunday, and all religious festivals. That would be the most complete of all reactions, for it would at once confound all ages, and exterminate every chance of salvation.

“Such is the estimation in which religion is now held, that every one hastens to clear himself from the odious aspersions of being in the least degree attached to it. The representatives in parliament, if by any chance an allusion is made to the clergy, burst out into laughter or sneer; they think they can govern a people, while they are incessantly outraging their worship—that cradle of modern civilization. If a journal accidentally mentions that a regiment has attended mass, all the generals in the kingdom hasten to repel the calumny, to protest by all that is sacred their entire innocence, to swear that the barricades have taught them to forget the lessons of Napoleon, to bow the knee at the name of God.”—P. 420.

“In this universal struggle for disorganization, the fatal ardour gains every character. The contest is, who shall demolish most effectually, and give the most vehement strokes to society. M. de Schonen sees well that less good was done by his courage in resisting the attacks on the temples of religion, than evil by the weight lent by the proposition for divorce, to the last establishment which was yet untouched, the sanctity of private life. To defend our public monuments, and overturn marriage, is a proceeding wholly for the benefit of anarchy; I say overturn it; for in the corrupted state of society where we live, to dissolve its indissolubility, is to strike it in its very essence.”—Pp. 412, 413.

“The recent Revolution has exhibited a spectacle which was wanting in that of 1789. Robespierre, in the Constituent Assembly, proposed the abolition of the punishment of death: no one then thought of death, none dreamed of bathing themselves in blood. Now, the case is widely different—we have arrived at terror at one leap. It is while knowing it, while viewing it full in the face, that it is seriously recommended. We have, or we affect, the unhappy passion for blood. The speeches of Robespierre and St. Just are printed and sold for a few sous, leaving out only his speech in favour of the Supreme Being. All this goes on in peaceable times, when we are all as yet in cold blood, without the double excuse of terror and passion which palliated their enormities—Poetry has taken the same line. The *Constitutionnel*, while publishing their revolting panegyrics on blood, expresses no horror at this tendency. Incessantly we are told the reign of blood cannot be renewed; but our days

have done more, they have removed all horror at it."—P. 421.

On the dissolution of the hereditary peerage, the great conquest of the Revolution, the following striking observations are made.

"The democrats, in speaking of the destruction of the hereditary peerage, imagine that they have only sacrificed an institution. There never was a more grievous mistake; they have destroyed a principle. They have thrown into the gulf the sole conservative principle that the Revolution had left; the sole stone in the edifice which recalls the past; the sole force in the constitution which subsists of itself. By that great stroke, France has violently detached itself from the European continent, violently thrown itself beyond the Atlantic, violently married itself to the virgin soil of Pennsylvania, whither we bring an ancient, discontented, and divided society; a population overflowing, which, having no deserts to expand over, must recoil upon itself, and tear out its own entrails; in fine, the tastes of servitude, the appetite for domination and anarchy, anti-religious doctrines, anti-social passions, at which that young state, which bore Washington, nourished freedom, and believes in God, would stand aghast.

"The middling rank has this evil inherent in its composition; placed on the confines of physical struggle, the intervention of force does not surprise it; it submits to its tyranny without revolt. Has it defended France, for the last sixteen months, from the leaden sceptre which has so cruelly weighed upon her destinies? What a spectacle was exhibited when the Chamber of Peers, resplendent with talent, with virtues, with recollections dear to France, by its conscientious votes for so many years, was forced to vote against its conviction; forced, I say, to bend its powerful head before a brutal, jealous, and ignorant multitude. The class which could command such a sacrifice, enforce such a national humiliation, is incapable of governing France; and will never preserve the empire, but suffer it to fall into the jaws of the pitiless enemy, who is ever ready to devour it."—P. 487.

"No government is possible, where the mortal antipathy exists, which in France alienates the lower classes in possession of power from the ascendant of education or fortune. Can any one believe that power will ultimately remain in the hands of that intermediate class which is detached from the interests of property, without being allied to the multitude? Is it not evident, that its natural tendency is to separate itself daily more and more from the first class, to unite itself to the second? Community of hatred will occasion unity of exertion; and the more that the abyss is enlarged which separates the present depositaries of power from its natural possessors, the more will the masses enter into a share, and finally the exclusive possession, of power, Thence it will proceed from demolition to demolition, from disorder to disorder, by an inevitable progress, and must at length end in the anti-social state, the rule of the multitude.

"The moment that the opinion of the dominant classes disregards established interests, that

it takes a pleasure in violating those august principles which constitute the soul of society, we see an abyss begin to open; the earth quakes beneath our feet—the community is shaken to its very entrails. *Then begins a profound and universal sense of suffering.* Capital disappears: talents retreat—become irritated or corrupted. The national genius becomes intoxicated—precipitates itself into every species of disorder, and bears aloft, not as a light, but a torch of conflagration, its useless flame. The whole nation is seized with disquietude and sickness, as on the eve of those convulsions which shake the earth, and trouble at once the air, the earth, and the sea. Every one seeks the causes of this extraordinary state; it is to be found in one alone—the social state is trembling to its foundations.

"This is precisely the state we have been in for sixteen months. To conceal it is impossible. What is required is to endeavour to remedy its disorders. France is well aware that it would be happy if it had only lost a fifth of its immense capital during that period. *Every individual in the kingdom has lost a large portion of his income.* And yet the Revolution of 1830 was the most rapid and the least bloody recorded in history. If we look nearer, we shall discover that every one of us is less secure of his property than he was before that moral earthquake. Every one is less secure of his head, though the reign of death has not yet commenced; and in that universal feeling of insecurity is to be found the source of the universal suffering."—II. 491.

But we must conclude, however reluctantly these copious extracts. Were we to translate every passage which is striking in itself, which bears in the most extraordinary way on the present crisis in this country, we should transcribe the whole of this eloquent and profound disquisition. If it had been written in this country, it would have been set down as the work of some furious anti-reformer; of some violent Tory, blind to the progress of events, insensible to the change of society. It is the work, however, of no anti-reformer, but of a liberal Parisian historian, a decided supporter at the time of the Revolution of July; a powerful opponent of the Bourbons for fifteen years in the Chamber of Deputies. He is commended in the highest terms by Lady Morgan, as one of the rising lights of the age;* and that stamps his character as a leader of the liberal party. But he has become enlightened, as all the world will be, to the real tendency of the revolutionary spirit, by that most certain of all preceptors, the suffering it has occasioned.

Salvandy, like all the liberal party in France, while he clearly perceives the deplorable state to which their Revolution has brought them, and the fatal tendency of the democratic spirit which the triumph of July has so strongly developed, is unable to discover the remote cause of the disasters which overwhelm them. At this distance from the scene of action, we can clearly discern it. "Ephraim," says the Scripture, "has gone to his idols . . . et him

alone." In these words is to be found the secret of the universal suffering, the deplorable condition, the merciless tyranny, which prevails in France. It is labouring under the chastisement of Heaven. An offended Deity has rained down upon it a worse scourge than the brimstone which destroyed the cities of the Jordan—the scourge of its own passions and vices. The terrible cruelty of the Reign of Terror—the enormous injustice of the revolutionary rule, is registered in the book of fate; the universal abandonment of religion by all the influential classes, has led to the extirpation of all the barriers against anarchy which are fitted to secure the well-being of society. Its fate is sealed; its glories are gone; the unfettered march of passion will overthrow every public and private virtue; and national ruin will be the consequence. We are following in the same course, and will most certainly share in the same punishment.

In this melancholy prospect let us be thankful that the conservative party have nothing with which to reproach themselves; that though doomed to share in the punishment, they are entirely guiltless of the crime. Noble indeed as was the conduct of the Duke of

Wellington, in coming forward at the eleventh hour, to extricate the crown from the perilous situation in which it was placed, and the degrading thralldom to which it was subjected, we rejoice, from the bottom of our hearts, that the attempt was frustrated. Had he gone on with the bill as it stood, from a sense of overwhelming necessity, all its consequences would have been laid on its opponents. The Whigs brought in the Reform Bill—let them have the dreadful celebrity of carrying it through. Let them inscribe on their banners the overthrow of the constitution; let them go down to posterity as the destroyers of a century and a half of glory; let them be stigmatized in the page of history as the men who overthrew the liberties of England. Never despairing of their country, let the great and noble Conservative party stand aloof from the fatal career of revolution; let them remain for ever excluded from power, rather than gain it by the sacrifice of one iota of principle; and steadily resisting the march of wickedness, and all the allurements of ambition, take for their motto the words of ancient duty, "Fais ce que dois: advienne ce que pourra."

DESERTION OF PORTUGAL.*

LIGHTLY as in a moment of political frenzy, and under the influence of the passion for innovation, we may speak of the wisdom of our ancestors, their measures were founded on considerations which will survive the tempest of the present times. They arose not from any sagacity in them superior to what we possess, but from experience having forced upon them prudent measures from the pressure of necessity. As France is the power which had been found by experience to be most formidable to the liberties of Europe, and in an especial manner perilous to the independence of England, our policy for two hundred years has been founded upon the principle, that Holland on the one side, and Portugal on the other, should be supported against it. By a close alliance with these two powers, we extended our arms, as it were, around our powerful neighbour; she could not go far in any direction without encountering either the one or the other. So strongly was the necessity of this felt, that so far back as 1663, in the treaty concluded with Portugal, it was stipulated "that England should resent any insult or aggression offered to Portugal in the same way, and with the same power as if its own dominions were invaded."

The result has proved the wisdom of their stipulations. In the two greatest wars which have distracted Europe for the last two centuries, the Netherlands and the Peninsula have been the theatre where the armies of France and England have encountered each other.

France has never been effectually checked but when assailed in Spain and Flanders. Five-and-twenty years' peace followed the treaty of Utrecht, and sixteen have already followed the peace of Paris. All other treaties for the last hundred and fifty years can only be considered as truces in comparison. Such is the importance of the Peninsula, that a considerable success there is almost sufficient to neutralize the greatest advantages in the central parts of Europe; the victory of Almanza had well nigh neutralized the triumphs of Oudenarde, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, and the cannon of Salamanca startled Napoleon even on the eve of the carnage of Borodino, and when almost within sight of the Kremlin.

"The sea," says General Jomini, "which is the worst possible base to every power, is the best to England. That which is but a sterile and inhospitable desert to a military power, conveys to the menaced point the fleets and the forces of Albion." It is on this principle, that the strict alliance and close connection with Portugal was formed. Its extensive sea-coast, mountainous ridges, and numerous harbours, afforded the utmost facilities for pouring into its bosom the resources and armies of England, while its own force was not so considerable as to render its people jealous of the protection, or averse to the generals, of England. The result proved the wisdom of the choice made of Portugal as the fulcrum on which the military power of England, when engaged in continental war, should be rested. It is there alone that an unconquerable stand was made against the forces of

Napoleon. That which neither the firmness of Austria, nor the valour of Prussia, nor the power of Russia could accomplish, has been achieved by this little state, backed by the might and the energy of England. Austria has to lament the defects of Ulm and Wagram; Prussia the overthrow of Jena; Russia the catastrophes of Austerlitz and Friedland; but the career of Portugal, in the same terrible strife, was one of uninterrupted success; before the rocks of Torres Vedras, the waves of Gallic aggression first permanently receded; and from the strongholds of the Tagus, the British standards advanced to a career of glory greater than ever graced the days of her Henrys and her Edwards.

It is a point on which military men are at variance, whether fortresses are of more value on the frontier or in the centre of a menaced state. Perhaps the question may be solved by a distinction:—where the state assailed is one of first-rate importance, as France or Austria, fortified towns on its frontier are of incalculable importance, because, if the invading army stops to invest them, it gives time for great armaments in the interior; if it pushes on and neglects them, it necessarily becomes so weakened by the detachments made for the purpose of maintaining their blockade, that it is incapable of achieving any considerable success. Two memorable examples of this occurred in French Flanders in 1793, when the invading army, an hundred and twenty thousand strong, was so long delayed by besieging the frontier fortresses of Valenciennes, Conde, Maubeuge, and Landrecy, that time was given for the Convention to organize and equip the great armaments in the interior, which finally repelled the invasion; and in Lombardy, in 1796, when the single fortress of Mantua arrested the career of Napoleon for six months, and gave time for Austria to assemble no less than four successive and powerful armies for its relief. On the other hand, the extraordinary advantage attending the great central fortifications of Wellington at Torres Vedras, and the corresponding successes gained by Skrzynecki, from the possession of Warsaw, Zamosc, and Modlin, during the late Polish war, and by Napoleon, from the fortresses of Dresden, Torgau, and Wittenberg, on the Elbe, in 1813, demonstrate, that where the state assailed is more inconsiderable when compared to the attacking force, fortifications are of more avail when placed in the centre of the threatened state, and when its armies, retiring upon their central strongholds, find both a *point d'appui* in case of disaster, and an interior line of communication, which compensates inferiority of forces, and affords an opportunity for accumulating masses on detached bodies of the enemy.

But his majesty's present government have solved the question in a totally different manner. They have relinquished both the frontier and the central fortresses which bridled France; both those which checked its irruption into the centre of Europe, and those which afforded a secure and central position on which the armies of England could combat when matters became more serious. We have lost

both the frontier barrier of Marlborough in Flanders, and the interior barrier of Wellington in Portugal; with one hand we have abandoned the safeguard of northern, with the other the citadel of southern Europe.

Deviating for the first time from the policy of two hundred years, we have not only loaded Portugal with injuries and indignities ourselves, but we have permitted her to be the victim of revolutionary violence and rapine on the part of France. The Portuguese wines, long the favoured object of British protection, have been abandoned; the duties of French and Oporto wines have been equalized, and our ancient and irreconcilable enemy placed on the footing of the most favoured nation!

The consequence of this must in time be the destruction or serious injury of the immense capital invested in the raising of port wine on the banks of the Douro. The cultivation of wine there has been nursed up by a century's protection, and brought to its present flourishing state by the fostering influence of the British market. But how is that excessive and exotic state of cultivation to continue, when the duties on Portuguese and French wines are equalized, and the merchants of Bordeaux can, from a shorter distance, send wines adapted to the English taste from the mouth of the Garonne? Two shillings a gallon has been *taken off* French, and as much *laid on* Portuguese wines; the Portuguese grower, therefore, in competition with the French, finds himself saddled with a difference of duty amounting to *four* shillings a gallon. It requires no argument to show that such a difference of taxation deprives the Portuguese of all their former advantages, and must in the end extinguish the extraordinary growth of vines in the province of Entre Douro e Minho.

What are the advantages which ministers propose to themselves from this abandonment of their ancient ally? Is it that the English commerce with France is so much more considerable than that of Portugal, that it is worth while to lose the one in order to gain the other? The reverse is the fact—the British exports to France are only 700,000*l.* a year, while those to Portugal amount to 2,000,000*l.* Is it that France has done so much more for British commerce than Portugal? The reverse is the fact—France has, by the most rigid system of prohibitions, excluded all British manufactures from its shores; while Portugal has, by a series of the most favourable treaties, given them the greatest possible encouragement. Is it because a more extended commerce with France may in future be anticipated from the friendly intercourse between the two countries, and a spirit of rising liberality has manifested itself on the part of its manufacturers and merchants? The reverse is the fact. France, so nearly in its northern parts in the same latitude with England, has the same coal, the same steam-engines, the same manufactures, whereas Portugal, exposed to the influence of a vertical sun, without coal or manufacturing capital, is unable to compete with any of the produc-

tions of British industry. The consequence is, that the utmost possible jealousy has always, and especially of late years, existed on the part of the French against the British manufactures; and that all our measures for their encouragement have been met by increased duties, and more rigid prohibitions of the produce of our industry. Is it because France has been so much more friendly, of late years, to Britain than Portugal? The reverse is the fact. France has, for three centuries, done every thing she possibly could to destroy our industry and our independence, while Portugal has done every thing in her power to support the one and the other.

The reason of this difference in the conduct of the two states, is founded in the difference of the physical situation of the two countries, and of their climate and produce. Portugal, the country of the vine and the olive, without coal, wood, or fabrics of any sort, destitute of canals or carriage-roads, intersected by immense mountain ridges, is as incapable of competing with the fabrics or manufactures of England, as England is of emulating their oil, fruit, and wines. The case might have been the same with France, if it had been possessed merely by its southern provinces; but the northern lying nearly in the same latitude as England, with their coal mines, cotton and iron manufactories, are in exactly the same line of industry as the British counties, and their jealousy in consequence of our manufactures is excessive. The manufacturers of Rouen and Lyons, being a much more opulent and united body than the peasant vine-growers of the south, have got the entire control of government, and hence the extraordinary rigour with which they exclude our manufactures, and the inconsiderable amount of the trade which we carry on with that populous kingdom. This jealousy, being founded on similarity of industry, and the rivalry of the same kind of manufactures, will continue to the end of time. By encouraging the wines of France, therefore, we are favouring the industry of a country which has not only always been our enemy, but never will make any return in facilitating the consumption of our manufactures! By encouraging the wines of Portugal, we are fostering the industry of a country which has always been our friend; and, from the absence of all manufacturing jealousy, may be relied upon as likely to continue permanently to take off the greatest possible amount of our manufactures.

But this is not all. Not content with inflicting this severe blow upon the industry of an allied state, which takes of 2,000,000*l.* a year of our produce, and is so likely to continue to do so, we have insulted and injured Portugal in the tenderest point, and allowed our new ally, revolutionary France, to destroy her national independence, and extinguish all recollection of the protection and the guardianship of England.

Don Miguel, as everybody knows, is *de facto*, if not *de jure*, king of Portugal. He is not a legitimate monarch; he stands upon the

people's choice. We do not pretend to vindicate either his character or his system of government. They are both said to be bad though, from the falsehood on this subject, which evidently pervades the English press, and the firm support which the Portuguese have given him when under the ban of all Europe, there is every reason to believe that the accounts we receive are grossly exaggerated: but of that we have no authentic accounts. Suffice it to say, the Portuguese have chosen him for their sovereign, and, after the experience of both, prefer an absolute monarchy to the democratic constitution with which they were visited from this country. Now, our government is avowedly founded on the system of non-intervention; and when the French and Belgians made choice of a revolutionary monarch, we were not slow in snapping asunder all treaties with the expelled dynasty, and recognising the new monarch whom they placed on the throne. Don Miguel has now held for four years the Portuguese sceptre; his throne is more firmly established than that of either Louis Philippe or Leopold. He has received neither countenance nor aid from any foreign power; and if he had not been agreeable to the great bulk of the Portuguese, he must, long ere this, have ceased to reign. On what ground, then, is the recognition of Don Miguel so long delayed? Why is he driven into a course of irregular and desperate conduct, from the refusal of the European powers to admit his title? If they acted on the principle of never recognising any one but the legitimate monarch, we could understand the consistency of their conduct; but after having made such haste to recognise the revolutionary monarchs, it is utterly impossible to discover any ground on which we can withhold the same homage to the absolute one, or refuse the same liberty of election to the Portuguese which we have given to the French and Belgian people.

But this is not all—France has committed an act of the most lawless and violent kind to the Portuguese government; and we have not only done nothing to check, but every thing to encourage it.

Two Frenchmen were arrested, it is said, for political offences in Portugal, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine by the courts there. What they had done we know not. The Portuguese say they were endeavouring to effect a revolution in that country—the French deny the fact, and assert that they were unjustly condemned. However that may be, the French fleet sailed to the Tagus, forced the passage of the forts, and took possession of the fleet without any declaration of war. They required the reversal of the sentence against their condemned countrymen, the payment of a large sum in name of damages to them, and a public apology; and having gained all these objects, *they carried off the Portuguese fleet along with them to France*, while their ambassador still remained on a pacific footing at the court of Lisbon! Now, this was plainly an act of rapine and piracy. Without entering into the justice or injustice of the proceedings against the accused in the Portuguese courts, supposing tha

→ *Amice* *pro* *intervention* *Don Miguel*

they were as unjustifiable as possible, is that any ground for seizing the whole navy of Portugal, after the sentence complained of had been reversed, ample satisfaction made to the injured party, and a public apology placarded on the streets of Lisbon by the Portuguese government?

Against this flagrant kind of revolutionary violence, England has neither protested nor demonstrated:—we have witnessed in silence the spoliation of the Portuguese fleet, as the partition of the Dutch territory, and France can boast of greater naval trophies obtained from the allies of England in peace, than she ever obtained during the twenty years of the revolutionary war. Injuries are often complained of by the subjects of one country against the government of another; satisfaction is often demanded and obtained, and damages awarded to the aggrieved party. But was it ever heard of before, that *after* such satisfaction had been obtained, *the whole fleet* of the power from whom it was demanded should be seized hold of, and carried off as in open war? If this is a specimen of revolutionary justice, and of the new eras of liberty and equality, certainly *Astræa* in leaving the world has not left her last footsteps among them.

In this iniquitous and violent proceeding towards our old and faithful ally, let it always be recollected, the English government has tamely acquiesced. Well might the Duke of Wellington declare in the House of Lords, that nothing in life had ever given him so much pain, and that his cheeks were filled with blushes, when he thought of the conduct of our government towards its ancient ally. Would the government of Louis Philippe, we ask, have ventured upon such a step, if the Duke of Wellington had been at the head of our administration? Would they have ventured on it, if they had not been aware that no violence of theirs towards the Portuguese government was likely to be resented by our reforming government? In what light are we likely to be viewed by posterity, when, after having made such heroic efforts to save the Portuguese from the yoke of France, for eight years during the reign of Napoleon, we suffer them to become the victims of such revolutionary violence, the moment that a new administration is called to the helm of affairs?

How can we expect that our allies are to stand by us in periods of peril, when we desert them in so extraordinary a manner the moment that a new administration succeeds to our guidance? Have we arrived at that state of vacillation and instability, so well known as the symptom of weak and democratic societies, that there is nothing stable or fixed either in foreign or domestic policy, but government is tossed about by every wind of doctrine, and at the mercy of every agitation raised from the lowest classes of the people? Have the reformers brought this country, whose firmness and stability in time past had rivalled that of the Roman senate, to such a state of weakness in so short a time, that the British alliance forms no security against external violence, and every state that wishes to

avoid plunder and devastation, must range itself under the banners of our enemies? What the motive for such conduct may have been, it is difficult to divine; but the fact is certain, that we have done so, and every Englishman must bear the humiliation which it has brought upon his country.

"The meanest Englishman," said Mr. Caning, "shall not walk the streets of Paris without being considered as the compatriot of Wellington; as a member of that community which has humbled France and rescued Europe." The noblest Englishman shall not now walk the streets of any European capital, without being considered as the compatriot of Grey; the member of that community which has partitioned Holland and deserted Portugal. With truth it may now be said, that the indignities and contempt which now await a traveller among all our former allies, are equalled only by the respect which he formerly experienced. Ask any traveller who has lately returned from Vienne, Berlin, the Hague, or Lisbon, in what light he is now regarded; whether he has experienced the same kindness or respect which so lately attended the English character? He will answer that they consider the English as absolutely insane, and that the ancient respect for our people is not quite extinguished, only because they look upon our delirium as transient, and trust to the restoration of the ancient spirit of the nation.

It is impossible it can be otherwise. To see a people suddenly relinquish all their former allies, and connect themselves with their ancient enemies—abandon at one blow the objects of two hundred years' contest, and forget in one year the gratitude and the obligations of centuries—is so extraordinary, that to those at a distance from the innovating passions with which we have been assailed, it must appear like the proceedings of men who had lost their reason. Such a proceeding might be intelligible, if experience had proved that this former policy had been ruinous; that these ancient allies had proved unfaithful; that these hereditary obligations had been a source of humiliation. But what is to be said when the reverse of all this is the fact? when this policy had been attended with unprecedented triumphs, these allies having stood by us in the extremity of disaster, and these obligations having brought with them a weight of national gratitude? when the Dutch remind England that it was not till Pichegru had conquered Amsterdam that they withdrew unwillingly from their alliance; and the Portuguese recount that they remained faithful to their engagements, when the spoiler was ravaging their land; when the army of England had fled from Corunna; when Oporto was in the hands of Soult; when a devouring flame ravaged their central provinces, and the leopards of England were driven to their last defences on the rocks of Mafra?

The French accuse their government of yielding too much to British ascendancy; and it may be judged from the preceding statements whether we are not too obsequious to their revolutionary rulers. The truth is, that both charges are well founded. The govern

ments of both countries appear to play into each other's hands, to an extent inconsistent with the honour or the welfare of either. When the revolutionary dynasty of France deem an advance into Belgium, or an assault on Portugal, requisite to give an impulse to their declining popularity, the reforming ministers of England offer no opposition to the spoliation of their allies. If the reforming ministers here deem their situation critical, by a formidable opposition to the projected change in the constitution, the French troops are directed to withdraw from Belgium—to encamp on the frontier—and preserve their advanced guard, consisting of the Belgian army, led by French officers alone, in the fortresses of Flanders. We ascribe no bad motives to our rulers; we have no doubt that they think they are performing the part of true patriots: we mention only the facts which have occurred, and posterity will judge of these facts with inflexible justice—nor excuse weakness of conduct, be-

cause it is founded on goodness of intention.

There can be no doubt that the conduct we have explained on the part of our present rulers towards Flanders and Portugal, would have been sufficient to have overturned any former administration—and that at any other time, the press of England would have rung from shore to shore with indignant declamation at the inconsistency and imbecility of our present foreign policy. How, then, has it happened, that this important matter is comparatively forgotten, and that we hear so little of a course of conduct which future ages will class with the fatal aberration from British policy by Charles II.? The reason is, that we are overwhelmed with domestic disasters,—that revolution and anarchy are staring us in the face at home,—and that seeing the danger at our own throats, we have neither leisure nor inclination to attend to the circumstances or disasters of our allies.

CARLIST STRUGGLE IN SPAIN.*

AMIDST all our declarations in favour of the rights of the age, the influence of the press, and the extension of journals in diffusing correct ideas on every subject of policy, foreign and domestic, it may be doubted, whether there is to be found in the whole history of human delusion, not even excepting the benighted ages of papal despotism, or the equally dark era of Napoleon's tyranny, an example of ignorance so complete and general, as has prevailed in this country, for the last seven years, as to the affairs of Spain. While a contest has been going on there during all that period between constitutional right and revolutionary spoliation; while the Peninsula has been convulsed by the long protracted conflict between legal government and democratic despotism; while the same cause which has been supported since 1830 in Great Britain by the arms of reasoning, eloquence, or influence, has there been carried on with the edge of the sword; while for the last four years a struggle has been maintained by the Basque mountaineers for their rights and their liberties, their hearths and their religion, which history will place beside the glories of Marathon and Salamis, of Naefels and Morgarten; while an heroic prince and his heroic brothers have borne up against a load of oppression, foreign and domestic, in defence of legal right and constitutional freedom, with a courage and a skill rarely paralleled in the annals of military achievement, the great bulk of the English nation have looked with supineness or indifference on the glorious spectacle. They have been deceived, and willingly deceived, by the endless falsehoods which the revolutionary

press and the holders of Spanish bonds spread abroad on this subject; they have been carried away by the false and slanderous appellations bestowed on Don Carlos; they have been mystified by a denial of his clear and irresistible title to the throne; they have not duly considered the stern and inexorable necessity which compelled him to abandon the humane system of warfare which he at first adopted, and retaliate upon his enemies the atrocious and murderous rule of war which they had so long practised against him and his followers; and by their supineness permitted the royal arms of England to be implicated in the most savage crusade ever undertaken in modern times against the liberty of mankind, and a band of brave but deluded mercenaries, to prolong to their own and their country's eternal disgrace a frightful conflict between sordid democratic despotism, striving to elevate itself on the ruins of its country, and the free-born bravery of unconquerable patriots.

We take blame to ourselves on this subject we confess ourselves implicated in the charge which, through all the succeeding ages of the world, will attach to the name of England, for its deplorable concern in this heroic conflict, which will go far to obliterate the recollection of all its memorable exertions in the cause of freedom. The calamity is not the defeat sustained at St. Sebastian or Hernani: not the disgrace of English regiments being routed and driven back at the point of the bayonet in shameful confusion; these stains are easily wiped out: the national courage, when brought into the field in a just cause, will soon obliterate the recollection of the defeat which was sustained in supporting that of cruelty and injustice. The real disgrace—the calamity which England has indeed to mourn, is that of having

*Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1837. Written during the heroic contest of the Basque provinces for their liberty and independence.

joined in an alliance to beat down the liberties of mankind; in having aided a selfish, execrable band of Peninsula murderers and plunderers to oppress and massacre our faithful allies; in having combined with France, in defiance alike of the faith of treaties and the rules of international law, to deprive a gallant prince of his rightful inheritance; in having sent out the royal forces of England, under the old flag of Wellington, to aid a set of Spanish cut-throats and assassins, of robbers and plunderers, in carrying fire and sword; mourning and despair through the valleys of a simple and virtuous people, combined in no other cause but that for which Hampden bled on the field and Sidney on the scaffold.

"Wo unto those," says the Scripture, "who call evil good and good evil; for theirs is the greater damnation." It is in this fatal delusion—in the confusion of ideas produced by transposing the *names of things*, and calling the cause of despotism that of freedom, merely because it is supported by urban despots—and that of freedom slavery, because it is upheld by rural patriots, that the true cause of this hideous perversion, not merely of national character, but even of party consistency, is to be found. We are perfectly persuaded that, if the people of England were aware of the *real* nature of the cause in which they embarked a gallant but unfortunate band of adventurers; if the government were aware of the *real* tendency of the quasi-intervention which they have carried on, both the one and the other would recoil with horror from the measures which they have so long sanctioned. But both were deluded by the name of freedom; both were carried away by the absurd mania for the extension of democratic institutions into countries wholly unprepared for them; and both thought they were upholding the cause of liberty and the ultimate interests of Great Britain, by supporting a band of Spanish Revolutionists who have proved themselves to be the most selfish, corrupt, and despotic tyrants who ever yet rose to transient greatness upon the misery and degradation of their country. But, while we thus absolve the government and the country from intentional abuse of power in the deplorable transactions which both have sanctioned, there is a limit beyond which this forbearance cannot be extended.

This result of our shameful intervention to oppress the free, and aid the murderers in massacring the innocent, is now fixed and unalterable, and in no degree dependent on the future issue of the contest. What that may finally be, God only knows. It is possible, doubtless, that the weight of the Quadruple Alliance—the direct intervention of France—the insidious support of England—the exhaustion of a protracted contest—and the extirpation of the population capable of bearing arms in the Basque provinces, may beat down these heroic mountaineers, and establish amidst blood and ashes, anguish and mourning, the cruel oppression of the Madrid democrats in the lovely valleys of Navarre:—"Quum solitudinem fecerunt, pacem appellant." In that case, the interest of the struggle will be enhanced by its tragic termination; the sympa-

thies, the indignant sympathies of mankind in every future age, will be with the unfortunate brave;—like the Poles or the Girondists, the errors of their former conduct will all be forgotten in the Roman heroism of their fall. They will take their place in history, beside their ancestors in Numantia and Saguntum, who preferred throwing themselves into the flames, to the hated dominion of the stranger; and the Saragossans or Geronists in later days, who perished in combating the formidable legions of Napoleon, or the gallant patriots, who, with Kosciusko, shed their last blood, when the grenadiers of Suwarrow were storming the entrenchments of Prague, and the Vis-tula ran red with Polish blood. Or it may be, that Providence has reserved a different destiny for these gallant patriots, and that on this, as on so many previous occasions, the God of battles will bless the righteous side. In that case, their struggle will form one of the most animating periods in the page of history—one of the bright and consoling spots in the annals of human suffering, to which the patriot will point in every succeeding age as the animating example of successful virtue, at the recital of which the hearts of the generous will throb, so long as valour and constancy shall be appreciated upon earth.

We speak thus warmly, because we feel strongly—because we sympathize from the bottom of our hearts with the cause of freedom all over the world. But we are not deluded, as so many of our countrymen are, who never look beyond the surface of things, by the mere assumption of false names. We have learned from our own experience, as well as the annals of history, that tyranny, plunder, and oppression can stalk in the rear of the tricolour flag, and urban multitudes be roused by a ruthless band of sordid revolutionists, to their own and their country's ultimate ruin. We have learned also from the same sources of information, that hearts can beat as warmly for the cause of freedom, and arms combat as bravely in its defence on the mountain as on the plain, in the sequestered valley as in the crowded city, under the banners of religion and loyalty, as under the standard of treason and perfidy. We yield to none in the ardent love of liberty; but what we call liberty is the lasting protection of the rights and privileges of all classes of the people, not the trampling them under foot, to suit the fanciful theories of visionary enthusiasts, or the sordid speculations of stock exchange revolutionists. We look around us, and behold liberty still flourishing in the British isles, after a hundred and fifty years' duration, under the banner of religion and loyalty, despite all the efforts of infidel democracy for its destruction. We cast our eyes to the other side of the channel, and we see freedom perishing, both in France and Spain, after unheard-of calamities, under the ascendant of a revolutionary and freethinking generation. Taught by these great examples, we have learned to cling the more closely to the faith and the maxims of our fathers, to see in the principles of religion and loyalty the only secure foundation for real freedom; and to expect the ultimate triumph of constitu-

dional principles, not from the sudden irruption of blood-thirsty fanatics, or the selfish ambition of rapacious democrats, but the gradual and pacific growth of a middling class in society, under the protecting influence of a durable government.

We make these remarks, too, in the full knowledge of the hideous massacres which have so long disfigured this unhappy war—having before our eyes the Durango decree, and the Carlist executions; and yielding to none in horror at these sanguinary atrocities, and the most ardent wish for their termination. We make them also, agreeing with the *Standard*, that if this frightful system had begun with the Carlists, or had even been adopted by them under the influence of any other cause than the sense of unbearable executions of a similar kind previously suffered by them, and begun by the Revolutionists, and the overwhelming necessity of mournful retaliation, not only would their cause be unworthy of the sympathy of any brave or good man, but that Don Carlos himself would “be a monster unfit to live.” But admitting all this, we see it as clearly proved as any proposition in geometry, that this execrable system began with the *Spanish democrats, and them alone*, and was never resorted to by the Carlists, till years after they had suffered under its atrocious execution by their enemies; and the Carlist valleys were filled with mourning from the death of old men, women and children, murdered in cold blood by the democratic tyrants who sought to plunder and enslave them. And in such circumstances, we know that retaliation, however dreadful and mournful an extremity, is *unavoidable*, and that brave and humane men are forced, like Zumalacarregrui, to sentence prisoners to be shot, even when the order, as it did from him, draws tears like rain from their eyes. Unquestionably none can admire more than we do the noble proclamation of the Duke of York in 1793, in answer to the savage orders of the Directory to the Revolutionary armies of France to give no quarter. None can feel greater exultation at the humane conduct of the Vendéans, who, in reply to a similar order from their inhuman oppressors, sent eleven thousand prisoners back, with their heads merely shaved, to the republican lines. But it belongs to the prosperous and the secure to act upon such generous and noble principles;—the endurance of cold-blooded cruelty, the pangs of murdered innocence, the sight of parents and children slaughtered, will drive, and in every age have driven, the most mild and humane to the dreadful but unavoidable system of retaliation.

We know that the Vendéans themselves, despite all the heroic humanity of their chiefs, were forced in the end to retaliate upon their enemies the system of giving no quarter. We know that Charette, the most humane of men in the outset of his heroic career, for the two last years of his career, found it impossible to act on any other principle. We go back to the annals of our own country, and we see in them too melancholy proof, that even in the sober-minded, or, it may be, right thinking inhabitants of the British isles, a certain endur-

ance of suffering, and the commencement of a cruel system of war by one party, will at all times drive their antagonists into a hideous course of reprisals. Have we forgotten, that in the wars of the Roses, quarter was refused on both sides by the contending armies, for nine long years; and that eighty princes of the blood, and almost all the nobility of England were put to death, and most of them in cold blood, by the ruthless cruelty of English armies? Have we forgotten, that utter destruction was vowed by the Scottish Covenanters against the Irish auxiliaries in Montrose’s army; and that they carried their vengeance so far, as to massacre all their prisoners in cold blood, and drown at the bridge of Linlithgow even their innocent babes? Have we forgotten the cruel atrocities of the Irish Rebellion, or the fierce retaliation of the indignant Orangemen? Seeing then that a certain extremity of suffering, and the endurance of a certain amount of cruelty by intestine opponents, will, in all ages, and in all nations, even the most moderate and humane, induce the dreadful necessity of retaliation, we look with pity, though with poignant grief, on the stern reprisals to which Don Carlos has been driven, and earnestly pray that similar civil discord may long be averted from the British isles and that we may not be doomed by a righteous Providence, as we perhaps deserve, to undergo the unutterable wretchedness, which our uncalled for and unjust support of those who began the execrable system of murder, has so long produced in the Spanish peninsula.

In attempting to make amends for our hitherto apparent neglect of this interesting subject, we rejoice to think that the materials by which we can now vindicate the righteous cause, and explain to our deluded countrymen the gross injustice of which they have been rendered the unconscious instruments, have, within these last few months, been signally enlarged. First, Captain Henningsen’s animated and graphic narrative enlisted our sympathies in favour of the gallant mountaineers, beside whom he drew the sword of freedom. Next, Mr. Honan’s able and well-informed work unfolded still more fully the nature of the contest, and the resources from which the Basque peasantry have maintained so long and surprising a struggle in defence of their privileges against all the forces which have been arrayed against them. Then Lord Caernarvon’s admirable disquisition on the war, annexed to his highly interesting tour in the Portuguese provinces, gave to the statements of his excellent predecessors the weight of his authority, the aid of his learning, and the support of his eloquence. Though last, not least, Mr. Walton has taken the field with two octavo volumes, which throw a flood of light on the real nature of the contest now raging in the Peninsula,—the objects of the parties engaged,—the claims of the competitors to the throne,—the consequence of the triumph of the one or the other on the future interests of religion and freedom,—the cruel severities to which the Carlists were subjected by their blood-thirsty enemies before they were reluctantly driven to retaliation,—and the frightful

consequences which have resulted, and must continue to result while it endures, from our iniquitous co-operation with the cause of oppression. All these momentous topics are treated in the volumes before us with a clearness, temper, moderation, and ability which leave nothing to be desired, and render them by far the most important work on the affairs of the Peninsula which has yet issued from the European press. When we see the ability and candour, the courage and energy, the learning and eloquence, which, unbought by the gold of the stock exchange, uninfluenced by speculations in Spanish bonds, unsolicited by the rewards of a deceived democratic and commission-granting administration, is thus generously and gratuitously coming forward from so many quarters at once in defence of the cause of religious truth and independence, we recognise the revival of the spirit of old England; we indulge a hope that the press, like the Thames water, may yet work off its own impurities; and we are ready to take our humble part in so good a cause, and bear with equanimity the torrent of abuse with which the servile writers of the Treasury, or the hireling scribes of the stock exchange, will assail our endeavours to give greater publicity than, in a selfish and engrossed age, they might otherwise obtain to their all-important disclosures.

From the statements proved, and documents brought forward, in Mr. Walton's work, it is manifest,—

1. That the constitution of 1812, so long the darling object of democratic contention in the Peninsula, and now the avowed basis of its government, is an ultra-republican system, which never obtained the legal consent of the nation, but was merely imposed on their countrymen for their own selfish ends by a knot of urban democrats at Cadiz, who at that unhappy period, when four-fifths of the country was occupied by the French armies, had contrived to usurp the powers, not only of sovereignty, but of remodelling the state.

2. That it is not only utterly unsuitable to the Spanish people, and necessarily productive of (as it ever has produced) nothing but plunder, massacre, and democratic oppression; but is of so absurd and ill-considered a character as even, if established in England, amidst a people habituated for centuries to the exercise of freedom, would tear society to atoms in six months.

3. That, from experience of the devastating effects of this ultra-radical constitution, and the sordid cupidity of the democratic agents whom it instantly brings to the head of affairs, the great majority of the Spanish nation, almost all who are distinguished by their patriotism, principle, or good sense, are decidedly opposed to its continuance; that though often established by military violence or democratic intrigue, it has ever fallen to the ground by its own weight when not upheld, as it now is, by powerful foreign co-operation; and that at this moment, if this co-operation were really withdrawn, it would sink to the dust in three months, with all its accessories of democratic spoliation, royalist blood, and universal suffering, never more to rise.

4. That the democratic party, since the time that nine-tenths of the nation had become the decided enemies of their usurpation, fell upon the expedient of engrafting the maintenance of their cause upon a disputed succession to the throne,—prevailed on Ferdinand VII., when in a state of dotage, to alter the law of royal succession in favour of his infant daughter,—got together the farce of a Cortes, to give their sanction to the illegal act,—and have since contrived to keep her on the throne, as a mere puppet, to serve as a cover to their revolutionary designs, despite the clearly proved voice of the nation, by filling the army and all civil offices with their own creatures, and maintaining an usurped and hateful usurpation by the aid of urban democracy, foreign co-operation, and stock-jobbing assistance.

5. That the title of Don Carlos to the throne is clear, not less on the legitimate principle of legal succession, which we were bound, in the most solemn manner, by the treaty of Utrecht, to guaranty, than on the liberal principle of a violation of the social contract, and a trampling under foot all the rights and privileges of the people, dissolving the title of a sovereign, how well-founded soever in itself, to the supreme direction of affairs.

6. That the frightful system of murdering the prisoners was first introduced by the Revolutionists; that it was carried on with ruthless severity and heartless rigour by them for years before it was imitated by the Royalists; that they have repeatedly made endeavours, both publicly and privately, to put a stop to its continuance, but always been foiled by the refusal of their savage antagonists.

7. That the English auxiliaries, both under General Evans and Lord John Hay, lent their powerful aid to the Revolutionary party, not only without the English government having made any effectual stipulation in favour of the abandoning that atrocious system of warfare, but at a time when, without such aid, the war was on the point of being brought to a glorious termination by the freeborn mountaineers of Biscay and Navarre, and have thus become implicated, through the fault or neglect of their government, in all the woful consequences of a continuance of the struggle.

8. That the stand made by the Basque provinces is for their rights and their liberties, their privileges and their immunities, enjoyed by their ancestors for five hundred years, asserted by them in every age with a constancy and spirit exceeding even the far-famed resolution of the Swiss Cantons, but which were all reft from them at one fell swoop by the ruthless tyranny of a democratic despotism.

It is impossible, in the limits of an article in a periodical, to quote all the documents, or detail all the facts, which Mr. Walton has accumulated, with irresistible force, to prove every one of these propositions. If any one doubts them, we earnestly recommend him to study his work; and if he is not convinced, we say, without hesitation, neither would he be persuaded though one rose from the dead. But even in this cursory notice a few leading facts may be brought forward, which cannot fail to throw a clear light on this important subject, and

may tend to aid the efforts of those brave and enlightened men who are now striving to prevent British blood from being any longer shed in the most unjust of causes, and hinder the British standards from being any longer unfurled, in the name of freedom and liberty, to uphold the cause of infidelity, rapine, and oppression.

Of the manner in which the Constitution of 1812 was fabricated by a *clique* of urban agitators in Cadiz, when blockaded by the French forces in 1810, and thrust, amidst the agonies of the war with Napoleon, on an unconscious or unwilling nation, the following account is given by our author:—

"In the decrees and other preparations made by the central junta, in anticipation of the meeting of Cortes, the old mode of convening the national assembly had been abandoned, the illuminati congregated at Seville being of opinion 'that the ancient usages were more a matter of historical research than of practical importance.' It was therefore agreed, that in their stead a new electoral law should be framed, more congenial to the general principle of representation; the result of which was, that those cities which had deputies in the Cortes last assembled were to have a voice, as well as the superior juntas, and that one deputy should besides be elected for every fifty thousand souls. It was also settled that the South American provinces, at the time actually in a state of insurrection, should, for the present, have substitutes chosen for them, until they sent over delegates duly elected. It is a curious fact, that on the 18th of the previous April, Joseph Bonaparte had convened the Cortes, and it was at the time thought that this example served to stimulate the central junta to perform their long forgotten promise.

"The new fashioned Cortes opened on the 24th of September, consisting only of popular deputies, or one estate, the other two being excluded. When the inaugural ceremonies were over, the members assembled declared themselves legally constituted in 'general and extraordinary Cortes,' in whom the national sovereignty resided; or, in other words, they at once declared themselves a constituent assembly.

"In one respect, the assembly of the Spanish Cortes of 1810, resembled that of the French States-general in 1791, the members being mostly new men whose names had scarcely been heard of before. In another sense, the disparity between the two assemblies was great. The States-general opened their sittings under legal forms, with the three orders, and, after stormy debates, *one estate ejected or absorbed the other two*, when the triumphant party, declaring themselves a constituent assembly, proceeded to enact laws and frame a constitution; in the end, rendering themselves superior to the authority which had convened them, and no longer responsible to those whom they were intended to represent. The Cadiz Cortes adopted a readier and less complicated plan. In utter defiance of legal forms and ancient usages, *the Spanish Commons before hand excluded the two privileged estates*; and assembling entirely on their own account, *at once voted themselves to be a constituent assembly*, possessing all the es-

sential attributes of sovereignty and deliberately proceeded to imitate the example of their Parisian prototypes.

"The examples given in our early pages show the little analogy between the ancient and new Cortes. The latter did not meet to supply the want of a regal power, to provide means of defence, obtain the redress of grievances, or reconcile opposite and jarring interests. Their object was not to heal the wounds in the state, to introduce order and concert, or remove those obstacles which had hitherto impeded the progress of the national cause. As the genuine offspring of the central junta, they rather thought of *seizing upon power, enjoying its sweets, and carrying into effect those theories with a fondness for which an admiration of the French Revolution had infected many leading members*, some of whom were anxious to shine after the manner of Mirabeau,—whilst others thought they could emulate the example of Abbé Sièyes, or took Brissot as their model. In a word, wholly unpractised in the science of legislation, and unmindful that the enemy was at their gates, they set to work with a full determination to tread in the footsteps of the French Constituent Assembly, and began by a vote similar to that passed by our House of Commons in 1648, whereby they declared that *the sovereign power exclusively resided in them*,—and consequently, that whatever they enacted was law, without the consent of either king, peers, or clergy."

The ruinous step by which, to the exclusion of the real representatives of the nation, a band of urban Revolutionists contrived to thrust themselves into the supreme direction of the Constituent Assembly in the Isle of León, is thus explained.

"On the 10th September, 1810, a fortnight before the opening of the Cortes, the regents issued an edict, accompanied by a decree, in which the impossibility of obtaining proper representatives from the ultra-marine provinces and those occupied by the enemy, is lamented, and a plan devised to remedy the defect, by means of substitutes chosen upon the spot. It was accordingly ordained that twenty-three persons should be *picked out to represent the places held by the French, and thirty for the Indies*; which number of substitutes, incorporated with the real delegates, already arrived or about to arrive, it was thought would compose a respectable congress, sufficient, under existing circumstances, to open the house and carry on business, even although others should unfortunately not arrive."

From the official records of the Cortes, it appears that its numbers stood thus:

Members returned by provinces of Spain	
unoccupied by the French,	127
Substitutes provided at Cadiz, for the	
others,	45

"It would be almost insulting to the judgment of the reader to offer any remarks upon either the illegality or the incongruity of a legislature composed of such elements as the preceding sketch presents. Independently of

* "For the electors and the elected the only qualifications required were to be a householder and twenty-five years of age."

a total abandonment of ancient usages, and an utter disregard of the elective franchise practised in former times; besides the exclusion of two estates, and the enlargement of the third on a basis not only impracticable but also ridiculous; substitutes are put in to represent an infinitely larger proportion of territory in both hemispheres than that which, with the free agency of the inhabitants, is enabled to return representatives, elected according to the scale proposed by the conveners of the Cortes themselves, founded on rules of their own framing. The representative principle was thus entirely lost; and how a party of politicians and philosophers, circumscribed to a small spot of ground, and protected only by the naval force of an ally, could, during eighteen months, sit quietly down and frame a constitution for the acceptance of nearly thirty millions of people, situated in three quarters of the globe, and opposed in interests as well as in habits, on a plan so defective in all its parts, is the most extraordinary of the many singularities which marked the Spanish contest.

"In the new representative plan, neither population nor wealth was taken as a basis. Valencia, with 1,040,740 souls, was allowed nineteen deputies; whilst Granada, including Malaga, and containing 1,100,640, had only two. The ancient kingdom of Navarre, with 271,285 souls; Biscay, with 130,000; Guipuscoa, with 126,789; and Alava, with 85,139, are rated at one each; whereas the mountains of Ronda had two. Spain, with fourteen millions of souls, is set down at one hundred and fifty-four deputies; when the South American and Asiatic provinces, by the central junta declared integral and equal parts of the monarchy, and containing a population of more than seventeen millions, were represented by fifty-four. Never was any thing more monstrous than the organization of the Cadiz legislature—more opposed to the practice in ancient times, or more at variance with the objects for which the Cortes were to meet. It was not even in accordance with the wild theories of the day. The absence of opposition was the only sanction given to their labours; a circumstance which may be easily accounted for in the existing state of the Peninsula."

These Revolutionists were not long in invoking the aid of the same principles which, emanating from the Jacobins of Paris, had consigned France to slavery and Europe to blood. "Eight or nine journals were immediately established in Cadiz, of which one was called '*The Robespierre*.'"

"The principles proclaimed by the constitution, if possible, are more monstrous than the manner in which it was constructed. It begins by declaring that the legislature is composed of the general and extraordinary Cortes of the Spanish nations, represented by deputies from Spain, America, and Asia; that the national sovereignty resides in the Cortes, and that the power of making laws belongs to them, jointly with the king; that the population is to be taken as a basis for the new electoral law, without any defined qualification for eligibility; that the Cortes were to meet every year, and, on closing, leave a permanent deputation sitting, to watch

over the observance of the constitution, report infractions, and convene the legislature in extraordinary cases, and that the king should be at the head of the executive, and sanction the laws. A new plan was also formed for the government of the provinces, the election of municipalities, the assessment of taxes, and a variety of other purposes. In a word, the Cadiz code deprived the king of the power of dissolving or proroguing the Cortes, and in other respects destroyed the royal prerogative, as well as feudal tenures and the rights of property. It confounded the various classes, reduced the power of the clergy, extinguished the civil rights of a whole community, cancelled all previous compacts made between the sovereign and the people, broke the bond of union, tore asunder the charters, confiscated the privileges and franchises so highly valued by the inhabitants, and, in a word, obliterated every line and feature of the ancient institutions, by transforming Spain into the reverse of what she had been. It was a sweeping proscription of every privileged and corporate body in the country, annihilating the whole, and leaving neither wreck nor vestige behind."

Of this constitution, which is now the constitution of Spain, which the arms, ay, the royal arms of England are employed to uphold, it is sufficient to say that it establishes—1, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE; 2, ONE LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER; 3, ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS; 4, It annihilates all the power of the nobles and clergy; 5, Sweeps away all corporate rights and feudal privileges; 6, Exterminates the whole royal prerogative. How long would the British empire withstand the shock of such a constitution? Not one week.

Even before it was brought into operation, or the French armies had been driven by British valour from the soil of Spain, the ruinous effect of this monstrous constitution was so clearly perceived, that the democratic despots were fearful of its overthrow.

"Such a transition as that which this code was calculated to effect, was too sudden and too violent not to meet with decided opposition. Its levelling principles and subversive doctrines were accordingly denounced from the pulpit and by the press. Every epithet of odium and contempt was applied to its officious framers; and so great was the apprehension of disturbances entertained by the government itself, that within a month after its promulgation, they prevented arms from being intrusted to the Galician peasantry. Individuals of rank and influence were banished for merely expressing their disapprobation of its provisions, or their dread of the calamities which it was likely to produce."

The fate of this monstrous democratic abortion is well known. On Ferdinand's accession it fell to the ground from its own weight; not a sword required to be drawn, or a shot fired, to dissolve the destructive fabric. His famous decree from Valencia, on May 4, 1814, at once extinguished the Cadiz constitution. In that instrument, Ferdinand justly said:

"To this Cortes, in 1810, convened in a manner never practised in Spain, even in the most arduous cases, and in the turbulent times of

minorities, when the meeting of deputies has been more numerous than in usual and ordinary Cortes, the estates of the nobility and clergy were not called, notwithstanding the central junta ordered this to be done by a decree, artfully concealed from the council of regency, who were equally unaware that to them the junta had assigned the presidency of the Cortes; a prerogative which otherwise never would have been left at the will of the Congress. Every thing was thus placed at the disposal of the Cortes, who on the very day of their installation, and as a commencement of their acts, stripped me of the sovereignty which the deputies themselves had just before acknowledged, nominally attributing it to the nation, in order to appropriate it to themselves, and by this usurpation enact such laws as they deemed fit, imposing on the people the obligation of forcibly receiving them in the form of a new constitution, which the deputies established, and afterwards sanctioned and published in 1812, without powers from either provinces, towns, or juntas, and without even the knowledge of those said to be represented by the substitutes of Spain and the Indies.

"This first outrage against the royal prerogative was, as it were, a basis for the many others which followed; and notwithstanding the repugnance of many deputies, laws were enacted, adopted, and called fundamental ones, amidst the cries, threats, and violence of those who frequented the Cortes galleries; whereby to that which was only the work of a faction the specious colouring of the general will was given, and for such made to pass among a few seditious persons at Cadiz, and afterwards at Madrid. These are notorious facts, and thus were those good laws altered which once constituted the felicity of our nation. The ancient form of the monarchy was changed, and by copying the revolutionary and democratic principles of the French constitution of 1791, were sanctioned, not the fundamental laws of a moderate monarchy, but rather those of a popular government, with a chief magistrate at its head—a mere delegated executive, and not a king, notwithstanding the introduction of the name as a deception to the incautious."

The joy of the nation at this specific liberation from their revolutionary tyrants knew no bounds. It was like that of the English on the Restoration. The journey of the king from Valencia to the capital was a continued triumph.

"Some members and other flaming patriots proposed open resistance, but soon found that they possessed neither physical nor moral power. As far as outward appearances went, they preserved their consistency, or rather their delirium, till the close. Some of the most vociferous were however seized; and this put an end to the show of opposition. Ferdinand VII. entered the capital on the 14th, amidst general acclamations and other demonstrations of joy. Persons present attest that never did Madrid witness such a scene of general exultation. When the king alighted, the people took him up in their arms, and triumphantly showed him to the immense concourse assembled in front of the palace, and in their arms conveyed

him to his apartment. From Aranjuez to Madrid, his carriage had been previously drawn by the people. In the afternoon of the 16th, he walked through several parts of the town, the streets thronged with spectators; but not a single constitutionalist ventured to show his face."

We have dwelt the longer on the original illegal formation, and revolutionary principles of the constitution, because it lies in truth at the bottom of the whole question. The Cadiz democrats, like all other reckless revolutionists, bestowed on the nation at once, without either preparation or reason, the prodigal gift of unbounded political influence. The whole powers of government were by them vested in one Chamber: the Cortes combined the powers of the executive and legislature in England, being vested at once with the exclusive right of imposing taxes, passing laws, declaring war and peace. These vast powers were vested in *one single assembly*, unfettered by any separate House of Peers, or the representation of the clergy in any shape. And how was this omnipotent assembly chosen? By *universal suffrage*; by the votes of every man in Spain who had a house and was twenty-five years of age. No qualification was required either in the electors or representatives. A majority of beggars might rule the state, and dispose at will of all the property it contained!!!

The urban revolutionists of Spain, an ardent, energetic, insolvent class, instantly perceived the enormous advantages which this extravagant constitution gave them. They saw clearly that under this radical constitution, they would in fact be the rulers of the state; that its whole offices, emoluments, influence, and property would ere long be at their disposal; and that by simply sticking to that one point, "The constitution of 1812," they would soon, and without bloodshed as they hoped, and by the mere force of legislative enactment, strip all the holders of property, not only of their influence, but their possessions. In the few great towns, accordingly, which the Peninsula contains, in Madrid, Cadiz, Seville, Barcelona, Valencia, Bilbao, and Malaga, a *chique* of agitators was immediately formed, who, destitute of property, education, or character, were yet formidable to the holders of property over the kingdom by their influence over the population in these great centres of profligacy, pauperism, and ambition. They were closely held together by the hellish bond of anticipated plunder. Freedom, liberty, and independence were ever in their mouths; tyranny, plunder, massacre 'unceasingly in their hearts. But though a miserable minority, not amounting to a fiftieth part of the whole nation, they had great advantages in the political strife in which they were engaged, from their position in the great fortified towns of the kingdom, from their sway over the depraved and deluded populace, from the rapid communication which they maintained with each other, from the want of union, organization, or intelligence among their rural antagonists, from the possession of a plausible *cri de guerre* "The constitution of 1812," which was sup

posed to be a sovereign charm by its supporters for every evil; and from the union, energy, and resolution which present insolvency and the prospect of future plunder had diffused universally through their ranks.

It is the more material to attend to these considerations, because it is the struggle to re-establish this radical constitution which is the real matter that has ever since been at issue between the two parties in the Peninsula. The Queen at Madrid was from the first a mere puppet; the *Estatuto Real* a mere instalment; the revolt of La Granja brought to light their real projects, and revealed, in its pristine nakedness, the violence and iniquity of the democratic faction. By it the constitution of 1812 has again become the basis of the constitution: a nocturnal revolt, an irruption into the bed-chamber of the queen, a drunken sergeant and ten treasonable grenadiers were sufficient to knock down the phantom of a constitutional monarchy, which, as a mask to their ulterior designs, the revolutionists had set up. And it is to support such a cause, to establish such a *revolutionary regime*, that General Evans and his unhappy band have been exposed to defeat and dishonour, and 500,000*l.* worth of arms and ammunition sent to the democrats of the Peninsula, and the royal flag of England displayed beside the abettors of spoliation, robbery, and murder!

The evils experienced and anticipated from this radical constitution, however, were so powerful, that it probably never again would have reared its hated head in Spain, were it not that in an evil hour Ferdinand VII. resolved upon an expedition to South America in 1821, to subdue the revolted provinces, and assembled 20,000 men in the Isle of Leon for that purpose. This distant service was to the last degree unpopular in the Spanish army; its inglorious dangers, its certain hardships, its boundless fatigues, its remote situation, its probable disastrous termination, were present to every mind, and filled both officers and men with the most gloomy presentiments, and left them in that state of moody despair when the most desperate and flagitious projects are most likely to be embraced with alacrity. The presence of 20,000 men close to Cadiz or within its walls, influenced by these feelings, was too favourable an opportunity for the revolutionists in that great centre of democracy to let slip for re-establishing their hated dominion. While the troops were waiting for the transports to convey them across the Atlantic, which, with the usual want of foresight in the Spanish character, were very long of being prepared, intrigues were actively set on foot by the Cadiz *clique*; and in the subaltern officers of the army, which in Spain is almost wholly destitute of men of property, and filled with mere adventurers, they found the most ready reception. Soldiers, unless restrained by preponderance of property and education in their officers, are never averse to playing the part of prætorians; they are seldom disinclined to setting an empire up to sale. The glittering prospect, on the one hand, of escaping a perilous, hateful, and inglorious foreign service, and on the other, disposing of the whole

emoluments and advantages of government for themselves or their connections, was more than the military adventurers of the Isle of Leon could withstand; they revolted; raised the cry of "The constitution of 1812," amidst the transports of the democratic party over all Spain; and the king, destitute of any military force to withstand so formidable an insurrection, was, after a trifling attempt at resistance, forced into submission. The promised boon was not withheld from the traitor soldiers, who had, by violating their oaths, brought about the revolution; they were retained at home; the expedition against South America was laid aside, and the crown of the Indies for ever lost to the throne of Castile. But what was that to the Spanish democrats? What did it signify that the empire was dismembered, and the transatlantic colonies consigned to an anarchy, despotism, and suffering, unparalleled in modern times? They had got to the head of affairs; the pillar of the constitution was raised in every considerable town of Spain; the Cadiz *clique* had become prime ministers; and every province of the Peninsula was placed under the rule of a set of low rapacious revolutionary *employés*, who made use of all their authority to promote the election of such extreme deputies for the Cortes as might insure the total revolutionizing of the state.

Even while the Liberals lay at Cadiz, they had begun their system of rapacious iniquity:—

"M. Alcala Galiano," says Walton, "assisted in a civil capacity, and when the mutineers were shut up in La Isla, wrote the principal proclamations and addresses which served to extend the insurrection. On reaching Madrid, this civilian became one of the leading speakers at the debating society of the *Fontana de Oro*, and was afterwards named Intendant of Cordova. In 1822 he was elected to the Cortes, from which period he is classed among the leaders of the *exaltados*. His speeches were marked with impetuosity and extreme liberalism; but his ideas were not always regular, or his conduct consistent. He was among the emigrants in this country, and a warm admirer of radicalism,—a blessing of which the last importation into Spain has been pretty extensive. The latter part of his political career was the most successful, his labours having been crowned with the appointment of Minister of Marine. Whilst the army remained at La Isla, the naval arsenals were completely gutted. The copper, brass cannon, rigging, and other valuables, were sold to the Gibraltar Jews, who ascended the river of Santi Petri and fetched their purchases away."

The worshippers of the constitution of 1812 were not slow in beginning with the first and greatest of all revolutionary projects, the confiscation of the property of the church.

"Various reports," says Mr. Walton, "on the poverty of the treasury, the annual deficit, the arrears of pay, and a variety of other financial matters, had been submitted to the chamber, and produced no small degree of embarrassment. The expedient of a foreign loan was adopted; and it being no longer necessary to temporize with the clergy, a plan was formed

for the appropriation of church property, which it was supposed would yield an abundant harvest. By a decree passed October 1st, the monasteries were suppressed, excepting a certain number, and also several of the military orders, the revenues of which, it was agreed, should be set apart for the payment of the national debt, after pensions had been secured to Riega, Quiroga, and the other leaders of the La Isla mutiny. The inmates of the suppressed convents were to receive stipends from the government; but it was clear that the exigencies of the state, if no other reasons existed, would prevent the performance of this promise. Hitherto the king had remained passive, and sanctioned, certainly against his will, yet without any remonstrance, the various acts tending to destroy the little authority left to him; but when called upon for his assent to the suppression of the regular orders, he hesitated. At the end of a month his signature was reluctantly affixed, and the next day he departed for the Escorial.*

Nor were tyrannic measures to enforce the authority of these popular despots wanting.

"Among the new measures was a decree awarding the penalty of banishment for eight years against any one endeavouring to dissuade the people from the observance of the constitution, and imprisonment for that period if an ecclesiastic."

This violent spoliation, however, excited at the time a general feeling of indignation.

"This precipitate if not unjust measure on the part of the Cortes, could not fail to rouse public indignation and prepare the way for their own downfall. Besides the nature of the act, which general opinion regarded as a profanation, numbers of persons venerable in the eyes of the people were sent forth from their seclusion to beg their bread. The project, therefore, came before the public stamped with a double title to reprobation. It was pronounced a violent spoliation, as well as a revolting act of irreligion; and it appears strange that the patriotic senators of 1820, after clashing with the nobles and depriving so many public functionaries of their places, should have thus braved the anger of so powerful a body as the clergy.

"Having obtained possession of the political stage, they formed a confederacy to keep it exclusively to themselves; and if any thing was wanting to complete their usurpation, it was to vote their own perpetuity, as the long parliament did in 1642, and by means of intimidation obtain the king's consent. They had an army at their disposal, and, as was done in the time of Charles I., some of the king's advisers were denounced as enemies of the state. The indignity offered to him previously to his abrupt departure for the Escorial, called into action all the elements of collision. The reduction of the monastic orders might be deemed advisable—nay, necessary,—so it had been thought before; but the constitutionalists having resolved upon that important measure, contrived to render it doubly dangerous by the manner and degree in which it was to be executed, and the time chosen for carrying it into effect. Religious establishments of this kind

had been interwoven with the frame of society in Spain—they were considered as a principal appendage of the religion of the state, had been formed by the collective funds of private individuals, were associated with proud recollections of the past, and still held in veneration by all excepting the liberal party. When, therefore, the people saw these establishments suppressed, the aged, who had spent their little all to procure an asylum for life, cast upon the world, and their substance bestowed upon persons who had set the worst possible example by heading a military rebellion—their resentment passed all bounds."†

The first commencement of the civil war of 1822 and of that atrocious system of massacre, which has ever since disgraced the Peninsula, is then given by our author; and as murder was their grand weapon, so they were so dead to all sense of justice or shame, that they actually HAD ITS EMBLEM ENGRAVED ON THEIR SEALS. It was in the massacre of a man who had merely counselled "a free and national government."

"A paper of a mixed character made its appearance in the capital, tending to excite a counter-revolutionary movement. It preached—'No despotism and no anarchy—no *camarilla* and no factious Cortes; but a free and national government founded on the ancient institutions.' The author being discovered, was thrown into prison, and his name ascertained to be Vinuesa, formerly the curate of Tamajón, a small town in the province of Gaudalajara, seven leagues from the capital, and lately one of the king's honorary chaplains. At a moment of public excitement an incident of this kind was likely to produce much noise in a place where idlers and politicians abound. A surmise got abroad that the prisoner, in consequence of his high connections, would be protected, and an evasion of justice was apprehended. This sufficed to rouse the ardent spirits frequenting the Puerta del Sol, and in the true sense of the sovereignty of the people, they rushed in a crowd to the prison, forced open the door, entered the curate's cell, and with a blacksmith's hammer beat out his brains.†

"This murder was a signal for general agitation. The nobles, royalist officers, and ex-functionaries, held up to contempt and derision the conduct of those who were unable to prevent the commission of such an atrocity. The ejected monks called the peasants to arms, by invoking the altar and the throne, or appealing to their own wrongs.

* Quiroga, for example, had capitalized his pension; and thus obtained possession of the Granja de Cernadas a valuable estate near Betanzos, in Galicia, belonging to the monastery of San Martín, at Santiago, of the Benedictine order, upon which he cut a large quantity of timber. Others had obtained estates, the property of the suppressed orders, in a similar manner."

† "This deed was celebrated in songs, sung about the streets and in the guard-houses. In its commemoration, seals were worn with a crest representing a brawny and naked arm holding a hammer in the hand. This seal became fashionable among the *martillo* or hammer faction; and letters at that time, received in England, frequently had that impression upon them. The mob were also in the habit of expressing their displeasure at the conduct of an individual by beating hammers on the pavement under his windows: a pretty significant indication of the fate which awaited him if he sinned against the sovereign people."

"The large cities were, in a contrary sense, agitated by clubs and debating societies. At first these clubs had been the organs of government; now they wished to dictate the means by which the commonwealth was to be saved. They publicly reproached the ministers for their apathy, almost accused them of being leagued with the king, whom they denounced as the chief plotter, and his palace as a ready receptacle for the *Serviles*."

And now we come to a most important subject—one to which we earnestly request the serious attention of our countrymen. It is the COMMENCEMENT of that war of extermination, which, as Mr. Walton justly observes, has ever since raged in the Peninsula. Let us see with whom the responsibility of its introduction rests:—

"Catalonia was the cause of great disquietude to the constitutionalists; and in order to put down the Army of the Faith, and dislodge the regency from the Seo de Urgel, Mina was appointed early in September to command that principality, and entered on his duties at Lerida. As he himself states, he found 'the factious, to the number of thirty-three thousand, masters of almost all the country, in possession of various strong places and fortresses, protected by a great part of the towns, and, what was of still greater importance, they had a centre of union and government, viz., the titular *Regency of Spain*, established in Urgel;' adding, 'these were the elements which presented themselves in Catalonia.' After noticing his preparations, he proceeds thus:—'I commenced operations on the 13th; and a month and a half sufficed me to organize a small army, to raise the siege of Cervera, and take possession of Castell-fulit. I ordered the total destruction of this last mentioned town, as a punishment for the obstinacy of its rebellious inhabitants and defenders; and by way of retorting the contempt with which they replied to the repeated messages I sent them, as well as for a warning to the rest, upon its ruins I ordered the following inscription to be placed: 'Here stood Castell-fulit. Towns, take warning; shelter not the enemies of your country.'

"Thus spoke and acted the hero of Catalonia at the close of 1822! After enumerating a variety of other exploits, the captain-general comes to his attack upon the fortress of Urgel, where he experienced difficulties, and exultingly adds, 'that in the end constancy and heroism were victorious, and six hundred profligates and robbers, taken out of the prisons, who formed the greater part of the faction of the ring-leader Romagosa, the defender of the fortress of Urgel, expiated their crimes on the morning of the evacuation by their death upon the field.' The men thus barbarously butchered were royalists, the countrymen of this savage pacificator: their only crime was that of having embraced a cause opposed to his own."

"As a proof of the spirit with which the constitutionalists were then actuated, subjoined is an extract from a proclamation, issued by Mina a few days before the Duke d'Angoulême entered Madrid:—'Art. 1. All persons who may have been members of a junta, society, or corporation opposed to the present

system of government, as well as those who may have enlisted men or conspired against the constitution, shall be irrevocably shot the instant they are taken. Art. 2. Any town in which the inhabitants are called out against the constitutional troops shall be burned to ashes, and till one stone is not left upon another.'—At the same time that the governor of Catalonia published this proclamation, General Villacampa at Seville issued a similar edict, in which he declared that 'every one who by word or deed co-operates in the rebellion shall be held to be a traitor and punished as such; further, that any one knowing the situation of the factions and concealing it shall be held to be a traitor, and as such treated.' This edict closes with the following: 'The members of the municipalities of towns situated at the distance of six leagues from a constitutional column, who may fail hourly to send in a report of the movements of the factious in their vicinity, shall pay out of their own property a fine of ten thousand rials; and if any injury arise out of the omission, he shall be judged in a military manner.'"

It was, therefore, not without reason, that, on the 20th November, 1822, Count Nesselrode declared, in a public state paper, expressive of the feelings and resolutions of the Allied Powers regarding Spain—

"Anarchy appeared in the train of revolution—disorder in that of anarchy. Long years of tranquil possession ceased to be a sufficient title to property; the most sacred rights were disputed; ruinous loans and contributions unceasingly renewed, destructive of public wealth and ruinous to private fortunes. Religion was despoiled of her patrimony, and the throne of popular respect. The royal dignity was outraged, the supreme authority having passed over to assemblies influenced by the blind passions of the multitude. To complete these calamities, on the 7th July, blood was seen to flow in the palace, whilst civil war raged throughout the Peninsula."

The armed intervention to which these events in the Peninsula gave rise on the part of France in 1823, is well known, and when put to the proof, it speedily appeared on how hollow a foundation the whole fabric of revolutionary power in the Peninsula, with its whole adjuncts of church spoliation, democratic plunder, and royalist massacre, really rested. The French troops marched without opposition from the Bidassoa to Cadiz; hardly a shot was fired in defence of the constitution of 1812; even the armed intervention of a stranger, and the hateful presence of French soldiers, ever so obnoxious in Spain, could not rouse any resistance to the invaders. The recollection of the legions of Napoleon, and the terrible hardships of the Peninsular war, were forgotten in the more recent horrors of democratic ascendancy. But an event happened at Corunna which made a profound impression, and powerfully contributed to stamp on the future progress of the contest that savage character, by which it is still unhappily distinguished.

"At Corunna the most barbarous occurrence of the many which sullied the annals of the constitutional contest took place. The French

guns commanded the bay, in consequence of which a number of royalists confined in a pontoon rose upon their guards, cut the cables, and drifted out with the tide. Fearful that the other prisoners in the Castle of San Anton might equally escape, the military governor on the 23d ordered fifty-two of them to be brought to the town, and in the afternoon they were lodged in the prison; but the civil authorities objecting to this step, in consequence of the crowded state of the prisons, as well as of the convents, the unhappy men were put into a small vessel and conveyed down the bay. After doubling the point on which the castle stands, and in front of the light-house, called the Tower of Hercules, *they were brought up in pairs from under the hatches, and bound together back to back and thrown into the sea.* One of the victims, seeing the fate which awaited him, jumped into the water before his hands were tied, and endeavoured to escape by swimming; but, being pursued by some of his executioners in a boat, they beat out his brains with their oars. The tide cast the bodies of these unfortunate creatures ashore, where they were the next morning found by the French soldiers on guard. General Bourke sent in a flag of truce, complaining of this atrocious act; but the monster in command, who had given orders for its perpetration, had, in the mean time, together with several other patriots, made off in a British steamer, and eventually found his way to England, where he *shared that hospitality* which was experienced by the other refugees. On the 12th August, Corunna capitulated."

Nor were these atrocities confined to the north of the Peninsula. At Granada and Malaga, the same scenes were enacted with even deeper circumstances of horror.

"So insolent had the *nationals* become at Granada, that royalists and persons of moderate politics could no longer live in the place. Of these a party of about fifteen resolved to withdraw into the country; but no sooner had they left the suburbs than they were denounced as having gone out to form a guerilla. The *nationals* instantly pursued them, and at the distance of two leagues succeeded in capturing seven, the rest escaping. Among the party seized was Father Osuna, an old and venerable professor in the convent of San Antonio Abad; the rest, customhouse guards and officers on half-pay. All, including the friar, were bound to the tails of horses,—in this manner led into the city and paraded through the streets; after which, to add to the indignity, they were cast into the dungeons of what is called the lower or common prison, and herded with felons. Learning some days afterwards where the few who escaped had retired to, the eager *nationals* again sallied forth, and succeeded in surprising five at the little town of Colomera, situated in the mountains, four leagues from Granada. Their hands being bound behind them, they were *brutally assassinated on a small ridge of hills overlooking the bridge Cubillas.* So ferociously did the *nationals* wreak their vengeance upon these victims of their licentious fury, that their mangled bodies could not be recognised by their friends,

who the next day went out to bury them. Among the victims were two officers of the guards, the handsomest youths in the province.

"The seven confined in prison demanded an inquiry into the causes of their arrest and detention; but nothing appearing against them beyond their being reputed royalists, which did not exactly warrant the penalty of death, the *nationals* felt afraid that their victims would escape. In the afternoon of the 4th February they therefore got up a commotion in the usual way, and heated with wine, groups passed along the streets, demanding the heads of Father Osuna and his companions. Reaching the front of the prison, they set up yells, to be heard by the inmates, reiterating their demand, and endeavouring to force a passage through the gate, where a sergeant and a few soldiers were generally posted; but when the uproar commenced, General Villacampa, the governor, doubled the guard, and stationed a lieutenant there. The mob being disappointed, went away.

"In the evening the lieutenant was changed, and an officer in the confidence of the *nationals* was placed at the prison-gate. The commotion was now renewed, and the leaders of the mob assembling at a noted coffee-house in the Plaza Nueva, their usual resort, the death of the prisoners was at once decreed. Sure of their game, the brave *nationals* hurried off to the prison, where they were received with a volley of musketry, pointed so high that the balls struck midway up the wall of the cathedral, fronting the prison-gate, where the marks are still seen. This saved appearances, and the commanding officer thought his responsibility sufficiently covered. The blood-thirsty mob now rushed into the prison, the leaders with their faces blackened and their persons disguised. *Five inmates in separate cells were soon laid prostrate upon the ground covered with stabs.* One of them, posted in a corner, manfully defended himself with a pillow, which dropped from his hands after they had literally been cut to pieces.

"Father Osuna was now led forth,—as the old man supposed, that his life might be saved; but no sooner had he gone fifteen paces beyond the prison-gate and turned the corner of a narrow street, than he received a sabre-cut on the top of his bald head. He lifted up his hand to the streaming wound, and at the same moment a blow knocked him against the wall, upon which the bloody imprint of his hand was left as he endeavoured to save himself from falling. Dropping to the ground, he was beaten with sticks and cut with knives. Supposing him dead, the mob dispersed; when the jailer, hearing his moans, conveyed him back to prison, where his wounds were dressed. The next day, the heroic *nationals*, hearing that Father Osuna still survived, flew to the prison; when one of them, after insulting and upbraiding him for his royalist principles, put a pistol to his right ear, and *blew his brains upon the opposite wall*, where the bloody traces were seen till within the two last years, and till the interior of the prison was repaired. The seventh victim, who had been conveyed to the upper prison, was murdered under similar circumstances. These scenes ended in a drunker

frolic; and if they occurred in 1823, can any one be astonished that they should now be repeated?"

Our heart sickens at these atrocities; but the exhibition of them at this crisis is an indispensable duty on the part of every lover of truth and justice. It is now the game of the English liberals to withdraw all sympathy from Don Carlos and his heroic followers, by constantly representing him as a blood-thirsty tyrant, a monster unfit to live, with whom the infamous system of giving no quarter originated. The documents and historical facts now quoted may show how totally unfounded is this assertion. Here we have the liberals of Spain,—the humane, philanthropic revolutionists of the Peninsula, committing these atrocities when at the helm of affairs, not only before the royalists, but *ten years before the death of Ferdinand*, and when Don Carlos was still living secluded in private life. These massacres were commenced by the liberals when in possession of the government, the fortresses, the treasury, the army. When such frightful deeds of blood stained their first successes over their helpless royalist antagonists, it is not surprising that a profound feeling of indignation was roused through the whole Peninsula, which has rendered it the most difficult of tasks to moderate the sanguinary character of the conflict in subsequent times. Hitherto, be it observed, the massacres had been all on our side; not one act of retaliation had taken place on the parts of their opponents.

With truth it may be said, that the revolutionary party are ever the same; they learn nothing, they forget nothing. Mr. Walton thus sums up, in a few words, the series of crimes and follies which had thus twice precipitated the democrats of the Peninsula from the possession of absolute authority.

"The follies and illegalities committed by the Cortes from the moment of their assembling at Cadiz may be easily traced in the pages of this narrative; and yet the same follies and illegalities were at Madrid and Cadiz repeated in 1820, '21, '22, and '23. The Cortes first became the legislators of the land by means of a flagrant act of usurpation, which, under the pretence of being legally constituted, they sustained at all hazards; the second time they rose into power by the aid of a military mutiny, and were not prudent enough to steer clear of the very shoals upon which they had previously been stranded. The first time, they had a fair opportunity of judging the evils of precipitate and ill-considered legislation: they then beheld events pregnant with lessons of political wisdom, and still had not the sense or the courage to correct old mistakes when chance again placed the helm of state within their grasp. On both occasions they fell from the same causes. Public indignation hurled them from their seats in 1814; and in 1823 they were overpowered, not by the arms of France, but by the displeasure of their own countrymen, disgusted and wearied out with the turmoils in which they had been kept, as well as by the many atrocities which they had witnessed. Their army of 96,750 men was gradually frittered away; and while in fortified

towns they were vainly denouncing vengeance in the interior the lips of thousands greeted the Duke d'Angoulême, and welcomed him as the liberator of their king and country."

The situation of Ferdinand VII., when thus a second time restored to his throne, was surrounded with difficulties. Not only had the most furious passions been awakened in the royalists by the savage and uncalculated massacres of their opponents, but the public interests in every department had suffered to a degree hardly conceivable in so short a period as that of the revolutionary domination.

"The new ministers," says Walton, "who were the best men the country could produce, found every thing unhinged and in disorder. The misfortunes of which the Cadiz code was so lamentable a memorial, daily showed themselves in some new shape. The more the state of the country was inquired into, the more flagrant the errors, if not the guilt, of the fallen party appeared. The reports from the provinces were appalling—the treasury empty, and foreign credit destroyed. On isolated points the shades of opinion might have varied; but in the condemnation of the acts of the liberals, the public voice was unanimous. Then only was ascertained in its full extent the galling nature of their yoke."

An amnesty was immediately published by the king. The exceptions were numerous, amounting to nearly two thousand persons; but "they were chiefly assassins—men whom no amnesty could reach." The means of being reinstated in favour were amply afforded to those who were not actually stained with blood; and great numbers were immediately reinstated in their employments. The rest, for the most part, withdrew to France and England where they lived for many years, maintained by public or private charity, and an object of mistaken interest to the English people, who believed that the selfish projects of aggrandisement from which they had been dashed were those of freedom and public happiness.

The repeated and ludicrous attempts which the Spanish Revolutionists at this period made to regain their footing in the Peninsula since 1823 to 1830, and the instant and total failure of them all, demonstrated in the clearest manner the slender hold they had of the public mind, and the strong sense of the horrors of revolutionary sway which the experience of their government had generally produced.

Doubtless the government of the Royalists during the period of their ascendancy, from 1824 to the death of Ferdinand in 1833, was not perfect. The ministers of the king must have been more than human if, in a country in which such a revolutionary party had obtained for so ever short a time an ascendancy, they could at once have closed the fountains of evil.

"More," says Mr. Walton, "perhaps might have been done—many abuses were left untouched; still commerce and agriculture continued in a progressive state of improvement. The public burdens had also greatly diminished. Under the administration of the Cortes, the general taxes levied were equal to 100 mil-

tions of rials, afterwards they were reduced to 40, and the provincial rents from 295 millions lowered to 130. The best test is perhaps that of the finances; an idea of which may be formed from the subjoined approximate statements, founded upon correct data.

The foreign debt created by the Cortes from September, 1820 to October, 1823,	£19,000,000
Ditto, by the king, from October, 1823, to September, 1830,	5,000,000
Foreign debt cancelled by the Cortes,	None!
Ditto by the king,	1,000,000
Interest paid on domestic debt by the Cortes,	None!
Since the restoration,	Paid regularly.
Public expenditure under the Cortes,	6,648,133
Ditto since the restoration,	4,197,772

Thus it appears that the Liberal Government, during their short reign, from October, 1820, to October, 1823, that is, in *two years*, had contracted, in spite of all the produce of the confiscated church lands, NINETEEN MILLIONS STERLING of debt; and that, in the next *seven*, the king's government had only contracted FIVE: that the Cortes paid *no interest* on the national debt, and the king paid it regularly. Finally, that the annual expenditure of the Cortes was a half greater, besides their enormous loans, than that of the king. So much for the realization of the blessings of cheap and good government by the Spanish Revolutionists!

But the time was now approaching when the cast down and despairing Democrats of Spain were again to be elevated to supreme power, and, by the aid of liberal governments in France and England, a civil war lighted up in the Peninsula, unexampled in modern times for constancy and courage on the one side, and cruelty and incapacity on the other.

Ferdinand VII., in his latter years, had married a fourth wife, by whom he had no son, but one daughter. By the Spanish law, which, in this particular, is an adoption, under certain modifications, of the famous Salic law, females were excluded from the succession to the throne; and this order of succession to the Spanish Crown had been guarantied by all the powers of Europe, and especially England, by the treaty of Utrecht. It had regulated the succession to the throne for an hundred and thirty years. Ferdinand, however, was declining both in years and mental vigour. The queen was naturally desirous of securing the succession to her own offspring, and she was a woman of capacity and intrigue well fitted for such an enterprise. Upon this state of matters, the Liberals immediately fixed all their hopes, and artfully succeeded, by implicating the king and queen in an alteration of the order of succession in favour of their daughter, both to divide the Royalist party, distracted between the pretensions of the royal competitors, to conceal their own selfish projects of aggrandisement under a pretended zeal for the maintenance of the new order of descent, and to engraft the interest of a disputed succession on

the native deformity of a merely sordid revolutionary movement.

The magnitude and importance of the vast change on which the Liberal party had now adventured is thus ably stated by Mr. Walton:—

"The law which excluded females where there was male issue was precise and irremptory. It had been enacted with the concurrence of the Cortes, and formed part of a general settlement of the peace of Europe, at Utrecht, guarantied by England and France. This law was besides recorded in the statute-book, and for one hundred and twenty years had been held as the only rule of succession. Its abrogation, therefore, was a matter of the most serious consideration, affecting not only the prospective claims of the king's brother, strengthened as they were by his popularity and the royalist interest which he represented, but also those of other members of the Bourbon family who came after him in the line of succession. The undertaking was indeed arduous and awful, in consequence of the extensive changes which it was likely to introduce.

"It was not a matter of mere family aggrandisement upon which the queen had set her heart. The proposed measure arose out of no wish to revive a principle successfully maintained in former times. It was part of a system of which there was a further action in reserve. More and deeper mischief was contemplated than that of depriving one branch of its hereditary rights. *The alteration in the established rule was intended as a seal to a revolution.* This was the light in which Ferdinand himself viewed the proposal when first made to him; and although his scruples gradually gave way when he found himself beset by the creatures and puppets of the queen, there was no other period of his life in which his resolution on this point could have been shaken. Even then the whole scheme would have failed, if a clever and fascinating woman had not been the principal agent. Her great aim was to raise up a barrier between the Infante Don Carlos and the throne, and the king's jealousy of his brother's popularity was the chord touched with most effect. The queen also knew that this feeling chiefly led to her own marriage, and it was agreed that the most propitious moment for the development of the plan would be the termination of the rejoicings to which the announcement of her pregnancy had given rise."

The way in which this extraordinary change in the Constitution was introduced is thus detailed:—

"In the Gazette of the 6th April, 1830, to the astonishment of every one, an edict, dated March 29th, appeared with the following remarkable heading:—*'Pragmatic Sanction, having the force of law, decreed by King Charles IV. on the petition of the Cortes for 1789, and ordered to be published by his reigning majesty for the perpetual observance of law 2, title 15, partida 2, establishing the regular succession to the crown of Spain,'* alleged to have been in force for seven hundred years.

"The publication was also carried into

effect with the usual solemnities. The rain fell in torrents; nevertheless the magistrates and heralds proceeded to do their duty by reading the decree aloud and posting it up in the public places. The streets of Madrid were thronged with an anxious and inquiring multitude, who did not hesitate, in no measured terms, to express their surprise and disgust at this glaring imposture. Nobody could understand how the reigning sovereign, of his own will and accord, could venture to sanction a law alleged to have been passed by his father forty-one years before, and which, even if it had then been perfected, (and the reverse was the case,) could not be held valid for obvious reasons."

It is not our intention to follow Mr. Walton through his able argument against the legality of the change thus unceremoniously introduced *of the king's own authority*, without any recourse whatever to a Cortes or any other national authority. It was not even attempted to get any such authority; but it was pretended that it had been granted when the alteration on the law of succession had been made by Charles IV. in 1789. The absurdity of supposing that so important a matter as the descent of the crown could be legally altered by a pretended act of a king on the petition of the Cortes, without its *even being known*, or even heard of, for forty years after its alleged enactment, is too obvious to require illustration. Add to this, that the pretended alteration by Charles IV. has *never yet been produced*, or seen by any one; and that the fact of its existence rests on the assertion of a bed-ridden doting king in favour of his own daughter. And even if such a deed did exist, it would, by the fundamental laws of Spain, be utterly null in a question with Don Carlos, or the princes born before its promulgation, as not having been published to the magistrates of the provinces in the way required by the Constitution. The more defective the title of the queen to the crown, however, the better for the Liberals: they had now a *revolutionary dynasty* implicated in their struggle for supreme power.

Upon the publication of this decree, Don Carlos, the next male in succession, and directly struck at by the ordinance, was solicited by the chief nobles of Spain instantly to assume the government.

"Several grandees," says Mr. Walton, "now leagued with the opposite party, together with generals and other influential persons, urged the Infante Don Carlos to come forward and accept the crown, not only as his right, but also as the only means of preserving public tranquillity. The conscientious prince rejected their offer, though well aware of the extent of his popularity in every part of the kingdom; alleging that so long as the king lived, *he would never do an act derogatory to his character, either as a brother or a subject*. He was then invited to take the regency upon himself, which, it was argued, could be done without any violation of his principles, on the plea of the king's illness, and to rescue the country from a dreadful crisis; but again the prince declined to interfere, observing, that his rights

and those of his family were clear and still well protected; protesting that he would not take any step that might hereafter render his conduct liable to misrepresentation. Had the prince then lifted up his hand, the regency, and eventually the crown, would have been his own: Spain would have been saved from the horrors of a long and sanguinary civil war. But where is the man who does not respect the prince's motives of action—who does not admire the disinterestedness with which he refused a sceptre already within his grasp?"

The Cortes never was assembled to *deliberate* on the alteration of the order of succession, or consent to it; but a limited number of creatures of the court (seventy-six in number) were convoked in June 20, 1833, to *swear allegiance* to the king's daughter, as a princess whose title to the throne was unquestionable. A protest was on that occasion taken by the Neapolitan and Sardinian ambassadors against the change, on grounds apparently unanswerable.* And even all the efforts and influence of the court could not give a national character to the ceremony, or dispel the gloomy presentiments with which even the humblest of the spectators were inspired.

"Seventy-six popular delegates had been summoned," says Walton, "to take part in a dumb show, at a moment when two of the most important questions which ever presented themselves to public consideration agitated the country. The legality of the alteration in the law of succession, and the appointment of a regent in case of the king's death, were points which, everybody thought, ought to have been submitted to the Cortes, if such was the character of the meeting just dissolved. The world had been ostentatiously informed that, when those of 1789 met for the purpose of acknowledging the Prince of Asturias, the question of succession was introduced, and this circumstance, after the lapse of nearly half a century, made a plea for the establishment of a new rule: why then all this silence now, in defiance of public opinion? The queen, at the moment, was supreme, and her rival a voluntary exile in a foreign land. Every precaution had also been adopted to secure the return of deputies, if not favourable to her views, at least belonging to the Movement party; and the capital was besides crowded with troops. And yet the queen and her advisers *had not the courage to trust the deci-*

* "The law of 1713 was enacted by the chief of a new dynasty, with all the formalities that were requisite and indispensable to its validity, and at a time when a concurrence of extraordinary and distressing circumstances justified the propriety of a new law of succession; that it is a law consecrated by more than a century of uninterrupted existence; that it was the necessary consequence of the stipulations which secured the throne of Spain to the grandson of Louis XIV., and to his male descendants, and that the weighty reasons in which it originated continue to subsist.

"We have further considered, that an order of succession established as this was, by the consent and under the guarantee of the principal powers of Europe, and recognised successively in various treaties concluded with those powers, has become obligatory and unalterable, and has transmitted to all the descendants of Philip V. rights which, as they were obtained by the sacrifice of other rights, they cannot relinquish without material injury to themselves, and without falling in the consideration due to the illustrious head and founder of their dynasty."

sion of two plain questions to a meeting of their own calling; fearful that among its members some lurking royalist might be found to expose their injustice, and argue the illegality of their acts. Any sympathies then excited in favour of the Infante, might have been ruinous to a cause only half consolidated. It therefore became necessary to carry on the delusion, by again resorting to sophistry, tergiversation, and calumny."

Meanwhile, however, every effort was made to fill all offices of trust in the army and civil department with liberals of known resolution and determined character, who then found themselves, to their infinite joy, in consequence of the disputed succession they had contrived to get up to the throne, reinstated a *third time* in the possession of that authority from which they had been twice chased by the experienced evils of their sway, and the general indignation of the people. In a few months their preparations were complete. Such had been their activity, that all the offices in the state; all the fortresses in the country; all the commands in the army, were in their hands. At the same time Don Carlos was banished; his adherents discouraged; his cause to all appearance desperate. Suddenly reinforced, through the intrigues of the queen for her daughter, by the whole weight of Government, the Revolutionists had completely regained their ascendant. Yet, even in these circumstances, such was their unpopularity in consequence of the numberless corrupt and atrocious acts of which they had been guilty, that all these preparations would have been unavailing to force an unpopular and revolutionary change of government on the country, had it not been for the instant and powerful support which the Liberals in Spain received on the death of Ferdinand from the democratic government of France and England.

"Ferdinand died," says Walton, "on 29th September, 1833. The account of his decease was transmitted to Paris by telegraph, and the next day a courier departed with orders to M. de Rayneval to declare that the French government was disposed to acknowledge the young princess as soon as the official notification of the demise of the crown arrived. This step had doubtless been agreed upon with the British government, in anticipation of an event long expected; and to this joint determination, and the immediate announcement of it in the Madrid Gazette, it was that the queen chiefly owed the ascendancy which she gained in the first period of her regency. At that time the eyes of all Spain were upon England and France. They, as it were, held the balance in their own hands; for the numerous and influential Spaniards, who were disposed to assert the rights of the lawful heir, intimidated by the extensive preparations of the government, and discouraged by the absence of their natural leader, held back from any attempt against the usurped power of the regent, through fear that for the moment opposition would be fruitless. Many colonels of regiments intrusted with command—even some liberals of the old school, sensible that the country was on the eve of a civil war, hesitated, and only joined the queen's cause

when they saw it pompously proclaimed that England and France had declared in her favour and thrown their powerful aid into her scale."

"The British and French governments may be said to have then assumed the right to dictate to Spain who should reign over her; and, as if it was not enough to have appointed to the throne, to have taken upon themselves to name a regent; for it is impossible to believe that the governments of the two countries which most contributed to the settlement effected by Philip V. were really convinced of the legality of the last measures of Ferdinand VII. to annul that settlement; or that, with their boasted attachment to the principles of a limited monarchy, they could be sincere in professing a belief that the mere testamentary provision of an uxorious and enfeebled king could disinherit the rightful heir to the throne, and subvert the fundamental laws of his country."

The result of this possession of the treasury, the seat of government, the army, with their powerful foreign support, is well known. The queen was proclaimed throughout the kingdom, and although partial risings in favour of Don Carlos took place in almost every province, yet as that prince was in exile, and his adherents unarmed and scattered, they were without difficulty suppressed by the military force, 100,000 strong, now at the disposal of the Liberals. But as Mr. Walton justly observes,

"The Spaniards in the end will redress their own wrongs. They will not submit to insult and proscription; the popular thunder will never cease to roll until the confederacy formed between the Spanish liberals and their foreign allies is dissolved for ever. Already, indeed, are the oppressors of 1823 and 1833, treading on a terrible volcano, surrounded by every sign of past ravage and impending explosion. Neither the queen, nor the party by which she is upheld, has any hold upon the confidence or affections of the Spanish people: the views of the one, in endeavouring to secure the throne to her daughter by an outrage upon her late husband's memory, are too unjust and too revolting to prosper; whilst the object of the others, in seizing upon power for a third time, is as apparent now as it was before. Were the liberals really friends of constitutional order—known for their adherence to settled systems of reform—disposed to admit changes founded upon principles of tried merit—taught by experience and adversity to prefer plans of a practical character and easy results to dangerous theories and extravagant notions—in a word, were they prepared to sacrifice their party prejudices to the general wants and wishes of the country, they might still have repaired their former errors and spared the effusion of blood.

"So far, their cry for freedom has only been another name for social disorganization.—their return to power the commencement of an uncontrolled career of outrage and murder. Their official existence seems to depend on the repetition of previous follies and crimes. Place and pelf in their opinion cannot be secured unless the Revolution is completed by the utter extermination of the royalists: they

equally disregard the laws and the public voice. The Spaniards have always evinced a scrupulous respect for ancient forms, as well as an aversion to changes to their institutions; and now they are told that they must have nothing that does not bear a modern stamp. They have been distinguished beyond other nations by a jealous love of their country and a horror of foreign dictation; but they are now informed that they must be satisfied with such rulers, and such a form of government, as the *liberals of London and Paris may be graciously pleased to bestow on them*. In one breath they are branded as ignorant and prejudiced bigots, and in the next called upon to admit changes of a refined kind long before society is in a state to receive them."

The civil war soon after commenced in Navarre, and we again pray the particular attention of our readers to the mingled perfidy and cruelty by which, from *the very first*, it was distinguished by the queen's forces: a cruelty so atrocious, and *uniformly adhered to*, as to have rendered altogether unavoidable the frightful reprisals which have ever since prevailed in the Peninsula. Lorenzo was the Christino general in Navarre—Santos Ladron the popular leader. The former, fearful of the issue of the contest, privately conveyed a message to Don Santos, signifying his wish to have a conference to prevent the effusion of blood.

"This message was cordially received, and in an unguarded moment Don Santos agreed to meet his adversary, judging by this step that he was promoting the interests of humanity and the advancement of the cause which he had so fervently embraced. Without a written engagement or previous formality, a private meeting was agreed upon, and the two generals, with their respective staffs and a few attendants, proceeded to the appointed spot, a short distance beyond Los Arcos.

"Santos Ladron endeavoured to persuade Lorenzo that he was wrong in supporting the queen's cause; and in the most feeling manner pointed out the calamities in which the country was about to be involved, it being evident that the laws and the great majority of the people were in favour of Charles V. He alluded to the unfortunate contest of 1820, which, he said, was about to be renewed. He appealed to Lorenzo's patriotism and religion, and, as one older in rank and more experienced, implored him to spare the effusion of blood. Finding that he could make no impression upon the queen's representative, Santos Ladron reined his horse and was about to withdraw, when Lorenzo's people fired upon him. His horse fell, and as he was extricating himself from his stirrup, the flaps of his frock-coat flew open, and underneath discovered the general's sash. The sight of the 'insignia of his rank' inflamed the rapacity of the Christinos, and they rushed upon the dismounted chieftain, eager to gain so valuable a prize and the corresponding reward. Santos Ladron, who had been already wounded by the treacherous fire of the Christinos, was conveyed to Pamplona, and, without being admitted to a hearing, was, with thirty-two of

his companions, subjected to the mockery of a court-martial and condemned to death. In vain the provincial deputation and the Bishop of Pamplona implored the viceroy and the military governor to suspend the execution till the matter could be referred to Madrid; all intercession was vain. It was answered that the formalities of a court-martial had been fully observed, and it was now impossible to alter the sentence. In reality, the authorities were eager to recommend themselves to the Madrid government by executing with precipitate activity the orders of a remorseless policy, and they were well aware that nothing could be more *distasteful to their employers than any hesitation in discharging the bloody service* that was required at their hands. On the 15th of October the wounded general, with his *thirty-two companions, was led into the ditch of the fortress, and there privately shot.*"

The effect of this atrocity may be easily conceived.

"The perfidious massacre of thirty-three persons at once proclaimed to Spain and Europe the faithless and remorseless character of the government that sanctioned and rewarded the horrid deed; as a measure of intimidation it utterly failed, nay, rather fanned the flame which it was intended to extinguish. The very night after the execution five hundred persons, mostly youths of the best families in Pamplona, quitted the place, and joined the Carlists of Roncesvalles. The next day Colonel Benito Eraso, who had raised the valley of Roncesvalles, issued a proclamation to the inhabitants and an address to the soldiers. In the former, after begging those whom he addressed not to be discouraged by the misfortune of Santos Ladron, he added, 'No vengeance! oblivion of the past, and a religious observance of the decree of amnesty! Let order, union, and valour be your motto, and triumph is certain.' A noble contrast to the barbarous atrocities which his enemies had not only the heart to perpetrate, but the shamelessness to avow."

Saarsfield, another of the queen's generals, though of a more mild and pacific character, was nevertheless constrained, by his orders from Madrid, to begin the war with the same system of reckless butchery.

"It was well known," says Walton, "that he did not belong to the revolutionary school, and the very names of many of those who, fresh from the exile to which Ferdinand had consigned them, were now employed to second his own operations, must have enabled him, long before he crossed the Ebro, to judge of the probable course of impending changes, and have filled him with mingled feelings of discontent and apprehension. He was, however, carried away by events; and the ease with which his advantages were gained, did not restrain his troops from marking their progress by acts of violence, and the wanton effusion of blood. His orders, doubtless, were severe, and too peremptory to be trifled with; while the more active and ambitious of his officers must have been allured by the rewards bestowed on the bloody deed of Lorenzo, to imitate his barbarous example, and to adapt

their mode of warfare to the taste prevailing in the capital. *Every Carlist chieftain, taken in arms, was accordingly shot without mercy; the same severity was extended to the less responsible peasantry, and the most unsparing efforts were made to extinguish the hopes of Charles V. in the blood of every class of his adherents; a merciless, and at the same time impolitic rigour, by which fuel was added to a half-extinguished flame, and the discontent of a bold and warlike population converted into the most bitter and desperate hostility.*"

These inhuman massacres, however, did not intimidate the Carlists: but wherever they rose in arms, the same execrable system of murder was pursued by the queen's generals.

"The Carlists," says our author, "one and all, felt that faith had not been kept with them; that the proclamations of the queen's officers were only intended to entrap the unwary, and that their real aim was extermination.

"The cries of fresh victims constantly resounded in their ears, and they continued to shudder at the remembrance of the butcheries which they had already witnessed. Brigadier Tina, who had been captured and his band dispersed, was on the 26th November shot near Alcaniz. At Calatayud *twenty-one Carlists* had previously met with the same fate, and among them two ecclesiastics, a fact sufficient to show the brutalizing effects of the new system. Morella was entered on the 13th December, after a close investment by General Burton, the governor of Tortosa; but the Carlist garrison escaped, and were afterwards overtaken at Calanda, near Alcaniz, when their commander, Baron Herves, his wife and three children, fell into the hands of the queen's troops. Agreeably to an order of the day, published by Viceroy Espeleta, the commander of the royalist volunteers of Torreblanca, D. Cristoval Fuste, and D. Pedro Torre, were shot at Zaragoza, in the morning of the 23d December; and on the 27th, Baron Herves, and D. Vicente Gil, commander of the royalist volunteers, shared the same fate. At Vitoria, the son of a rich merchant, for whose ransom five thousand dollars were offered, was also shot by the orders of Valdes, at a moment when a courier from Madrid could not pass without a large escort."

And now the queen's government, emboldened by the success with which they had hitherto butchered and massacred whoever appeared in arms against them, resolved on a still more sweeping and unjustifiable act of democratic despotism. This was the *destruction of the liberties and rights of the whole Basque provinces*, and the extinction of the freedom which had prevailed in the mountains of Navarre and Biscay for six hundred years. It is unnecessary to say what these privileges were. All the world knows that these provinces were in truth a free constitutional monarchy, inserted into the despotic realm of Spain; that their popular rights were more extensive than those of England under the Reform Bill; that they exceeded even the far-famed democratic privileges of the Swiss Cantons. For that very reason they were odious to the democratic despots at Madrid, who could tolerate no re-

straint whatever on their authority, and less of all from freeborn mountaineers, who had inherited their privileges from their fathers, and not derived them from their usurpation. Like their predecessors in the French Directory with the Swiss Cantons, they had accordingly from the very first devoted these liberties to destruction, and they seized the first opportunity of success to carry their tyrannical determination into execution.

"As soon," says Walton, "as the queen's military commanders had established their authority, they declared the *Basque fueros provisionally suspended*. For some time past the Madrid government had wished to place these provinces under the Castilian law, by carrying the line of customs to their extreme frontiers, and the present opportunity was thought favourable. On the 3d December, Castanon issued a proclamation from his head-quarters at Tolosa, of which the following are the principal clauses:—'If, after a lapse of eight days, arms are found in any house, the master shall be subject to a fine and other penalties; and should he have no means of payment, condemned to two years' hard labour at the hulks—any individual concealing ammunition, money, or other effects belonging to an insurgent, *shall be shot*—the house of any person who may have fired upon the queen's troops shall be burnt—every peasant forming one of an assemblage of less than fifty men, and taken in arms at a quarter of a league from the high-road, shall be considered as a brigand and shot—any one intercepting a government courier *shall be shot*—every village that shall, without opposition, suffer the insurgents to obtain recruits, shall be punished with a heavy contribution—all the property of absentees shall be confiscated—every peasant refusing to convey information from the municipalities to headquarters shall be put in irons, and condemned to two years' imprisonment, or hard labour, in the fortress of St. Sebastian—all women who, by word or deed, favour the rebellion, shall be closely confined—a court-martial shall be formed to take cognisance of all causes brought before them, and every movable column shall have with it one member of this court for the purpose of carrying into effect the provisions of this proclamation.'

"The brutal edict was read with horror and disgust. Such of the natives as had embraced the queen's cause now bitterly repented of their error when they saw their privileges trampled under foot by a military despot, and found themselves obliged to receive into their houses, and furnish with every necessary, the soldiers who protected him in his outrageous exercise of illegal power. The mere mention of their *fueros* being suspended, produced a magical effect, and the Basques now considered their cause more than ever sanctified. Many who before had remained neutral flew to arms, and the war-cry resounded along the mountain ranges. Surrounded by rocks and precipices, the Basque patriots assembled to consider their prospects, and devise revenge for their wrongs. The hardy peasantry resolved to suffer the last extremities of war rather than submit to the yoke with which

they were threatened. They required no oath of secrecy, no pledges for each other's fidelity. They called to mind the heroic efforts of their ancestors to resist oppression; and holding up the printed paper circulated among them, in scorn and in abhorrence, they swore to defend their freedom, and mutually bound each other, as the sword was already unsheathed, never to return it to the scabbard till their *fueros* were acknowledged and secured."

Human cruelty, it might have been thought, could hardly have gone beyond the atrocities already committed by the revolutionary generals; but they were exceeded by that perpetrated in the endeavour to crush this gallant effort of the Basque peasants to rescue from destruction Biscayan freedom.

"Zavala (a Biscay chief) having seized five noted Christians, took them to his headquarters at Gantegui de Arteaga, a small town on the east of the river Mundaca, where he treated them with respect. In retaliation, the enemy sent a detachment of six hundred men from Bilbao to Murguia, to seize his family; after which the same corps advanced upon his position *with his children placed in their foremost rank*. Zavala was struck with horror at this revolting expedient, and hesitated between his duty as a soldier and paternal tenderness. If an engagement ensued, his own children would inevitably fall before their father's musketry. In this dreadful dilemma, and hoping still to defeat the enemy without submitting to the cruel necessity of destroying the dearest portion of himself, Zavala withdrew to Guernica. Here he was attacked the next day by the same troops, who again advanced with his children in front of their column. The same torture awaited the distracted parent. He placed his troops in an advantageous position, and the fire commenced under the tree of Guernica, that glorious sign of proud recollections to the sons of Biscay—the tree under which they swear fidelity to their liege lord, and where he binds himself in turn to keep their privileges inviolate. Victory crowned the efforts of the Biscayan royalists, and scarcely more than a third of the queen's troops escaped. The devoted victims of the atrocious assailants were saved, and restored to the arms of an agonized father."

The extent to which these early massacres by the revolutionists was carried, was very great.

"It was about this time estimated," says our author, "that not less than *twelve hundred persons had been put to the sword or executed in the Basque provinces and Navarre alone*, besides the many victims sacrificed in other parts of the kingdom. For three months the queen's agents had been playing a deceitful and desperate game. They respected no laws, and even broke the promises contained in their own proclamations. Hence numbers who had laid down their arms, and returned to their homes, again banded together, filled with the most exasperated and vindictive feelings; and if in this state of mind they resorted to acts of retaliation, those whose previous cruelties provoked such severities are justly answerable

for the excesses of the Carlists as well as for their own. The horrible atrocities of the queen's partisans gave the contest a deadly and ferocious character; and, as if the former severities had not been sufficient, fuel was added to the flame by a decree issued by the queen-regent, and bearing date the 21st of January, in which it was ordered, that all privates, belonging to the several factions, who might not have been shot, should be employed in the condemned regiments of Ceuta, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, at the same time that the officers were to be punished with the utmost severity of the law."

Nay, so resolute were the revolutionists on carrying on the war on no other principle than that of indiscriminate massacre, that it was repeatedly announced in official proclamations as the rule of war by the queen's generals.

"On the 5th August, 1834, Rodil issued a proclamation," in which he said, "that after employing all possible means of clemency, he is convinced that severe chastisement alone can put an end to the rebel faction; wherefore he decrees, 1st, *that every one found in the ranks of the rebels shall be shot as soon as taken*; 2d, those who supply arms, favour their attempts, or obey their summons, *shall be equally shot*; &c. This edict is dated Pamplona, and the strictest orders were circulated to carry it into full effect."

All attempts on the part of the Carlists to establish a more humane system of warfare were in vain. One in particular deserves to be mentioned. In one of Zumalacarre's victories, a Spanish nobleman of high rank was made prisoner.

"On the first leisure moment, Zumalacarre examined his prisoners, and more especially the count. The Carlist chieftain was pleased with his manly behaviour; and, after several inquiries as to the state of affairs at Madrid, promised to propose an exchange of prisoners, in which the count's rank was to be waived. In the mean while the count was invited to Zumalacarre's table, and treated with every consideration. A few days afterwards, whilst at dinner, Rodil's answer to the proposed cartel arrived, in which he stated that the prisoners for whom it was wished to make an exchange *had been already shot*. 'Here, count,' said the Carlist leader, 'take the letter of your queen's commander: read it yourself, and then judge the situation in which I am placed.'

"The unfortunate count turned pale, and with a start pushed his plate almost to the middle of the table. The repast was at once at an end. After a pause, during which a dead silence prevailed, Zumalacarre, addressing the weeping count, added, 'I wished to spare you, and such also I know would be my sovereign's wish; but with such enemies forbearance is impossible. From the first I looked upon you as a deluded youth, of an ardent mind, and I should have rejoiced in being the instrument of royal mercy; but Rodil's outrages are beyond endurance, they must and shall be checked. Were I considerate towards you, our enemies, as they have done before, would attribute my conduct to weakness. This

triumph they shall not obtain. *The widows' weeds worn in these provinces will tell you the state of the war better than all you heard in Madrid.*"

Not content with the wholesale murders thus carried into execution on women and children of the adverse party, the democrats in the Spanish great towns resolved to take the work of the butcher in their own hands, and enjoy in their own persons the exquisite pleasure of putting to death their captive enemies. At Zaragoza, thirteen monks were murdered; at Cordova, several convents burnt: at Valencia the mob were only appeased by the sacrifice of six Carlists, who were massacred in cold blood. At Barcelona, the atrocities were still more frightful.

"On the afternoon of the 25th July, 1835, a mob, arrayed in various bands, each headed by a leader in disguise, paraded the streets with cries of 'Away to the Convents!' and 'Death to the friars!' and forthwith proceeded from words to deeds. Six convents (namely, those of the Augustins, of the Trinitarians, of the two orders of Carmelites, of the Minims, and of the Dominicans) were blazing at once, and soon were reduced to heaps of smoking ruins; while *eighty of their unfortunate inmates perished*, some burned in the buildings, others poniarded, and others again beaten to death with clubs and stones. Some escaped through the exertions of the artillery corps, and a few by mingling in disguise with the crowd. Three hundred friars and clergymen took refuge in the castle of Monjuich, and as many more in the citadel and fort Ataranzas. The military meanwhile paraded the streets, but *remained perfectly passive*, having received orders not to fire on the populace. Llauder, the captain-general, fled into France, and left the city virtually in the power of the rabble."

Subsequently the savage temper of the Barcelona liberals was evinced in a still more memorable manner:—

"On the 4th of January, 1836, a crowd assembled in the main square, and, with loud imprecations and yells of revenge, demanded the lives of the Carlist prisoners confined in the citadel. Thither they immediately repaired, and, not meeting with the slightest resistance from the garrison, scaled the walls, lowered the draw-bridge, and entered the fortress; their leaders holding in their hands lists of those whom they had predetermined to massacre. When the place was completely in their possession, the leaders of the mob began to read over their lists of proscription, and, with as much deliberation as if they had been butchers selecting sheep for the knife, had their miserable victims dragged forward, and shot one after another, in the order of their names. The brave Colonel O'Donnel was the first that perished. His body, and that of another prisoner, were dragged through the streets, with shouts of 'Liberty!' The heads and hands were cut off, and the mutilated trunks, after having been exposed to every indignity, were cast upon a burning pile. The head of O'Donnel, after having been kicked about the streets as a foot-ball by wretches who mingled mirth with murder, was at last stuck up in front of a fountain; and *pieces of*

flesh were cut from his mangled and palpitating body, and eagerly devoured by the vilest and most depraved of women. From the citadel the mob proceeded to the hospital, where three of the inmates were butchered; and from the hospital to the fort of Ataranzas, where fifteen Carlist peasants shared the same fate. In all, *eighty-eight persons perished.*

"This deliberate massacre of defenceless prisoners, and the worse than fiendish excesses committed on their remains, satisfied the rioters for the first day; but, on the next, they presumed to proclaim that fruitful parent of innumerable murders—the constitution of 1812. This was too much to be borne. Even then, however, two hours elapsed before a dissenting voice was heard; when a note arrived from Captain Hyde Parker, of the Rodney, who not long before, in obedience to the orders of a peaceful administration, *had landed fifteen thousand muskets in the city.* His offer to support the authorities against the friends of the obnoxious constitution was not without effect. The leaders of the political movement were allowed to embark on board the Rodney, and the tumult subsided, rather from being lulled than suppressed. No punishment whatever was inflicted on the murderers and cannibals of the first day; their conduct, perhaps, was not considered to deserve any.

"It was expected that when the riots of Barcelona were known at Zaragoza, the rabble of the latter city would have broken out into similar excesses; but the authorities had recourse to the same disgraceful expedient to appease them which had proved successful before. They ordered four officers, a priest, and two peasants, reputed Carlists, to be strangled, and thus prevented the populace from becoming murderers, by assuming that character themselves."

The humane philanthropists of the capital were not behind their provincial brethren in similar exploits.

"The first victim was a Franciscan friar who happened to be on the street. A report was then spread that the Jesuits had advised the deed; and the senseless mob, frantic for revenge, rushed to the college. The gate having been forced open, the first person who entered was one dressed in the uniform of the urban-militia, who told the students to quit the house, as it was not in search of them that they came.

"Instantly the college was filled with an armed mob, thirsting for blood, and the massacre began. Professor Bastan was bayoneted, and Father Ruedas stabbed to death. The professor of history and geography, Father Saun, was next murdered, and his head beat to pieces with clubs and hammers. The professor of rhetoric was dragged from his hiding-place, and that he might be the sooner despatched, knives were added to the murderous weapons which had been before employed. Another master, endeavouring to escape, was fired upon by an *urbano*; and as the shot missed, he was bayoneted in the back. Three in disguise escaped into the streets, hoping by this means to save their lives; but they were

murdered by the mob, to whom regular communications were made of what was passing inside the building. On every side were heard the groans of the dying, the screams of those who were vainly endeavouring to escape, the discharge of muskets, and the exulting shouts of the murderers. The students had been driven from these scenes of horror; but several returned, in the hope of befriending their masters. One child threw his slender form over the prostrate body of his preceptor, and shared in the wounds under which he breathed his last.

"In one house perished fifteen individuals, assassinated in the most barbarous manner by those actually employed and armed to keep the public peace, some in regimentals and others in disguise. The provincial regiment of Granada then formed part of the Madrid garrison; and the officers and men belonging to it, who were not passive spectators, appeared among the murderers. The death of their victims was not sufficient to satiate the fury of the rioters: some had their entrails torn out, others were dragged through the streets with ropes round their necks, and acts of cannibalism were perpetrated so abominable and disgusting that it is impossible to enter into their loathsome details. The Franciscan convent and other places were the scenes of similar atrocities. These unhappy victims of ruthless liberalism perverting to its own ends the blindness of the multitude, had taken no part in politics; their only crime was that they were clergymen and instructors of youth."

Amidst these hideous atrocities, the Madrid liberals, and the Cadiz and Barcelona cliques, have steadily, and amidst the loud applause of their hungry dependents, pursued the usual selfish objects of democratic ambition. All useful establishments, all which relieved or blessed the poor were rooted out, new offices and jurisdictions were created in every direction, numberless commissions were issued; and the well-paid liberals began to roll in their carriages, and keep their boxes at the opera. The property of the Church, which in Spain is literally the endowment at once of education and the poor, was the first to be rooted out. Its character and usefulness is thus described by our author:—

"The convents in Spain are not like those which we had among us in Catholic times; and their suppression will necessarily excite indignation, besides giving rise to great abuses. They mostly partook of the character of the *hospice*, particularly in the northern provinces. To the peasants they often served as banking establishments, and greatly favoured agricultural improvements. The friars acted as schoolmasters, advocates, physicians, and apothecaries. Besides feeding and clothing the poor, and visiting the sick, they afforded spiritual consolation. They were considerate landlords and indulgent masters. They were peace-makers in domestic broils; and if a harvest failed, they supplied the seed that was to be confided to the earth the next year. They also provided periodical amusements and festivities, which the peasant will see abandoned with regret. Most of the convents had *funda-*

ciones, or endowments, for professors who taught rhetoric, philosophy, &c., besides keeping schools open for the poor. They also supplied curates when wanted, and their preachers are considered the best in Spain.

"Without entering into the question of the legality of these suppressions, or pointing out the folly of a government proceeding to such extremes that is not sure of its own existence for half a year, it may be stated, that all the expedients resorted to in our Henry VIII.'s time to bring the monastic orders into disrepute, have been practised by the Spanish liberals, and have failed. On the 19th January, 1836, the monks in Madrid were driven out of their convents at two o'clock in the morning, without the slightest regard to age or infirmity. After being grossly insulted and reviled, several were waylaid in the streets by the *rayo*, or thunderbolt party, and cudgelled in the most unmerciful manner. The measure of ejectment was simultaneously carried into execution wherever the government could enforce its commands; the great object in view being to seize on money, plate, and valuables.

"The liberals have appointed commissions to receive the confiscated property, and the same abuses occur as in 1822. One instance will suffice in the way of illustration. The convent of St. John of God, at Cadiz, well known to many of our countrymen, formerly fed and clothed a large number of poor; and its members, being mostly medical men, attended the sick and administered medicine *gratis*. The relief afforded by this institution was incalculable; and yet its funds, economically administered, and added only by voluntary donations, were sufficient to satisfy every claim. The liberals took its administration upon themselves; and the persons intrusted with it soon grew rich and had their boxes at the theatre. They had profits on the contracts for provisions, medicine, and other supplies. The amount of relief afforded was also diminished; and yet, at the end of the first year, the ordinary funds were exhausted, and the new administrators obliged to make public appeals to the humane."

The destitution thus inflicted on the clergy, and misery on the poor, has been unbounded.

"The suppression lately ordained by the Christino government may be called a general one, and the number of establishments to which it had extended at the end of last September, was estimated at 1937, leaving 23,699 ejected inmates, whose annual maintenance, if paid at the promised rate, would not be less than 400,000*l*."

The creation of new jurisdictions, and the extirpation of all the ancient landmarks, was as favourite an object with the Spanish as it had been with the French, or now is with the English revolutionists.

"The plan for the territorial divisions was also put forward. It may be here proper to observe, that formerly Spain was divided into fourteen sections, unequal in extent and population. It was now proposed to divide the territory, including the adjacent islands, into forty-nine provinces, or districts, taking the names of their respective capitals, except Na-

varre, Biscay, Guipuscoa, and Alava, which were to preserve their ancient denominations. The principality of Asturias was to become the province of Oviedo. Andalusia was to be parcelled out into seven provinces; Aragon, into three; New Castile, into five; Old Castile, into eight; Catalonia, into four; Estremadura, into two; Galicia, into four; Leon, into three; Murcia, into two; and Valencia, into three. To each it was wished to give as near as possible a population of 250,000 persons; and the census taken in 1833, amounting to 12,280,000 souls, was taken for a standard. A new magistrate, called sub-delegate, was to be appointed to each province, and act under the immediate orders of the minister *Del Fomento*."

And it is to support *SUCH A CAUSE* that the Quadruple Alliance was formed, and Lord John Hay, and the gallant marines of England sent out, and 500,000*l.* worth of arms and ammunition furnished to the revolutionary government! Lord Palmerston says all this was done, because it is for the *interest of England* to promote the establishment of liberal institutions in all the adjoining states. Is it, then, for the "interest of England" to establish universal suffrage, a single chamber, and a powerless throne, in the adjoining countries, in order that the reflection of their lustre there may tend to their successful introduction into this realm? Is it for the interest, any more than the honour of England, to ally itself with a set of desperadoes, assassins, and murderers, and to promote, by all the means in its power, the extinction of liberty in those seats of virtuous institutions—the Basque provinces? What has been the return which the liberals of Lisbon have made for the aid which placed their puppet on the throne, and gave them the command of the whole kingdom? To issue a decree raising threefold the duties on every species of British manufacture. A similar result may with certainty be anticipated, after all the blood and treasure we have wasted, and more than all the character we have lost, from Evans's co-operation, if he shall succeed in beating down the Carlist cause; because the urban democracy, which will then be established in uncontrolled power, will be necessarily actuated by the commercial passions and jealousy of that class in society.

One word more in regard to the Durango decree, on which such vehement efforts have been made to rouse the sympathy and excite the indignation of the British people. None can deplore that decree more than we do; none can more earnestly desire its repeal; and if our humble efforts can be of any avail, we implore the counsellors of Don Carlos, for the sake of humanity, to stop its execution; to obtain its repeal. But when it is said that it is such a stain upon the cause of the Spanish Conservatives, as renders their cause unworthy of the support of any good man, we are prompted to ask what cause did the English mercenaries go out to support? Was it the cause of civilized, humane, legalized warfare? No! It was that of murder, robbery, and plunder, of massacred babes and weltering valleys, of conflagration, rapine, and extermination. They

voluntarily joined their standards to those of a power which *had begun* the infamous system of giving no quarter, and despite all the efforts of the Duke of Wellington's mission, *had resumed it*, and was prosecuting it with relentless rigour. They marched along with those exterminating bands, into valleys where they had burned every house, and slaughtered every second inhabitant, and clothed in weeds every mother and sister that survived. They marched along with these execrable bands, without any condition, without either proclaiming for themselves, or exacting from their allies any other and more humane system of warfare. By their presence, however inefficient they may have been on the Biscayan shore, they have prolonged for two years, beyond the period when it would otherwise have terminated, the heart-rending civil war of Spain. If the 20,000 English and French auxiliaries, who retained an equal force of Carlists inactive in their front had been removed, can there be a doubt Don Carlos would have been on the throne, and peace established in Spain two years ago? How many thousand of Spanish old men and women have been slaughtered, while Evans virtually held the hands of their avenging heroes? We have thus voluntarily ranged ourselves beside a frightful exterminating power; can we be surprised if we are met by the severities which his atrocities have rendered unavoidable? We have joined hands with the murderer; though we may not have ourselves lifted the dagger, we have held the victim while our confederates plunged it in his heart, and can we be surprised if we are deemed fit objects of the terrible law of retribution?

Do we then counsel aid to Don Carlos, or any assistance to the cause he supports? Far from it; we would not that one Englishman should be exposed to the contagion of the hideous atrocities which the revolutionists have committed, and to which the Carlists, in self-defence, have been driven in every part of Spain. What we counsel is, what we have never ceased to urge ever since this hideous strife began in the Peninsula: *Withdraw altogether from it*: Bring home the marines, the auxiliaries, the steamboats; send no more arms or ammunition from the Tower; declare to the Christinos, that till they return to the usages of civilized war we will not send them another gun under the quadruple treaty. It is a woful reflection, that our vast influence with the revolutionary government, after the quadruple alliance, was perfectly adequate, if properly exerted, to have entirely stopt this exterminating warfare. But what must be our reflection, when we recollect that we have actually supported it! And if hereafter a band of Cossacks or Pandours shall land on the coast of Kent, to perpetuate a bloody strife in the realms of England, to support the savage excesses of an Irish civil war, and spread mourning weeds and wo through every cottage in England, it is no more than we have done to the Biscay mountaineers, and no more than what, under a just retribution, we may expect to endure from some equally unjust and uncalled-for aggression.

WELLINGTON.*

Speech

Mr Lord Provost, and gentlemen, I am not sorry this meeting is not unanimous—truth is, in the end, always best elicited by the conflict of opposite opinions, and those who came here to record their sentiments of the merits of the Duke of Wellington need never fear the freest discussion or the most searching inquiry. (Applause.) The gentlemen who are of an opposite way of thinking were entitled to express their opinions. I have done my utmost to obtain for them a fair hearing—they have received it—their motion has been put and seconded—it has been carried against them by a large majority—and I now expect from the fair dealing of the opponents of the Duke of Wellington, the same patient hearing which we have given to them. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I agree with part of what has been said by the mover of the counter resolution proposed at this meeting. I admit that war is a calamity, I deplore the frightful miseries which in every age have attended its footsteps, and I ardently wish from the bottom of my soul that the progress of religion and knowledge may eventually extinguish its horrors, that social conflicts may be carried on with the weapons of truth and argument, and not by fields of slaughter, and that the blood-stained glory of the conqueror may hereafter be a tale only of the olden time. (Loud cheers from the Chartists.) But, gentlemen, you are to recollect that these blessings are only the hope of the philanthropist—those times have not yet arrived—these blessings are only yet in prospect, even to the most enthusiastic friends of human improvement, and far less had these principles emerged in the days of Napoleon. It was neither by the schoolmaster nor the press; neither by education nor knowledge, that the legions of that mighty conqueror were to be withstood. (Loud applause.) A tyranny, compared with which all that is now experienced or shared by men was as dust in the balance, then pressed upon the world, crushing nations by its weight—enslaving mankind by its chains. Against this tremendous power, reason, religion, compassion, and humanity, were alike impotent,—the cries of humanity were answered by discharges of artillery—the groans of the innocent by charges of cuirassiers. Are we to blame Wellington then? Is it a stigma on his name, because thrown into an age of Iron, he combated op-

pression by its own weapons—because, the destined champion of freedom, he conquered it by the forces with which itself was assailed! (Enthusiastic cheering.) Gentlemen, I thank you for the patience with which you have heard me—it was what I expected from the fair dealings of Britons; and in what I have to say on the character of the Duke of Wellington, I hope I shall not utter a sentiment which will not find a responsive echo in every British heart. (Loud cheering.) My lord, it is difficult to say any thing original on a topic on which national gratitude has long since poured forth its encomium, and genius every where exhausted its eloquence, and regarding which, so marvellous in the glory it has to recount, even the words of truth may seem to be gilded by the colours of panegyric. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, if I were inclined to do so, I have been anticipated both in prose and verse, and I gladly avail myself of the words of a noble lord, whose heart I know is with this meeting, and which proves that he has inherited from his long line of ancestors not only a taste for the splendour but the real spirit of the days of chivalry.* (Loud cheers.) “A Cæsar without his ambition—a Pompey without his pride—a Marlborough without his avarice—a Frederick without his infidelity, he approaches nearer to the model of a Christian hero than any commander who has yet appeared among men.” (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I will not speak of his exploits, I will not speak of Asia entranced by his valour, nor Europe delivered by his arm. I will recount his career in the lines of the poet, to which I am sure all present will listen with delight, if not from their concurrence in the sentiments, at least from their admiration of the language.

“Victor on Assaye’s eastern plain,
Victor on all the fields of Spain!
Welcome! thy work of glory done,
Welcome! from dangers greatly dared,
From nations vanquished, nations spared,
Unconquered Wellington.”

(Loud cheers.)

But, my lord, it is not the military glories of Wellington, on which I wish to dwell. They have become as household words amongst us, and will thrill the British heart in every quarter of the globe as long as a drop of British blood remains in the world. It is the moral character of the conflict which I chiefly wish to illustrate, and it is that which I trust will secure the unanimous applause of even this varied assembly. (Loud cheers.) He was assailed by numbers—he met them by skill; he was assailed by rapine—he encountered it by discipline; he was assailed by cruelty—he vanquished it by humanity; he was assailed by the powers of wickedness—he conquered

* Speech delivered at Glasgow, February, 1840, when proposing the erection of a monument to the Duke of Wellington in that city, in a public meeting called for that purpose. The cheers and interruptions are given as they appeared in the report of it next day, as the meeting was very stormy, from a strong body of Chartists who had taken possession of the centre of the room and endeavoured to drown the speaker’s voice, which they had done with the two immediately preceding speakers; and a great part of the speech bore reference to or was occasioned by these interruptions.

* Lord Eglinton.

them by the constancy of virtue. (Immense applause, mingled with cries of "No, no," from the Chartists.) Some of you, I perceive, deny the reality of these moral qualities; but have you forgot the contemporaneous testimony of those who had received his protection, and experienced his hostility? Have you forgot that that hero who had driven Massena at the head of an hundred thousand men with disgrace out of the war-wasted and desolate realm of Portugal, was hailed as a deliverer by millions whom he protected and saved, when he led his triumphant armies into the valleys of France? (Enthusiastic cheering.) If his career was attended with bloodshed, it was only because such a calamity is inseparable from the path alike of the patriot-hero, as of the ravaging conqueror; the slaughter of the unresisting never stained his triumphs; the pillage of the innocent never sullied his career.—Prodigal of his own labour, careless of his own life, he was avaricious only of the blood of his soldiers; he won the wealth of empires with his own good sword, but he retained none but what he received from the gratitude of the king he had served and the nation he had saved. (Loud cheers.) My lord, the glory of the conqueror is nothing new; other ages have been dazzled with the phantom of military renown; other nations have bent beneath the yoke of foreign oppression, and other ages have seen the energies of mankind wither before the march of victorious power. It has been reserved for our age alone to witness—it has been the high prerogative of Wellington alone to exhibit—a more animating spectacle; to behold power applied only to the purposes of beneficence; victory made the means of moral renovation, conquest become the instrument of national resurrection. (Cheers.) Before the march of his victorious power we have seen the energies of the world revive; we have heard his triumphant voice awaken a fallen race to noble duties, and recall the remembrance of their pristine glory; we have seen his banners waving over the infant armies of a renovated people, and the track of his chariot-wheels followed, not by the sighs of a captive, but the blessings of a liberated world. (Enthusiastic cheers, mingled with cries of "No, no," from the Chartists.) My lord, we may well say a liberated world; for it was his firmness which first opposed a barrier to the hitherto irresistible waves of Gallic ambition; it was his counsel which traced out the path of European deliverance, and his victories which reanimated the all but extinguished spirit of European resistance. (Cheers.) My lord, it was from the rocks of Tores Vedras that the waves of French conquest first permanently receded; it was from Wellington's example that Russia was taught the means of resisting when the day of her trial arose; it was from his counsels that there was traced out to the cabinet of St. Petersburg the design of the Moscow campaign (cheers); and it was the contemporaneous victories of the Duke of Wellington that sustained the struggle of European freedom in that awful conflict. When the French legions, in apparently invincible strength, were preparing for the fight of Borodino, they were startled by the salvos

from the Russian lines, which announced the victory of Salamanca. (Cheers.) And when the Russian army were marching in mournful silence round their burning capital, and the midnight sky was illuminated by the flames of Moscow, a breathless messenger brought the news of the fall of Madrid—(cheers)—and the revived multitude beheld in the triumph of Wellington, and the capture of the Spanish capital, an omen of their own deliverance and the rescue of their own metropolis. (Enthusiastic cheers.) Nor were the services of the Duke of Wellington of less vital consequence in later times. When the tide of victory had ebbed on the plains of Saxony, and European freedom quivered in the balance, at the Congress of Prague, it was Wellington that threw his sword into the beam by the victory of Vittoria, it was the shout of the world at the delivered Peninsula which terminated the indecision of the cabinet of Vienna. (Great applause.) Vain would have been all the subsequent triumphs of the allies—vain the thunder of Leipsic and the capture of Paris, if Wellington had not opposed an irrepressible barrier to the revived power of France on the plains of Flanders. For what said Napoleon, when calmly revolving his eventful career in the solitude of St. Helena? "If Wellington and the English army had been defeated at Waterloo, what would have availed all the myriads of Russians, Austrians, Germans, and Spaniards, who were crowding to the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees?" (Enthusiastic cheers.)

My lord, I have spoken now only to the moral effects of the military career of Wellington. I will not speak of his political career. A quarter of a century has elapsed since his warlike career terminated, and we now only feel its benefits. (Loud groans from the Chartists.) A quarter of a century hence, it will be time enough for the world to decide upon his civil career. (Cheers intermixed with loud groans from the Chartists.) Gentlemen, (turning to the Chartists,) I well know what those marks of disapprobation mean—you mean we feel the effects of Wellington's career in the weight of the public debt. (Yes, yes, and loud cheers from the Chartists.) What! did the duke create the national debt? Was there none of it in existence when he began his career? It was made to his hand—it was fixed upon us by Napoleon's powers, and in what state would you now have been, if, when you had the national debt on your backs, you had had the chains of France about your necks? (Rapturous applause, and the whole meeting standing up vociferously cheering, with the exception of the Chartists.) Gentlemen, I have seen what a commercial city suffers from the ambition of Napoleon. I have seen a city once greater and richer than Glasgow, when it had emerged from twenty years of republican conquest. I saw Venice in 1815, and I saw there a hundred thousand artisans begging their bread in the streets. (Renewed and long-continued cheering.) Gentlemen, there is not a hammer that now falls, nor a wheel revolves, nor a shuttle that is put in motion, in Glasgow, that its power of doing so is not owing

o the Duke of Wellington; and you who now strive to stifle the voice of national gratitude, owe to him the bread of yourselves and your children. (Enthusiastic cheering.) And I tell you, whatever you may now think, so your own children, and your children's children will declare. (Immense applause.) Gentlemen, I have now done with any topics on which division of opinion can arise. I am now to speak on a subject, on which, I trust, we are all agreed, for it relates to the embellishment of Glasgow. It is proposed to refer at once to a committee full power to carry into effect the resolutions of this meeting, (cheers,) and I trust that before a year has elapsed, we shall see a noble monument, testifying our gratitude, erected in the heart of this great city. We have seen what has been lost in other places, by not at once coming to a determination, in the outset, on the design. We have seen the subscription for Sir Walter Scott's monument at Edinburgh still unproductive, though seven years have elapsed since the national gratitude had decreed a monument. Gentlemen, while Edinburgh deliberates, let Glasgow act (cheers); and let ours be the first monument erected to the Duke of Wellington in Scotland. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, you will hear the list of the subscriptions already obtained read out, and a noble monument it already is, for the west of Scotland, embracing as it does splendid donations from the highest rank and greatest in fortune, from the first peer of the realm, to those princely merchants who are raising up a fresh aristocracy in the land. (Cheers.) But, gentlemen

it is not by such testimonies alone that the public gratitude is to be expressed; it is the multitude who must show "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude." (Cheers.) And grateful to the Duke of Wellington as will be the magnificent donations of the leaders of the land, he will be still more gratified by the guineas of the citizens, and the half crowns of the artisans. Gentlemen, I am sure that the gratifying result will be witnessed in this great city, and that the monument which will be reared amongst us, will remain through many ages a durable record of the magnificence and gratitude of the west of Scotland. (Loud applause.) And there is a peculiar propriety in erecting in our city a statue to the Duke of Wellington. Glasgow already has a statue to her brave townsman, Sir John Moore, the hero who first boldly fronted the terrors of the Gallic legions. She has a statue to Watts, that matchless sage, whose genius has added a new power to the forces of nature, and who created the wealth which sustained the contest with Napoleon's power. And now you will have a statue to Wellington, who brought the conquest to a triumphant conclusion; and has bequeathed to his country peace to create, and liberty to enjoy, the splendour which we behold around us. (Loud cheers.) I have the honour to move "that a committee be now appointed for the purpose of procuring subscriptions, with full power to name sub-committees, and take all other measures necessary for carrying into effect these resolutions" (Loud cheers.)

THE AFFGHANISTAUN EXPEDITION.*

"In the light of precaution," says Gibbon, "all conquest must be ineffectual unless it could be universal; for, if successful, it only involves the belligerent power in additional difficulties and a wider sphere of hostility." All ages have demonstrated the truth of this profound observation. The Romans conquered the neighbouring states of Italy and Gaul, only to be brought into collision with the fiercer and more formidable nations of Germany and Parthia. Alexander overran Media and Persia, only to see his armies rolled back before the arms of the Scythians, or the innumerable legions of India, and the empire of Napoleon, victorious over the states of Germany and Italy, recoiled at length before the aroused indignation of the Northern powers. The British empire in India, the most extraordinary work of conquest which modern times have exhibited, forms no exception to the truth of this general principle. The storming of Seringapatam, and the overthrow of the house of Tippoo, only exposed us to the incursions of the Mahratta horse. The subjugation of the Mahrattas involved us in a desperate and doubtful conflict

with the power of Holkar. His subjugation brought us in contact with the independent and brave mountaineers of Nepaul; and even their conquest, and the establishment of the British frontier on the summit of the Himalayan snows, have not given that security to our Eastern possessions for which its rulers have so long and strenuously contended; and beyond the stream of the Indus, beyond the mountains of Cashmere, it has been deemed necessary to establish the terror of the British arms, and the influence of the British name.

That such an incursion into Central Asia has vastly extended the sphere both of our diplomatic and hostile relations; that it has brought us in contact with the fierce and barbarous northern tribes, and erected our outposts almost within sight of the Russian videttes, is no impeachment whatever of the wisdom and expediency of the measure, if it has been conducted with due regard to prudence and the rules of art in its execution. It is the destiny of all conquering powers to be exposed to this necessity of advancing in their course Napoleon constantly said, and he said with justice, that he was not to blame for the conquests he undertook; that he was forced on by invia-

* Blackwood's Magazine, February, 1840.

sible necessity; that he was the head merely of a military republic, to whom exertion was existence; and that the first pause in his advance was the commencement of his fall. No one can have studied the eventful history of his times, without being satisfied of the justice of these observations. The British empire in the east is not, indeed, like his in Europe, one based on injustice and supported by pillage. Protection and improvement, not spoliation and misery, have followed in the rear of the English flag; and the sable multitudes of Hindostan now permanently enjoy that protection and security which heretofore they had only tasted under the transient reigns of Baber and Aurungzebe. But still, notwithstanding all its experienced benefits, the British sway in Hindostan is essentially that of opinion; it is the working and middle classes who are benefitted by their sway. The interest and passions of too many of the rajahs and inferior nobility are injured by its continuance, to render it a matter of doubt that a large and formidable body of malcontents are to be found within the bosom of their territories, who would take advantage of the first external disaster to raise again the long-forgotten standard of independence; and that, equally with the empire of Napoleon in Europe, our first movement of serious retreat would be the commencement of our fall. Nor would soldiers be wanting to aid the dispossessed nobles in the recovery of their pernicious authority. Whoever raises the standard of even *probable* warfare is sure of followers in India; the war castes throughout Hindostan, the Rajpoots of the northern provinces, are panting for the signal of hostilities, and the moment the standard of native independence is raised, hundreds of thousands of the Mahratta horse would cluster around it, ardent to carry the spear and the torch into peaceful villages, and renew the glorious days of pillage and conflagration.

But it is not only within our natural frontier of the Indus and the Himalaya that the necessity of continually advancing, if we would exist in safety, is felt in the British empire in the east. The same necessity is imposed upon it by its external relations with foreign powers. It is too powerful to be disregarded in the balance of Asiatic politics; its fame has extended far into the regions of China and Tartary; its name must be respected or despised on the banks of the Oxus and the shores of the Araxes. The vast powers which lie between the British and Russian frontiers cannot remain neutral; they must be influenced by the one or the other power. "As little," said Alexander the Great, "as the heavens can admit of two suns, can the earth admit of two rulers of the East."

Strongly as all nations, in all ages, have been impressed with military success as the mainspring of diplomatic advances, there is no part of the world in which it is so essential to political influence as in the east. Less informed than those of Europe in regard to the real strength of their opponents, and far less prospective in their principles of policy, the nations of Asia are almost entirely governed by present success in their diplomatic con-

duct. Remote or contingent danger produces little impression upon them; present peril is only looked at. They never negotiate till the dagger is at their throat; but when it is there, they speedily acquiesce in whatever is exacted of them. Regarding the success of their opponents as the indication of the will of destiny, they bow, not only with submission, but with cheerfulness to it. All our diplomatic advances in the east, accordingly, have followed in the train of military success; all our failures have been consequent on the neglect to assert with due spirit the rights and dignity of the British empire. The celebrated Roman maxim, *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*, is not there a principle of policy; it is a rule of necessity. It is the condition of existence to every powerful state.

The court of Persia is, in an especial manner, subject to the influence of these external considerations. Weakened by long-continued and apparently interminable domestic feuds; scarce capable of mustering round the standards of Cyrus and Darius twenty thousand soldiers; destitute alike of wealth, military organization, or central powers, the kings of Tehran are yet obliged to maintain a doubtful existence in the midst of neighbouring and powerful states. The Ottoman empire has long from the west assailed them, and transmitted, since the era when the religion of Mohammed was in its cradle, the indelible hatred of the successors of Othman against the followers of Ali. In later times, and since the Cross has become triumphant over the Crescent, the Russian empire has pressed upon them with ceaseless ambition from the north. More permanently formidable than the standards of either Timour or Genghis Khan, her disciplined battalions have crossed the Caucasus, spread over the descending hills of Georgia, and brought the armies of Christ to the foot of Mount Ararat and the shores of the Araxes. Even the south has not been freed from ominous signs and heart-stirring events; the fame of the British arms, the justice of the British rule, have spread far into the regions of Central Asia; the storming of Seringapatam, the fall of Scindiah, the conquest of Holkar, have resounded among the mountains of Affghanistaun, and awakened in the breasts of the Persians the pleasing hope, that from those distant regions the arms of the avenger are destined to come; and that, amidst the contentions of England and Russia, Persia may again emerge to her ancient supremacy among the nations of the earth.

The existence of Persia is so obviously threatened by the aggressions of Russia, the peril in that quarter is so instant and apparent, that the Persian government have never failed to take advantage of every successive impulse communicated to British influence, by their victories in Hindostan, to cement their alliance and draw closer their relation with this country. The storming of Seringapatam was immediately followed by a defensive treaty between Persia and Great Britain, in 1800; by which it was stipulated, that the English merchant should be placed on the footing of the most favoured nation, and that no hostile

European force should be permitted to pass through the Persian territories towards Hindostan. Every successive addition made to our Indian empire; every triumph of our Indian arms, drew closer the relations between Great Britain and the court of Tehran; and it was not till the wretched days of economy and retrenchment began, till the honour of England was forgotten in the subservience to popular clamour, and her ultimate interests overlooked in the thirst for immediate popularity, that any decay in our influence with the court of Persia was perceptible. In those disastrous days, however, when the strong foundations of the British empire were loosened, in obedience to the loud democratic clamour for retrenchment, the advantages we had gained in Central Asia were entirely thrown away. With an infatuation which now appears almost incredible, but which was then lauded by the whole Liberal party as the very height of economic wisdom, we destroyed our navy at Bombay, thereby surrendering the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to any hostile power that chose to occupy them; we reduced our Indian army from two hundred and eighty, to one hundred and sixty thousand men, thereby exposing ourselves to the contempt of the native powers, by whom respect is never paid but to strength, and weakening the attachment of the native population, who found themselves in great part shut out from the dazzling career of British conquest; and we suffered Persia to combat, single-handed, the dreadful power of Russia in 1827, and never sent either a guinea or a bayonet to save the barrier of Hindostan from Muscovite dismemberment. These disgraceful deeds took place during the halcyon days of Liberal administration; when the Tories nominally held the reins, but the Whigs really possessed the power of government; when that infallible criterion of right and wrong, popular opinion, was implicitly obeyed; when the democratic cry for retrenchment pervaded, penetrated, and paralyzed every department of the state; and when, amidst the mutual and loud compliments of the ministerial and opposition benches, the foundations of the British empire were loosened, and the strength of the British arms withered in the hands of conceding administrations. The consequences might easily have been foreseen; province after province was reft by the Muscovite invaders from the Persian empire; fortress after fortress yielded to the terrible powers of their artillery; the torrent of the Araxes was bestrode by their battalions; the bastions of Erivan yielded to their cannon; and Persia avoided total conquest only by yielding up its whole northern barrier and most warlike provinces to the power of Russia. It is immaterial to us whether these consequences took place under the nominal rule of Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, or the Duke of Wellington; suffice it to say, that they all took place during the government of the masses; and that the principles on which they were founded were those which had been advocated for half a century by the whole Whig party, and which were then, as they still are, praised

and lauded to the skies by the whole Liberal leaders of every denomination.

The consequences of this total dereliction of national character and interests, in order to gratify the short-sighted passions of an illiberal democracy, rapidly developed themselves. Russia, encouraged by the success with which she had broken the barrier of Hindostan in Central Asia, continued her aggressions on the Ottoman power in Europe. The Turkish fleet was destroyed by the assistance of a British force at Navarino; the Russian arms were carried across the Balkan by British sufferance to Adrianople; and the Ottoman empire, trembling for its existence, was glad to subscribe a treaty which virtually surrendered the Danube and its whole northern defences to the Russian power. Not content with this, the rulers of England, during the halcyon days of the Reform mania, descended to still lower degradation and unparalleled acts of infatuation. When the Pasha of Egypt revolted against the Ottoman power, which seemed thus alike deserted by its allies and crushed by its enemies, and the disastrous battle of Koniah threatened to bring the Egyptian legions to the shores of Scutari, we turned a deaf ear to the earnest prayer of the distressed sultan for aid. Engrossed in striving to conquer Antwerp in northern, and Lisbon in southern Europe, for the advantage of revolutionary France, we had not a guinea nor a gun to spare to preserve the interests, or uphold the honour of England in the Dardanelles, and we threw Turkey, as the price of existence, into the arms of Russia. The rest is well known. The Muscovite battalions gave the requisite aid; the domes of Constantinople reflected the lights of their bivouacs on the mountain of the giant; the arms of Ibrahim recoiled before this new and unexpected antagonist, and the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi delivered Turkey, bound hand and foot, into the hands of Russia, rendered the Euxine a Muscovite lake, and for ever shut out the British flag from the navigation of its waters, or the defence of the Turkish metropolis.

The natural results of this timorous and vacillating policy, coupled with the well-known and fearful reduction of our naval and military force in India, were not slow in developing themselves. It soon appeared that the British name had ceased to be regarded with any respect in the east; and that all the influence derived from our victories and diplomacy in Central Asia had been lost. It is needless to go into details, the results of which are well known to the public, though the diplomatic secrets connected with them have not yet been revealed. Suffice it to say, that Persia, which for a quarter of a century had been the firm ally, and in fact the advanced post of the British power in India, deserted by us, and subdued by Russia, was constrained to throw herself into the arms of the latter. The Persian army was speedily organized on a better and more effective footing, under direction of Russian officers; and several thousand Russian troops, disguised under the name of deserters were incorporated with, and gave consistency

to, the Persian army. The British officers, who had hitherto had the direction of that force, were obliged to retire; insult, the inviolable precursor in the east of injury, was heaped upon the British subjects; redress was demanded in vain by the British ambassador; and Sir John McNeill himself was at length obliged to leave the court of Tehran, from the numerous crosses and vexations to which he was exposed. Having thus got quit of the shadow even of British influence throughout the whole of Persia, the Russians were not long following out the now smoothed highway towards Hindostan: the siege of Herat, the head of the defile which leads to the Indus, was undertaken by the Persian troops, under Russian guidance; and Russian emissaries and diplomacy, ever preceding their arms, had already crossed the Himalaya snows, and were stirring up the seeds of subdued but unextinguished hostility in the Birman empire, among the Nepaulese mountaineers, and the discontented rajahs of Hindostan.

There is but one road by which any hostile army ever has, or ever can, approach India from the northward. Alexander the Great, Timour, Gengis Khan, Nadir-Shah, have all penetrated Hindostan by the same route. That road has, for three thousand years, been the beaten and well-known track by which the mercantile communication has been kept up between the plains of the Ganges and the steppes of Upper Asia. Herat stands at the head of this defile. Its population, which amounts to one hundred thousand souls, and wealth which renders it by far the most important city in the heart of Asia, have been entirely formed by the caravan trade, which, from time immemorial, has passed through its walls, going and returning from Persia to Hindostan. When Napoleon, in conjunction with the Emperor Paul, projected the invasion of our Indian possessions by a joint army of French infantry and Russian Cossacks, the route marked out was Astrakan, Astrabad, Herat, Candahar, the Bolan pass, and the Indus, to Delhi. There never can be any other road overland to India, but that or the one from Cabool, through the Kybor pass to the Indus, for, to the eastward of it, inaccessible snowy ranges of mountains preclude the possibility of an army getting through; while to the west, parched and impassable deserts afford obstacles still more formidable, which the returning soldiers of Alexander overcame only with the loss of half their numbers. It is quite clear, therefore, that Herat is the vital point of communication between Russia and Hindostan; and that whoever is in possession of it, either actually or by the intervention of a subsidiary or allied force, need never disquiet himself about apprehensions that an enemy will penetrate through the long and difficult defiles which lead in its rear to Hindostan.

Since our empire in India had waxed so powerful as to attract the envy of the Asiatic tramontane nations, it became, therefore, a matter of necessity to maintain our influence among the nations who held the keys of this pass. Afghanistan was to India what Piedmont has been to Italy; even a second Hannibal or Napoleon might be stopped in its

long mountain passes and interminable barren hills. If, indeed, the politics of India could be confined only to its native powers, it might be wise to consider the Indus and the Himalaya as our frontier, and to disregard entirely the distant hostility or complicated diplomacy of the northern Asiatic states. But as long as India, like Italy, possesses the fatal gift of beauty; as long as its harvests are coveted by northern sterility, and its riches by barbarian poverty; so long must the ruler of the land preserve with jealous care the entrance into its bosom, and sit with frowning majesty at the entrance of the pass by which "the blue-eyed myriads of the Baltic coast" may find a way into its fabled plains.

There was a time when British influence might with ease, and at little cost, have been established in the Afghanistan passes. Dost Mohammed was a usurper, and his legal claims to the throne could not bear a comparison with those of Shah Shoojah. But he was a usurper who had conciliated and won the affections of the people, and his vigour and success had given a degree of prosperity to Afghanistan which it had not for centuries experienced. Kamram, the sultan of Herat, was connected with him by blood and allied by inclination, and both were animated by hereditary and inveterate hatred of the Persian power. They would willingly, therefore, have united themselves with Great Britain to secure a barrier against northern invasion; and such an alliance would have been founded on the only durable bond of connection among nations—mutual advantage, and the sense of a formidable impending common danger. The states of Candahar and Cabool were in the front of the danger; the Russian and Persian arms could never have approached the Indus until they were subdued; and consequently their adhesion to our cause, if we would only give them effectual support, might be relied upon as certain. It is well known that Dost Mohammed might have been firmly attached to the British alliance within these few years by the expenditure of a hundred or even fifty thousand pounds, and the aid of a few British officers to organize his forces. And when it is recollected that the Sultan of Herat, alone and unaided by us, held out against the whole power of Persia, directed by Russian officers, for one year and nine months, it is evident both with what a strong spirit of resistance to northern aggression the Afghanistan states are animated, and what elements of resistance they possess among themselves, even when unaided, against northern ambition.

The immense advantage of gaining the support of the tribes inhabiting the valley of Affghan, thus holding in their hands the keys of Hindostan, was forgone by the British power in India, partly from the dilapidated state to which the army had been reduced by the miserable retrenchment forced upon the government by the democratic cry for economy at home, and partly from the dread of involving ourselves in hostility with Runjeet Sing, the formidable chief of Lahore, whose hostility to the Affghanistauns was hereditary and inveterate. There can be little doubt that the

conclusion of a treaty, offensive and defensive, with the powers of Cabool, would have excited great discontent, if not provoked open hostility, at the court of Lahore. In relinquishing their hold of the Afghanistan states, from the dread of compromising their relations with the wily potentate of the Indus, the British government in India were only acting upon that system of temporizing, conceding, and shunning present danger, which has characterized all their public acts ever since the influence of the urban masses became predominant in the British councils. But it is now apparent, that in breaking with the Affghans to conciliate the rajah, the British incurred the greater ultimate, to avoid the present lesser danger. Runjeet Sing, indeed, was a formidable power, with seventy thousand men, and one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon under his command. But his situation, between the British territory on the one side, and the Affghans on the other, rendered him incapable of making any effectual resistance. His military force was by no means equal to what had been wielded by Tippoo or the Mahrattas, and his rear was exposed to the incursions of his hereditary and inveterate enemies in the Afghanistan mountains. Still, more than all, his territories were pierced by the great and navigable river of the Indus—the best possible base for British operations, capable of conveying both the muniments of war and the provisions for an army into the heart of his dominions. In these circumstances, it is evident that the submission of Runjeet Sing must soon have become a matter of necessity; or, at all events, even if we had been compelled to commence hostilities with him, it would have been a far less formidable contest than that into which we have been driven, by abandoning the Affghans in the late expedition to Cabool. The one would have been what the subjugation and conquest of Prussia was to Napoleon, the other was an expedition fraught with all the cost and perils of the advance to Moscow.

Notwithstanding these perils and this cost, however, we have no doubt that, at the time it was undertaken, the expedition to Afghanistan had become a matter of necessity. We had been reduced to such a pass by the economy, concession, and pusillanimity of former governments, that we had no alternative but either to see the whole of Central Asia and Northern Hindostan arrayed in one formidable league, under Russian guidance, against us, or to make a desperate and hazardous attempt to regain our lost character. We have preferred the latter alternative; and the expedition of Lord Auckland, boldly conceived and vigorously executed, has hitherto, at least, been crowned with the most signal success. That it was also attended with great and imminent hazard is equally certain; but the existence of that peril, imposed upon us by the short-sighted parsimonious spirit of the mercantile democratic communities which for fifteen years past have swayed the British empire, is no impeachment whatever, either of the wisdom or necessity of the adventurous step which was at last resolved on. It only shows the

straits to which a great nation must speedily be reduced when its government, in an evil hour, yields to the insidious cry for democratic retrenchment.

Already the beneficial effects of this bold policy have become apparent. The crossing of the Indus by a powerful British army; the surmounting of the hills of Cashmere; the passage of the Bolan defile; the storming of Ghuznee; the fall of Candahar and Cabool, and the restoration of Shah Shoojah to the throne of his ancestors; have resounded through the whole of Asia, and restored, after its eclipse of fifteen years, the honour of the British name. The doubtful fidelity of the Rajah of Lahore has been overawed into submission; the undisguised hostility of the court of Persia has terminated, and friendly relations are on the eve of being re-established; and the indecision of the Sultan of Herat and his brave followers has been decided by the terror of the British arms, and the arrival of a train of artillery within its ruined bastions. As Britons, we rejoice from the bottom of our hearts at these glorious successes; and we care not who were the ministry at the head of affairs when they were achieved. They were undertaken in a truly British spirit—executed by whom they may, they emanated from conservative principles. As much as the ruinous reductions and parsimonious spirit of Lord William Bentinck's administration bespoke the poisonous influence of democratic retrenchment in the great council of the empire, so much does the expedition to Afghanistan bespeak the felicitous revival of the true English spirit in the same assembly. At both periods it is easy to see, that, though not nominally possessed of the reins of power, her majesty's opposition really ruled the state. In the Afghanistan expedition there was very little of the economy which cut in twain the Indian army, but very much of the spirit which animated the British troops at Assaye and Laswarree;—there was very little of the truckling which brought the Russians to Constantinople, but a great deal of the energy which carried the English to Paris.

In a military point of view, the expedition to Afghanistan is one of the most memorable events of modern times. *For the first time since the days of Alexander the Great*, a civilized army has penetrated the mighty barrier of deserts and mountains which separates Persia from Hindostan; and the prodigy has been exhibited to an astonished world, of a remote island in the European seas pushing forward its mighty arms into the heart of Asia, and carrying its victorious standards into the strongholds of Mohammedan faith and the cradle of the Mogul empire. Neither the intricate streams of the Punjab, nor the rapid flow of the Indus, nor the waterless mountains of Afghanistan, nor the far-famed bastions of Ghuzree, have been able to arrest our course. For the first time in the history of the world, the tide of conquest has flowed up from Hindostan into Central Asia; the European race has asserted its wonted superiority over the Asiatic; reversing the march of Timour and Alexander the sable battalions of the Ganges have ap

appeared as conquerors on the frontiers of Persia, and on the confines of the steppes of Samarcand. So marvellous and unprecedented an event is indeed fitted to awaken the contemplation of every thoughtful mind. It speaks volumes as to the mighty step made by the human race in the last five hundred years, and indicates the vast agency and unbounded effects of that free spirit, of which Britain is the centre, which has thus, for a season at least, inverted the heretofore order of nature, made the natives of Hindostan appear as victors in the country of Gengis Khan, and brought the standards of civilized Europe, though in the inverse order, into the footsteps of the phalanx of Alexander.

Though such, however, have been the marvels of the British expedition to Central Asia, yet it is not to be disguised that it was attended by at least equal perils; and never, perhaps, since the British standard appeared on the plains of Hindostan, was their empire in such danger as during the dependence of this glorious but hazardous expedition. It was, literally speaking, to our Indian empire what the expedition to Moscow was to the European dominion of Napoleon. Hitherto, indeed, the result has been different, and we devoutly hope that, in that respect, the dissimilarity will continue. But in both cases the danger was the same. It was the moving forward a large force so far from its resources and the base of its operations, which in both cases constituted the danger. If any serious check had been sustained by our troops in that distant enterprise; if Runjeet Sing had proved openly treacherous, and assailed our rear and cut off our supplies when the bulk of our force was far advanced in the Affghanistaun defiles; if the Bolan pass had been defended with a courage equal to its physical strength; if the powder-bags which blew open the gates of Ghuznee had missed fire, or the courage of those who bore them had quailed under the extraordinary perils of their mission; the fate of the expedition would in all probability have been changed, and a disaster as great as the cutting off of Crassus and his legions in Mesopotamia, would have resounded like a clap of thunder through the whole of Asia. Few if any of the brave men who had penetrated into Affghanistaun would ever have returned; the Burmese, the Nepaulese would immediately have appeared in arms; the Mahratta and Pindaree horse would have re-assembled round their predatory standards; and, while the British empire in Hindostan rocked to its foundation, an Affghanistaun army, directed by Russian officers, and swelled by the predatory tribes of Central Asia, would have poured down, thirsting for plunder and panting for blood,* on the devoted plains of Hindostan.

Subsequent events have already revealed, in the clearest manner, the imminent danger in which the English empire in the East was placed at the period of the Affghanistaun expedition. So low had the reputation of the

British name sunk in the east, that even the Chinese, the most unwarlike and least precipitate of the Asiatic empires, had ventured to offer a signal injury to the British interests, and insult to the British name; and so miserably deficient were government in any previous preparation for the danger, that it was only twelve months after the insult was offered, that ships of war could be fitted out in the British harbours to attempt to seek for redress. It is now ascertained that a vast conspiracy had been long on foot in the Indian peninsula to overturn our power; in the strongholds of some of the lesser rajahs in the southern part of the peninsula, enormous military stores have been found accumulated; and not a doubt can remain, that, if any serious disaster had happened to our army in Central Asia, not only would the Burmese and Nepaulese have instantly commenced hostilities, but a formidable insurrection would have broken out among the semi-independent rajahs, in the very vitals of our power. And yet it was while resting on the smouldering fires of such a volcano, that Lord William Bentinck and the Liberal Administration of India thought fit to reduce our military force to one-half, and shake the fidelity of the native troops by the reduction in many important particulars of their pay and allowances.

But this proved hostility of so large a portion of the native powers, suggests matter for further and most serious consideration. It is clear, that although the British government has, to an immense degree, benefited India, yet it has done so chiefly by the preservation of peace, and the suppression of robbery, throughout its vast dominions; and it is painfully evident, that hardly any steps have yet been taken to reconcile the natives to our dominion, by the extended market which we have opened to their industry. The startling fact which Mr. Montgomery Martin* has clearly established, that notwithstanding all that was prophesied of, the trade to India has been, including exports and imports, *less for the last twenty years than for the twenty years preceding*, clearly demonstrates some vital defect in our colonial policy. Nor is it difficult to see where that error is to be found. We have loaded the produce of India—sugar, indigo, &c.—with duties of nearly a hundred per cent., while we have deluged them with our own manufactures at an import duty of *two or three* per cent. In our anxiety to find a vent for our own manufactures on the continent of Hindostan, we seem to have entirely forgotten that there was another requisite indispensably necessary towards the success of our projects even for our own interests,—to give them the means of paying for them. Our conduct towards our colonies, equally with that to foreign states, has exhibited reciprocity *all on one side*—with this material difference, that we have, in our blind anxiety to conciliate foreign states, allowed the whole benefits of the rec-

* How completely have the subsequent disasters of Affghanistaun and the massacre of the Coord Cabul Pass proved the truth of those presentiments!

* See *Colonial Magazine*, No. 1., article—"Foreign Trade to India,"—a newly established miscellany, full of valuable information, and which, if conducted on right principles, will prove of the very highest importance.

procuity treaties to rest with them; while, in our selfish legislation towards our colonial subjects, we have taken the whole to ourselves.

So vast is the importance of our Indian possessions to the British empire, and so boundless the market for her manufactures which might be opened if a truly wise and liberal policy were pursued towards our Indian possessions, that there is nothing more to be regretted than that there has not hitherto issued from the press a popular and readable history of our Indian possessions. Auber has, indeed, with great industry, narrated the leading facts, and supported them by a variety of interesting official documents. But it is in vain to conceal, that his book possesses no attractions to the general reader; and accordingly, although it will always be a standard book of reference to persons studying Indian affairs, it has not and will not produce any impression upon public thought. It was, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we recently opened the *Chapters on Indian History*, just published by Mr. Thornton, already so favourably known to the eastern world by his work on *India, and its State and Prospects*. From the cursory examination we have been able to give to this very interesting work, we have only reason to regret that the author has not been more comprehensive in his plan, and that, instead of chapters on British India since the administration of Marquis Wellesley, in one volume, he has not given to the world a full history of the period in three. The work is distinguished by judgment, candour, and research, and is, beyond all doubt, the most valuable that has yet appeared on the recent history of India. We would beg leave only to suggest to the able author, that his next edition should extend to two volumes, and should embrace the whole events of the period of which he treats; in particular, that Lord Hastings' war in 1817 should be more fully enlarged upon; and that greater exertions should be made, by the introduction of picturesque incidents and vivid descriptions, to interest the mass of the nation in a subject daily rising in importance, and on which they must soon be called upon to exercise the functions of direct legislation.

To have engaged in and successfully accomplished such an undertaking; to have overcome so many and such formidable intervening obstacles, and planted the British guns in triumph on the walls of Herat, is one of the most glorious exploits which have ever graced the long annals of British military prowess. That our soldiers were undaunted in battle and irresistible in the breach has been often proved, in the fields alike of Asiatic and European fame. But here they have exhibited qualities of a totally different kind, and in which hitherto they were not supposed to have been equal to the troops of other states. They have successfully accomplished marches, unparalleled in modern times for their length and hardship; surmounted mountain ranges, compared to which the passage of the St. Bernard by Napoleon must sink into insignificance; and solved the great problem, so much debated, and hitherto unascertained in

military science, as to the practicability of an European force, with the implements and intricacies of modern warfare, surmounting the desert and mountain tracts which separate Persia from Hindostan. Involved as we are in the pressing interests of domestic politics, and in the never-ending agitation of domestic concerns, the attention of the British public has been little attracted by this stupendous event; but it is one evidently calculated to fix the attention of the great military nations on the continent, and which will stand forth in imperishable lustre in the annals of history.

There is one result which may and should follow from our undertakings in Afghanistan, which, if properly improved, may render it the means of strengthening, in the most essential manner, our possessions in the east. The Indus and the Himalaya are the natural frontier of our dominions; they are what the Danube and the Rhine were to the Romans, and the former of these streams to Napoleon's empire. The Indus is navigable for twelve hundred miles, and for nine hundred by steamers of war and mercantile vessels of heavy burden. It descends nearly in a straight line from the impassable barrier of the Himalaya to the Indian ocean; its stream is so rapid, and its surface so broad, that no hostile force can possibly cross it in the face of a powerful defensive marine. Never was an empire which had such a frontier for its protection; never was such a base afforded for military operations as on both its banks. Provisions for any number of soldiers; warlike stores to any amount; cannon sufficient for a hundred thousand men, can with ease ascend its waves. Vain is the rapidity of its current; the power of steam has given to civilized man the means of overcoming it; and before many years are expired, British vessels, from every harbour in the United Kingdom, may ascend that mighty stream, and open fresh and hitherto unheard-of markets for British industry in the boundless regions of Central Asia. Now, then, is the time to secure the advantages, and gain the mastery of this mercantile artery and frontier stream; and, by means of fortified stations on its banks, and a powerful fleet of armed steamers in its bosom, to gain that impregnable barrier to our Indian possessions, against which, if duly supported by manly vigour at home, and wise administration in our Indian provinces, all the efforts of Northern ambition will beat in vain.

But there is one consideration deserving of especial notice which necessarily follows from this successful irruption. The problem of marching overland to India is now solved; the Russian guns have come down from Petersburg to Herat, and the British have come up from Delhi to Cabool. English cannon are now planted in the embrasures, against which, twelve months ago, the Russian shot were directed; and if twenty thousand British could march from Delhi to Candahar and Cabool, forty thousand Russians may march from Astrakan to the Ganges and Calcutta. Our success has opened the path in the East to Russian ambition;—the stages of our ascending army point out the stations for their descending host; and

the ease with which our triumph has been effected, will dispel any doubts which they may have entertained as to the practicability of ultimately accomplishing the long-cherished object of their ambition, and conquering in Calcutta the empire of the east. This is the inevitable result of our success: but it is one which should excite no desponding feeling in any British bosom; and we allude to it, not with the selfish, unpatriotic design of chilling the national ardour at our success, but in order, if possible, to arouse the British people to a sense of the new and more extended duties to which they are called, and the wider sphere of danger and hostility in which they are involved.

It is no longer possible to disguise that the sphere of hostility and diplomatic exertion has been immensely extended by our success in Affghanistaun. Hitherto the politics of India have formed, as it were, a world to themselves; a dark range of intervening mountains or arid deserts were supposed to separate Hindostan from Central Asia; and however much we might be disquieted at home by the progress of Russian or French ambition, no serious fears were entertained that either would be able to accomplish the Quixotic exploit of passing the western range of the Himalaya mountains. Now, however, this veil has been rent asunder—this mountain screen has been penetrated. The Russian power in Persia, and the British in India, now stand face to face: the advanced posts of both have touched Herat; the high-road from St. Petersburg to Calcutta has been laid open by British hands. The advanced position we have gained must now be maintained; if we retire, even from tributary or allied states, the charm of our invincibility is gone; the day when the god Terminus recoils before a foreign enemy, is the commencement of decline. We do not bring forward this consideration in order to blame the expedition; but in order to show into what a contest, and with what a power, it has necessarily brought us. Affghanistaun is the outpost of Russia; Dost Mohammed, now exiled from his throne, was a vassal of the Czar; and we must now contend for the empire of the east, not with the rajahs of India, but the Moscovite battalions.

The reality of these anticipations as to the increased amount of the danger of a collision with Russia, which has arisen from the great approximation of our outposts to theirs, which the Affghanistaun expedition has occasioned, is apparent. Already Russia has taken the alarm, and the expedition against Khiva shows that she has not less the inclination, than she unquestionably has the power, of amply providing for herself against what she deems the impending danger. No one can for a moment suppose that that expedition is really intended to chastise the rebellious Khan. Thirty thousand men, and a large train of artillery, are not sent against an obscure chieftain in Tartary, whom a few regiments of Cossacks would soon reduce to obedience. A glance at the map will at once show what was the real object in view. Khiva is situated on the Oxus, and the Oxus flows to the north-west from the

mountains which take their rise from the northern boundary of Cabool. Its stream is navigable to the foot of the Affghanistaun mountains, and from the point where water communication ceases, it is a passage of only five or six days to the valley of Cabool. If, therefore, the Russians once establish themselves at Cabool, they will have no difficulty in reaching the possessions of Shah Shoojah; and their establishment will go far to outweigh the influence established by the British, by the Affghanistaun expedition, among the Affghanistaun tribes. Already, if recent accounts can be relied on, this effect has become apparent. Dost Mohammed, expelled from his kingdom, has found support among the Tartar tribes; backed by their support, he has already reappeared over the hills, and regained part of his dominions, and the British troops, on their return to Affghanistaun, have already received orders to halt. Let us hope that it is not in our case, as it was in that of the French at Moscow, that when they thought the campaign over it was only going to commence.*

Regarding, then, our success in Affghanistaun as having accelerated by several years the approach of this great contest, it becomes the British nation well to consider what preparations they have made at home to maintain it. Have we equipped and manned a fleet capable of withstanding the formidable armament which Nicholas has always ready for immediate operations in the Baltic? Have we five-and-twenty ships of the line and thirty frigates ready to meet the thirty ships of the line and eighteen frigates which Nicholas has always equipped for sea at Cronstadt? Have we thirty thousand men in London ready to meet the thirty thousand veterans whom the Czar has constantly prepared to step on board his fleet on the shores of the Baltic? Alas! we have none of these things. We could not, to save London from destruction or the British empire from conquest, fit out three ships of the line to protect the mouth of the Thames, or assemble ten thousand men to save Woolwich or Portsmouth from conflagration. What between Radical economy in our army estimates, Whig parsimony in our naval preparations, and Chartist violence in our manufacturing cities, we have neither a naval nor a military force to protect ourselves from destruction. All that Sir Charles Adam, one of the lords of the admiralty, could say on this subject last session of parliament was, that we had *three ships of the line and three guard-ships to protect the shores of England*. Never was such a proof afforded that we had sunk down from the days of giants into those of pigmies, than the use of such an argument by a lord of the British admiralty. Why, thirty years ago, we sent thirty-nine ships of the line to attack the enemy's naval station at Antwerp, without raising the blockade of one of his harbours, from Gibraltar to the North Cape. Herein, then, lies the monstrous absurdity, the unparalleled danger of our present national policy, that we are vigorous even to temerity in the

* How fatally was this sinister presentiment realized in consequence of incredible incapacity on the part of the British authorities in possession of Cabool

east, and parsimonious even to pusillanimity in the west; and that while we give Russia a fair pretext for hostility, and perhaps some ground for complaint in the centre of Asia, we make no preparation whatever to resist her hostility on the shores of England.

The contrast between the marvellous vigour of our Indian government and the niggardly spirit with which all our establishments are starved down at home, would be inconceivable if we did not recollect by what opposite motives our government is regulated in Hindostan and in the British islands. Taxation in India falls upon the inhabitants, who are unrepresented; taxation at home falls upon the taxpayers, who have a numerical majority in parliament. We never doubted the inclination of a democracy to dip their hands in *other people's pockets*; what we doubted was their inclination, save in the last extremity, to put them in their own.

Disregard of the future, devotion to present objects, has, in all ages, been the characteristic of the masses of mankind. We need not wonder that the British populace are distinguished by the well-known limited vision of their class, when all the eloquence of Demosthenes failed in inducing the most enlightened republic of antiquity to take any measures to ward off the danger arising from the ambition of Philip of Macedon; and all the wisdom of Washington was unable to communicate to the greatest republic of modern times, strength or foresight sufficient to prevent its capitol from being taken, and its arsenals pillaged by a British division not three thousand strong. Unless, however, the Conservative press can succeed in rousing the British public to a sense of their danger on this subject, and the Conservative leaders in Parliament take up the matter earnestly and vigorously, it may safely be pronounced that the days of the British empire are numbered.

No empire can possibly exist for any length of time which provokes hostility in its distant possessions, while it neglects preparation in the heart of its power; which buckles on its gloves and puts on the helmet, but leaves the breastplate and the cuirass behind. If a Russian fleet of thirty ships of the line appears off the Nore, it will not be by deriding their prowess, or calling them a "pasteboard fleet," that the danger will be averted from the arsenals and the treasures of England. The Russian sailors do not possess anything like the nautical skill or naval habits of the British; but they are admirably trained to ball practice, they possess the native courage of their race, and will stand to their guns with any sailors in Europe. Remember the words of Nelson, "Lay yourself alongside of a Frenchman, but out-manceuvre a Russian."

The manifest and not yet terminated dangers with which the Afghanistan expedition was attended, should operate as a warning, and they will be cheaply purchased if they prove a timely one, to the British people, of the enormous dangers, not merely to the national honour and independence, but to the vital pecuniary interests of every individual in the state, of continuing any longer the pernicious sys-

tem of present economy, and total disregard of future danger, which for twenty years has characterized every department of our government. Why is it that England has now been compelled in the east, for the first time to incur the enormous perils of the Afghanistan expedition—to hazard, as it were, the very existence of our eastern empire upon a single throw; and adventure a large proportion of the British army, and the magic charm of British invincibility, upon a perilous advance, far beyond the utmost frontiers of Hindostan, into the heart of Asia? Simply because previous preparation had been abandoned, ultimate danger disregarded; because retrenchment was the order of the day, and government yielded to the ever popular cry of *present economy*; because the noble naval and military establishment of former times was reduced one-half, or allowed to expire, in the childish belief that it never again would be required. Rely upon it, a similar conduct will one day produce a similar necessity to the British empire. It will be found, and that too ere many years have passed over, that the Duke of Wellington was right when he said, that a great empire cannot with safety wage a little war; and that nothing but present danger and future disaster can result from a system which blindly shuts its eyes to the future, and never looks beyond the conciliating the masses by a show of economy at the moment. An Afghanistan expedition—a Moscow campaign—will be necessary to ward off impending danger, or restore the sunk credit of the British name: happy if the contest can thus be averted from our own shores, and by incurring distant dangers we can escape domestic subjugation.

But let not foreign nations imagine, from all that has been said or may be said by the Conservatives on this vital subject, that Great Britain has now lost her means of defence, or that, if a serious insult or injury is offered to her, she may not soon be brought into a condition to take a fearful vengeance upon her enemies. The same page of history which tells us that while democratic states never can be brought to foresee remote dangers, or incur present burdens to guard against it; yet when the danger is present, and strikes the senses of the multitude, they are capable of the most stupendous exertions. That England, in the event of a war breaking out in her present supine, unprepared state, would sustain in the outset very great disasters, is clear; but it is not by any ordinary calamities that a power of such slow growth and present magnitude as England is to be subdued. She now possesses 2,800,000 tonnage, numbers an hundred and sixty thousand seamen in her commercial navy, and a fleet of seven hundred steam-boats, more than all Europe possesses, daily prowls along her shores. Here are all the elements of a powerful marine; at no period could Great Britain command such a foundation for naval strength within her bosom. What is wanting, is not the elements of an irresistible naval force, but the sagacity in the people to foresee the approaching necessity for its establishment, and the virtue in the government

to propose the burdens indispensable for its restoration. In the experienced difficulty of either communicating this foresight to the one, or imparting this virtue to the other, may be traced the well-known and often-predicted effects of democratic ascendancy. But that same ascendancy, if the spirit of the people is roused by experienced disgrace, or their interests affected by present calamity, would infallibly make the most incredible exertions; and a navy, greater than any which ever yet issued from the British harbours, might sally forth from our sea-girt isle, to carry, like the French

Revolutionary armies, devastation and ruin into all the naval establishments of Europe. No such career of naval conquest, however, is either needed for the glory, or suited for the interests of England; and it is as much from a desire to avert that ultimate forcible and most painful conversion of all the national energies to warlike objects, as to prevent the immediate calamities which it would occasion, that we earnestly press upon the country the immediate adoption, at any cost, of that great increase to our naval and military establishments which can alone avert one or both of these calamities

THE FUTURE.*

THAT human affairs are now undergoing a great and durable alteration; that we are in a transition state of society, when new settlements are taking place, and the old levels are heaved up, or displaced by expansive force from beneath, is universally admitted; but the world is as yet in the dark as to the ultimate results, whether for good or evil, of these vast and organic changes. While the popular advocates look upon them as the commencement of a new era in social existence—as the opening of a period of knowledge, freedom, and general happiness, in which the human race, freed from the fetters of feudal tyranny, is to arrive at an unprecedented state of social felicity—the Conservative party everywhere regard them as fraught with the worst possible effects to all classes in society, and to none more immediately than those by whom they are so blindly urged forward—as conducing to the destruction of all the bulwarks both of property and freedom. While these opposite and irreconcilable opinions are honestly and firmly maintained by millions on either side of this great controversy, and victory inclines sometimes to one side and sometimes to another in the course of the contests, civil and military, which it engenders, “Time rolls on his ceaseless course;” the actors and the spectators in the world’s debate are alike hurried to the grave, and new generations succeed, who are borne along by the same mighty stream, and inherit from their parents the passions and prejudices inseparable from a question in which such boundless expectations have been excited on the one side, and such vital interests are at stake on the other.

The symptoms of this transition state distinctly appear, not merely in the increase of political power on the part of the lower classes in almost every state of western Europe, but the general formation of warm hopes and anticipations on their parts, inconsistent with their present condition, and the universal adaptation of science, literature, arts, and manufactures to their wants. Supposing the most

decided re-action to take place in public feeling in the British dominions, and the most Conservative administration to be placed at the helm, still the state is essentially revolutionized. The great organic change has been made, and cannot be undone. Government is no longer, and never again will be, as long as a mixed constitution lasts, a free agent. It is impelled by the inclinations of the majority of nine hundred thousand electors, in whom supreme power is substantially vested. At one time it may be too revolutionary, at another too monarchical, but in either it can only be the reflecting mirror of public opinion, and must receive, not communicate, the impulse of general thought. France is irrecoverably and thoroughly revolutionized. All the checks, either on arbitrary or popular power, have been completely destroyed by the insane ambition of its populace; and its capital has been transformed into a vast arena, where two savage wild beasts, equally fatal to mankind—despotic power and democratic ambition—fiercely contend for the mastery, but where the fair form of freedom is never again destined to appear. Spain and Portugal are torn by the same furious passions—a Vendéan struggle is maintained with heroic constancy in the north—a Jacobin revolution is rapidly spreading in the south; and amidst a deadly civil war, and the confiscation of church and funded property, the democratic and despotic principles are rapidly coming into collision, and threaten speedily there, as elsewhere, to extinguish all the securities of real freedom in the shock.

It is not merely, however, in the political world that the symptoms of a vast organic change in western Europe are to be discerned. Manners and habits evince as clearly the prodigious, and, as we fear, degrading transition, which is going on amongst us. We are not blindly attached to the customs of former times, and willingly admit, that, in some respects, a change for the better has taken place, but in others how wofully for the worse; and how prodigious, at all events, is the alteration, whether for better or worse, which is in progress! With the feeling of chivalry still giv

*Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, 2 vols. Paris, 1835, & London, 1835. Blackwood’s Magazine, Jan. 1836.

ing dignity to the higher ranks, and a sense of loyalty yet elevating the lower; with religion paramount in all the influential classes, and subordination as yet unshaken among the industrious poor, a state of manners ensued, a degree of felicity was attained, a height of national glory was reached, to which the future generations of Europe will look back with the more regret, that, once lost, it is altogether irrevocable. We do not despair of the fortunes of our country, still less of the human race; but we have no hope that those bright and glorious days can ever return. Vigour, indeed, is not wanting; activity, restless, insatiable activity, is in profusion; talent is as yet undecayed; but where are the elevated feelings, the high resolves, the enduring constancy, the religious inspiration, the moral resolution, the disinterested loyalty, the unshaken patriotism, which gave dignity and grandeur to the past age? These qualities, doubtless, are still found in many individuals; but we speak of the general tendency of things, not the character of particular men. Even where they do occur, are they not chiefly to be discerned in those of a certain standing in life; and are they not remarked by the rising generation as remnants of the former age, who are fast disappearing, and will soon be totally extinct?

Look at education,—above all, the education of the middle and working classes,—and say whether a vast and degrading change is not there rapidly taking place! It is there more than anywhere else that “coming events cast their shadows before.” Elevating or ennobling knowledge; moral and religious instruction; purifying and entrancing compositions are discarded; the arts, the mechanical or manufacturing arts, alone are looked to. Nothing is thought of but what can immediately be turned into money. The church, and all the institutions connected with it, are considered as not destined to any lengthened endurance, and, therefore, classical learning is scouted and abandoned. The philosopher’s stone is alone sought after by the alchemists of modern days; nothing is studied but what will render the human mind prolific of dollars. To purify the heart, and humanize the affections; to elevate the understanding and dignify the manners; to provide not the means of elevation in life, but the power of bearing elevation with propriety; to confer not the power of subduing others, but the means of conquering one’s self; to impress love to God and good-will towards men, are deemed the useless and antiquated pursuits of the monks of former days. Practical chemistry and sulphuric acid; decrepitating salts and hydraulic engines; algebraic equations and commercial academies; mercantile navigation and double and single book-keeping, have fairly, in the seminaries of the middle ranks, driven Cicero and Virgil off the field. The vast extension of education, the prodigious present activity and energy of the human mind, the incessant efforts of the middle ranks to elevate and improve their worldly situation, afford, we fear, no reasonable grounds for hoping that this degrading change can be arrested; on the con-

trary, they are the very circumstances which afford a moral certainty that it will continue and increase. That the energy, expectations, and discontent now generally prevalent among the labouring classes, and appearing in the feverish desire for social amelioration and the ready reception of any projects, how vain soever, which promise to promote it, will lead to great and important changes in the condition both of government, society, and manners, is too obvious to require illustration. The intense and feverish attention to worldly objects which these changes at once imply and produce; the undue extension of artificial wants among the labouring poor which they generate; the severe competition to which all classes are in consequence exposed; the minute subdivision of labour which such a high and increasing state of manufacturing skill occasions; the experienced impossibility of rising in any department without a thorough and exclusive attention to its details, are the very circumstances of all others the most fatal to the improvement of the understanding, or the regulation of the heart. Amidst the shock of so many contending interests, the calm pursuits of science, which lead not to wealth, will be abandoned; the institutions which as yet maintain it will be sacrificed to the increasing clamour of democratic jealousy; literature will become a mere stimulant to the passions, or amusement of an hour; religion, separated from its property, will become a trade in which the prejudices and passions of the congregations of each minister will be inflamed instead of being subdued; every generous or ennobling study will be discarded for the mere pursuits of sordid wealth, or animal enjoyment; excitement in all its forms will become the universal object; and in the highest state of manufacturing skill, and in the latest stages of social regeneration, our descendants may sink irrecoverably into the degeneracy of Roman or Italian manners.

The extension and improvement of the mechanical arts—the multiplication of rail-roads, canals, and harbours—extraordinary rapidity of internal communication—increasing craving for newspapers, and excitement in all its forms—the general spread of comfort, and universal passion of luxury, afford no antidote whatever against the native corruption of the human heart. We may go to Paris from London in three hours, and to Constantinople in twelve; we may communicate with India, by the telegraph, in a forenoon, and make an autumnal excursion to the Pyramids or Persopolis in a fortnight, by steam-boats, and yet, amidst all our improvements, be the most degraded and corrupt of the human race. Internal communication was brought to perfection in the Roman empire, but did that revive the spirit of the legions, or avert the arms of the barbarians? Did it restore the age of Virgil and Cicero? Because all the citizens gazed daily on the most sumptuous edifices, and lived amidst a forest of the noblest statues, did that hinder the rapid corruption of manners, the irretrievable degeneracy of character, the total extinction of genius? Did their proud and ignorant contempt of the barbarous nations

save either the Greeks or the Romans from subjugation by a ruder and more savage, but a fresher and a nobler race? Were they not prating about the lights of the age, and the unparalleled state of social refinement, when the swords of Alaric and Attila were already drawn? In the midst of all our excursions, have we yet penetrated that deepest of all mysteries, the human heart? With all our improvements, have we eradicated one evil passion or extinguished one guilty propensity in that dark fountain of evil? Alas! facts, clear undeniable facts, prove the reverse—with the spread of knowledge, and the growth of every species of social improvement, general depravity has gone on increasing with an accelerated pace, both in France and England, and every increase of knowledge seems but an addition to the length of the lever by which vice dissolves the fabric of society.*

It is not simple knowledge, it is knowledge detached from religion, that produces this fatal result, and unhappily that is precisely the species of knowledge which is the present object of fervent popular desire. The reason of its corrupting tendency on morals is evident—when so detached, it multiplies the desires and passions of the heart, without any increase to its regulating principles; it augments the attacking without strengthening the resisting powers, and thence the disorder and license it spreads through society. The invariable characteristic of a declining and corrupt state of society, is a progressive increase in the force of passion, and a progressive decline in the influence of duty, and this tendency, so conspicuous in France, so evidently beginning amongst ourselves, is increased by nothing so much as that spread of education without religion, which is the manifest tendency of the present times.

What renders it painfully clear that this corruption has not only begun, but has far advanced amidst a large proportion of our people, is the evident decline in the effect of moral character upon political influence. It used to be the boast, and the deserved boast, of England, that talents the most commanding, descent the most noble, achievements the most illustrious, could not secure power without the aid of private virtue. These times are gone past. Depravity of character, sordidness of disposition, recklessness of conduct, are now no security whatever against political demagogues, wielding the very greatest political influence, nay, to their being held up as the object of public admiration, and possibly forced upon the government of the country. What has the boasted spread of education done to exclude such characters from political weight? Nothing—it is, on the contrary, the very thing which gives them their ascendancy. The time has evidently arrived when the commission of political crimes, the stain of guilt, the opprobrium of disgrace, is no objection whatever with a large and influential party to

political leaders, provided they possess the qualities likely to insure success in their designs. "It is the fatal effect," says Madame de Staël, "of revolutions to obliterate altogether our ideas of right and wrong, and instead of the eternal distinctions of morality and religion, apply no other test, in general estimation, to political actions but success." This affords a melancholy presage of what may be expected when the same vicious and degrading principles are still more generally embraced and applied to the ordinary transactions, characters, and business of life.

"If absolute power," says M. de Tocqueville, "were re-established amongst the democratic nations of Europe, I am persuaded that it would assume a new form, and appear under features unknown to our forefathers. There was a time in Europe, when the laws and the consent of the people had invested princes with almost unlimited authority; but they scarcely ever availed themselves of it. I do not speak of the prerogatives of the nobility, of the authority of supreme courts of justice, of corporations and their chartered rights, or of provincial privileges, which served to break the blows of the sovereign authority, and to maintain a spirit of resistance in the nation. Independently of these political institutions—which, however opposed they might be to personal liberty, served to keep alive the love of freedom in the mind of the public, and which may be esteemed to have been useful in this respect—the manners and opinions of the nation confined the royal authority within barriers which were not less powerful, although they were less conspicuous. Religion, the affections of the people, the benevolence of the prince, the sense of honour, family pride, provincial prejudices, custom, and public opinion, limited the power of kings, and restrained their authority within an invisible circle. The constitution of nations was despotic at that time, but their manners were free. Princes had the right, but they had neither the means nor the desire, of doing whatever they pleased.

"But what now remains of those barriers which formerly arrested the aggressions of tyranny? Since religion has lost its empire over the souls of men, the most prominent boundary which divided good from evil is overthrown; the very elements of the moral world are indeterminate; the princes and the people of the earth are guided by chance; and none can define the natural limits of despotism and the bounds of license. Long revolutions have for ever destroyed the respect which surrounded the rulers of the state; and since they have been relieved from the burden of public esteem, princes may henceforward surrender themselves without fear to the seductions of arbitrary power.

"When kings find that the hearts of their subjects are turned towards them, they are clement, because they are conscious of their strength; and they are chary of the affections of their people, because the affection of their people is the bulwark of the throne. A mutual interchange of good-will then takes place between the prince and the people, which resembles the gracious intercourse of domestic

* The curious tables of M. Guerrin prove that in every department of France, without exception, general depravity is just in proportion to the extension of knowledge. "At one throw," says the candid Mr. Bulwer, "he has howled down all our preconceived ideas on this vital subject."—See BULWER'S *France*, vol. i, Appendix.

society. The subjects may murmur at the sovereign's decree, but they are grieved to displease him; and the sovereign chastises his subjects with the light hand of parental affection.

"But when once the spell of royalty is broken in the tumult of revolution; when successive monarchs have crossed the throne, so as alternately to display to the people the weakness of their right and the harshness of their power, the sovereign is no longer regarded by any as the father of the state, and he is feared by all as its master. If he be weak, he is despised; if he be strong, he is detested. He is himself full of animosity and alarm; he finds that he is as a stranger in his own country, and he treats his subjects like conquered enemies.

"When the provinces and the towns formed so many different nations in the midst of their common country, each of them had a will of its own, which was opposed to the general spirit of subjection; but now that all the parts of the same empire, after having lost their immunities, their customs, their prejudices, their traditions, and their names, are subjected and accustomed to the same laws, it is not more difficult to oppress them collectively, than it was formerly to oppress them singly.

"Whilst the nobles enjoyed their power, and indeed long after that power was lost, the honour of aristocracy conferred an extraordinary degree of force upon their personal opposition. They afforded instances of men who, notwithstanding their weakness, still entertained a high opinion of their personal value, and dared to cope single-handed with the efforts of the public authority. But at the present day, when all ranks are more and more confounded, when the individual disappears in the throng, and is easily lost in the midst of a common obscurity, when the honour of monarchy has almost lost its empire without being succeeded by public virtue, and when nothing can enable man to rise above himself, who shall say at what point the exigencies of power and the servility of weakness will stop?

"As long as family feeling was kept alive, the antagonist of oppression was never alone; he looked about him, and found his clients, his hereditary friends and his kinsfolk. If this support was wanting, he was sustained by his ancestors and animated by his posterity. But when patrimonial estates are divided, and when a few years suffice to confound the distinctions of a race, where can family feeling be found? What force can there be in the customs of a country which has changed, and is still perpetually changing its aspect; in which every act of tyranny has a precedent, and every crime an example; in which there is nothing so old that its antiquity can save it from destruction, and nothing so unparalleled that its novelty can prevent it from being done? What resistance can be offered by manners of so pliant a make, that they have already often yielded? What strength can even public opinion have retained, when no twenty persons are connected by a common tie; when not a man, nor a family, nor chartered corporation, nor class, nor free institution, has the power of representing or exerting that opinion; and when every citizen—being equally weak, equally poor, and

equally dependent—has only his personal impotence to oppose to the organized force of the government?

"The annals of France furnish nothing analogous to the condition in which that country might then be thrown. But it may be more aptly assimilated to the times of old, and to those hideous eras of Roman oppression, when the manners of the people were corrupted, their traditions obliterated, their habits destroyed, their opinions shaken, and freedom expelled from the laws, could find no refuge in the land; when nothing protected the citizens, and the citizens no longer protected themselves; when human nature was the sport of man, and princes wearied out the clemency of Heaven before they exhausted the patience of their subjects. Those who hope to revive the monarchy of Henry IV. or of Louis XIV., appear to me to be afflicted with mental blindness; and when I consider the present condition of several European nations—a condition to which all the others tend—I am led to believe that they will soon be left with no other alternative than democratic liberty, or the tyranny of the Cæsars."—*Tocqueville*, ii. 247.

We shall not stop to show how precisely those views of Tocqueville coincide with what we have invariably advanced in this miscellany, or to express the gratification we experience at finding these principles now embraced by the ablest of the French Democratic party, after the most enlightened view of American institutions. We hasten, therefore, to show that these results of the French Revolution, melancholy and depressing as they are, are nothing more than the accomplishment of what, forty-five years ago, Mr. Burke prophesied of its ultimate effects.

"The policy of such barbarous victors," says Mr. Burke, "who condemn a subdued people, and insult their inhabitants, ever has been to destroy all vestiges of the ancient country in religion, policy, laws, and manners, to confound all territorial limits, produce a general poverty, crush their nobles, princes, and pontiffs, to lay low every thing which lifted its head above the level, or which could serve to combine or rally, in their distresses, the disbanded people under the standard of old opinion. They have made France free in the manner in which their ancient friends to the rights of mankind freed Greece, Macedon, Gaul, and other nations. If their present project of a Republic should fail, all securities to a moderate freedom fail along with it; they have levelled and crushed together all the orders which they found under the monarchy; all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed, inasmuch that if monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendancy in France, under this or any other dynasty, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered at setting out by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that ever appeared on earth."

—*Burke*, v. 328—333.

Similar results must ultimately attend the triumph of the democratic principle in Great Britain and Ireland. The progress may, and we trust will, be different; less bloodshed and

suffering will attend its course; more vigorous and manly resistance will evidently be opposed to the evil; the growth of corruption will, we trust, be infinitely more slow, and the decline of the empire more dignified and becoming. But the final result, if the democratic principle maintains its present ascendancy, will be the same.

If we examine the history of the world with attention, we shall find, that amidst great occasional variations produced by secondary and inferior causes, two great powers have been at work from the earliest times; and, like the antagonist expansive and compressing force in physical nature, have, by their mutual and counteracting influence, produced the greatest revolutions and settlements in human affairs. These opposing forces are NORTHERN CONQUEST and CIVILIZED DEMOCRACY. Their agency appears clear and forcible at the present times, and the spheres of their action are different; but mighty ultimate results are to attend their irresistible operation in the theatres destined by nature for their respective operation.

We, who have, for eighteen years, so invariably and resolutely opposed the advances of democracy, and that equally when it raised its voice aloft on the seat of government, as when it lurked under the specious guise of free trade or liberality, will not be accused of being blinded in favour of its effects. We claim, therefore, full credit for sincerity, and deem some weight due to our opinion, when we assert that it is the great moving power in human affairs,—the source of the greatest efforts of human genius,—and, when duly restrained from running into excess, the grand instrument of human advancement. It is not from ignorance of, or insensibility to, its prodigious effects, that we have proved ourselves so resolute in resisting its undue expansion: it is, on the contrary, from a full appreciation of them, from a thorough knowledge of the vast results, whether for good or evil, which it invariably produces.

It is the nature of the democratic passion to produce an inextinguishable degree of vigour and activity among the middling classes of society—to develop an unknown energy among their wide-spread ranks—to fill their bosoms with insatiable and often visionary projects of advancement and amelioration, and inspire them with an ardent desire to raise themselves individually and collectively in the world. Thence the astonishing results—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil—which it produces. Its grand characteristic is energy, and energy not rousing the exertions merely of a portion of society, but awakening the dormant strength of millions; not producing merely the chivalrous valour of the high-bred cavalier, but drawing forth “the might that slumbers in a peasant’s arm.” The greatest achievements of genius, the noblest efforts of heroism, that have illustrated the history of the species, have arisen from the efforts of this principle. Thence the fight of Marathon and the glories of Salamis—the genius of Greece and the conquests of Rome—the heroism of Sempach and the devotion of Haarlem—the paintings of Raphael and the poetry of Tasso—the energy which covered with a velvet car-

pet the slopes of the Alps, and the industry which bridled the stormy seas of the German ocean—the burning passions which carried the French legions to Cadiz and the Kremlin, and the sustained fortitude which gave to Britain the dominion of the waves. Thence, too, in its wider and unrestrained excesses, the greatest crimes which have disfigured the dark annals of human wickedness—the massacres of Athens and the banishments of Florence—the carnage of Marius and the proscriptions of the Triumvirate—the murders of Cromwell and the bloodshed of Robespierre.

As the democratic passion is thus a principle of such vital and searching energy, so it is from it, when acting under due regulation and control, that the greatest and most durable advances in social existence have sprung. Why are the shores of the Mediterranean the scene to which the pilgrim from every quarter of the globe journeys to visit at once the cradles of civilization, the birthplace of arts, of arms, of philosophy, of poetry, and the scenes of their highest and most glorious achievements? Because freedom spread along its smiling shores; because the ruins of Athens and Sparta, of Rome and Carthage, of Tyre and Syracuse, lie on its margin; because civilization, advancing with the white sails which glittered on its blue expanse, pierced, as if impelled by central heat, through the dark and barbarous regions of the Celtic race who peopled its shores. What gave Rome the empire of the world, and brought the venerable ensigns bearing the words, “Senatus populusque Romanus,” to the wall of Antoninus and the foot of the Atlas, the waters of the Euphrates and the Atlantic Ocean? Democratic vigour. Democratic vigour, be it observed, duly coerced by Patrician power; the insatiable ambition of successive consuls, guided by the wisdom of the senate; the unconquerable and inexhaustible bands which, for centuries, issued from the Roman Forum. What has spread the British dominions over the habitable globe, and converted the ocean into a peaceful lake for its internal carriage, and made the winds the instruments of its blessings to mankind; and spread its race in vast and inextinguishable multitudes through the new world? Democratic ambition; democratic ambition, restrained and regulated at home by an adequate weight of aristocratic power; a government which, guided by the stability of the patrician, but invigorated by the activity of the plebeian race, steadily advanced in conquest, renown, and moral ascendancy, till its fleets overspread the sea, and it has become a matter of certainty, that half the globe must be peopled by its descendants.

The continued operation of this undying vigour and energy is still more clearly evinced in the Anglo-American race, which originally sprung from the stern Puritans of Charles I’s age, which have developed all the peculiarities of the democratic character in unrestrained profusion amidst the boundless wastes which lie open to their enterprise. M. Tocqueville has described, with equal justice and eloquence the extraordinary activity of these principles in the United States.

"The inhabitants of the United States are never fettered by the axioms of their profession; they escape from all the prejudices of their present station; they are not more attached to one line of operation than to another; they are not more prone to employ an old method than a new one; they have no rooted habits, and they easily shake off the influence which the habits of other nations might exercise upon their minds, from a conviction that their country is unlike any other, and that its situation is without a precedent in the world. America is a land of wonders, in which every thing is in constant motion, and every movement seems an improvement. The idea of novelty is there indissolubly connected with the idea of amelioration. No natural boundary seems to be set to the efforts of man; and what is not yet done is only what he has not yet attempted to do.

"This perpetual change which goes on in the United States, these frequent vicissitudes of fortune, accompanied by such unforeseen fluctuations in private and in public wealth, serve to keep the minds of the citizens in a perpetual state of feverish agitation, which admirably invigorates their exertions, and keeps them in a state of excitement above the ordinary level of mankind. The whole life of an American is passed like a game of chance, a revolutionary crisis, or a battle. As the same causes are continually in operation throughout the country, they ultimately impart an irresistible impulse to the national character. The American, taken as a chance specimen of his countrymen, must then be a man of singular warmth in his desires, enterprising, fond of adventure, and above all of innovation. The same bent is manifest in all that he does; he introduces it into his political laws, his religious doctrines, his theories of social economy, and his domestic occupations; he bears it with him in the depth of the back-woods, as well as in the business of the city. It is this same passion, applied to maritime commerce, which makes him the cheapest and the quickest trader in the world.

"It is not impossible to conceive the surpassing liberty which the Americans enjoy; some idea may likewise be formed of the extreme equality which subsists amongst them, but the political activity which pervades the United States must be seen in order to be understood. No sooner do you set foot upon the American soil than you are stunned by a kind of tumult; a confused clamour is heard on every side; and a thousand simultaneous voices demand the immediate satisfaction of their social wants. Every thing is in motion around you: here, the people of one quarter of a town are met to decide upon the building of a church; there, the election of a representative is going on; a little further, the delegates of district are posting to the town in order to consult upon some local improvements; or in another place the labourers of a village quit their ploughs to deliberate upon the project of a road or a public school. Meetings are called for the sole purpose of declaring their disapprobation of the line of conduct pursued by the government; whilst, in other

assemblies, the citizens salute the authorities of the day as the fathers of their country. Societies are formed which regard drunkenness as the principal cause of the evils under which the state labours, and which solemnly bind themselves to give a constant example of temperance.

"The great political agitation of the American legislative bodies, which is the only kind of excitement that attracts the attention of foreign countries, is a mere episode or a sort of continuation of that universal movement which originates in the lowest classes of the people, and extends successively to all the ranks of society. It is impossible to spend more efforts in the pursuit of enjoyment."

The great system of nature thus expands to our view. The democratic principle is the great moving power which expels from the old established centres of civilization the race of men to distant and unpeopled regions; which in the ancient world spread it with the Athenian galleys along the shores of the Mediterranean, and with the Roman legions penetrated the dark and savage forests of central Europe; which laid the foundation, in the kingdoms formed out of its provinces, of the supremacy of modern Europe, and is now with the British navy extending as far as the waters of the ocean roll; peopling at once the new continent of Australasia, and supplanting the sable millions of Africa; piercing the primeval forests of Canada, and advancing with unceasing velocity towards the rocky mountains of America. Nor is it only by the subjects of Britain that this impelling force is felt. It exists in equal force among their descendants; and from the seats where the Puritan contemporaries of Cromwell first sought an asylum from English oppression, an incessant craving, an unseen power, is for ever impelling multitudes to the yet untrodden forests of the west.

"It cannot be denied that the British race has acquired an amazing preponderance over all the other European races in the New World; and that it is very superior to them in civilization, in industry, and in power. As long as it is only surrounded by desert or thinly-peopled countries, as long as it encounters no dense population upon its route, through which it cannot work its way, it will assuredly continue to spread. The lines marked out by treaties will not stop it; but it will everywhere transgress these imaginary barriers.

"The geographical position of the British race in the New World is peculiarly favourable to its rapid increase. Above its northern frontiers the icy regions of the Pole extend; and a few degrees below its southern confines lies the burning climate of the Equator. The Anglo-Americans are therefore placed in the most temperate and habitable zone of the continent."

"The distance from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico extends from the 47th to the 30th degree of latitude, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, as the bird flies. The frontier of the United States winds along the whole of this immense line; sometimes falling

within its limits, but more frequently extending far beyond it into the waste. It has been calculated that the whites advance every year a mean distance of seventeen miles along the whole of this vast boundary. Obstacles, such as an unproductive district, a lake, or an Indian nation unexpectedly encountered, are sometimes met with. The advancing column then halts for a while; its two extremities fall back upon themselves, and as soon as they are re-united they proceed onwards. This gradual and continuous progress of the European race towards the Rocky Mountains has the solemnity of a providential event; it is like a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onwards by the hand of God.

"Within this first line of conquering settlers, towns are built, and vast states founded. In 1790 there were only a few thousand pioneers sprinkled along the valleys of the Mississippi; and at the present day these valleys contain as many inhabitants as were to be found in the whole Union in 1790. Their population amounts to nearly four millions. The city of Washington was founded in 1800, in the very centre of the Union; but such are the changes which have taken place, that it now stands at one of the extremities; and the delegates of the most remote Western States are already obliged to perform a journey as long as that from Vienna to Paris.

"It must not, then, be imagined that the impulse of the British race in the New World can be arrested. The dismemberment of the Union, and the hostilities which might ensue, the abolition of republican institutions, and the tyrannical government which might succeed it, may retard this impulse, but they cannot prevent it from ultimately fulfilling the destinies to which that race is reserved. No power upon earth can close upon the emigrants that fertile wilderness, which offers resources to all industry and a refuge from all want. Future events, of whatever nature they may be, will not deprive the Americans of their climate or of their inland seas, of their great rivers or of their exuberant soil. Nor will bad laws, revolutions, and anarchy, be able to obliterate that love of prosperity and that spirit of enterprise which seem to be the distinctive characteristics of their race, or to extinguish that knowledge which guides them on their way.

"Thus, in the midst of the uncertain future, one event at least is sure. At a period which may be said to be near, (for we are speaking of the life of a nation,) the Anglo-Americans will alone cover the immense space contained between the polar regions and the tropics, extending from the coast of the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific Ocean; the territory which will probably be occupied by the Anglo-Americans at some future time, may be computed to equal three quarters of Europe in extent. The climate of the Union is upon the whole preferable to that of Europe, and its natural advantages are not less great; it is therefore evident that its population will at some future time be proportionate to our own. Europe, divided as it is between so many different nations, and torn as it has been by incessant wars and the barbarous manners of the Middle Ages, has notwithstanding attained a population of 410

inhabitants to the square league. What cause can prevent the United States from having as numerous a population in time?"

"The time will therefore come when one hundred and fifty millions of men will be living in North America, equal in condition, the progeny of one race, owing their origin to the same cause, and preserving the same civilization, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and imbued with the same opinions, propagated under the same forms. The rest is uncertain, but this is certain; and it is a fact new to the world, a fact fraught with such portentous consequences as to baffle the efforts even of the imagination."

It is not without reason, therefore, that we set out in this speculation, with the observation, that great and durable effects on human affairs are destined by Providence for the British race. And it is too obvious to admit of dispute, that the democratic principle amongst us is the great moving power which thus impels multitudes of civilized beings into the wilderness of nature. Nothing but that principle could effect such a change. Civilized man rarely emigrates; under a despotic government never. What colonies has China sent forth to people the wastes of Asia? Are the Hindoos to be found spread over the vast archipelago of the Indian Ocean? Republican Rome colonized the world; Republican Greece spread the light of civilization along the shores of the Mediterranean; but Imperial Rome could never maintain the numbers of its own provinces, and the Grecian empire slumbered on with a declining population for eleven hundred years. Is Italy, with its old civilized millions, or France, with its ardent and redundant peasantry, the storehouse of nations from whence the European race is to be diffused over the world? The colonies of Spain, torn by internal factions, and a prey to furious passions, are in the most miserable state, and constantly declining in numbers! The tendency of nations in a high state of civilization ever is to remain at home; to become wedded to the luxuries and enjoyments, the habits and refinements of an artificial state of existence, and regard all other people as rude and barbarous, unfit for the society, unequal to the reception of civilized existence, to slumber on for ages with a population, poor, redundant, and declining. Such has for ages been the condition of the Chinese and the Hindoos, the Turks and the Persians, the Spaniards and the Italians; and hence no great settlements of mankind have proceeded from their loins.

What, then, is the centrifugal force which counteracts this inert tendency, and impels man from the heart of wealth, from the bosom of refinement, from the luxuries of civilization, to the forests and the wilderness? What sends him forth into the desert, impelled by the energy of the savage character, but yet with all the powers and acquisitions of civilization at his command; with the axe in his hand, but the Bible in his pocket, and the rifle by his side? It is democracy which effects this prodigy; it is that insatiable passion which

overcomes alike the habits and affections of society, and sends forth the civilized pilgrim far from his kindred, far from his home, far from the bones of his fathers, to seek amidst Transatlantic wilds that freedom and independence which his native country can no longer afford. It is in the restless activity which it engenders, the feverish desire of elevation which it awakens in all classes, the longing after a state of existence unattainable in long established states which it produces, that the centrifugal force of civilized man is to be found. Above an hundred thousand emigrants from Great Britain, in the year 1833, settled in the British colonies; nearly two hundred thousand annually pass over to the whole of North America from the British isles; and amidst the strife of parties, the collision of interest, the ardent hopes and chimerical anticipations incident to these days of transition, the English race is profusely and indelibly transplanted into the boundless wastes prepared for its reception in the New World.

As the democratic passion, however, is thus evidently the great moving power which is transferring the civilized European race to the remote corners of the earth, and the British navy, the vast vehicle raised up to supreme dominion, for its conveyance; so it is of the utmost importance to observe, that if undue power is given to this impelling force, the machine which is performing these prodigies may be destroyed, and the central force, instead of operating with a steady and salutary pressure upon mankind, suddenly burst its barriers, and for ever cease to affect their fortunes. A spring acts upon a machine only as long as it is loaded or restrained; remove the pressure, and its strength ceases to exist. This powerful and astonishing agency of the Anglo-Saxon race upon the fortunes of mankind, would be totally destroyed by the triumph of democracy in the British islands. Multitudes, indeed, during the convulsions consequent on so calamitous an event, would fly for refuge to the American shores, but in the grinding and irreversible despotism which would necessarily and speedily follow its occurrence, the vital energy would become extinct, which is now impelling the British race into every corner of the habitable earth. The stillness of despotism would succeed the agitation of passion; the inertness of aged civilization at once fall upon the bounded state. From the moment that British freedom is extinguished by the overthrow of aristocratic influence, and the erection of the Commons into despotic power, the sacred fire which now animates the vast fabric of its dominion will become extinct, and England will cease to direct the destinies of half the globe. The Conservative party in this country, therefore, are not merely charged with the preservation of its own freedom—they are intrusted with the destinies of mankind, and on the success of their exertions it depends whether the democratic spirit in these islands is to be preserved, as heretofore, in that subdued form which has directed its energy to the civilization of mankind, or to burst forth in those wild excesses which turn only to its own ruin, and the desolation of the world.

While the naval strength and colonial dominions of England have steadily and unceasingly advanced in Western Europe, and its influence is in consequence spread over all the maritime regions of the globe, another, and an equally irresistible power, has risen up in the eastern hemisphere. If all the contests of centuries have turned to the advantage of the English navy, all the continental strifes have as unceasingly augmented the strength of Russia. From the time of the Czar Peter, when it first emerged from obscurity to take a leading part in continental affairs, to the present moment, its progress has been unbroken. Alone, of all other states, during that long period it has experienced no reverses, but constantly advanced in power, territory, and resources; for even the peace of Tilsit, which followed the disasters of Austerlitz and Friedland, was attended with an accession of territory. During that period it has successively swallowed up Courland and Livonia, Poland, Finland, the Crimea, the Ukraine, Wallachia, and Moldavia. Its southern frontier is now washed by the Danube; its eastern is within fifty leagues of Berlin and Vienna; its advanced ports in the Baltic are almost within sight of Stockholm; its south-eastern boundary, stretching far over the Caucasus, sweeps down to Erivan and the foot of Mount Arrarat—Persia and Turkey are irrevocably subjected to its influence; a solemn treaty has given it the command of the Dardanelles; a subsidiary Muscovite force has visited Scutari, and rescued the Osmanlis from destruction; and the Sultan Mahmoud retains Constantinople only as the viceroy of the northern autocrat.

The politicians of the day assert that Russia will fall to pieces, and its power cease to be formidable to Western Europe or Central Asia. They never were more completely mistaken. Did Macedonia fall to pieces before it had subdued the Grecian commonwealths; or Persia before it had conquered the Assyrian monarchy; or the Goths and Vandals before they had subverted the Roman empire? It is the general pressure of the north upon the south, not the force of any single state, which is the weight that is to be apprehended; that pressure will not be lessened, but on the contrary greatly increased, if the vast Scythian tribes should separate into different empires. Though one Moscovite throne were to be established at St. Petersburg, a second at Moscow, and a third at Constantinople, the general pressure of the Russian race, upon the southern states of Europe and Asia, would not be one whit diminished. Still the delight of a warmer climate, the riches of long established civilization, the fruits and wines of the south, the women of Italy or Circassia, would attract the brood of winter to the regions of the sun. The various tribes of the German race, the Gothic and Vandal swarms, the Huns and the Ostrogoths, were engaged in fierce and constant hostility with each other; and it was generally defeat and pressure from behind which impelled them upon their southern neighbours; but that did not prevent them from bursting the barriers of the Danube and the Rhine, and overwhelming the civilization, and wealth, and

discipline of the Roman empire. Such internal divisions only magnify the strength of the northern race by training them to the use of arms, and augmenting their military skill by constant exercise against each other; just as the long continued internal wars of the European nations have established an irresistible superiority of their forces over those of the other quarters of the globe. In the end, the weight of the north thus matured, drawn forth and disciplined, will ever be turned to the fields of southern conquest.

The moving power with these vast bodies of men is the lust of conquest, and a passion for southern enjoyment. Democracy is unheeded or unknown amongst them; if imported from foreign lands it languishes and expires amidst the rigours of the climate. The energy and aspirations of men are concentrated on conquest; a passion more natural, more durable, more universal than the democratic vigour of advanced civilization. It speaks a language intelligible to the rudest of men; and rouses the passions of universal vehemence. Great changes may take place in human affairs; but the time will never come when northern valour will not press on southern wealth; or refined corruption not require the renovating influence of indigent regeneration.

This then is the other great moving power which in these days of transition is changing the destinies of mankind. Rapid as is the growth of the British race in America, it is not more rapid than that of the Russian in Europe and Asia. Fifty millions of men now furnish recruits to the Moscovite standards; but their race doubles in every half century; and before the year 1900, one hundred millions of men will be ready to pour from the frozen plains of Scythia on the plains of Central Asia and southern Europe. Occasional events may check or for a while turn aside the wave; but its ultimate progress in these directions is certain and irresistible. Before two centuries are over, Mohammedanism will be banished from Turkey, Asia Minor, and Persia, and a hundred millions of Christians will be settled in the regions now desolated by the standards of the Prophet. Their advance is as swift, as unceasing as that of the British race to the rocky belt of western America.

"There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed: and whilst the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place amongst the nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time.

"All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth, all the others are stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term.

The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russian are men: the former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization with all its weapons and its arts; the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the plough-share; those of the other by the sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm; the principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting-point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

There is something solemn and evidently providential in this ceaseless advance of the lords of the earth and the sea, into the deserted regions of the earth. The hand of Almighty power is distinctly visible, not only in the unbroken advance of both on their respective elements, but in the evident adaptation of the passions, habits, and government of each to the ends for which they were severally destined in the designs of nature. Would Russian conquest have ever peopled the dark and untrodden forests of North America, or the deserted Savannahs of Australasia? Would the passions and the desires of the north have ever led them into the abode of the beaver and the buffalo? Never; for aught that their passions could have done these regions must have remained in primeval solitude and silence to the end of time. Could English democracy ever have penetrated the half-peopled, half-desert regions of Asia, and Christian civilization, spreading in peaceful activity, have supplanted the Crescent in the original seats of the human race? Never; the isolated colonist, with his axe and his Bible, would have been swept away by the Mameluke or the Spahi, and civilization, in its peaceful guise, would have perished under the squadrons of the Crescent. For aught that democracy could have done for Central Asia it must have remained the abode of anarchy and misrule to the end of human existence. But peaceful Christianity, urged on by democratic passions, pierced the primeval solitude of the American forests; and warlike Christianity, stimulated by northern conquest, was fitted to subdue Central Asia and Eastern Europe. The Bible and the printing press converted the wilderness of North America into the abode of Christian millions; the Moscovite battalions marching under the standard of the Cross, subjugated the already peopled regions of the Mussulman faith. Not without reason then did the British navy and the Russian army emerge triumphant from the desperate strife of the French Revolution; for on the victory of each depended the destinies of half the globe.

Democratic institutions will not and cannot exist permanently in North America. The frightful anarchy which has prevailed in the southern states, since the great interests dependent on slave emancipation were brought into jeopardy—the irresistible sway of the

majority, and the rapid tendency of that majority to deeds of atrocity and blood—the increasing jealousy, on mercantile grounds, of the northern and southern states, all demonstrate that the Union cannot permanently hold together, and that the innumerable millions of the Anglo-American race must be divided into separate states, like the descendants of the Gothic conquerors of Europe. Out of this second great settlement of mankind will arise separate kingdoms, and interests, and passions, as out of the first. But democratic habits and desires will still prevail, and long after necessity and the passions of an advanced stage of civilization have established firm and aristocratic governments, founded on the sway of property in the old states, republican ambition and jealousy will not cease to impel millions to the great wave that approaches the Rocky Mountains. Democratic ideas will not be moderated in the New World, till they have performed their destined end, and brought the Christian race to the shores of the Pacific.

Arbitrary institutions will not for ever prevail in the Russian empire. As successive provinces and kingdoms are added to their vast dominions—as their sway extends over the regions of the south, the abode of wealth and long-established civilization, the passion for conquest will expire. Satiety will extinguish this as it does all other desires. With the acquisition of wealth, and the settlement in fixed abodes, the desire of protection from arbitrary power will spring up, and the passion of freedom will arise as it did in Greece, Italy, and modern Europe. Free institutions will ultimately appear in the realms conquered by Moscow, as they did in those won by Gothic valour. But the passions and desires of an earlier stage of existence will long agitate the millions of the Russo-Asiatic race; and after democratic desires have arisen, and free institutions exist in its oldest provinces, the wave of northern conquest will still be pressed on by semi-barbarous hordes from its remoter dominions. Freedom will gradually arise out of security and repose; but the fever of conquest will not be finally extinguished till it has performed its destined mission, and the standards of the Cross are brought down to the Indian Ocean.

The French Revolution was the greatest and the most stupendous event of modern times; it is from the throes consequent on its explosion that all the subsequent changes in human affairs have arisen. It sprang up in the spirit of infidelity; it was early steeped in crime; it reached the unparalleled height of general atheism, and shook all the thrones of the world by the fiery passions which it awakened. What was the final result of this second revolt of Lucifer, the Prince of the Morning? Was it that a great and durable impression on human affairs was made by the infidel race? Was St. Michael at last chained by the demon? No! it was overruled by Almighty Power; on either side it found the brazen walls which it could not pass; it sunk in the conflict, and ceased to have any farther direct influence on human affairs. In defiance of all its efforts the British navy and the Russian army rose invincible above its arms; the champions of

Christianity in the east and the leaders of religious freedom in the west, came forth, like giants refreshed with wine, from the termination of the fight. The infidel race which aimed at the dominion of the world, served only by their efforts to increase the strength of its destined rulers; and from amidst the ruins of its power emerged the ark, which was to carry the tidings of salvation to the western, and the invincible host which was to spread the glad tidings of the gospel through the eastern world.

Great, however, as were the powers thus let into human affairs, their operation must have been comparatively slow, and their influence inconsiderable, but for another circumstance which at the same time came into action. But a survey of human affairs leads to the conclusion, that when important changes in the social world are about to take place, a lever is not long of being supplied to work out the prodigy. With the great religious change of the sixteenth century arose the art of printing; with the vast revolutions of the nineteenth, an agent of equal efficacy was provided. At the time, when the fleets of England were riding omnipotent on the ocean, at the very moment when the gigantic hosts of infidel and revolutionary power were scattered by the icy breath of winter, STEAM NAVIGATION was brought into action, and an agent appeared upon the theatre of the universe, destined to break through the most formidable barriers of nature. In January, 1812, not one steam vessel existed in the world; now, on the Mississippi alone, there are a hundred and sixty. Vain hereafter are the waterless deserts of Persia, or the snowy ridges of the Himalaya—vain the impenetrable forests of America, or the deadly jungles of Asia. Even the death bestrodden gales of the Niger must yield to the force of scientific enterprise, and the fountains of the Nile themselves emerge from the awful obscurity of six thousand years. The great rivers of the world are now the highways of civilization and religion. The Russian battalions will securely commit themselves to the waves of the Euphrates, and waft again to the plains of Shinar the blessings of regular government and a beneficent faith; remounting the St. Lawrence and the Missouri, the British emigrants will carry into the solitudes of the far west the Bible, and the wonders of English genius. Spectators of, or actors in, so marvellous a progress, let us act as becomes men called to such mighty destinies in human affairs; let us never forget that it is to regulated freedom alone that these wonders are to be ascribed; and contemplate in the degraded and impotent condition of France, when placed beside these giants of the earth, the natural and deserved result of the revolutionary passions and unbridled ambition which extinguished prospects once as fair, and destroyed energies once as powerful, as that which now directs the destinies of half the globe.*

* Some of the preceding paragraphs have been transferred into the last chapter of the History of Europe during the French Revolution: but they are retained here, where they originally appeared, as essentially connected with the subject treated of and speculations hazarded in this volume.

GUIZOT.*

MACHIAVEL was the first historian who seems to have formed a conception of the philosophy of history. Before his time, the narrative of human events was little more than a series of biographies, imperfectly connected together by a few slight sketches of the empires on which the actions of their heroes were exerted. In this style of history, the ancient writers were, and to the end of time probably will continue to be, altogether inimitable. Their skill in narrating a story, in developing the events of a life, in tracing the fortunes of a city or a state, as they were raised by a succession of illustrious patriots, or sunk by a series of oppressive tyrants, has never been approached in modern times. The histories of Xenophon and Thucydides, of Livy and Sallust, of Cæsar and Tacitus, are all more or less formed on this model; and the more extended view of history, as embracing an account of the countries the transactions of which were narrated, originally formed, and to a great part executed by the father of history, Herodotus, appears to have been, in an unaccountable manner, lost by his successors.

In these immortal works, however, human transactions are uniformly regarded as they have been affected by, or called forth the agency of, individual men. We are never presented with the view of society *in a mass*; as influenced by a series of causes and effects independent of the agency of individual man—or, to speak more correctly, in the development of which the agency is an unconscious, and often almost a passive, instrument. Constantly regarding history as an extensive species of biography, they not only did not withdraw the eye to the distance necessary to obtain such a general view of the progress of things, but they did the reverse. Their great object was to bring the eye so close as to see the whole virtues or vices of the principal figures which they exhibited on their moving panorama; and in so doing, they rendered it incapable of perceiving, at the same time, the movement of the whole social body of which they formed a part. Even Livy, in his pictured narrative of Roman victories, is essentially biographical. His inimitable work owes its enduring celebrity to the charming episodes of individuals, or graphic pictures of particular events, with which it abounds; scarce any general views on the progress of society, or the causes to which its astonishing progress in the Roman state was owing, are to be found. In the introduction to the life of Catiline, Sallust has given, with unequalled power, a sketch of the causes which corrupted the republic; and if his work had been pursued in the same style, it would indeed have been a philosophical history. But neither the Catiline nor the Jugurthine war are histories; they are chapters of history, containing no interesting biographies. Scattered through

the writings of Tacitus are to be found numerous caustic and profound observations on human nature, and the increasing vices and selfishness of a corrupted age; but like the maxims of Rochefoucault, it is to individual, not general, humanity that they refer; and they strike us as so admirably just, because they do not describe general causes operating upon society as a body—which often make little impression, save on a few reflecting minds—but strike direct to the human heart, in a way which comes home to the breast of every individual who reads them.

Never was a juster observation than that the human mind is never quiescent; it may not give the external symptoms of action, but it does not cease to have the internal movement: it sleeps, but even then it dreams. Writers innumerable have declaimed on the night of the Middle Ages—on the deluge of barbarism which, under the Goths, flooded the world—on the torpor of the human intellect, under the combined pressure of savage violence and priestly superstition; yet this was precisely the period when the minds of men, deprived of external vent, turned inwards on themselves; and that the learned and thoughtful, shut out from any active part in society by the general prevalence of military violence, sought, in the solitude of the cloister, employment in reflecting on the mind itself, and the general causes which, under its guidance, operated upon society. The influence of this great change in the direction of thought, at once appeared when knowledge, liberated from the monastery and the university, again took its place among the affairs of men. Machiavel in Italy, and Bacon in England, for the first time in the annals of knowledge, reasoned upon human affairs *as a science*. They spoke of the minds of men as permanently governed by certain causes, and of known principles always leading to the same results; they treated of politics as a science in which certain known laws existed, and could be discovered, as in mechanics and hydraulics. This was a great step in advance, and demonstrated that the superior age of the world, and the wider sphere to which political observation had now been applied, had permitted the accumulation of such an increased store of facts, as permitted deductions, founded on experience, to be formed in regard to the affairs of nations. Still more, it showed that the attention of writers had been drawn to the general causes of human progress; that they reasoned on the actions of men as a subject of abstract thought; regarded effects formerly produced as *likely to recur* from a similar combination of circumstances; and formed conclusions for the regulation of future conduct, from the results of past experience. This tendency is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in the *Discorsi* of Machiavel, where certain general propositions are stated, deduced, indeed, from the events of Roman story

but announced as lasting truths, applicable to every future generation and circumstances of men. In depth of view and justness of observation, these views of the Florentine statesman never were surpassed. Bacon's essays relate, for the most part, to subjects of morals, or domestic and private life; but not unfrequently he touches on the general concerns of nations, and with the same profound observation of the past, and philosophic anticipation of the future.

Voltaire professed to elevate history in France from the *jeune* and trifling details of genealogy, courts, wars, and negotiations, in which it had, hitherto, in his country, been involved, to the more general contemplation of arts and philosophy, and the progress of human affairs; and, in some respects, he certainly effected a great reformation on the ponderous annalists who had preceded him. But the foundation of his history was still biography; he regarded human events only as they were grouped round two or three great men, or as they were influenced by the speculations of men of letters and science. The history of France he stigmatized as savage and worthless till the reign of Louis XIV.; the Russians he looked upon as no better than barbarians till the time of Peter the Great. He thought the philosophers alone all in all; till they arose, and a sovereign appeared who collected them round his throne, and shed on them the rays of royal favour, human events were not worth narrating; they were merely the contests of one set of savages plundering another. Religion, in his eyes, was a mere priestly delusion, to enslave and benighten mankind; from its oppression the greatest miseries of modern times had flowed; the first step in the emancipation of the human mind was to chase for ever from the earth those sacerdotal tyrants. The most free-thinking historian will now admit, that these views are essentially erroneous; he will allow that, viewing Christianity merely as a human institution, its effect in restraining the violence of feudal anarchy was incalculable; long anterior to the date of the philosophers, he will look for the broad foundation on which national character and institutions, for good or for evil, have been formed. Voltaire was of great service to history, by turning it from courts and camps to the progress of literature, science, and the arts—to the delineation of manners, and the preparation of anecdotes descriptive of character; but notwithstanding all his talent, he never got a glimpse of the general causes which influence society. He gave us the history of philosophy, but not the philosophy of history.

The ardent genius and pictorial eye of Gibbon rendered him an incomparable delineator of events; and his powerful mind made him seize the general and characteristic features of society and manners, as they appear in different parts of the world, as well as the traits of individual greatness. His descriptions of the Roman Empire, in the zenith of its power, as it existed in the time of Augustus—of its decline and long-protracted old age, under Constantine and his successors on the Byzantine throne—of the manners of the pastoral nations, who, under different names, and for a succes-

sion of ages, pressed upon and at last over turned the empire—of the Saracens, who issuing from the sands of Arabia, with the Koran in one hand and the cimeter in the other, urged on their resistless course, till they were arrested by the Atlantic on the one side and the Indian ocean on the other—of the stern crusaders, who, nursed amid the cloistered shades and castellated realms of Europe, struggled with that devastating horde “when ’twas strongest, and ruled it when ’twas wildest”—of the long agony, silent decay, and ultimate resurrection of the Eternal City—are so many immortal pictures, which, to the end of the world, will fascinate every ardent and imaginative mind. But, notwithstanding this incomparable talent for general and characteristic description, he had not the mind necessary for a philosophical analysis of the series of causes which influence human events. He viewed religion with a jaundiced and prejudiced eye—the fatal bequest of his age and French education, unworthy alike of his native candour and inherent strength of understanding. He had profound philosophic ideas, and occasionally let them out with admirable effect; but the turn of his mind was essentially descriptive, and his powers were such in that brilliant department, that they wiled him from the less inviting contemplation of general causes. We turn over his fascinating pages without wearying; but without ever discovering the general progress or apparent tendency of human affairs. We look in vain for the profound reflections of Machiavel on the permanent results of certain political combinations or experiments. He has led us through a “mighty maze,” but he has made no attempt to show it “not without a plan.”

Hume is commonly called a philosophical historian, and so he is; but he has even less than Gibbon the power of unfolding the general causes which influence the progress of human events. He was not, properly speaking, a philosophic historian, but a philosopher writing history—and these are very different things. The experienced statesman will often make a better delineator of the progress of human affairs than the philosophic recluse; for he is more practically acquainted with their secret springs: it was not in the schools, but the forum or the palace, that Sallust, Tacitus, and Burke acquired their deep insight into the human heart. Hume was gifted with admirable sagacity in political economy; and it is the good sense and depth of his views on that important subject, then for the first time brought to bear on the annals of man, that has chiefly gained for him, and with justice, the character of a philosophic historian. To this may be added the inimitable clearness and rhetorical powers with which he has stated the principal arguments for and against the great changes in the English institutions which it fell to his lot to recount—arguments far abler than were either used by, or occurred to, the actors by whom they were brought about; for it is seldom that a Hume is found in the councils of men. With equal ability too, he has given periodical sketches of manners, customs, and habits, mingled with valu-

able details on finance, commerce, and prices—all elements, and most important ones, in the formation of philosophical history. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to the man who has rescued these valuable facts from the ponderous folios where they were slumbering in forgotten obscurity, and brought them into the broad light of philosophic observation and popular narrative. But, notwithstanding all this, Hume is far from being gifted with the philosophy of history. He has collected or prepared many of the facts necessary for the science, but he has made little progress in it himself. He was essentially a skeptic. He aimed rather at spreading doubts than shedding light. Like Voltaire and Gibbon, he was scandalously prejudiced and unjust on the subject of religion; and to write modern history without correct views on that subject, is like playing Hamlet without the character of the Prince of Denmark. He was too indolent to acquire the vast store of facts indispensable for correct generalization on the varied theatre of human affairs, and often drew hasty and incorrect conclusions from the events which particularly came under his observation. Thus the repeated indecisive battles between the fleets of Charles II. and the Dutch, drew from him the observation, apparently justified by their results, that sea-fights are seldom so important or decisive as those at land. The fact is just the reverse. Witness the battle of Salamis, which repelled from Europe the tide of Persian invasion; that of Actium, which gave a master to the Roman world; that of Sluys, which exposed France to the dreadful English invasions, begun under Edward III.; that of Lepanto, which rolled back from Christendom the wave of Mohammedan conquest; the defeat of the Armada, which permanently established the Reformation in Northern Europe; that of La Hogue, which broke the maritime strength of Louis XIV.; that of Trafalgar, which for ever took "ships, colonies, and commerce" from Napoleon, and spread them with the British colonial empire over half the globe.

Montesquieu owes his colossal reputation chiefly to his *Esprit des Loix*; but the *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains* is by much the greater work. It has never attained nearly the reputation in this country which it deserves, either in consequence of the English mind being less partial than the French to the philosophy of human affairs, or, as is more probable, from the system of education at our universities being so exclusively devoted to the study of words, that our scholars seldom arrive at the knowledge of things. It is impossible to imagine a work in which the philosophy of history is more ably condensed, or where there is exhibited, in a short space, a more profound view of the general causes to which the long-continued greatness and ultimate decline of that celebrated people were owing. It is to be regretted only that he did not come to modern times and other ages with the same masterly survey; the information collected in the *Esprit des Loix* would have furnished him with ample materials for such a work. In that noble treatise, the same philosophic and generalizing spirit is conspicuous; but there is too great a

love of system, an obvious partiality for fanciful analogies, and, not unfrequently, conclusions hastily deduced from insufficient data. These errors, the natural result of a philosophic and profound mind wandering without a guide in the mighty maze of human transactions, are entirely avoided in the *Grandeur et Decadence des Romains*, where he was retained by authentic history to a known train of events, and where his imaginative spirit and marked turn for generalization found sufficient scope, and no more, to produce the most perfect commentary on the annals of a single people of which the human mind can boast.

Bossuet, in his *Universal History*, aimed at a higher object; he professed to give nothing less than a development of the plan of Providence, in the government of human affairs, during the whole of antiquity, and down to the reign of Charlemagne. The idea was magnificent, and the mental powers, as well as eloquence, of the Bishop of Meaux promised the greatest results from such an undertaking. But the execution has by no means corresponded to the conception. Voltaire has said, that he professed to give a view of universal history, and he has only given the history of the Jews; and there is too much truth in the observation. He never got out of the fetters of his ecclesiastical education; the Jews were the centre round which he supposed all other nations revolved. His mind was polemical, not philosophic; a great theologian, he was but an indifferent historian. In one particular, indeed, his observations are admirable, and, at times, in the highest degree impressive. He never loses sight of the divine superintendence of human affairs; he sees in all the revolutions of empires the progress of a mighty plan for the ultimate redemption of mankind; and he traces the workings of this superintending power in all the transactions of man. But it may be doubted whether he took the correct view of this sublime but mysterious subject. He supposes the divine agency to influence directly the affairs of men—not through the medium of general laws, or the adaptation of our active propensities to the varying circumstances of our condition. Hence his views strike at the freedom of human actions; he makes men and nations little more than the puppets by which the Deity works out the great drama of human affairs. Without disputing the reality of such immediate agency in some particular cases, it may safely be affirmed, that by far the greater part of the affairs of men are left entirely to their own guidance, and that their actions are overruled, not directed by Almighty power to work out the purposes of Divine beneficence.

That which Bossuet left undone, Robertson did. The first volume of his *Charles V.* may justly be regarded as the greatest step which the human mind had yet made in the philosophy of history. Extending his views beyond the admirable survey which Montesquieu had given of the rise and decline of the Roman empire, he aimed at giving a view of the progress of society in modern times. This matter

of the progress of society, was a favourite subject at that period with political philosophers; and by combining the speculations of these ingenious men with the solid basis of facts which his erudition and industry had worked out, Robertson succeeded in producing the most luminous, and at the same time just, view of the progress of nations that had yet been exhibited among mankind. The philosophy of history here appeared in its full lustre. Men and nations were exhibited in their just proportions. Society was viewed, not only in its details, but its masses; the general causes which influence its progress, running into or mutually affecting each other, and yet all conspiring with more or less efficacy to bring about a general result, were exhibited in the most lucid and masterly manner. The great causes which have contributed to form the elements of modern society—the decaying civilization of Rome—the irruption of the northern nations—the prostration and degradation of the conquered people—the revival of the military spirit with the private wars of the nobles—the feudal system and institution of chivalry—the crusades, and revival of letters following the capture of Constantinople by the Turks—the invention of printing, and consequent extension of knowledge to the great body of the people—the discovery of the compass, and, with it, of America, by Columbus, and doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama—the invention of gunpowder, and prodigious change thereby effected in the implements of human destruction—are all there treated in the most luminous manner, and, in general, with the justest discrimination. The vast agency of general causes upon the progress of mankind now became apparent: unseen powers, like the deities of Homer in the war of Troy, were seen to mingle at every step with the tide of sublunary affairs; and so powerful and irresistible does their agency, when once revealed, appear, that we are perhaps now likely to fall into the opposite extreme, and to ascribe too little to individual effort or character. Men and nations seem to be alike borne forward on the surface of a mighty stream, which they are equally incapable of arresting or directing; and, after surveying the vain and impotent attempts of individuals to extricate themselves from the current, we are apt to exclaim with the philosopher,* “He has dashed with his oar to hasten the cataract; he has waved with his fan to give speed to the winds.”

A nearer examination, however, will convince every candid inquirer, that individual character exercises, if not a paramount, yet a very powerful influence on human affairs. Whoever investigates minutely any period of history will find, on the one hand, that general causes affecting the whole of society are in constant operation; and on the other, that these general causes themselves are often set in motion, or directed in their effects, by particular men. Thus, of what efficacy were the constancy of Pitt, the foresight of Burke, the arm of Nelson, the wisdom of Wellington, the

genius of Wellesley, in bringing to maturity the British empire, and spreading the Anglo-Saxon race, in pursuance of its appointed mission, over half the globe! What marvellous effect had the heroism and skill of Robert Bruce upon the subsequent history of Scotland, and, through it, on the fortunes of the British race! Thus biography, or the deeds or thoughts of illustrious men, still forms a most important, and certainly the most interesting, part even of general history; and the perfection of that noble art consists, not in the exclusive delineation of individual achievement, or the concentration of attention on general causes, but in the union of the two in due proportions, as they really exist in nature, and determine, by their combined operation, the direction of human affairs. The talent now required in the historian partakes, accordingly, of this two-fold character. He is expected to write at once philosophy and biography: to unite skill in drawing individual character, the power of describing individual achievements, with a clear perception of general causes, and the generalizing faculty of enlarged philosophy. He must combine in his mind the powers of the microscope and the telescope; be ready, like the steam-engine, at one time to twist a fibre, at another to propel an hundred-gun ship. Hence the rarity of eminence in this branch of knowledge; and if we could conceive a writer who, to the ardent genius and descriptive powers of Gibbon, should unite the lucid glance and just discrimination of Robertson, and the calm sense and reasoning powers of Hume, he would form a more perfect historian than ever has, or probably ever will appear upon earth.

With all his generalizing powers, however, Robertson fell into one defect—or rather, he was unable, in one respect, to extricate himself from the prejudices of his age and profession. He was not a freethinker—on the contrary, he was a sincere and pious divine; but he lived in an age of freethinkers—they had the chief influence in the formation of a writer's fame; and he was too desirous of literary reputation to incur the hazard of ridicule or contempt, by assigning too prominent a place to the obnoxious topic. Thence he has ascribed far too little influence to Christianity, in restraining the ferocity of savage manners, preserving alive the remains of ancient knowledge, and laying in general freedom the broad and deep foundations of European society. He has not overlooked these topics, but he has not given them their due place, nor assigned them their proper weight. He lived and died in comparative retirement; and he was never able to shake himself free from the prejudices of his country and education, on the subject of Romish religion. Not that he exaggerated the abuses and enormities of the Roman Catholic superstition which brought about the Reformation, nor the vast benefits which Luther conferred upon mankind by bringing them to light; both were so great, that they hardly admitted of exaggeration. His error—and, in the delineation of the progress of society in modern Europe, it was a very great one—consisted in overlooking the beneficial effect of

* Ferguson.

that very superstition, then so pernicious, in a prior age of the world, when violence was universal, crime prevalent alike in high and low places, and government impotent to check either the tyranny of the great or the madness of the people. Then it was that superstition was the greatest blessing which Providence, in mercy, could bestow on mankind; for it effected what the wisdom of the learned or the efforts of the active were alike unable to effect; it restrained the violence by imaginary, which was inaccessible to the force of real, terrors; and spread that protection under the shadow of the Cross, which could never have been obtained by the power of the sword. Robertson was wholly insensible to these early and inestimable blessings of the Christian faith; he has admirably delineated the beneficial influence of the Crusades upon subsequent society, but on this all-important topic he is silent. Yet, whoever has studied the condition of European society in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, as it has since been developed in the admirable works of Sismondi, Thierry, Michelet, and Guizot, must be aware that the services, not merely of Christianity, but of the superstitions which had usurped its place, were, during that long period, incalculable; and that, but for them, European society would infallibly have sunk, as Asiatic in every age has done, beneath the desolating sword of barbarian power.

Sismondi—if the magnitude, and in many respects the merit, of his works be considered—must be regarded as one of the greatest historians of modern times. His “History of the Italian Republics” in sixteen, of the “Monarchy of France” in thirty volumes, attest the variety and extent of his antiquarian researches, as well as the indefatigable industry of his pen: his “Literature of the South of Europe” in four, and “Miscellaneous Essays,” in three volumes, show how happily he has blended these weighty investigations with the lighter topics of literature and poetry, and the political philosophy which, in recent times, has come to occupy so large a place in the study of all who have turned their mind to the progress of human affairs. Nor is the least part of his merit to be found in the admirable skill with which he has condensed, each in two volumes, his great histories, for the benefit of that numerous class of readers, who unable or unwilling to face the formidable undertaking of going through his massy works, are desirous of obtaining such a brief summary of their leading events as may suffice for persons of ordinary perseverance or education. His mind was essentially philosophical; and it is the philosophy of modern history, accordingly, which he has exerted himself so strenuously to unfold. He views society at a distance, and exhibits its great changes in their just proportions, and, in general, with their true effects. His success in this arduous undertaking has been great indeed. He has completed the picture of which Robertson had only formed the sketch—and completed it with such a prodigious collection of materials, and so lucid an arrangement of them in their appropriate places, as to have left future ages little to do but draw

the just conclusions from the results of his labours.

With all these merits, and they are great, and with this rare combination of antiquarian industry with philosophic generalization, Sismondi is far from being a perfect historian. He did well to abridge his great works; for he will find few readers who will have perseverance enough to go through them. An abridgment was tried of Gibbon; but it had little success, and has never since been attempted. You might as well publish an abridgment of Waverley or Ivanhoe. Every reader of the *Decline and Fall* must feel that condensation is impossible, without an omission of interest or a curtailment of beauty. Sismondi, with all his admirable qualities as a general and philosophic historian, wants the one thing needful in exciting interest—descriptive and dramatic power. He was a man of great vigour of thought and clearness of observation, but little genius—at least of that kind of genius which is necessary to move the feelings or warm the imagination. That was his principal defect; and it will prevent his great works from ever commanding the attention of a numerous body of general readers, however much they may be esteemed by the learned and studious. Conscious of this deficiency, he makes scarce any attempt to make his narrative interesting; but, reserving his whole strength for general views on the progress of society, or philosophic observations on its most important changes, he fills up the intermediate space with long quotations from chronicles, memoirs, and state papers—a sure way, if the selection is not made with great judgment, of rendering the whole insupportably tedious. Every narrative, to be interesting, should be given in the writer's *own words*, unless on those occasions, by no means frequent, when some striking or remarkable expressions of a speaker, or contemporary writer, are to be preserved. Unity of style and expression is as indispensable in a history which is to move the heart, or fascinate the imagination, as in a tragedy, a painting, or an epic poem.

But, in addition to this, Sismondi's general views, though ordinarily just, and always expressed with clearness and precision, are not always to be taken without examination. Like Robertson, he was never able to extricate himself entirely from the early prejudices of his country and education; hardly any of the Geneva school of philosophers have been able to do so. Brought up in that learned and able, but narrow, and in some respects bigoted community, he was early engaged in the vast undertaking of the History of the Italian Republics. Thus, before he was well aware of it, and at a time of life, when the opinions are flexible, and easily moulded by external impressions, he became irrevocably enamoured of such little communities as he had lived in, or was describing, and imbibed all the prejudices against the Church of Rome, which have naturally, from close proximity, and the endurance of unutterable evils at its hands, been ever prevalent among the Calvinists of Geneva. These causes have tinged his otherwise impartial views with two signal prejudices

which appear in all his writings where these subjects are even remotely alluded to. His partiality for municipal institutions, and the social system depending on them, is as extravagant, as his aversion to the Church of Rome is conspicuous and intemperate. His idea of a perfect society would be a confederacy of little republics, governed by popularly elected magistrates, holding the scarlet old lady of Rome in utter abomination, and governed in matters of religion by the Presbyterian forms, and the tenets of Calvin. It is not to be wondered at, that the annalist of the countries of Tasso and Dante, of Titian and Machiavel, of Petrarch and Leonardo da Vinci, of Galileo and Michael Angelo, should conceive, that in no other state of society is such scope afforded for mental cultivation and the development of the highest efforts of genius. Still less is it surprising, that the historian of the crusades against the Albigenses, of the unheard of atrocities of Simon de Montfort, of the wholesale massacres, burnings, and torturings, which have brought such indelible disgrace on the Roman priesthood, should feel deeply interested in a faith which has expropriated his own country from the abominable persecution. But still, this indulgence of these natural, and in some respects praiseworthy, feelings, has blinded Sismondi to the insurmountable evils of a confederacy of small republics at this time, amidst surrounding, powerful, and monarchical states; and to the inappreciable blessings of the Christian faith, and even of the Romish superstition, before the period when these infamous cruelties began, when their warfare was only with the oppressor, their struggles with the destroyers of the human race.

But truth is great, and will prevail. Those just views of modern society, which neither the luminous eye of Robertson, nor the learned research and philosophic mind of Sismondi could reach, have been brought forward by a writer of surpassing ability, whose fame as an historian and a philosopher is for the time overshadowed by the more fleeting celebrity of the statesman and the politician. We will not speak of M. Guizot in the latter character, much as we are tempted to do so, by the high and honourable part which he has long borne in European diplomacy, and the signal ability with which, in the midst of a short-sighted and rebellious generation, clamouring, as the Romans of old, for the *multis utile bellum*, he has sustained his sovereign's wise and magnanimous resolution to maintain peace. We are too near the time to appreciate the magnitude of these blessings; men would not now believe through what a crisis the British empire, unconscious of its danger, passed, when M. Thiers was dismissed, three years and a half ago, by Louis Philippe, and M. Guizot called to the helm. But when the time arrives, as arrive it will, that the diplomatic secrets of that period are brought to light; when the instructions of the revolutionary minister to the admiral of the Toulon fleet are made known, and the marvellous chance which prevented their being acted upon by him, has become matter of history; it will be admitted, that the civilized

world have good cause to thank M. Guizot for saving it from a contest as vehement, as perilous, and probably as disastrous to all concerned, as that which followed the French Revolution.

Our present business is with M. Guizot as an historian and a philosopher; a character in which he will be remembered, long after his services to humanity as a statesman and a minister have ceased to attract the attention of men. In those respects, we place him in the very highest rank among the writers of modern Europe. It must be understood, however, in what his greatness consists, lest the readers, expecting what they will not find, experience disappointment, when they begin the study of his works. He is neither imaginative nor pictorial; he seldom aims at the pathetic, and has little eloquence. He is not a Livy nor a Gibbon. Nature has not given him either dramatic or descriptive powers. He is a man of the highest genius; but it consists not in narrating particular events, or describing individual achievement. It is in the discovery of general causes; in tracing the operation of changes in society, which escape ordinary observation; in seeing whence man has come, and whither he is going, that his greatness consists; and in that loftiest of the regions of history, he is unrivalled. We know of no author who has traced the changes of society, and the general causes which determine the fate of nations, with such just views and so much sagacious discrimination. He is not, properly speaking, an historian; his vocation and object were different. He is a great discourses on history. If ever the philosophy of history was embodied in a human being, it is in M. Guizot.

The style of this great author is, in every respect, suited to his subject. He does not aim at the highest flights of fancy; makes no attempt to warm the soul or melt the feelings; is seldom imaginative, and never descriptive. But he is uniformly lucid, sagacious, and discriminating; deduces his conclusions with admirable clearness from his premises, and occasionally warms from the innate grandeur of his subject into a glow of fervent eloquence. He seems to treat of human affairs, as if he viewed them from a loftier sphere than other men; as if he were elevated above the usual struggles and contests of humanity; and a superior power had withdrawn the veil which shrouds their secret causes and course from the gaze of sublunary beings. He cares not to dive into the secrets of cabinets; attaches little, perhaps too little, importance to individual character; but fixes his steady gaze on the great and lasting causes which, in a durable manner, influence human affairs. He views them not from year to year but from century to century; and, when considered in that view, it is astonishing how much the importance of individual agency disappears. Important in their generation—sometimes almost omnipotent for good or for evil while they live—particular men, how great soever, rarely leave any very important consequences behind them; or at least rarely do what other men might not have done as effectually as them, and which was not already determined.

by the tendency of the human mind, and the tide, either of flow or ebb, by which human affairs were at the time wafted to and fro. The desperate struggles of war or of ambition in which they were engaged, and in which so much genius and capacity were exerted, are swept over by the flood of time, and seldom leave any lasting trace behind. It is the men who determine the direction of this tide, who imprint their character on general thought, who are the real directors of human affairs; it is the giants of thought who, in the end, govern the world. Kings and ministers, princes and generals, warriors and legislators, are but the ministers of their blessings or their curses to mankind. But their dominion seldom begins till themselves are mouldering in their graves.

Guizot's largest work, in point of size, is his translation of *Gibbon's Rome*; and the just and philosophic spirit in which he viewed the course of human affairs, was admirably calculated to provide an antidote to the skeptical sneers which, in a writer of such genius and strength of understanding, are at once the marvel and the disgrace of that immortal work. He has begun also a history of the English Revolution, to which he was led by having been the editor of a valuable collection of Memoirs relating to the great Rebellion, translated into French, in twenty-five volumes. But this work only got the length of two volumes, and came no further down than the death of Charles I., an epoch no further on in the English than the execution of Louis in the French Revolution. This history is clear, lucid, and valuable; but it is written with little eloquence, and has met with no great success: the author's powers were not of the dramatic or pictorial kind necessary to paint that dreadful story. These were editorial or industrial labours unworthy of Guizot's mind; it was when he delivered lectures from the chair of history in Paris, that his genius shone forth in its proper sphere and its true lustre.

His *Civilisation en France*, in five volumes, *Civilisation Européenne*, and *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*, each in one volume, are the fruits of these professional labours. The same profound thought, sagacious discrimination, and lucid view, are conspicuous in them all; but they possess different degrees of interest to the English reader. The *Civilisation en France* is the groundwork of the whole, and it enters at large into the whole details, historical, legal, and antiquarian, essential for its illustration, and the proof of the various propositions which it contains. In the *Civilisation Européenne* and *Essays on the History of France*, however, the general results are given with equal clearness and greater brevity. We do not hesitate to say, that they appear to us to throw more light on the history of society in modern Europe, and the general progress of mankind, from the exertions of its inhabitants, than any other works in existence; and it is of them, especially the first, that we propose to give our readers some account.

The most important event which ever occurred in the history of mankind, is the one concerning which contemporary writers have given us the least satisfactory accounts. Be-

yond all doubt the overthrow of Rome by the Goths was the most momentous catastrophe which has occurred on the earth since the deluge; yet, if we examine either the historians of antiquity or the earliest of modern times, we find it wholly impossible to understand to what cause so great a catastrophe had been owing. What gave, in the third and fourth centuries, so prodigious an impulse to the northern nations, and enabled them, after being so long repelled by the arms of Rome, finally to prevail over it? What, still more, so completely paralyzed the strength of the empire during that period, and produced that astonishing weakness in the ancient conquerors of the world, which rendered them the easy prey of those whom they had so often subdued? The ancient writers content themselves with saying, that the people became corrupted; that they lost their military courage; that the recruiting of the legions, in the free inhabitants of the empire, became impossible; and that the semi-barbarous tribes on the frontier could not be relied on to uphold its fortunes. But a very little reflection must be sufficient to show that there must have been much more in it than this, before a race of conquerors was converted into one of slaves; before the legions fled before the barbarians, and the strength of the civilized was overthrown by the energy of the savage world. For what prevented a revenue from being raised in the third or fourth, as well as the first or second centuries? Corruption in its worst form had doubtless pervaded the higher ranks in Rome from the emperor downward; but these vices are the faults of the exalted and the affluent only; they never have, and never will, extend generally to the great body of the community; for this plain reason, that they are not rich enough to purchase them. But the remarkable thing is, that in the decline of the empire, it was in the lower ranks that the greatest and most fatal weakness first appeared. Long before the race of the Patricians had become extinct, the free cultivators had disappeared from the fields. Leaders and generals of the most consummate abilities, of the greatest daring, frequently arose; but their efforts proved in the end ineffectual, from the impossibility of finding a sturdy race of followers to fill their ranks. The legionary Italian soldier was wanting—his place was imperfectly supplied by the rude Dacian, the hardy German, the faithless Goth. So completely were the inhabitants of the provinces within the Rhine and the Danube paralyzed, that they ceased to make any resistance to the hordes of invaders; and the fortunes of the empire were, for several generations, sustained solely by the heroic efforts of individual leaders—Belisarius, Narses, Julian, Aurelian, Constantine, and many others—whose renown, though it could not rouse the pacific inhabitants to warlike efforts, yet attracted military adventurers from all parts of the world to their standard. Now, what weakened and destroyed the rural population? It could not be luxury: on the contrary, they were suffering under excess of poverty, and bent down beneath a load of taxes, which, in Gaul, in the time of

Constantine, amounted, as Gibbon tells us, to nine pounds sterling on every freeman? What was it, then, which occasioned the depopulation and weakness? This is what behoves us to know—this it is which ancient history has left unknown.

It is here that the vast step in the philosophy of history made from ancient to modern times is apparent. From a few detached hints and insulated facts, left by the ancient annalists, apparently ignorant of their value, and careless of their preservation, modern industry, guided by the light of philosophy, has reared up the true solution of the difficulty, and revealed the real causes, hidden from the ordinary gaze, which, even in the midst of its greatest prosperity, gradually, but certainly, undermined the strength of the empire. Michelet, in his *Gaule sous les Romains*, a most able and interesting work—Thierry, in his *Domination Romaine en Gaule*, and his *Histoire des Rois Mérovingiens*—Sismondi, in the three first volumes of his *Histoire des Français*—and Guizot, in his *Civilisation Européenne*, and the first volumes of his *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*—have applied their great powers to this most interesting subject. It may safely be affirmed that they have got to the bottom of the subject, and lifted up the veil from one of the darkest, and yet most momentous, changes in the history of mankind. Guizot gives the following account of the principal causes which silently undermined the strength of the empire, flowing from the peculiar organization of ancient society:—

“When Rome extended, what did it do? Follow its history, and you will find that it was everlastingly engaged in conquering or founding cities. It was with cities that it fought—with cities that it contracted—into cities that it sent colonies. The history of the conquest of the world by Rome, is nothing but the history of the conquest and foundation of a great number of cities. In the east, the expansion of the Roman power assumed, from the very outset, a somewhat dissimilar character; the population was differently distributed from the west, and much less concentrated in cities; but in the European world, the foundation or conquest of towns was the uniform result of Roman conquest. In Gaul and Spain, in Italy, it was constantly towns which opposed the barrier to Roman domination, and towns which were founded or garrisoned by the legions, or strengthened by colonies, to retain them when vanquished in a state of subjection. Great roads stretched from one town to another; the multitude of cross roads which now intersect each other in every direction, was unknown. They had nothing in common with that multitude of little monuments, villages, churches, castles, villas, and cottages, which now cover our provinces. Rome has bequeathed to us nothing, either in its capital or its provinces, but the *municipal character*, which produced immense monuments on certain points, destined for the use of the vast population which was there assembled together.

“From this peculiar conformation of society in Europe, under the Roman dominion, consisting of a vast conglomeration of cities, with

each a dependent territory, all independent of each other, arose the absolute necessity for a central and absolute government. One municipality in Rome might conquer the world but to retain it in subjection, and provide for the government of all its multifarious parts, was a very different matter. This was one of the chief causes of the general adoption of a strong concentrated government under the empire. Such a centralized despotism not only succeeded in restraining and regulating all the incoherent members of the vast dominion, but the idea of a central irresistible authority insinuated itself into men's minds everywhere, at the same time, with wonderful facility. At first sight, one is astonished to see, in that prodigious and ill-united aggregate of little republics, in that accumulation of separate municipalities, spring up so suddenly an unbounded respect for the sacred authority of the empire. But the truth is, it had become a matter of absolute necessity, that the bond which held together the different parts of this heterogeneous dominion should be very powerful; and this it was which gave it so ready a reception in the minds of men.

“But when the vigour of the central power declined during a course of ages, from the pressure of external warfare, and the weakness of internal corruption, this necessity was no longer felt. The capital ceased to be able to provide for the provinces; it rather sought protection from them. During four centuries, the central power of the emperors incessantly struggled against this increasing debility; but the moment at length arrived, when all the practised skill of despotism, over the long *insouciance* of servitude, could no longer keep together the huge and unwieldy body. In the fourth century, we see it at once break up and disunite; the barbarians entered on all sides from without, the provinces ceased to oppose any resistance from within; the cities to evince any regard for the general welfare; and, as in the disaster of a shipwreck, every one looked out for his individual safety. Thus, on the dissolution of the empire, the same general state of society presented itself as in its cradle. The imperial authority sunk into the dust, and municipal institutions alone survived the disaster. This, then, was the chief legacy which the ancient bequeathed to the modern world—for it alone survived the storm by which the former had been destroyed—cities and a municipal organization everywhere established. But it was not the only legacy. Beside it, there was the recollection at least of the awful majesty of the emperor—of a distant, unseen, but sacred and irresistible power. These are the two ideas which antiquity bequeathed to modern times. On the one hand, the municipal *régime*, its rules, customs, and principles of liberty: on the other, a common, general, civil legislation; and the idea of absolute power, of a sacred majesty, the principle of order and servitude.”—*Civilisation Européenne*, 20, 23.

The causes which produced the extraordinary, and at first sight unaccountable, depopulation of the country districts, not only in Italy, but in Gaul, Spain, and all the European provinces of the Roman empire, are explained by

Guizot in his *Essays on the History of France*, and have been fully demonstrated by Sismondi, Thierry, and Michelet. They were a natural consequence of the municipal system, then universally established as the very basis of civilization in the whole Roman empire, and may be seen urging, from a similar cause, the Turkish empire to dissolution at this day. This was the imposition of a certain fixed duty, as a burden on each municipality, to be raised, indeed, by its own members, but admitting of no diminution, save under the most special circumstances, and on an express exemption by the emperor. Had the great bulk of the people been free, and the empire prosperous, this fixity of impost would have been the greatest of all blessings. It is the precise boon so frequently and earnestly implored by our ryots in India, and indeed by the cultivators all over the east. But when the empire was beset on all sides with enemies—only the more rapacious and pressing, that the might of the legions had so long confined them within the comparatively narrow limits of their own sterile territories—and disasters, frequent and serious, were laying waste the frontier provinces, it became the most dreadful of all scourges; because, as the assessment on each district was fixed, and scarcely ever suffered any abatement, every disaster experienced increased the burden on the survivors who had escaped it; until they became bent down under such a weight of taxation, as, coupled with the small number of freemen on whom it exclusively fell, crushed every attempt at productive industry. It was the same thing as if all the farmers on each estate were to be bound to make up, annually, the same amount of rent to their landlord, no matter how many of them had become insolvent. We know how long the agriculture of Britain, in a period of declining prices and frequent disaster, would exist under such a system.

Add to this the necessary effect which the free circulation of grain throughout the whole Roman world had in depressing the agriculture of Italy, Gaul, and Greece. They were unable to withstand the competition of Egypt, Lybia, and Sicily—the store-houses of the world; where the benignity of the climate, and the riches of the soil, rewarded seventy or an hundred-fold the labours of the husbandman. Gaul, where the increase was only seven-fold—Italy, where it seldom exceeded twelve—Spain, where it was never so high, were crushed in the struggle. The mistress of the world, as Tacitus bewails, had come to depend for her subsistence on the floods of the Nile. Unable to compete with the cheap grain raised in the more favoured regions of the south, the cultivators of Italy and Gaul gradually retired from the contest. They devoted their extensive estates to pasturage, because live cattle or dairy produce could not bear the expense of being shipped from Africa; and the race of agriculturists, the strength of the legions, disappeared in the fields, and was lost in the needy and indolent crowd of urban citizens, in part maintained by tributes in corn brought from Egypt and Lybia. This augmented the burdens upon those who remained in the rural

districts; for, as the taxes of each municipality remained the same, every one that withdrew into the towns left an additional burden on the shoulders of his brethren who remained behind. So powerful was the operation of these two causes—the fixity in the state burdens payable by each municipality, and the constantly declining prices, owing to the vast import from agricultural regions more favoured by nature—that it fully equalled the effect of the ravages of the barbarians in the frontier provinces exposed to their incursions; and the depopulation of the rural districts was as complete in Italy and Gaul, before a barbarian had passed the Alps or set his foot across the Rhine, as in the plains between the Alps or the Adriatic and the Danube, which had for long been ravaged by their arms.

Domestic slavery conspired with these evils to prevent the healing power of nature from closing these yawning wounds. Gibbon estimates the number of slaves throughout the empire, in its latter days, at a number equal to that of the freemen; in other words, one half of the whole inhabitants were in a state of servitude;* and as there were 120,000,000 souls under the Roman sway, sixty millions were in that degraded condition. There is reason to believe that the number of slaves was still greater than this estimate, and at least double that of the freemen; for it is known by an authentic enumeration, that, in the time of the Emperor Claudius, the number of citizens in the empire was only 6,945,000 men, who, with their families, might amount to twenty millions of souls; and the total number of freemen was about double that of the citizens.† In one family alone, in the time of Pliny, there were 4116 slaves.‡ But take the number of slaves according to Gibbon's computation, at only half the entire population, what a prodigious abstraction must this multitude of slaves have made from the physical and moral strength of the empire! Half the people requiring food, needing restraint, incapable of trust, and yet adding nothing to the muster-roll of the legions, or the persons by whom the fixed and immovable annual taxes were to be made good! In what state would the British empire now be, if we were subjected to the action of similar causes of ruin! A vast and unwieldy dominion, exposed on every side to the incursions of barbarous and hostile nations, daily increasing in numbers, and augmenting in military skill; a fixed taxation, for which the whole free inhabitants of every municipality were jointly and severally responsible, to meet the increasing military establishment required by these perils; a declining, and at length extinct, agriculture in the central provinces of the empire, owing to the deluge of cheap grain from its fertile extremities wasted over the waters of the Mediterranean; multitudes of turbulent freemen in cities, kept quiet by daily distribution of provisions at the public expense, from the imperial granaries; and a half, or two-thirds of the whole population in a state of slavery—neither bearing any share of the public burdens, nor adding to the strength of the

* Gibbon. † Ibid. ‡ Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxlii. 47

military array of the empire. Such are the discoveries of modern philosophy, as to the causes of the decline and ultimate fall of the Roman empire, gleaned from a few facts, accidentally preserved by the ancient writers, apparently unconscious of their value! It is a noble science which, in so short a time, has presented such a gift to mankind.

Guizot has announced, and ably illustrated, a great truth, which, when traced to its legitimate consequences, will be found to go far towards dispelling many of the pernicious innovating dogmas which have so long been afloat in the world. It is this, that whenever an institution, though apparently pernicious in our eyes, has long existed, and under a great variety of circumstances, we may rest assured that it in reality has been attended with some advantages which counterbalance its evils, and that upon the whole it is beneficial in its tendency. This important principle is thus stated:—

"Independent of the efforts of man, there is established by a law of providence, which it is impossible to mistake, and which is analogous to what we witness in the natural world, a certain measure of order, reason, and justice, without which society cannot exist. From the single fact of its endurance we may conclude, with certainty, that a society is not completely absurd, insensate, or iniquitous; that it is not destitute of the elements of reason, truth, and justice—which alone can give life to society. If the more that society develops itself, the stronger does this principle become—if it is daily accepted by a greater number of men, it is a certain proof that in the lapse of time there has been progressively introduced into it more reason, more justice, more right. It is thus that the idea of political legitimacy has arisen.

"This principle has for its foundation, in the first instance, at least in a certain degree, the great principles of moral legitimacy—justice, reason, truth. Then came the sanction of time, which always begets the presumption of reason having directed arrangements which have long endured. In the early periods of society, we too often find force and falsehood ruling the cradles of royalty, aristocracy, democracy, and even the church; but every where you will see this force and falsehood yielding to the reforming hand of time, and right and truth taking their place in the rulers of civilization. It is this progressive infusion of right and truth which has by degrees developed the idea of political legitimacy; it is thus that it has become established in modern civilization. At different times, indeed, attempts have been made to substitute for this idea the banner of despotic power; but, in doing so, they have turned it aside from its true origin. It is so little the banner of despotic power, that it is in the name of right and justice that it has overspread the world. As little is it exclusive: it belongs neither to persons, classes, nor sects; it arises wherever the idea of right has developed itself. We shall meet with this principle in systems the most opposite: in the feudal system, in the municipalities of Flanders and Germany, in

the republics of Italy, as well as in simple monarchies. It is a character diffused through the various elements of modern civilization, and the perception of which is indispensable to the right understanding of its history."—*Lecture iii. 9, 11; Civilisation Européenne.*

No principle ever has been announced of more practical importance in legislating for mankind, than is contained in this passage. The doctrine is somewhat obscurely stated, and not with the precision which in general distinguishes the French writers; but the import of it seems to be this—That no system of government can long exist among men, unless it is substantially, and in the majority of cases, founded in reason and justice, and sanctioned by experienced utility for the people among whom it exists; and therefore, that we may predicate with perfect certainty of any institution which has been generally extended and long established, that it has been upon the whole beneficial, and should be modified or altered with a very cautious hand. That this proposition is true, will probably be disputed by none who have thought much and dispassionately on human affairs; for all human institutions are formed and supported by men, and unless men had some reason for supporting them, they would speedily sink to the ground. It is in vain to say a privileged class have got possession of the power, and they make use of it to perpetuate these abuses. Doubtless, they are always sufficiently inclined to do so; but a privileged class, or a despot, is always a mere handful against the great body of the people; and unless their power is supported by the force of general opinion, founded on experienced utility upon the whole, it could not maintain its ground a single week. And this explains a fact observed by an able and ingenious writer of the present day,* that if almost all the great convulsions recorded in history are attentively considered, it will be found, that after a brief period of strenuous, and often almost super-human effort, on the part of the people, they have terminated in the establishment of a government and institutions differing scarcely, except in name, from that which had preceded the struggle. It is hardly necessary to remark how striking a confirmation the English revolution of 1688, and the French of 1830, afford of this truth.

And this explains what is the true meaning of, and solid foundation for, that reverence for antiquity which is so strongly implanted in human nature, and is never forgotten for any considerable time without inducing the most dreadful disasters upon society. It means that those institutions which have descended to us in actual practice from our ancestors, come sanctioned by the experience of ages; and that they could not have stood so long a test unless they had been recommended, in some degree at least, by their utility. It is not that our ancestors were wiser than we are; they were certainly less informed, and probably were, on that account, in the general case, less judicious. But time has swept away their follies, which were doubtless great enough, as it has done the

* Mr. JAMES'S Preface to *Mary of Burgundy*.

worthless ephemeral literature with which they, as we, were overwhelmed; and nothing has stood the test of ages, and come down to us through a series of generations, of their ideas or institutions, but what had some utility in human feelings and necessities, and was on the whole expedient at the time when it arose. Its utility may have ceased by the change of manners or of the circumstances of society—that may be a good reason for cautiously modifying or altering it—but rely upon it, it was once useful, if it has existed long; and the presumption of present and continuing utility requires to be strongly outweighed by forcible considerations before it is abandoned. Lord Bacon has told us, in words which can never become trite, so profound is their wisdom, that our changes, to be beneficial, should resemble those of time, which, though the greatest of all innovators, works out its alterations so gradually that they are never perceived. Guizot makes, in the same spirit, the following fine observation on the slow march of Supreme wisdom in the government of the world:—

“If we turn our eyes to history, we shall find that all the great developments of the human mind have turned to the advantage of society—all the great struggles of humanity to the good of mankind. It is not, indeed, immediately that these efforts take place; ages often elapse, a thousand obstacles intervene, before they are fully developed; but when we survey a long course of ages, we see that all has been accomplished. The march of Providence is not subjected to narrow limits; it cares not to develop to-day the consequences of a principle which it has established yesterday; it will bring them forth in ages, when the appointed hour has arrived; and its course is not the less sure that it is slow. The throne of the Almighty rests on time—it marches through its boundless expanse as the gods of Homer through space—it makes a step, and ages have passed away. How many centuries elapsed, how many changes ensued, before the regeneration of the inner man, by means of Christianity, exercised on the social state its great and salutary influence! Nevertheless, it has at length succeeded. No one can mistake its effects at this time.”—*Lecture i. 24.*

In surveying the progress of civilization in modern, as compared with ancient times, two features stand prominent as distinguishing the one from the other. These are the *church* and the *feudal system*. They were precisely the circumstances which gave umbrage to the philosophers of the eighteenth century, and which awakened the greatest transports of indignation among the ardent multitudes who, at its close, brought about the French Revolution. Very different is the light in which the eye of true philosophy, enlightened by the experience of their abolition, views these great distinctive features of modern society.

“Immense,” says Guizot, “was the influence which the Christian church exercised over the civilization of modern Europe. In the outset, it was an incalculable advantage to have a moral power, a power destitute of physical force, which reposed only on mental convic-

tions and moral feelings, established amidst that deluge of physical force and selfish violence which overwhelmed society at that period. Had the Christian church not existed, the world would have been delivered over to the influence of physical strength, in its coarsest and most revolting form. It alone exercised a moral power. It did more; it spread abroad the idea of a rule of obedience, a heavenly power, to which all human beings, how great soever, were subjected, and which was above all human laws. That of itself was a safeguard against the greatest evils of society; for it affected the minds of those by whom they were brought about; it professed that belief—the foundation of the salvation of humanity—that there is above all existing institutions, superior to all human laws, a permanent and divine law, sometimes called Reason, sometimes Divine Command, but which, under whatever name it goes, is for ever the same.

“Then the church commenced a great work—the separation of the spiritual and temporal power. That separation is the origin of liberty of conscience; it rests on no other principle than that which lies at the bottom of the widest and most extended toleration. The separation of the spiritual and temporal power rests on the principle, that physical force is neither entitled to act, nor can ever have any lasting influence, on thoughts, conviction, truth; it flows from the eternal distinction between the world of thought and the world of action, the world of interior conviction and that of external facts. In truth that principle of the liberty of conscience, for which Europe has combated and suffered so much, which has so slowly triumphed, and often against the utmost efforts of the clergy themselves, was first founded by the doctrine of the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, in the cradle of European civilization. It is the Christian church which, by the necessities of its situation to defend itself against the assaults of barbarism, introduced and maintained it. The presence of a moral influence, the maintenance of a Divine law, the separation of the temporal and spiritual power, are the three great blessings which the Christian church has diffused in the dark ages over European society.

“The influence of the Christian church was great and beneficent for another reason. The bishop and clergy are long become the principal municipal magistrates: they were the chancellors and ministers of kings—the rulers, except in the camp and the field, of mankind. When the Roman empire crumbled into dust, when the central power of the emperors and the legions disappeared, there remained, we have seen, no other authority in the state but the municipal functionaries. But they themselves had fallen into a state of apathy and despair; the heavy burdens of despotism, the oppressive taxes of the municipalities, the incursions of the fierce barbarians, had reduced them to despair. No protection to society, no revival of industry, no shielding of innocence, could be expected from their exertions. The clergy, again, formed a society within itself; fresh, young, vigorous, sheltered by the pre-

railling faith, which speedily drew to itself all the learning and intellectual strength that remained in the state. The bishops and priests, full of life and of zeal, naturally were recurred to in order to fill all civil situations requiring thought or information. It is wrong to reproach their exercise of these powers as an usurpation; they alone were capable of exercising them. Thus has the natural course of things prescribed for all ages and countries. The clergy alone were mentally strong and morally zealous: they became all-powerful. It is the law of the universe."—*Lecture iii.* 27 31; *Civilisation Européenne.*

Nothing can be more just or important than these observations; and they throw a new and consoling light on the progress and ultimate destiny of European society. They are as original as they are momentous. Robertson, with his honest horror of the innumerable corruptions which, in the time of Leo X. and Luther, brought about the Reformation—Sismondi, with his natural detestation of a faith which had urged on the dreadful cruelties of the crusade of the Albigenses, and which produced the revocation of the edict of Nantes—have alike overlooked those important truths, so essential to a right understanding of the history of modern society. They saw that the arrogance and cruelty of the Roman clergy had produced innumerable evils in later times; that their venality in regard to indulgences and abuse of absolution had brought religion itself into discredit; that the absurd and incredible tenets which they still attempted to force on mankind, had gone far to alienate the intellectual strength of modern Europe, during the last century, from their support. Seeing this, they condemned it absolutely, for all times and in all places. They fell into the usual error of men in reasoning on former from their own times. They could not make "the past and the future predominate over the present." They felt the absurdity of many of the legends which the devout Catholics received as undoubted truths, and they saw no use in perpetuating the belief in them; and thence they conceived that they must always have been equally unserviceable, forgetting that the eighteenth was not the eighth century; and that, during the dark ages, violence would have rioted without control, if, when reason was in abeyance, knowledge scanty, and military strength alone in estimation, superstition had not thrown its unseen fetters over the barbarian's arms. They saw that the Romish clergy, during five centuries, had laboured strenuously, and often with the most frightful cruelty, to crush independence of thought in matters of faith, and chain the human mind to the tenets, often absurd and erroneous, of her Papal creed; and they forgot that, during five preceding centuries, the Christian church had laboured as assiduously to establish the independence of thought from physical coercion, and had alone kept alive, during the interregnum of reason, the sparks of knowledge and the principles of freedom.

In the same liberal and enlightened spirit Guizot views the feudal system, the next grand characteristic of modern times.

"A decisive proof that, in the tenth century, the feudal system had become necessary, and was, in truth, the only social state possible, is to be found in the universality of its adoption. Universally, upon the cessation of barbarism, the feudal forms were adopted. At the first moment of barbarian conquest, men saw only the triumph of chaos. All unity, all general civilization disappeared; on all sides was seen society falling into dissolution; and, in its stead, arising a multitude of little, obscure, isolated communities. This appeared to all the contemporaries nothing short of universal anarchy. The poets, the chroniclers of the time, viewed it as the approach of the end of the world. It was, in truth, the end of the ancient world; but the commencement of a new one, placed on a broad basis, and with large means of social improvement and individual happiness.

"Then it was that the feudal system became necessary, inevitable. It was the only possible means of emerging from the general chaos. The whole of Europe, accordingly, at the same time adopted it. Even those portions of society which were most strangers, apparently, to that system, entered warmly into its spirit, and were fain to share in its protection. The crown, the church, the communities, were constrained to accommodate themselves to it. The churches became suzerain or vassal; the burghs had their lords and their feurs; the monasteries and abbeys had their feudal retainers, as well as the temporal barons. Royalty itself was disguised under the name of a feudal superior. Every thing was given in fief; not only lands, but certain rights flowing from them, as that of cutting wood, fisheries, or the like. The church made subinfeudations of their casual revenues, as the dues on marriages, funerals, and baptisms."

The establishment of the feudal system thus universally in Europe, produced one effect, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Hitherto the mass of mankind had been collected under the municipal institutions which had been universal in antiquity, in cities, or wandered in vagabond hordes through the country. Under the feudal system these men lived isolated, each in his own habitation, at a great distance from each other. A glance will show that this single circumstance must have exercised on the character of society, and the course of civilization, the social preponderance; the government of society passed at once from the towns to the country—private took the lead of public property—private prevailed over public life. Such was the first effect, and it was an effect purely material, of the establishment of the feudal system. But other effects, still more material, followed, of a moral kind, which have exercised the most important effects on the European manners and mind.

"The feudal proprietor established himself in an isolated place, which, for his own protection, he rendered secure. He lived there, with his wife, his children, and a few faithful friends, who shared his hospitality, and contributed to his defence. Around the castle, in its vicinity, were established the farmers and

serfs who cultivated his domain. In the midst of that inferior, but yet allied and protected population, religion planted a church, and introduced a priest. He was usually the chaplain of the castle, and at the same time the curate of the village; in subsequent ages these two characters were separated; the village pastor resided beside his church. This was the primitive feudal society—the cradle, as it were, of the European and Christian world.

“From this state of things necessarily arose a prodigious superiority on the part of the possessor of the fief, alike in his own eyes, and in the eyes of those who surrounded him. The feeling of individual importance, of personal freedom, was the ruling principle of savage life; but here a new feeling was introduced—the importance of a proprietor, of the chief of a family, of a master, predominated over that of an individual. From this situation arose an immense feeling of superiority—a superiority peculiar to the feudal ages, and entirely different from any thing which had yet been experienced in the world. Like the feudal lord, the Roman patrician was the head of a family, a master, a landlord. He was, at the same time, a religious magistrate, a pontiff in the interior of his family. He was, moreover, a member of the municipality in which his property was situated, and perhaps one of the august senate, which, in name at least, still ruled the empire. But all this importance and dignity was derived from without—the patrician shared it with the other members of his municipality—with the corporation of which he formed a part. The importance of the feudal lord, again, was purely individual—he owed nothing to another; all the power he enjoyed emanated from himself alone. What a feeling of individual consequence must such a situation have inspired—what pride, what insolence, must it have engendered in his mind! Above him was no superior, of whose orders he was to be the mere interpreter or organ—around him were no equals. No all-powerful municipality made his wishes bend to its own—no superior authority exercised a control over his wishes; he knew no bridle on his inclinations, but the limits of his power, or the presence of danger.

“Another consequence, hitherto not sufficiently attended to, but of vast importance, flowed from this society.

“The patriarchal society, of which the Bible and the Oriental monuments offer the model, was the first combination of men. The chief of a tribe lived with his children, his relations, the different generations who have assembled around him. This was the situation of Abraham—of the patriarchs: it is still that of the Arab tribes which perpetuate their manners. The *clan*, of which remains still exist in the mountains of Scotland, and the *sept* of Ireland,

is a modification of the patriarchal society: it is the family of the chief, expanded during a succession of generations, and forming a little aggregation of dependents, still influenced by the same attachments, and subjected to the same authority. But the feudal community was very different. Allied at first to the clan, it was yet in many essential particulars dissimilar. There did not exist between its members the bond of relationship; they were not of the same blood; they often did not speak the same language. The feudal lord belonged to a foreign and conquering, his serfs to a domestic and vanquished race. Their employments were as various as their feelings and their traditions. The lord lived in his castle, with his wife, his children, and relations: the serfs on the estate, of a different race, of different names, toiled in the cottages around. This difference was prodigious—it exercised a most powerful effect on the domestic habits of modern Europe. It engendered the attachments of home: it brought women into their proper sphere in domestic life. The little society of freemen, who lived in the midst of an alien race in the castle, were all in all to each other. No forum or theatres were at hand, with their cares or their pleasures; no city enjoyments were a counterpoise to the pleasures of country life. War and the chase broke in, it is true, grievously at times, upon this scene of domestic peace. But war and the chase could not last for ever; and, in the long intervals of undisturbed repose, family attachments formed the chief solace of life. Thus it was that women acquired their paramount influence—thence the manners of chivalry, and the gallantry of modern times; they were but an extension of the courtesy and habits of the castle. The word *courtesy* shows it—it was in the *court* of the castle that the habits it denotes were learned.”—*Lecture iv. 13, 17; Civilisation Européenne.*

We have exhausted, perhaps, exceeded, our limits; and we have only extracted a few of the most striking ideas from the first hundred pages of one of Guizot's works—*ex uno disce omnes*. The translation of them has been an agreeable occupation for a few evenings; but they awake one mournful impression—the voice which uttered so many noble and enlightened sentiments is now silent; the genius which once cast abroad light on the history of man, is lost in the vortex of present politics. The philosopher, the historian, are merged in the statesman—the instructor of all in the governor of one generation. Great as have been his services, brilliant his course in the new career into which he has been launched, it is as nothing compared to that which he has left, for the one confers present distinction, the other immortal fame.

HOMER, DANTE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

There is something inexpressibly striking, it may almost be said awful, in the fame of HOMER. Three thousand years have elapsed since the bard of Chios began to pour forth his strains; and their reputation, so far from declining, is on the increase. Successive nations are employed in celebrating his works; generation after generation of men are fascinated by his imagination. Discrepancies of race, of character, of institutions, of religion, of age, of the world, are forgotten in the common worship of his genius. In this universal tribute of gratitude, modern Europe vies with remote antiquity, the light Frenchman with the volatile Greek, the impassioned Italian with the enthusiastic German, the sturdy Englishman with the unconquerable Roman, the aspiring Russian with the proud American. Seven cities, in ancient times, competed for the honour of having given him birth, but seventy nations have since been moulded by his productions. He gave a mythology to the ancients; he has given the fine arts to the modern world. Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Juno, are still household words in every tongue; Vulcan is yet the god of fire, Neptune of the ocean, Venus of love. When Michael Angelo and Canova strove to embody their conceptions of heroism or beauty, they portrayed the heroes of the *Iliad*. Flaxman's genius was elevated to the highest point in embodying its events. Epic poets, in subsequent times, have done little more than imitate his machinery, copy his characters, adopt his similes, and, in a few instances, improve upon his descriptions. Painting and statuary, for two thousand years, have been employed in striving to portray, by the pencil or the chisel, his yet breathing conceptions. Language and thought itself have been moulded by the influence of his poetry. Images of wrath are still taken from Achilles, of pride from Agamemnon, of astuteness from Ulysses, of patriotism from Hector, of tenderness from Andromache, of age from Nestor. The galleys of Rome were, the line-of-battle ships of France and England still are, called after his heroes. The Agamemnon long bore the flag of Nelson; the Ajax perished by the flames within sight of the tomb of the Telamonian hero, on the shores of the Hellespont; the Achilles was blown up at the battle of Trafalgar. Alexander the Great ran round the tomb of Achilles before undertaking the conquest of Asia. It was the boast of Napoleon that his mother reclined on tapestry representing the heroes of the *Iliad*, when he was brought into the world. The greatest poets of ancient and modern times have spent their lives in the study of his genius or the imitation of his works. Withdraw from subsequent poetry the images, mythology and characters of the *Iliad*, and

what would remain? Petrarch spent his best years in restoring his verses. Tasso portrayed the siege of Jerusalem, and the shock of Europe and Asia, almost exactly as Homer had done the contest of the same forces, on the same shores, two thousand five hundred years before. Milton's old age, when blind and poor, was solaced by hearing the verses recited of the poet, to whose conceptions his own mighty spirit had been so much indebted; and Pope deemed himself fortunate in devoting his life to the translation of the *Iliad*.

No writer in modern times has equalled the wide-spread fame of the Grecian bard; but it may be doubted whether, in the realms of thought, and in sway over the reflecting world, the influence of DANTE has not been almost as considerable. Little more than five hundred years, indeed, have elapsed—not a sixth of the thirty centuries which have tested the strength of the Grecian patriarch—since the immortal Florentine poured forth his divine conceptions; but yet there is scarcely a writer of eminence since that time, in works even bordering on imagination, in which traces of his genius are not to be found. The *Inferno* has penetrated the world. If images of horror are sought after, it is to his works that all the subsequent ages have turned; if those of love and divine felicity are desired, all turn to the *Paradise* and the *Spirit of Beatrice*. When the historians of the French Revolution wished to convey an idea of the utmost agonies they were called on to portray, they contented themselves with saying it equalled all that the imagination of Dante had conceived of the terrible. Sir Joshua Reynolds has exerted his highest genius in depicting the frightful scene described by him, when Ugolino perished of hunger in the tower of Pisa. Alfieri, Metastasio, Corneille, Lope de Vega, and all the great masters of the tragic muse, have sought in his works the germs of their finest conceptions. The first of these tragedians marked two-thirds of the *Inferno* and *Paradise* as worthy of being committed to memory. Modern novelists have found in his prolific mind the storehouse from which they have drawn their noblest imagery, the chord by which to strike the profoundest feelings of the human heart. Eighty editions of his poems have been published in Europe within the last half century; and the public admiration, so far from being satiated, is augmenting. Every scholar knows how largely Milton was indebted to his poems for many of his most powerful images. Byron inherited, though often at second hand, his mantle, in many of his most moving conceptions. Schiller has embodied them in a noble historic mirror; and the dreams of Goethe reveal the secret influence of the terrible imagination which portrayed the deep remorse and hopeless agonies of Malebolge.

MICHAEL ANGELO has exercised an influence

* Blackwood's Magazine, January, 1845.

on modern art, little, if at all, inferior to that produced on the realms of thought by Homer and Dante. The father of Italian painting, the author of the frescoes on the Sistine Chapel, he was, at the same time, the restorer of ancient sculpture, and the intrepid architect who placed the Pantheon in the air. Raphael confessed, that he owed to the contemplation of his works his most elevated conceptions of their divine art. Sculpture, under his original hand, started from the slumber of a thousand years, in all the freshness of youthful vigour; architecture, in subsequent times, has sought in vain to equal, and can never hope to surpass, his immortal monument in the matchless dome of St. Peter's. He found painting in its infancy—he left it arrived at absolute perfection. He first demonstrated of what that noble art is capable. In the Last Judgment he revealed its wonderful powers, exhibiting, as it were, at one view, the whole circles of Dante's *Inferno*—portraying with terrible fidelity the agonies of the wicked, when the last trumpet shall tear the veil from their faces, and exhibit in undisguised truth that most fearful of spectacles—a naked human heart. Casting aside, perhaps with undue contempt, the adventitious aid derived from finishing, colouring, and execution, he threw the whole force of his genius into the design, the expression of the features, the drawing of the figures. There never was such a delineator of bone and muscle as Michael Angelo. His frescoes stand out in bold relief from the walls of the Vatican, like the sculptures of Phidias from the pediment of the Parthenon. He was the founder of the school of painting both at Rome and Florence—that great school which, disdaining the representation of still life, and all the subordinate appliances of the art, devoted itself to the representation of the grand and the beautiful; to the expression of passion in all its vehemence—of emotion in all its intensity. His incomparable delineation of bones and muscles was but a means to an end; it was the human heart, the throes of human passion, that his master-hand laid bare. Raphael congratulated himself, and thanked God that he had given him life in the same age with that painter; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his last address to the Academy, “reflected, not without vanity, that his Discourses bore testimony to his admiration of that truly divine man, and desired that the last words he pronounced in that academy, and from that chair, might be the name of Michael Angelo.”*

The fame of these illustrious men has long been placed beyond the reach of cavil. Criticism cannot reach, envy cannot detract from, emulation cannot equal them. Great present celebrity, indeed, is no guarantee for future and enduring fame; in many cases, it is the reverse; but there is a wide difference between the judgment of the present and that of future ages. The favour of the great, the passions of the multitude, the efforts of reviewers, the interest of booksellers, a clique of authors, a coterie of ladies, accidental events, degrading propensities, often enter largely into the com-

position of present reputation. But opinion is freed from all these disturbing influences by the lapse of time. The grave is the greatest of all purifiers. Literary jealousy, interested partiality, vulgar applause, exclusive favour, alike disappear before the hand of death. We never can be sufficiently distrustful of present opinion, so largely is it directed by passion or interest. But we may rely with confidence on the judgment of successive generations on departed eminence; for it is detached from the chief cause of present aberration. So various are the prejudices, so contradictory the partialities and predilections of men, in different countries and ages of the world, that they never can concur through a course of centuries in one opinion, if it is not founded in truth and justice. The *vox populi* is often little more than the *vox diaboli*; but the voice of ages is the voice of God.

It is of more moment to consider in what the greatness of these illustrious men really consists—to what it has probably been owing—and in what particulars they bear an analogy to each other.

They are all three distinguished by one peculiarity, which doubtless entered largely into their transcendent merit—they wrote in the infancy of civilization. Homer, as all the world knows, is the oldest profane author in existence. Dante flourished about the year 1300: he lived at a time when the English barons lived in rooms strewn with rushes, and few of them could sign their names. The long life of Michael Angelo, extending from 1474 to 1564, over ninety years, if not passed in the infancy of civilization, was at least passed in the childhood of the arts: before his time, painting was in its cradle. Cimabue had merely unfolded the first dawn of beauty at Florence; and the stiff figures of Pietro Perugino, which may be traced in the first works of his pupil Raphael, still attest the backward state of the arts at Rome. This peculiarity, applicable alike to all these three great men, is very remarkable, and beyond all question had a powerful influence, both in forming their peculiar character, and elevating them to the astonishing greatness which they speedily attained.

It gave them—what Johnson has justly termed the first requisite to human greatness—self-confidence. They were the first—at least the first known to themselves and their contemporaries—who adventured on their several arts; and thus they proceeded *fearlessly* in their great career. They had neither critics to fear, nor lords to flatter, nor former excellence to imitate. They portrayed with the pencil, or in verse, what they severally felt, undisturbed by fear, unswayed by example, unsolicitous about fame, unconscious of excellence. They did so for the first time. Thence the freshness and originality, the vigour and truth, the simplicity and raciness by which they are distinguished. Shakspeare owed much of his greatness to the same cause; and thence his similarity, in many respects, to these great masters of his own or the sister arts. When Pope asked Bentley what he thought of his translation of the *Iliad*, the scholar replied.

* Reynolds's Discourses, No. 16, *ad finem*.

"You have written a pretty book, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it Homer." Bentley was right. With all its pomp of language and melody of versification, its richness of imagery and magnificence of diction, Pope's Homer is widely different from the original. He could not avoid it. Your "awful simplicity of the Grecian bard, his artless grandeur and unaffected majesty," will be sought for in vain in the translation; but if they had appeared there, it would have been unreadable in that age. Michael Angelo, in his bold conceptions, energetic will, and rapid execution, bears a close resemblance to the father of poetry. In both, the same faults, as we esteem them, are conspicuous, arising from a too close imitation of nature, and a carelessness in rejecting images or objects which are of an ordinary or homely description. Dante was incomparably more learned than either: he followed Virgil in his descent to the infernal regions; and exhibits an intimate acquaintance with ancient history, as well as that of the modern Italian states, in the account of the characters he meets in that scene of torment. But in his own line he was entirely original. Homer and Virgil had, in episodes of their poems, introduced a picture of the infernal regions; but nothing on the plan of Dante's *Inferno* had before been thought of in the world. With much of the machinery of the ancients, it bears the stamp of the spiritual faith of modern times. It lays bare the heart in a way unknown even to Homer and Euripides. It reveals the inmost man in a way which bespeaks the centuries of self-reflection in the cloister which had preceded it. It is the basis of all the spiritual poetry of modern, as the *Iliad* is of all the external imagery of ancient, times.

In this respect there is a most grievous impediment to genius in later, or, as we term them, more civilized times, from which, in earlier ages, it is wholly exempt. Criticism, public opinion, the dread of ridicule—then too often crush the strongest minds. The weight of former examples, the influence of early habits, the halo of long-established reputation, force original genius from the untrodden path of invention into the beaten one of imitation. Early talent feels itself overawed by the colossus which all the world adores; it falls down and worships, instead of conceiving. The dread of ridicule extinguishes originality in its birth. Immense is the incubus thus laid upon the efforts of genius. It is the chief cause of the degradation of taste, the artificial style, the want of original conception, by which the literature of old nations is invariably distinguished. The early poet or painter who portrays what he feels or has seen, with no anxiety but to do so powerfully and truly, is relieved of a load which crushes his subsequent compeers to the earth. Mediocrity is ever envious of genius—ordinary capacity of original thought. Such envy in early times is innocuous or does not exist, at least to the extent which is felt as so baneful in subsequent periods. But in a refined and enlightened age, its influence becomes incalculable. Whoever strikes out a new region of thought or composition, whoever opens a fresh vein of im-

agery or excellence, is persecuted by the critics. He disturbs settled ideas, endangers established reputation, brings forward rivals to dominant fame. That is sufficient to render him the enemy of all the existing rulers in the world of taste. Even Jeffrey seriously lamented, in one of his first reviews of Scott's poems, that he should have identified himself with the unpicturesque and expiring images of feudality, which no effort could render poetical. Racine's tragedies were received with such a storm of criticism as wellnigh cost the sensitive author his life; and Rousseau was so rudely handled by contemporary writers on his first appearance, that it confirmed him in his morbid hatred of civilization. The vigour of these great men, indeed, overcame the obstacles created by contemporary envy; but how seldom, especially in a refined age, can genius effect such a prodigy? how often is it crushed in the outset of its career, or turned aside into the humble and unobtrusive path of imitation, to shun the danger with which that of originality is beset!

Milton's *Paradise Lost* contains many more lines of poetic beauty than Homer's *Iliad*; and there is nothing in the latter poem of equal length, which will bear any comparison with the exquisite picture of the primeval innocence of our First Parents in his fourth book. Nevertheless, the *Iliad* is a more interesting poem than the *Paradise Lost*; and has produced and will produce a much more extensive impression on mankind. The reason is, that it is much fuller of event, is more varied, is more filled with images familiar to all mankind, and is less lost in metaphysical or philosophical abstractions. Homer, though the father of poets, was essentially dramatic; he was an incomparable painter; and it is his dramatic scenes, the moving panorama of his pictures, which fascinates the world. He often speaks to the heart, and is admirable in the delineation of character; but he is so, not by conveying the inward feeling, but by painting with matchless fidelity its external symptoms, or putting into the mouths of his characters the precise words they would have used in similar circumstances in real life. Even his immortal parting of Hector and Andromache is no exception to this remark; he paints the scene at the Scean gate exactly as it would have occurred in nature, and moves us as if we had seen the Trojan hero taking off his helmet to assuage the terrors of his infant son, and heard the lamentations of his mother at parting with her husband. But he does not lay bare the heart, with the terrible force of Dante, by a line or a word. There is nothing in Homer which conveys so piercing an idea of misery as the line in the *Inferno*, where the Florentine bard assigns the reason of the lamentations of the spirits in Malebolge—

"Questi non hanno speranza di morte."

"These have not the hope of death." There speaks the spiritual poet; he does not paint to the eye, he does not even convey character by the words he makes them utter; he pierces, by a single expression, at once to the heart.

Milton strove to raise earth to heaven; Homer brought down heaven to earth. The latter

attempt was a much easier one than the former; it was more consonant to human frailty; and, therefore, it has met with more success. The gods and goddesses in the *Iliad* are men and women, endowed with human passions, affections, and desires, and distinguished only from sublunary beings by superior power and the gift of immortality. We are interested in them as we are in the genii or magicians of an eastern romance. There is a sort of ærial epic poem going on between earth and heaven. They take sides in the terrestrial combat, and engage in the actual strife with the heroes engaged in it. Mars and Venus were wounded by Diomedes when combatting in the Trojan ranks: their blood, or rather the

"Ichor which blest immortals shed,"

flowed profusely; they fled howling to the palaces of heaven. Enlightened by a spiritual faith, fraught with sublime ideas of the divine nature and government, Milton was incomparably more just in his descriptions of the Supreme Being, and more elevated in his picture of the angels and archangels who carried on the strife in heaven; but he frequently falls into metaphysical abstractions or theological controversies, which detract from the interest of his poem.

Despite Milton's own opinion, the concurring voice of all subsequent ages and countries has assigned to the *Paradise Regained* a much lower place than to the *Paradise Lost*. The reason is, that it is less dramatic—it has less incident and action. Great part of the poem is but an abstract theological debate between our Saviour and Satan. The speeches he makes them utter are admirable, the reasoning is close, the arguments cogent, the sentiments elevated in the speakers, but dialectic too. In many of the speeches of the angel Raphael, and in the council of heaven, in the *Paradise Lost*, there is too much of that species of discussion for a poem which is to interest the generality of men. Dryden says, that Satan is Milton's real hero; and every reader of the *Paradise Lost* must have felt, that in the Prince of Darkness and Adam and Eve, the interest of the poem consists. The reason is, that the vices of the first, and the weakness of the two last, bring them nearer than any other characters in the poem to the standard of mortality; and we are so constituted, that we cannot take any great interest but in persons who share in our failings.

Perhaps the greatest cause of the sustained interest of the *Iliad* is the continued and vehement action which is maintained. The attention is seldom allowed to flag. Either in the council of the gods, the assembly of the Grecian or Trojan chiefs, or the contest of the leaders on the field of battle, an incessant interest is maintained. Great events are always on the wing; the issue of the contest is perpetually hanging, often almost even, in the balance. It is the art with which this is done, and a state of anxious suspense, like the crisis of a great battle, kept up, that the great art of the poet consists. It is done by making the whole dramatic—bringing the characters forward constantly to speak for themselves, making the events succeed each other with almost

breathless rapidity, and balancing success alternately from one side to the other, without letting it ever incline decisively to either. Tasso has adopted the same plan in his *Jerusalem Delivered*, and the contests of the Christian knights and Saracen leaders with the lance and the sword, closely resemble those of the Grecian and Trojan chiefs on the plain of Troy. Ariosto has carried it still further. The exploits of his Paladins—their adventures on earth, in air, and water; their loves, their sufferings, their victories, their dangers—keep the reader in a continual state of suspense. It is this sustained and varied interest which makes so many readers prefer the *Orlando Furioso* to the *Jerusalem Delivered*. But Ariosto has pushed it too far. In the search of variety, he has lost sight of unity. His heroes are not congregated round the banners of two rival potentates: there is no one object or interest in his poem. No narrow plain, like that watered by the Scamander, is the theatre of their exploits. Jupiter, from the summit of Gargarus, could not have beheld the contending armies. The most ardent imagination, indeed, is satiated with his adventures, but the closest attention can hardly follow their thread. Story after story is told, the exploits of knight after knight are recounted, till the mind is fatigued, the memory perplexed, and all general interest in the poem lost.

Milton has admirably preserved the unity of his poem; the grand and all-important object of the fall of man could hardly admit of subordinate or rival interests. But the great defect in the *Paradise Lost*, arising from that very unity, is want of variety. It is strong throughout on too lofty a key; it does not come down sufficiently to the wants and cravings of mortality. The mind is awe-struck by the description of Satan careering through the immensity of space, of the battle of the angels, of the fall of Lucifer, of the suffering, and yet unsubdued spirit of his fellow rebels, of the adamant gates, and pitchy darkness, and burning lake of hell. But after the first feeling of surprise and admiration is over, it is felt by all, that these lofty contemplations are not interesting to mortals like ourselves. They are too much above real life—too much out of the sphere of ordinary event and interest.

The fourth book is the real scene of interest in the *Paradise Lost*; it is its ravishing scenes of primeval innocence and bliss which have given it immortality. We are never tired of recurring to the bower of Eve, to her devotion to Adam, to the exquisite scenes of Paradise, its woods, its waters, its flowers, its enchantments. We are so, because we feel that it paints the Elysium to which all aspire, which all have for a brief period felt, but which none in this world can durably enjoy.

No one can doubt that Homer was endowed with the true poetic spirit, and yet there is very little of what we now call poetry in his writings. There is neither sentiment nor declamation—painting nor reflection. He is neither descriptive nor didactic. With great powers for portraying nature, as the exquisite choice of his epithets, and the occasional force of his similes prove, he never makes any la

boured attempt to delineate her features. He had the eye of a great painter; but his pictorial talents are employed, almost unconsciously, in the fervour of narrating events, or the animation of giving utterance to thoughts. He painted by an epithet or a line. Even the celebrated description of the fires in the plain of Troy, likened to the moon in a serene night, is contained in seven lines. His rosy-fingered morn—cloud-compelling Jupiter—Neptune, stiller of the waves—Aurora rising from her crocus-bed—Night drawing her veil over the heavens—the black keel careering through the lashing waves—the shout of the far-sounding sea—and the like, from which subsequent poets and dramatists have borrowed so largely, are all brief allusions, or epithets, which evidently did not form the main object of his strains. He was a close observer of nature—its lights, its shades, its storms and calms, its animals, their migrations, their cries and habits; but he never suspends his narrative to describe them. We shall look in vain in the *Iliad*, and even the *Odyssey*, for the lengthened pictures of scenery which are so frequent in Virgil and Tasso, and appear in such rich profusion in Milton. He describes storms only as objects of terror, not to paint them to the eye. Such things are to be found in the book of Job and in the Psalms, but with the same brevity and magical force of emphatic expression. There never was a greater painter of nature than Homer; there never was a man who aimed less at being so.

The portraying of character and event was the great and evident object of the Grecian bard; and there his powers may almost be pronounced unrivalled. He never tells you, unless it is sometimes to be inferred from an epithet, what the man's character that he introduces is. He trusts to the character to delineate itself. He lets us get acquainted with his heroes, as we do with persons around us, by hearing them speak, and seeing them act. In preserving character, in this dramatic way of representing it, he is unrivalled. He does not tell you that Nestor had the garrulity of age, and loved to recur to the events of his youth; but he never makes him open his mouth without descanting on the adventures of his early years, and the degenerate race of mortals who have succeeded the paladins of former days. He does not tell us that Achilles was wrathful and impetuous; but every time he speaks, the anger of the son of Peleus comes boiling over his lips. He does not describe Agamemnon as overbearing and haughty; but the pride of the king of men is continually appearing in his words and actions, and it is the evident moral of the *Iliad* to represent its pernicious effects on the affairs of the Hellenic confederacy. Ulysses never utters a word in which the cautious and prudent counsellor, sagacious in design but prompt in execution, wary in the council but decided in the field, far-seeing but yet persevering, is not apparent. Diomedes never falters; alike in the field and the council he is indomitable. When Hector was careering in his chariot round their fortifications, and the king of men counselled retreat, he declared he would remain, were

it only with Sthenelus and his friends. So completely marked, so well defined are his characters, though they were all rapacious chiefs at first sight, little differing from each other, that it has been observed with truth, that one well acquainted with the *Iliad* could tell, upon hearing one of the speeches read out without a name, who was the chief who uttered it.

The two authors, since his time, who have most nearly approached him in this respect, are Shakspeare and Scott. Both seem to have received the pencil which paints the human heart from nature herself. Both had a keen and searching eye for character in all grades and walks of life; and what is a general accompaniment of such a disposition, a strong sense of the ridiculous. Both seized the salient points in mental disposition, and perceived at a glance, as it were, the ruling propensity. Both impressed this character so strongly on their minds, that they threw themselves, as it were, into the very souls of the persons whom they delineated, and made them speak and act like nature herself. It is this extraordinary faculty of identifying themselves with their characters, and bringing out of their mouth the very words which, in real life, would have come, which constitutes the chief and permanent attraction of these wonderful masters of the human heart. Cervantes had it in an equal degree; and thence it is that Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Scott, have made so great, and to all appearance, durable impression on mankind. The human heart is, at bottom, everywhere the same. There is infinite diversity in the dress he wears, but the naked human figure of one country scarcely differs from another. The writers who have succeeded in reaching this deep substratum, this far-hidden but common source of human action, are understood and admired over all the world. It is the same on the banks of the Simois as on those of the Avon—on the Sierra Morena as the Scottish hills. They are understood alike in Europe as Asia—in antiquity as modern times; one unanimous burst of admiration salutes them from the North Cape to Cape Horn—from the age of Pisistratus to that of Napoleon.

Strange as it may appear to superficial observers, Cervantes bears a close analogy, in many particulars, to Homer. Circumstances and an inherent turn for humour, made him throw his genius into an exquisite ridicule of the manners of chivalry; but the author of *Don Quixote* had in him the spirit of a great epic poet. His lesser pieces prove it; unequivocal traces of it are to be found in the adventures of the Knight of La Mancha himself. The elevation of mind which, amidst all his aberrations, appears in that erratic character; the incomparable traits of nature with which the work abounds; the faculty of describing events in the most striking way; of painting scenes in a few words; of delineating characters with graphic fidelity, and keeping them up with perfect consistency, which are so conspicuous in *Don Quixote*, are so many of the most essential qualities of an epic poet. Nor was the ardour of imagination, the

romantic disposition, the brilliancy of fancy, the lofty aspirations, the tender heart, which form the more elevated and not less essential part of such a character, wanting in the Spanish novelist.

Sir Walter Scott more nearly resembles Homer than any poet who has sung since the siege of Troy. Not that he has produced any poem which will for a moment bear a comparison with the *Iliad*—fine as the *Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion* are, it would be the height of national partiality to make any such comparison. But, nevertheless, Sir Walter's mind is of the same dimensions as that of Homer. We see in him the same combination of natural sagacity with acquired information; of pictorial eye with dramatic effect; of observation of character with reflection and feeling; of graphic power with poetic fervour; of ardour of imagination with rectitude of principle; of warlike enthusiasm with pacific tenderness, which have rendered the Grecian bard immortal. It is in his novels, however, more than his poetry, that this resemblance appears; the author of *Waverley* more nearly approaches the blind bard than the author of the *Lay*. His Romances in verse contain some passages which are sublime, many which are beautiful, some pathetic. They are all interesting, and written in the same easy, careless style, interspersed with the most homely and grotesque expressions, which is so well known to all the readers of the *Iliad*. The battle in *Marmion* is beyond all question, as Jeffrey long ago remarked, the most Homeric strife which has been sung since the days of Homer. But these passages are few and far between; his poems are filled with numerous and long interludes, written with little art, and apparently no other object but to fill up the pages or eke out the story. It is in prose that the robust strength, the powerful arm, the profound knowledge of the heart, appear; and it is there, accordingly, that he approaches at times so closely to Homer. If we could conceive a poem in which the storming of Front-de-Bœuf's castle in *Ivanhoe*—the death of Fergus in *Waverley*—the storm on the coast, and death-scene in the fisher's hut, in the *Antiquary*—the devoted love in the *Bride of Lammermoor*—the fervour of the Covenanters in *Old Mortality*, and the combats of Richard and Saladin in the *Talisman*, were united together and intermingled with the incomparable characters, descriptions, and incidents with which these novels abound, they would form an epic poem.

Doubts have sometimes been expressed, as to whether the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are all the production of one man. Never, perhaps, was doubt not merely so ill-founded, but so decisively disproved by internal evidence. If ever in human composition the traces of one mind are conspicuous, they are in Homer. His beauties equally with his defects, his variety and uniformity attest this. Never was an author who had so fertile an imagination for varying of incidents; never was one who expressed them in language in which the same words so constantly recur. This is the invariable characteristic of a great and powerful, but at the same time self-confident but careless mind.

It is to be seen in the most remarkable manner in Bacon and Machiavel, and not a little of it may be traced both in the prose and poetical works of Scott. The reason is, that the strength of the mind is thrown into the thought as the main object; the language, as a subordinate matter, is little considered. Expressions capable of energetically expressing the prevailing ideas of imagination are early formed; but, when this is done, the powerful, careless mind, readily adopts them on all future occasions where they are at all applicable. There is scarcely a great and original thinker in whose writings the same expressions do not very frequently recur, often in exactly the same words. How much this is the case with Homer—with how much discrimination and genius his epithets and expressions were first chosen, and how frequently he repeats them, almost in every page, need be told to none who are acquainted with his writings. That is the most decisive mark at once of genius and identity. Original thinkers fall into repetition of expression, because they are always speaking from one model—their own thoughts. Subordinate writers avoid this fault, because they are speaking from the thoughts of others, and share their variety. It requires as great an effort for the first to introduce difference of expression as for the last to reach diversity of thought.

The reader of Dante must not look for the heart-stirring and animated narrative—the constant interest—the breathless suspense, which hurries us along the rapid current of the *Iliad*. There are no councils of the gods; no messengers winging their way through the clouds; no combats of chiefs, no cities to storm; no fields to win. It is the infernal regions which the poet, under the guidance of his great leader, Virgil, visits; it is the scene of righteous retribution through which he is led: it is the apportionment of punishment and reward to crime or virtue, in this upper world, that he is doomed to witness. We enter the city of lamentation—we look down the depths of the bottomless pit—we stand at the edge of the burning lake. His survey is not the mere transient visit like that of Ulysses in Homer, or of Æneas in Virgil. He is taken slowly and deliberately through every successive circle of Malebolge; descending down which, like the visitor of the tiers of vaults, one beneath another, in a feudal castle, he finds every species of malefactors, from the chiefs and kings whose heroic lives were stained only by a few deeds of cruelty, to the depraved malefactors whose base course was unrelieved by one ray of virtue. In the very conception of such a poem, is to be found decisive evidence of the mighty change which the human mind had undergone since the expiring lays of poetry were last heard in the ancient world; of the vast revolution of thought and inward conviction which, during a thousand years, in the solitude of the monastery, and under the sway of a spiritual faith, had taken place in the human heart. A gay and poetic mythology no longer amazed the world by its fictions, nor charmed it by its imagery. Religion no longer basked in the sunshine of imagination.

The awful words of judgment to come had been spoken; and, like Felix, mankind had trembled. Ridiculous legends had ceased to be associated with the shades below—their place had been taken by images of horror. Conscience had resumed its place in the direction of thought. Superstition had lent its awful power to the sanctions of religion. Terror of future punishment had subdued the fiercest passions—internal agony tamed the proudest spirits. It was the picture of a future world—of a world of retribution—conceived under such impressions, that Dante proposed to give; it is that which he has given with such terrible fidelity.

Melancholy was the prevailing characteristic of the great Italian's mind. It was so profound that it penetrated all his thoughts; so intense that it pervaded all his conceptions. Occasionally bright and beautiful ideas flitted across his imagination; visions of bliss, experienced for a moment, and then lost for ever, as if to render more profound the darkness by which they are surrounded. They are given with exquisite beauty; but they shine amidst the gloom like sunbeams struggling through the clouds. He inherited from the dark ages the austerity of the cloister; but he inherited with it the deep feelings and sublime conceptions which its seclusion had generated. His mind was a world within itself. He drew all his conceptions from that inexhaustible source; but he drew them forth so clear and lucid, that they emerged, imbodied as it were, in living images. His characters are emblematic of the various passions and views for which different degrees of punishment were reserved in the world to come; but his conception of them was so distinct, his description so vivid, that they stand forth to our gaze in all the agony of their sufferings, like real flesh and blood. We see them—we feel them—we hear their cries—our very flesh creeps at the perception of their sufferings. We stand on the edge of the lake of boiling pitch—we feel the weight of the leaden mantles—we see the snow-like flakes of burning sand—we hear the cries of those who had lost the last earthly consolations, the hope of death:—

"Quivi sospiri, pianti ed alti guai
Risonavan per l' aer senza stelle,
Perch' io al cominciar ne lacrimai.
Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,
Facevano un tumulto, il qual s' aggira
Sempre 'n quell' aria senza tempo tinta
Come la rena quando 'l turbo spira.
* * * * *
Ed io: maestro, che è tanto greve
A lor che lamentar li fa sì forte?
Rispose: dicerolti molto breve.
Questi non hanno speranza di morte."

Inferno, c. iii.

"Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirled
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.
* * * * *

I then: Master! What doth aggrrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud? He straight replied:
That will I tell thee briefly. These of death
No hope may entertain."

CARY'S Dante, Inferno. c. iii.

Here is Dante portrayed to the life in the very outset. What a collection of awful images in a few lines! Loud lamentations, hideous cries, mingled with the sound of clasped hands, beneath a starless sky; and the terrible answer, as the cause of this suffering, "These have not the hope of death."

The very first lines of the *Inferno*, when the gates of Hell were approached, and the inscription over them appeared, paint the dismal character of the poem, and yet mingled with the sense of divine love and justice with which the author was penetrated.

"Per me si va nella città dolente;
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente:
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto Fattore;
Fecemi la divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza e 'l primo Amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne; ed io eterno duro:
Lasciate ogni speranza voi che 'ntrate."
Inferno, c. iii.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe;
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."
CARY'S Dante, Inferno, c. iii.

Dante had much more profound feelings than Homer, and therefore he has painted deep mysteries of the human heart with greater force and fidelity. The more advanced age of the world, the influence of a spiritual faith, the awful anticipation of judgment to come, the inmost feelings which, during long centuries of seclusion, had been drawn forth in the cloister, the protracted sufferings of the dark ages, had laid bare the human heart. Its sufferings, its terrors, its hopes, its joys, had become as household words. The Italian poet shared, as all do, in the ideas and images of his age, and to these he added many which were entirely his own. He painted the inward man, and painted him from his own feelings, not the observation of others. That is the grand distinction between him and Homer; and that it is which has given him, in the delineation of mind, his great superiority. The Grecian bard was an incomparable observer; he had an inexhaustible imagination for fiction, as well as a graphic eye for the delineation of real life; but he had not a deep or feeling heart. He did not know it, like Dante and Shakspeare, from his own suffering. He painted the external symptoms of passion and emotion with the hand of a master; but he did not reach the inward spring of feeling. He lets us into his characters by their speeches, their gestures, their actions, and keeps up their consistency with admirable fidelity; but he does not, by a word, an expression, or an epithet, admit us into the inmost folds of the heart. None can do so but such as themselves feel warmly and profoundly, and paint passion, emotion, or suffering, from their own experience, not the observation of others. Dante has acquired his colossal fame from the matchless force with which he has portrayed the wildest passions, the deepest feelings, the most intense sufferings of the heart. He is the refuge of all

those who labour and are heavy laden—of all who feel profoundly or have suffered deeply. His verses are in the mouth of all who are torn by passion, gnawed by remorse, or tormented by apprehension; and how many are they in this scene of wo!

A distinguished modern critic* has said, that he who would now become a great poet must first become a little child. There is no doubt he is right. The seen and unseen fetters of civilization; the multitude of old ideas afloat in the world; the innumerable worn out channels into which new ones are ever apt to flow; the general clamour with which critics, nursed amidst such fetters, receive any attempts at breaking them; the prevalence, in a wealthy and highly civilized age, of worldly or selfish ideas; the common approximation of characters by perpetual intercourse, as of coins, by continual rubbing in passing from man to man, have taken away all freshness and originality from ideas. The learned, the polished, the highly educated, can hardly escape the fetters which former greatness throws over the soul. Milton could not avoid them; half the images in his poems are taken from Homer, Virgil, and Dante; and who dare hope for emancipation when Milton was enthralled? The mechanical arts increase in perfection as society advances. Science ever takes its renewed flights from the platform which former efforts have erected. Industry, guided by experience, in successive ages, brings to the highest point all the contrivances and inventions which minister to the comfort or elegancies of life. But it is otherwise with genius. It sinks in the progress of society, as much as science and the arts rise. The country of Homer and Æschylus sank for a thousand years into the torpor of the Byzantine empire. Originality perishes amidst acquisition. Freshness of conception is its life: like the flame, it burns fierce and clear in the first gales of a pure atmosphere; but languishes and dies in that polluted by many breaths.

It was the resurrection of the human mind, after the seclusion and solitary reflection of the middle ages, which gave this vein of original ideas to Dante, as their first waking had given to Homer. Thought was not extinct; the human mind was not dormant during the dark ages; far from it—it never, in some respects, was more active. It was the first collision of their deep and lonely meditations with the works of the great ancient poets, which occasioned the prodigy. Universally it will be found to be the same. After the first flights of genius have been taken, it is by the collision of subsequent thought with it that the divine spark is again elicited. The meeting of two great minds is necessary to beget fresh ideas, as that of two clouds is to bring forth lightning, or the collision of flint and steel to produce fire. Johnson said he could not get new ideas till he had read. He was right; though it is not one in a thousand who strikes out original thoughts from studying the works of others. The great sage did not read to imbibe the opinion of others, but

to engender new ones for himself; he did not study to imitate, but to create. It was the same with Dante; it is the same with every really great man. His was the first powerful and original mind which, fraught with the profound and gloomy ideas nourished in seclusion during the middle ages, came into contact with the brilliant imagery, touching pathos, and harmonious language of the ancients. Hence his astonishing greatness. He almost worshipped Virgil, he speaks of him as a species of god; he mentions Homer as the first of poets. But he did not copy either the one or the other; he scarcely imitated them. He strove to rival their brevity and beauty of expression; but he did so in giving vent to new ideas, in painting new images, in awakening new emotions. The *Inferno* is as original as the *Iliad*; incomparably more so than the *Æneid*. The offspring of originality with originality is a new and noble creation; of originality with mediocrity, a spurious and degraded imitation.

Dante paints the spirit of all the generations of men, each in their circle undergoing their allotted punishment; expiating by suffering the sins of an upper world. Virgil gave a glimpse, as it were, into that scene of retribution; Minos and Rhadamanthus passing judgment on the successive spirits brought before them; the flames of Tartarus, the rock of Sisyphus, the wheel of Ixion, the vulture gnawing Prometheus. But with Homer and Virgil, the descent into the infernal regions was a brief episode; with Dante it was the whole poem. Immense was the effort of imagination requisite to give variety to such a subject, to prevent the mind from experiencing weariness amidst the eternal recurrence of crime and punishment. But the genius of Dante was equal to the task. His fancy was prodigious; his invention boundless; his imagination inexhaustible. Fenced in, as he was, within narrow and gloomy limits by the nature of his subject, his creative spirit equals that of Homer himself. He has given birth to as many new ideas in the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*, as the Grecian bard in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Though he had reflected so much and so deeply on the human heart, and was so perfect a master of all the anatomy of mental suffering, Dante's mind was essentially descriptive. He was a great painter as well as a profound thinker; he clothed deep feeling in the garb of the senses; he conceived a vast brood of new ideas, he arrayed them in a surprising manner in flesh and blood. He is ever clear and definite, at least in the *Inferno*. He exhibits in every canto of that wonderful poem a fresh image, but it is a clear one, of horror or anguish, which leaves nothing to the imagination to add or conceive. His ideal characters are real persons; they are present to our senses; we feel their flesh, see the quivering of their limbs, hear their lamentations, and feel a thrill of joy at their felicity. In the *Paradiso* he is more vague and general, and thence its acknowledged inferiority to the *Inferno*. But the images of horror are much more powerful than those of happiness, and it is they which have entranced the world. "U

* Macaulay

is easier," says Madame de Staël, "to convey ideas of suffering than those of happiness; for the former are too well known to every heart, the latter only to a few."

The melancholy tone which pervades Dante's writings was doubtless, in a great measure, owing to the misfortunes of his life; and to them we are also indebted for many of the most caustic and powerful of his verses—perhaps for the design of the *Inferno* itself. He took vengeance on the generation which had persecuted and exiled him, by exhibiting its leaders suffering in the torments of hell. In his long seclusion, chiefly in the monastery of Santa Croce di Fonte Avellana, a wild and solitary retreat in the territory of Gubbio, and in a tower belonging to the Conte Falcucci, in the same district, his immortal work was written. The mortifications he underwent during this long and dismal exile are thus described by himself:—"Wandering over almost every part in which our language extends, I have gone about like a mendicant; showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is often falsely imputed to the demerit of him by whom it is endured. I have been, indeed, a vessel without sail or steerage, carried about to divers ports, and roads, and shores, by the dry wind that springs out of sad poverty."

In the third circle of hell, Dante sees those who are punished by the plague of burning sand falling perpetually on them. Their torments are thus described—

"Supin giaceva in terra alcuna gente;
Alcuna si sedeva tutta raccolta;
Ed altra andava continuamente.
Quella che giva intorno era più molta;
E quella men che giaceva al tormento;
Ma più al duolo avea la lingua sciolta.
Sovra tutto 'l sabb'on d'un cader lento
Piovean di fuoco dilagate falde.
Come di neve in alpe senza vento,
Quali Alessandro in quelle parti calde
D' India vide sovra lo suo stuolo
Fiamme cadere infino a terra salde."

Inferno, c. xiv.

"Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,
All weeping piteously, to different laws
Subjected: for on earth some lay supine,
Some crouching close were seated, others paced
Incessantly around; the latter tribe
More numerous, those fewer who beneath
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.
O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.
As, in the torrid Indian clime, the son
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground
Came down."

CARY'S Dante, c. xiv.

The first appearance of Malebolge is described in these striking lines—

"Luogo è in Inferno, detto Malebolge,
Tutto di pietra e di color ferrigno,
Come le cerchia che d' intorno il volge.
Nel dritto mezzo del campo maligno
Vaneggia un pozzo assai largo e profondo,
Di cui suo luogo conterà l' ordigno.
Quel cinghio che rimane adunque è tondo
Tra 'l pozzo e 'l piè dell' alta ripa dura,
E ha distinto in dieci valli al fondo."

Inferno, c. xviii.

"There is a place within the depths of hell
Call'd Malebolge, all of rock dark-stained
With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep
That round it circling winds. Right in the midst
Of that abominable region yawns
A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame

Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,
Throughout its round, between the gulf and base
Of the high craggy banks, successive forms
Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised."

CARY'S Dante, c. xviii.

This is the outward appearance of Malebolge, the worst place of punishment in hell. It had many frightful abysses; what follows is the picture of the first:—

"Ristemma per veder l'altra fessura
Di Malebolge e gli altri planti vani:
E vidila mirabilmente oscura.
Quale nell' arzana de' Veneziani
Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece,
A ximpalmar li legni lor non sani—

Tal non per fuoco ma per divina arte,
Bollia laggiuso una pegola spessa,
Che 'nviscava la ripa d'ogni parte.
L' vedea lei, ma non vedeva in essa
Ma che le bolle che 'l bollor levava,
E gonfiar tutta e riseder compressa.

E vidi dietro a noi un diavol nero
Correndo su per lo scoglio venire.
Ahi quant' egli era nell' aspetto fiero!
E quanto mi pareva nell' atto acerbo,
Con l' ali aperte e sovra i piè leggiero!
L' omero suo ch' era acuto e superbo
Carcava un peccator con ambo l' anche,
Ed ei tenea de' piè ghermito il nerbo.

Laggiù il buttò e per lo scoglio duro
Si volse, e mai non fu mastino sciolto
Co tanta fretta a seguirlo lo furo.
Quei s' attuffò e tornò su convolto;
Ma i demon che del ponte avean coverchio
Gridar: qui non ha luogo il Santo Volto.
Qui si nuota altramenti che nel Serchio
Però se tu non vuoi de' nostri graffi,
Non far sovra le pegola soverchio.
Poi l' addentar con più di cento raffi,
Disser: coverto convien che qui balli,
Si che se puoi nascosamente accaffi."

Inferno, c. xxi.

"——To the summit reaching, stood
To view another gap, within the round
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.
Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.
In the Venetians' arsenal as boils
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear
Their unsound vessels in the wintry clime.
So, not by force of fire but art divine,
Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round
Lined all the shore beneath. I that beheld,
But therein not distinguish'd, save the bubbles
Raised by the boiling, and one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall.

Behind me I beheld a devil black,
That running up, advanced along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespoke.
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant outstretch'd, and feet of nimble tread.
His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,
Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew gripping fast.

Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd;
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,
Cried—Here the hallow'd visage saves not: here
Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave,
Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch. This said,
They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,
And shouted—Cover'd thou must sport thee here;
So, if thou canst, in secret mayest thou flieh."

CARY'S Dante, c. xxi.

Fraught as his imagination was with gloomy ideas, with images of horror, it is the fidelity of his descriptions, the minute reality of his pictures, which gives them their terrible power. He knew well what it is that penetrates the soul. His images of horror in the infernal regions were all founded on those familiar to

every one in the upper world; it was from the caldron of boiling pitch in the arsenal of Venice that he took his idea of one of the pits of Malebolge. But what a picture does he there exhibit! The writhing sinner plunged headlong into the boiling waves, rising to the surface, and a hundred demons, mocking his sufferings, and with outstretched hooks tearing his flesh till he dived again beneath the liquid fire! It is the reality of the scene, the images familiar yet magnified in horror, which constitutes its power: we stand by; our flesh creeps as it would at witnessing an *auto-da-fé* of Castile, or on beholding a victim perishing under the knot in Russia.

Michael Angelo was, in one sense, the painter of the Old Testament, as his bold and aspiring genius aimed rather at delineating the events of warfare, passion, or suffering, chronicled in the records of the Jews, than the scenes of love, affection, and benevolence, depicted in the gospels. But his mind was not formed merely on the events recorded in antiquity: it is no world doubtful of the immortality of the soul which he depicts. He is rather the personification in painting of the soul of Dante. His imagination was evidently fraught with the conceptions of the *Inferno*. The expression of mind beams forth in all his works. Vehement passion, stern resolve, undaunted valour, sainted devotion, infant innocence, alternately occupied his pencil. It is hard to say in which he was greatest. In all his works we see marks of the genius of antiquity meeting the might of modern times: the imagery of mythology blended with the aspirations of Christianity. We see it in the dome of St. Peter's, we see it in the statue of Moses. Grecian sculpture was the realization in form of the conceptions of Homer; Italian painting the representation on canvas of the revelations of the gospel, which Dante clothed in the garb of poetry. Future ages should ever strive to equal, but can never hope to excel them.

Never did artist work with more persevering vigour than Michael Angelo. He himself said that he laboured harder for fame, than ever poor artist did for bread. Born of a noble family, the heir to considerable possessions, he took to the arts from his earliest years from enthusiastic passion and conscious power. During a long life of ninety years, he prosecuted them with the ardent zeal of youth. He was consumed by the thirst for fame, the desire of great achievements, the invariable mark of heroic minds; and which, as it is altogether beyond the reach of the great bulk of mankind, so is the feeling of all others which to them is most incomprehensible. Nor was that noble enthusiasm without its reward. It was his extraordinary good fortune to be called to form, at the same time, the Last Judgment on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, the glorious dome of St. Peter's, and the group of Notre Dame de Pitié, which now adorns the chapel of the Crucifix, under the roof of that august edifice. The "Holy Family" in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, and the "Three Fates" in the same collection, give an idea of his powers in oil-painting: thus he

carried to the highest perfection, at the same time, the rival arts of architecture, sculpture, fresco and oil painting.* He may truly be called the founder of Italian painting, as Homer was of the ancient epic, and Dante of the great style in modern poetry. None but a colossal mind could have done such things. Raphael took lessons from him in painting, and professed through life the most unbounded respect for his great preceptor. None have attempted to approach him in architecture; the cupola of St. Peter's stands alone in the world.

But notwithstanding all this, Michael Angelo had some defects. He created the great style in painting, a style which has made modern Italy as immortal as the arms of the legions did the ancient. But the very grandeur of his conceptions, the vigour of his drawing, his incomparable command of bone and muscle, his lofty expression and impassioned mind, made him neglect, and perhaps despise, the lesser details of his art. Ardent in the pursuit of expression, he often overlooked execution. When he painted the Last Judgment or the Fall of the Titans in fresco, on the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel, he was incomparable; but that gigantic style was unsuitable for lesser pictures or rooms of ordinary proportions. By the study of his masterpieces, subsequent painters have often been led astray; they have aimed at force of expression to the neglect of delicacy in execution. This defect is, in an especial manner, conspicuous in Sir Joshua Reynolds, who worshipped Michael Angelo with the most devoted fervour; and through him it has descended to Lawrence, and nearly the whole modern school of England. When we see Sir Joshua's noble glass window in Magdalen College, Oxford, we behold the work of a worthy pupil of Michael Angelo; we see the great style of painting in its proper place, and applied to its appropriate object. But when we compare his portraits, or imaginary pieces, in oil, with those of Titian, Velasquez, or Vandyke, the inferiority is manifest. It is not in the design but the finishing; not in the conception but the execution. The colours are frequently raw and harsh; the details or distant parts of the piece ill-finished or neglected. The bold neglect of Michael Angelo is very apparent. Raphael, with less original genius than his immortal master, had more taste and much greater delicacy of pencil; his conceptions, less extensive and varied, are more perfect; his finishing is always exquisite. Unity of emotion was his great object in design; equal delicacy of finishing in execution. Thence he has attained by universal consent the highest place in painting.

"Nothing," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any

* The finest design ever conceived by Michael Angelo was a cartoon representing warriors bathing, and some bucking on their armour at the sound of the trumpet, which summoned them to their standards in the war between Pisa and Florence. It perished, however, in the troubles of the latter city; but an engraved copy remains of part, which justifies the eulogiums bestowed upon it.

department," says Johnson, "can now be attained only by the labour of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." These words should ever be present to the minds of all who aspire to rival the great of former days; who feel in their bosoms a spark of the spirit which led Homer, Dante, and Michael Angelo to immortality. In a luxurious age, comfort or station is deemed the chief good of life; in a commercial community, money becomes the universal object of ambition. Thence our acknowledged deficiency in the fine arts; thence our growing weakness in the higher branches of literature. Talent looks for its reward too soon. Genius seeks an immediate recompense: long protracted exertions are never attempted: great things are not done, because great efforts are not made.

None will work now without the prospect of an immediate return. Very possibly it is so; but then let us not hope or wish for immortality. "Present time and future," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "are rivals; he who solicits the one, must expect to be discountenanced by the other." It is not that we want genius; what we want is the great and heroic spirit which will devote itself, by strenuous efforts, to great things, without seeking any reward but their accomplishment.

Nor let it be said that great subjects for the painter's pencil, the poet's muse, are not to be found—that they are exhausted by former efforts, and nothing remains to us but imitation. Nature is inexhaustible; the events of men are unceasing, their variety is endless. Philosophers were mourning the monotony of time, historians were deploring the sameness of events, in the years preceding the French Revolution—on the eve of the Reign of Terror, the flames of Moscow, the retreat from Russia. What was the strife around Troy to the battle of Leipsic?—the contests of Florence and Pisa to the revolutionary war? What ancient naval victory to that of Trafalgar? Rely upon it, subjects for genius are not wanting; genius itself, steadily and perseveringly directed, is the thing required. But genius and energy alone are not sufficient; ~~courage~~ and disinterestedness are needed more than all. Courage to withstand the assaults of envy, to despise the ridicule of mediocrity—disinterestedness to trample under foot the seductions of ease, and disregard the attractions of opulence. An heroic mind is more wanted in the library or the studio, than in the field. It is wealth and cowardice which extinguish the light of genius, and dig the grave of literature as of nations

THE END.

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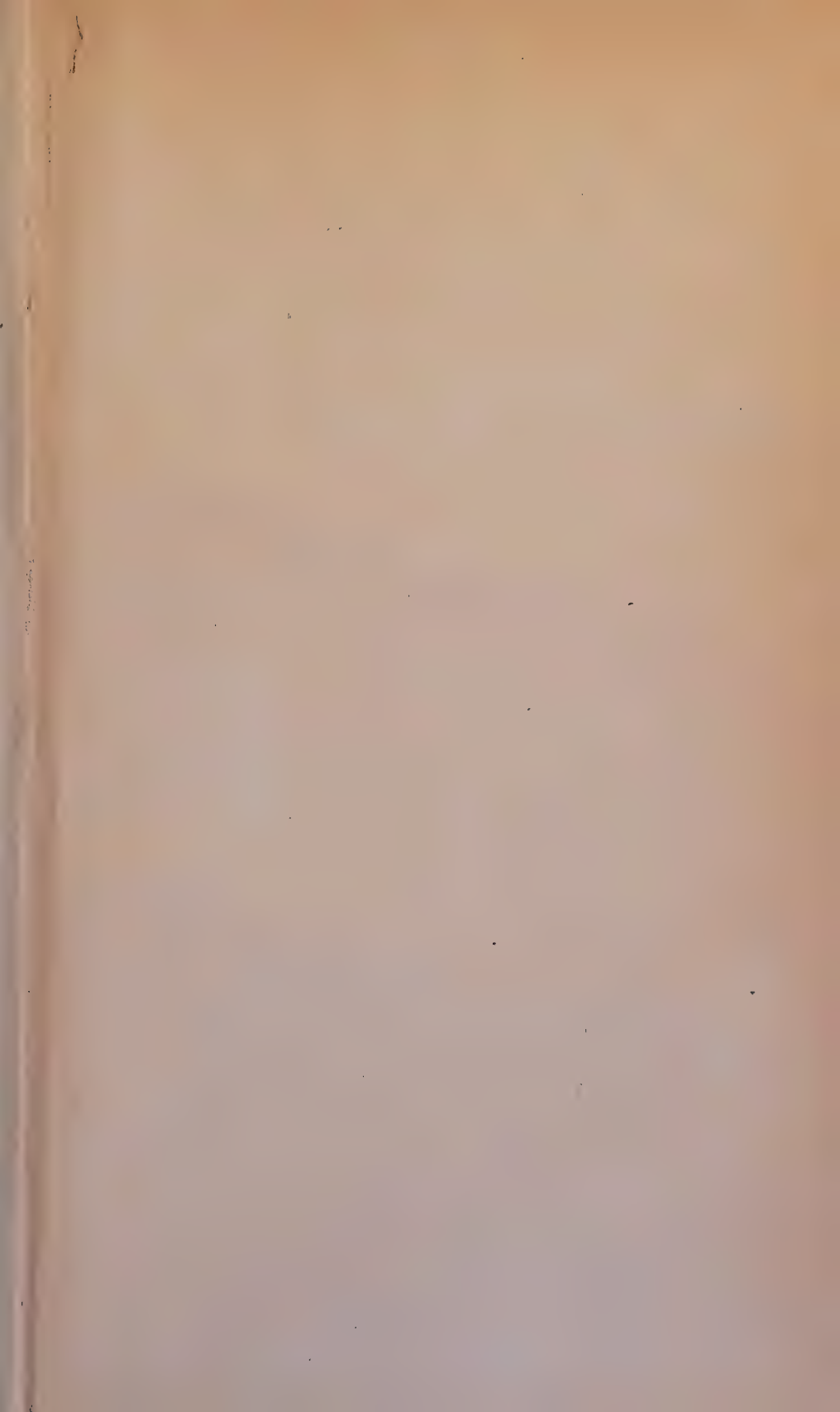
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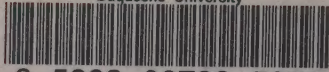
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